



Story of My Life

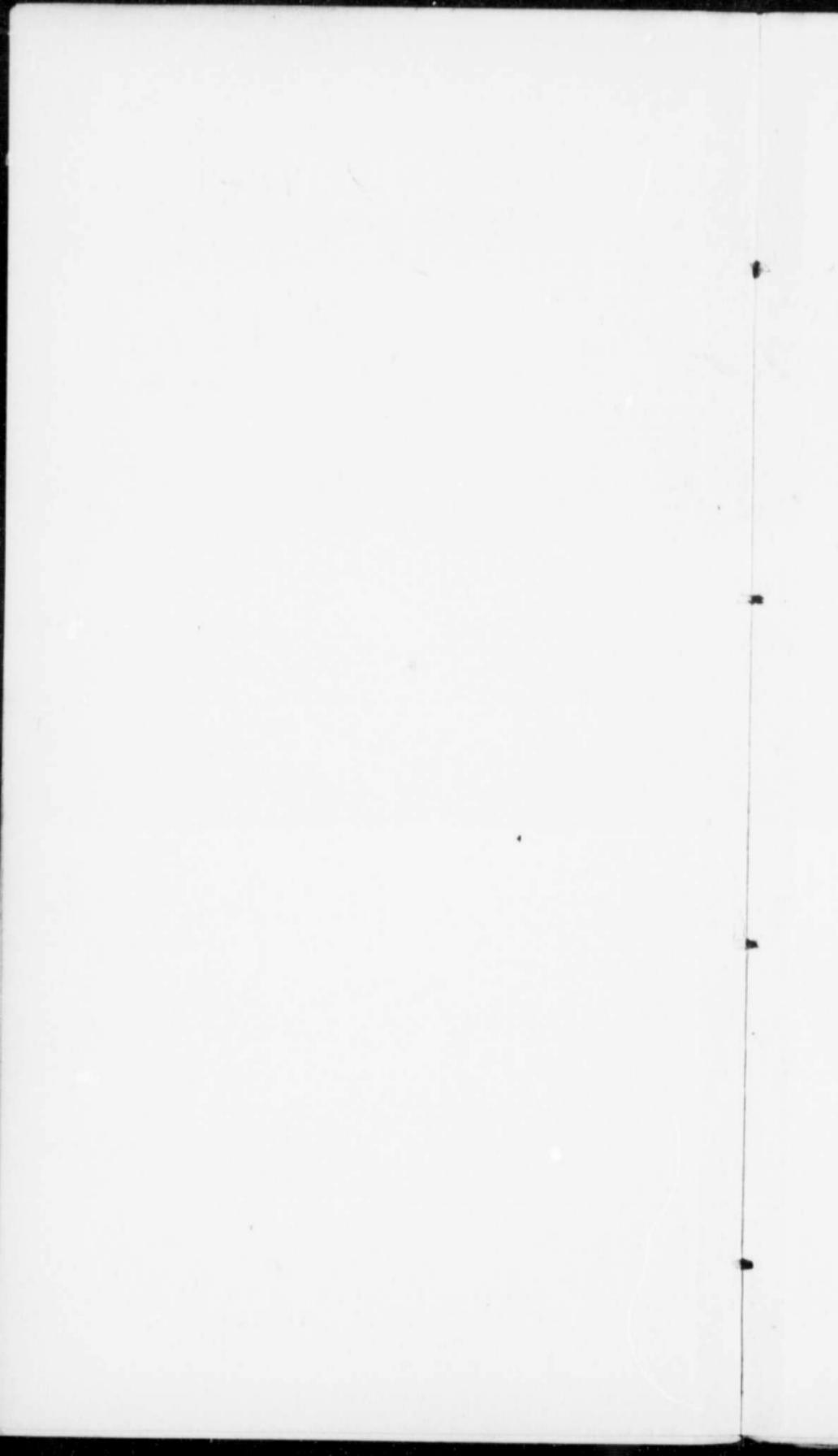


THE TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS
OF
SANDY THE SCRAPPER
AS TOLD BY HIMSELF

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Story of My Life



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The Trials and Triumphs of
Sandy the Scrapper
as Told by Himself

By
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Introduction

I BELONG to a family widely known among the sporting element of dog fanciers. For our prowess and fighting ability, our perseverance and endurance, we rank first. Probably that sounds rather egotistical, but possibly you are not aware of the fact that grandfather holds the world's championship, having fought the longest battle on record, namely, four hours and fifty-eight minutes. By the way, Grandfather Tige is the sire of more game dogs than any other living or dead. Many of his sons have become famous. First and foremost is my father, Major; then comes Pincher, White's Teddy, Racines' Sam, Racines' Danger, Turk, Cockney, Charlie Lloyd's imported Pilot, etc., etc., ad infinitum.

Mother, who, probably speaking, should have been mentioned first being a lady dog, comes from quite as fine a stock; so what then is more natural to suppose than that I, a direct descendent of this most illustrious stock of fighting bull terriers, should be imbued with similar tendencies. This "scrapping" propensity that has evidently fallen to my lot through the laws of heredity has caused me much grief and pain, as well as pleasure, during the few brief years of my existence.

I was born in the Newbury Kennels in Massachusetts, on the 13th of April, 1907, at 5 o'clock in the morning. Possibly the date of my birth is in a measure responsible for much of my bad luck. However, be that as it may, if in this unfriendly world of ours it is a case of the survival of the fittest (as my experiences up to date have taught me it is), then I can truthfully say I am here to stay and will not "shuffle off this mortal coil" until I have reaped the harvest of a highly-seasoned life.

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INTRODUCTION

During my short sojourn on this mundane sphere my experiences have been many and varied, and it is with a view to narrating a few of them that I write this little story, trusting it may prove of interest to some of you boys and girls.

Although I have come from a highly-cultured lineage of the most exclusive Bostonese canine aristocracy, I have lived sufficiently long in the West to have acquired some western colloquialisms, which I trust will be overlooked.

As can be readily seen from my photograph, I am a good-sized dog, strongly built, with a large, well-shaped head. My color, like my name, is sandy, with the exception of my breast and one-half of my face, which is white. As yet, neither my ears nor my tail have been cut, thanks to the humane instincts of my mistress.

Before going further I must admit that my mistress has done her best to counteract by environment this transmission of parental characteristics, but with little or no avail, notwithstanding the fact that I have always been muzzled and properly thrashed after one of my numerous encounters.

In concluding this brief introduction I respectfully beg to call my readers' attention to the "Appreciation" of myself to be found in the closing pages of this book from the pen of a gentlemen who knew me well, in fact my first owner.

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SANDY

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CHAPTER ONE



MY name is Sandy—a thoroughly good old-fashioned Scotch name. Sounds somewhat aristocratic for a dog, I'll admit, but, then, I am an aristocrat; therefore my name is quite in keeping with the dignity of my birth and position. I am what folks term "a pedigreed dog," my ancestry dating back over a period of many years.

When but a pup three months old I was taken from my mother and given to Mrs. M. by the gentleman to whom my mother belonged. As he placed me in her arms he carefully instructed her upon the correct method of raising bull terriers. He remarked, "They are either the best or the worst of dogs, according to their training. That is the reason I am always afraid to give one to a woman; she might not be firm enough." Among the numerous things upon which he laid great stress was that of obedience. "This," he said, "must be instilled into them and insisted upon from the very beginning—otherwise, you may depend upon it, the name of your troubles will be legion." Soon afterwards he took his departure, leaving my mistress thoughtfully pondering over his words of sage advice.

Taking me up in her lap she petted me for over

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half an hour. This I thought delightful, and I did not miss mother for the time being. Then she carried me out into the kitchen, and putting me down upon the floor poured into a saucer some rich, warm milk for me to drink, fondly stroking my back meanwhile. This I thought was even more delightful than the former petting which I had received, but upon quenching my thirst and heaving forth a sigh of satisfaction, what do you think she did? Just hooked a huge chain on to my collar, and firmly attached the other end to the leg of the kitchen sink, turned out the light, closed the door, and left me alone in total darkness. This was something to which I was entirely unaccustomed—I who until then had never for a minute been separated from my five little brothers and sisters! Naturally I cried; what little pup would not? Not a loud, boisterous cry at all, but just a little, low, plaintive wail, full of misery, entreaty and pathos. It surely would have rent my mistress' heart in twain had it not been for those serious admonitions given by his lordship, who had presented me to her.

In less time than it takes to tell it, she quickly re-appeared upon the scene and, administering to me a good thrashing, quietly departed leaving me in appalling blackness, dark as Erebus. This treatment apparently had the desired effect, at least until I had recovered from my astonishment. However, after the elapse of a few minutes the old fear, loneliness and dread came upon me ten times worse than before. It was really more than heart could stand, whereupon I opened my little throat and this time not only cried, but fairly howled with un-suppressed rage, minus all pathos. Almost instantaneously with the howl my master appeared, a wrathful cloud enveloping his brow. In clarion

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voice and accent rare he summoned my mistress and admonished her for not whipping me half hard enough. Said he, "This dog must be taught to understand he cannot disturb the house in this way." It is needless to say I was "taught."

By this time I began to grow wise to the situation, and deciding that "discretion was the better part of valor," I would close my eyes, in the hope that sleep would visit them ere it would again be necessary to break forth into another wail of sorrow "in linked sweetness long drawn out." But hopes—what are they? "Beads of morning, strung on slender blades of grass." Before many minutes had passed I heard the patter of two pairs of feet ascending the winding stair to the regions above, and then I realized I was alone downstairs. Presently a door banged, then all was silent with a stillness like unto death. Instinct told me they had retired for the night. Shortly afterwards a most awful, shivery, cold, creepy sensation came over me, and some unseen presence seemed to manifest itself to me. This was altogether too great a strain to place upon my already over-wrought, highly-strung nervous system. My teeth, such as I possessed at that tender age, began to fairly chatter, and my bones to shake until the chain rattled sufficiently to arouse the whole house; I listened with bated breath and waited for something to happen, and happen it surely did.

Through the crack of the kitchen door I heard a shuffle, as of some huge animal ambling towards me, then a very low "Bow-wow" floated through the crevice. Immediately my fears subsided, and placing my nose close to the opening I sniffed intently, and realized I was in the presence of a big, black collie. He told me not to be alarmed,

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that everything was serene and lovely, and his kennel was just outside the door. Being thoroughly tired from so much undue excitement, I lay down upon a rug, which constituted my bed, and peacefully slept till morning.



CHAPTER TWO



EARLY the following day my mistress came into the kitchen and, patting my head, said I had been a good dog and deserved a nice breakfast. This so delighted my heart that my tail immediately began to wag in unison with each successive pat. Breakfast consisted of a puppy biscuit well soaked in warm milk with a fresh raw egg broken on top of it. I was not long in demonstrating to her that it was thoroughly appreciated, and that I could do ample justice to it. That day she was exceedingly good and kind and petted me considerably. After talking to me for a little while, she brought in Boatswain, the big black collie (my friend of the night), and introduced us.

He was born at sea, and, in fact, never was ashore until he was given to my mistress when about three years old. During his life on the rolling deep the sailors named him "Boatswain" or "Bosun" for short. Bosun now inspected me at closer range, and after making a rigid examination was apparently satisfied to straightway adopt me as his son. Such a beautiful, kind dog he was; to know him was to love him. The following night I cuddled up to him in his kennel and all my loneliness vanished.

Next morning he took me off for a long walk to show me the sights. My poor mistress was terrified when she missed me, and was certain I was lost. When it was time for lunch we both bobbed up serenely and her fears were abated. Very soon she

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gained confidence in Bosun's ability to pilot me about and did not worry when she knew I was with him.

During the summer months his favorite rendezvous was English Bay. This ideal spot is just at the outskirts of the beautiful city of Vancouver. Its scenic grandeur, splendid bathing beaches, and its unsurpassable climate render it an ideal summer resort. Tourists flock there from all over the world, glorying in its salt water.

Bosun was in his element when he could spend the day on its shores and swim out for the sticks which the more considerate bathers threw in for him. I must confess this voluntary bathing did not appeal to me. My chief delight was standing on the shore and uproariously barking my applause, as Bosun ducked, dived and swam, finally depositing at the feet of the bathers the coveted trophy. He was passionately fond of the water, and after a swim would come out and shake himself indiscriminately over the bathers, and then roll in the sand, laughing all the while. For my part it was rather difficult to comprehend his great fondness for water. To me, it was only a means to an end, and that end was to drown the fleas. Possibly in a measure my mistress was responsible for my abhorrence of water. Periodical bathing was the bane of my life. After I had slept out of doors with Bosun for a month she allowed me to sleep on a pillow on the couch in her bedroom. This was so luxurious I naturally preferred it to Bosun's kennel, but I must admit I strenuously objected to the numerous baths, to which I was subjected. I think I was given baths at least three times a week, the number depending pretty much upon the amount of dirt I accumulated on my daily excursions with Bosun.

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Master, being a very busy man, never had time to bathe Bosun, and as he was a huge dog it was rather a gigantic task for my mistress to undertake; therefore, his baths, except of course his voluntary ones at the bay, were few and far between. As I was permitted to be in the house more, I suppose in my case frequent bathing became a painful necessity.

One beautiful summer morning when my companion and I were out on one of our long rambles, strolling quietly along, a bad boy came up and, before either of us realized his intentions, cut off Bosun's collar and stole his tag. I, being only a pup, had not yet reached to the dignity of a tag, so he couldn't steal mine. When master saw us he took in the situation at a glance, understanding at once what had occurred. He bought a new tag for Bosun but kept it in the house, not considering it worth while to invest in another collar. All went well for a week or so, until we encountered Mr. Poundman with his eagle eye in search of dogs minus tags. Promptly spying us, we were immediately arrested and most rudely assisted into his patrol wagon, where we found plenty of other unfortunates, all bound for the same destination.

Upon our arrival we heard the barks and yelps of some dozen or more other dogs. As misery likes company, it was no doubt intended for a bark of welcome. We were all securely tied to a post and left to endure as best we could this pandemonium about us. Seemingly nothing remained but to add our barks and cries to the deafening uproar and thus assist them to make night hideous. The morning found us with sore throats, utterly exhausted, and oh! so hungry. Presently Mr. Poundman appeared with his arms full of old, rotten,

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tough, raw meat with the hair and hide still on it. As we had had no dinner the previous evening we were so ravenous that even that seemed tempting and we bolted it whole as it was thrown to us. As yet I had never had meat, being a well-bred, daintily-fed puppy. In some unaccountable way the hair on this meat stuck in our throats and set up such an irritation that the effect produced was very similar to that of the worst case of whooping cough.

An hour or so later the telephone rang most vigorously. It was master inquiring of the keeper whether we were there. Upon receiving an answer in the affirmative he demanded our instant release. After considerable discussion he succeeded in convincing Mr. Poundman that Bosun had his tag, and that I was not of age, whereupon we were very reluctantly allowed to take our departure. I can assure you there were no fond farewells taken with the keeper or his pound, as familiarity with either breeds the utmost contempt.

Bosun made the shortest possible cut for home, while I followed closely at his heels. The way was unfamiliar to us both, but I had every confidence in my pilot.

Some thirty minutes later we reached home and awaiting us there with a royal welcome stood our mistress on the doorstep. Feeling the need of a little sympathy after our uncomfortable night, we began to cough and whoop, vying with each other which of us could produce the most alarming symptoms. Imagine our astonishment when this direful outburst, instead of bringing forth the looked-for sympathy, sent her on the double quick to the medicine closet, from whence she issued a moment later, armed with a bottle of worm medicine, her panacea for coughs, hot noses, loss of

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appetite and, in fact, every ailment to which dogs are heir.

We each received a dose of this anything-but-pleasant medicine. An hour or so later master arrived. Thinking he, at least, would extend to us his sympathy we coughed both loud and long. Certainly we received what we were looking for, but, in addition, a large-sized dose of castor oil was administered to us. Something had the desired effect, for our coughs vanished almost as suddenly as they came.





CHAPTER THREE



SHORTLY after our pound episode, one evening, I had retired for the night, and was far away in the land of nod, when suddenly I was aroused from my slumbers by a most blood-curdling, piercing shriek which burst forth in agonized terror from the throat of my mistress. As there was no one present in the room but master, I naturally supposed he had hurt her. Without stopping to consider the pros and cons of the situation I took one flying leap through the air and alighted on the shoulder of my mistress, who by this time was reclining on the foot of the bed. I growled at master in my most vicious manner, and accompanying the growl was the display of a very fine set of teeth. My! how I startled them both! Well,—the perversity of women is appalling—instead of being the conquering hero I thought myself, what do you suppose I received for my daring onslaught? You could never guess, for it was really so perfectly absurd—just a good hard slap across the nose with my mistress' bedroom slipper. Any sane dog, I am sure, would have interpreted that scream in a similar manner. Imagine my chagrin. She promptly sent me back to bed, whereupon they both became convulsed with fits of laughter, and even to this day I fail to see the joke. Sometime later I overheard my mistress relating the incident to a friend. It seems master was reaching for a book in the top of his sectional bookcase, when he received a

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resounding slap from the sole of my mistress' bedroom slipper. Of course it was only done in the spirit of fun. Master took it in the way it was meant all right, but more than surprised her with such a rapid retaliation. In a trice he had her firmly in his grip and gave her what is commonly known as the "Dutch flip." It was this unlooked-for assault which caused her to give forth such a terrorizing scream, and I, in my faithful endeavor to serve her, mistook it for a call for assistance. So I consider it quite excusable as I was so young and inexperienced "in ways that are dark and deeds that are vain."

Whenever my mistress was left alone in the house I always felt I was responsible for her protection. Never did I allow her to go alone at nights, either to telephone or door. I always accompanied her, and invariably preceded her. Many a time she found me a bit of a nuisance and would almost stumble over me, angrily exclaiming, "Sandy, do get out of my way!" but I strictly adhered to my notion of what constituted a noble protector, as I intended no harm should befall her if I could prevent it.

Master let the contract for a new house and for some six months or more they were in the throes of building. As it was nearing completion they would walk down each evening and on Sundays to see what progress had been made and that all was going on satisfactorily. As I always went with them on these excursions, I began to take considerable interest in it myself. While they were engaged with material things, I busied myself in making the acquaintance of all the neighbors' dogs and was prepared to look forward to this change of abode with a great deal of pleasure.

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Just one week before Christmas we moved, and a sorry day it was for me. Our kennel was built under the kitchen verandah. I had no complaints to make about the kennel, it was dry and comfortable. The fact of the matter was the new home was too good for dogs. On the rare occasions on which I saw my mistress it was a case of "No, no, you must not touch, get out of here quick," etc., until I wished over and over again that I were dead. Mistress had a new toy; her interest seemingly was completely transferred. We were now left entirely to the tender mercies of the Chinaman. No more nice tempting meals, no more walks and no more baths. The latter could easily have been dispensed with, but the other treatment was more than heart could bear. I, a dog who from my earliest infancy had been the pet of the house—now apparently she never bestowed even a single thought upon me. Here was I, a pup nine months old, a stranger in a strange land, a poor outcast in my own home. If ever a dog's nose was out of joint, mine surely was. My bed consisted of straw. Quite a come down for one reared in the lap of luxury as I had been—certainly a most appreciable difference between that and the soft, springy, downy couch in my mistress' own bedroom. Bosun, always having been used to an outdoor kennel, managed to sleep peacefully on, night after night, but sleep and I seemed to have parted company, my injured feelings constantly coming between us. Our breakfasts were brought to us by the Chinaman and consisted of dry dog biscuit and water, instead of my rich, warm, nourishing milk and well-soaked puppy biscuit, to say nothing of my fresh, raw egg. Mistress was so busy settling she could not spare enough of her valuable time even to see that we

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were properly fed. My heart was broken, and even Bosun, dear as he was, could not comfort me. My nose became hotter and drier, and I became thinner and thinner, until every rib was visible through my skin. At last when I was all but departing this life mistress' attention was drawn to me. She dosed me freely with worm medicine and castor oil, but I grew rapidly worse. Finally in sheer desperation she sent for Dr. B., the man who gave me to her, and inquired most anxiously of him the cause of my wasting away. He scrutinized me closely, made a thorough examination, and could find absolutely nothing the matter. Then glancing up at my mistress and emphatically emphasizing each word, he remarked, "Unless I am greatly mistaken this dog is dying of a broken heart. Have you petted him as much lately as you formerly did?" She replied in the negative, giving as her excuse that she had been kept so constantly busy since moving that she had had no time to think of dogs. She also informed him of the fact that she had put me to sleep in an outdoor kennel and had allowed the Chinaman to feed me. Then he said, "Well, Mrs. M., the best advice I can offer you is to feed him yourself, allow him to sleep in the house for a while, and take sufficient interest in him to pet him occasionally, that he may know he is not entirely forgotten. If you do this I have no hesitation in saying I think you will bring him around all right. This breed of dog is particularly sensitive, its feelings are easily hurt and it feels most keenly." That evening she fed me herself and never left me until I had eaten every morsel of the excellent dinner she had placed before me. During the whole process of eating she constantly stroked my head, accompanying each stroke by some kind word,

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until I felt assured I had been fully reinstated in her affections. The feeling of alienation between a dog and his one human friend is so terrible that few well-bred dogs can survive it. This love tonic acted like magic, my appetite was restored to its normal condition and my food digested properly. Upon finishing this delightful repast she conducted me into the Sanctum of Sanctums, the dining-room; and, spreading a newspaper on the floor, placed upon it the bone of a most delicious, juicy porter-house steak. Previous to this, I had been trained to eat a bone off a folded paper without removing it, so when she allowed me this privilege on her new rug in the dining-room my happiness was complete. I gnawed that bone until there was actually nothing left of it. That evening when bedtime came I slept on a beautiful thick grizzly bear skin, which lay just in front of the hall fireplace. From that night I made a most phenomenal recovery. My broken heart mended, I was again quite myself in the course of a few days.



CHAPTER FOUR



WEEK later I was allowed to accompany my mistress to the grocery where she usually dealt. As we came in close proximity to the store I beheld the grocer's cat, which was very much in evidence, at the front door of the shop. I straightway excused myself to my mistress by a gentle but firm wag of my posterior appendage and made straight for that cat. Now I had never seen one before, but a strange sensation thrilled my whole being. My spinal column was vibrating as if it had received ten volts from an electric battery. With the blood of my ancestors coursing rapidly through my veins and its inherent antipathy to cats, that murderous fighting instinct common to my breed of dog became uppermost in my mind, and with one flying leap I sprang upon the poor unsuspecting thing before my mistress was aware even of the presence of a cat. The next second I was having my face severely scratched, but what was that to the joy of downing this soft, furry creature. Each struggling effort it put forth only added zest to this, my first encounter. Its hot panting breath was as sweet as nectar to my lips, and oh! the fiendish pleasure of feeling its struggles gradually lessening beneath my terrible grip! My eyes and nose were bleeding profusely, but what cared I for that! In the excitement my sense of feeling was quite dead, and my one and only thought was to crush out the cat's

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life. Soon I had it by the stomach. Its yells were terrible to listen to, but to me they were as sweet music to my ears. By this time mistress had reached the scene of action and frantically chastised me with her best umbrella, until, in the nature of things, it finally broke. Then she began thrashing me with her purse, but that too was short-lived,



"Frantically chastised me with her umbrella"

not being made to stand such treatment. Then out came Mr. Grocer, and picking me up by the tail he hurled me some fifteen feet or more into the air, but I only landed on all fours in the middle of the street, still hanging on to the cat with the everlasting grip of a bull terrier. By this time it had ceased struggling, and with eyes bulging out of its head, the faintest of screams issuing from its throat, it gasped its last. After receiving several hard kicks from the grocer, I released my hold and

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allowed him the privilege of carrying off my prize for proper interment in his back premises.

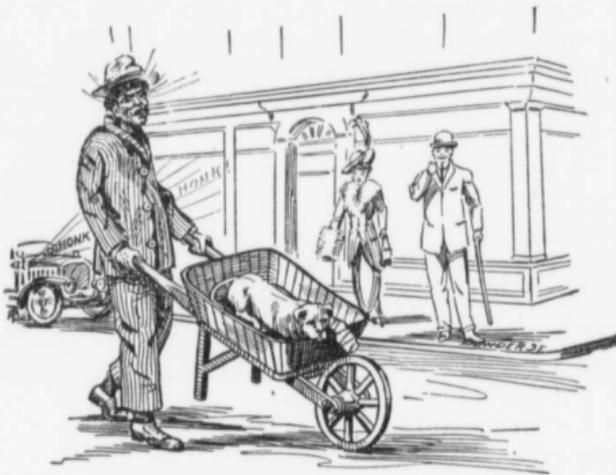
All the way home I was severely scolded. It grieved and pained me to have hurt mistress' feelings, but the glory of victory was upon me and my heart fairly swelled with pride beneath my bosom, in spite of the humbled, dejected air I tried hard to assume.

Some days after this master was driving to his office and Bosun and I accompanied him. On reaching his destination he alighted, and securely fastening his horse to the hitching post went in, leaving us two outside. Just then a huge automobile came rapidly down the street, considerably exceeding the speed limit. Fearing this might frighten our horse, whose back was to it, I rushed forth madly, barking furiously in front of this oncoming monster. Preferring to kill a dog outright, rather than swerve, chancing the likelihood of capsizing the motor, it simply ran over me. Fortunately, being light on my feet, I managed to all but clear it; however, it caught my right front paw, crushing the bone almost to pulp. I shrieked and Bosun barked, until the attention of a man who was passing was called. Recognizing me, he gently carried me into master's office. Fortunately, master was a doctor. With the assistance of his nurse he proceeded to dress the wound and soon had the paw swathed in bandages. Then he telephoned my mistress, as it was just in the middle of his office hours and he couldn't drive me home.

She came down immediately and was presently followed by Ling, the Chinaman, who in his turn brought the wheelbarrow. When she entered the office, there was I stretched out on the sofa with my head on the pillow and my bandaged paw

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suspended in mid-air, looking much the same as might any other ordinary patient. As she leaned over me in the most solicitous manner she exclaimed, "Poor, wee Sandy! Bless his little heart!" and I was almost certain I could detect a briny tear in her eye; whereupon, for answer, I heaved a terrific sigh out of sympathy for myself.



"Everyone stopped, turned and gazed after us"

She stroked my head so tenderly that in a measure it compensated for the pain I was enduring. Ling carried me downstairs, and for once his stolid, monkey face seemed to express sympathy as he gently placed me in the wheelbarrow.

Master always declared Ling to be the "missing link," and I am not at all sure that his diagnosis wasn't correct. Certainly his general appearance was against him, as he always gave one the impression of an under-fed, under-sized orang-outang. His

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wide mouth with its exceedingly thick lips was never known to be closed, and, in consequence, exposed to constant view his large, protruding, yellow teeth, and that, added to his blinky, beady-eyed, dried-up, pock-marked, dark-skinned face, gave him a decidedly ape-like appearance. Ling disliked dogs in general and me in particular. So certainly there was no love lost between us.

He hurried me home as quickly as possible, very often taking to the road in preference to the sidewalk, and vice versa; but never failed to give me the full benefit of any bumps that might arise through the slightest change in elevation. There I lay, sprawled out in the bottom of the wheelbarrow, my bandaged paw held up for exhibition that passers-by might not fail to see the cause for this unnatural proceeding, and thus save them the trouble of being overwhelmed with idle curiosity. Ling walked so fast that my mistress was unable to keep pace with him. Everyone stopped, turned and gazed after us. Many and varied were the comments made by pedestrians whom we met on the way. Some were heard to remark, "Poor, wee puppy! What do you suppose could have happened to him?"; while the unsympathetic ones, seeing only the ridiculous side of it, stood still, alternately gaping and laughing. Under ordinary circumstances my feelings would have been deeply wounded, but I felt certain that most of the laughter was provoked by the extremely grotesque appearance of Ling.

When I reached home there was a nice soft bed awaiting me in the basement. Mistress then gave me ten drops of laudanum to relieve my pain. Thus I was enabled to sleep all afternoon. The following day I spent in bed, groaning for the most part of

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it and feeling too uncomfortable for words. My bandage, which apparently was put on too tight (or so I thought), annoyed me greatly, so I exerted all my efforts towards removing it. My struggles, however, were in vain until my good friend, Bosun, came to my assistance. He succeeded in grasping one end firmly between his teeth, then he pulled, while I made countless circles in the air with my wounded paw, thus enabling him to unwind it. Between us our efforts were crowned with success. Then I set to work diligently to lick the wound, Bosun assisting me occasionally when I paused for rest. Good Dame Nature has provided dogs with a wonderful healing power in their saliva, and also a rough tongue surface, which gives a good general massage treatment, and for all ordinary purposes this is sufficient. This was not so in my case, for we licked it almost constantly for three or four days, with but little or no success. It proved to be a stubborn case, and instead of healing, strange to say, we infected it and it grew rapidly worse. Then master took me in hand once more and, placing me in his carriage, drove me to his office. In the presence of two veterinaries and two other surgeons, besides Doctor B., my former owner, I was given an anaesthetic, and a most wonderful surgical operation was performed upon my paw. All the decayed, splintered and crushed bone was removed. When the paw was originally bandaged the swelling was so great it was impossible to tell whether or not it was broken. As I came out of the ether I was most gloriously intoxicated, and reeled and staggered all over the office. Apparently it was rather a comical sight to them, to judge by the uproarious laughter, but it was not quite so funny to me, as my poor head felt twice its usual

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size and ached as if it would burst. Upon recovering my equilibrium I was driven home. Doctor B. accompanied us and stayed for lunch. The bandage remained for three days without being molested, but that was as long as a dog could be expected to keep the hated thing on. As soon as I felt a little stronger I called Bosun to help me and off it came in a trice. This annoyed master to such an extent that he said he would never bother with it again. Days, weeks, yes, and even months, followed before that paw was healed. But I became quite as expert on three legs as I had formerly been on four. As soon as I found it did not heal I gave up petting it and began to go about with the other dogs, winning many a good fight, while my foot was still sore. It is really amazing what one can accomplish with a little perseverance. I knew if I were to accompany Bosun on his rambles and have fun with other dogs I must forget about my paw, and so, by practising a little Christian Science, I was able to manipulate it to such an extent that to all intents and purposes I was not in the least inconvenienced. Possibly I labored under a slight disadvantage, but I allowed it to make no material difference in my numerous encounters with both dogs and cats.

Just a few days after my accident I was running along on three legs, accompanying my mistress down street, when I noticed a slight disturbance of the ivy growing on the wall of a neighbor's house. I spied what seemed to me to be a large rat right behind the ivy. As the gate was open I proceeded to investigate. Just then my mistress called me, and I really intended to obey, but upon closer scrutiny I discovered it was a kitten. I have come to the conclusion that for generations my ancestors must

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have been professional cat-slayers, because the very sight of one stirs up such an emotion in me that kill it I must. This murderous instinct that wells up within me becomes uppermost in my mind. A devil seems to possess me, and for the time being I am a raving maniac, possessed by a demon that seems part and parcel of some old infuriated ancestor. It does seem strange that I should become so friendly with all my neighbors' dogs and so antagonistic to all their cats.

A few slight, quick manœuvres on my part secured for me my favorite hold, and I had my two eye-teeth embedded deep in the pit of its little stomach, and the kitten was no more. I'll admit it sounds much like Jack the Ripper, that awful Whitechapel murderer, but it only goes to show what heredity will do—" 'Tis true 'tis pity and pity 'tis 'tis true." But I had cause that fight to rue. A series of reminders from the toe of my mistress' heavy walking boots followed in quick succession. Then, crossing my two front paws and gripping them tightly, she literally dragged me home, compelling me to walk nearly a whole block on my two hind legs. As soon as we reached our own gate she stooped and picked up a broken lath and gave me a whipping such as I'll never forget to my dying day. Each time she brought the lath down in the very same spot until she had me dancing jigs, polkas, two-steps, tangos, turkey trots and all the fancy side steps in the catalogue. "The quality of mercy" was strained and, despite my entreaties, down came that old lath over and over again, never by any chance varying its course, but always in the same place to the fraction of an inch. As all things some time come to an end, so did that whipping. Not until she became weary in well

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doing did she "cease her unhallowed tumult." Then I was muzzled, and she absolutely refused to allow me to accompany her to town.

Occasionally I could behave myself as well as any dog. I remember following my mistress to the hospital, and as dogs were not admitted there she took me in, told me to lie down, and seating herself carefully concealed me beneath her skirts. Master was busy over an emergency operation and as we waited over one hour for him several of the nurses came in at intervals, sat down and chatted, but none of them were aware of my presence. On another occasion I followed them to church, but had the good sense to remain at a distance behind them—otherwise I surely should have been sent home. As they went up the church aisle I went too. When mistress discovered me she knew it would create a greater scene to compel me to go home than it would to make me lie down under the seat, so I stayed there quietly throughout that long, long sermon and slept, but did not snore. I passed and repassed all sorts of dogs on my way home, but as I was on my best behavior, it being the Sabbath, I conducted myself most creditably.

Whenever I noticed mistress putting on her hat I was on the qui vive at once, and never lost sight of her for a moment. I would follow her to the door and sit up and beg just as prettily as I knew how. If that did not accomplish my purpose I bounded all over her, until she either took me with her or said "No!" so decidedly that I knew any further demonstration on my part to be a useless expenditure of energy. In that case, knowing her decision to be final, I always slunk back crestfallen (with ears dropped, tail between my legs and the most reproachful look in my eyes) to a corner and

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quietly lay there to brood over my troubles until my youthful spirits would outweigh those would-be clouds, and I was once again pleasantly looking forward to her return.

The following day, after I had been to church, mistress took a friend for a drive in the park. I coaxed very hard to accompany them. At first she evinced considerable hesitation, but finally gave in and allowed me to go. All went well until we were almost around the park, when we met a man taking a constitutional, accompanied by a wire-haired terrier. As we were about to pass them this saucy terrier growled at me in the most offensive manner, which in dog language plainly said, "What right has a bull terrier in this park—it is reserved for me and my friends." My dignity, naturally, would not permit of this insult, and I surprised them all by the sudden leap from the carriage and would have made short work of him had the man not intervened. He pommelled me unmercifully over the back with his cane, but never touched his own dog, who provoked the fight. To add insult to injury, mistress came with the horse-whip and, brandishing it high in the air, let it fall in a series of stringing blows. Truly, a bull terrier seems born under an unlucky star. He never seeks trouble, but when compelled to fight out of sheer self-respect, he gets the lash, cane, boot, club and, in many instances, is almost hammered to death. Why? Because, after being provoked to the assault, he takes his medicine silently, wasting no surplus energy in calling for assistance as do his assailants, and stands his ground, ready to finish what has been begun. As our encounter seemed to be getting warmer each moment mistress became disgusted and abandoned me to my fate. Giving

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the horse a gentle touch of the whip she started for home. I decided I had better do likewise, so, telling my enemy I would see him later and pay old scores, I trotted off and soon overtook them. We arrived home safely without any further mishaps.





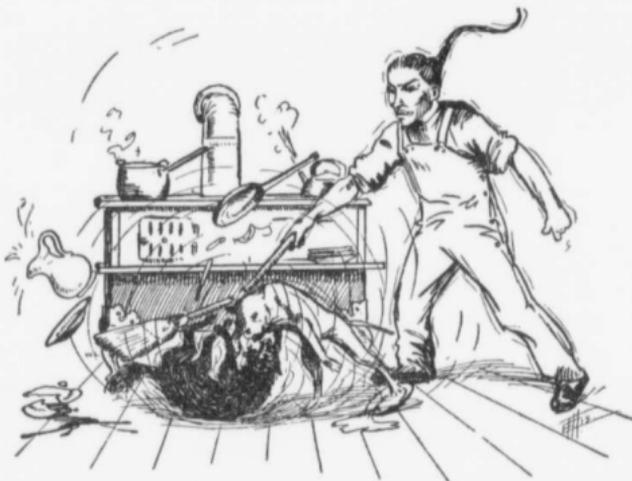
CHAPTER FIVE



MISSRESS had a little Danish maid, named Ellen, of whom I was very fond. One day she sent her to a neighbor's for something, and naturally I followed. She rang the bell. The door was opened by the Chinaman. Upon hearing what was wanted he started off to comply with her request, leaving the door ajar. I peeped in simply to see what was in that kitchen. A large soft ball of fur, undulating slowly in front of the kitchen stove, was all I beheld. My curiosity at once was aroused and, as no head was visible, I walked further in to satisfy myself as to what this shapeless mass of gray fur could be. As I approached this enigma it threw up its head, raised all its fur, humped up its back, exposed its long claws, glared at me with eyes of fire, and finally hissed and spat in my face. No doubt remained in my mind as to what manner of thing it was now—before me stood the biggest cat it had ever been my privilege to gaze upon. This cat, Muggins by name, had been the pet of their only son for over eleven years, in fact they had grown up together. These circumstances were not known to me at the time, or it is just possible, for the boy's sake, I might have overlooked this deadly insult. Certainly a bull terrier who loathes cats could not permit of an insult of that nature and not retaliate. I made one spring at her. Muggins flew round and round, dodging, turning, twisting here, there and everywhere, and I must admit for

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an old girl she was exceedingly nimble. That Chinaman's kitchen was the neatest one I had ever seen, but before we got through with it it looked as if a cyclone had struck it. After a great deal of manipulation on my part I succeeded in rounding her up in a corner, and she determined to fight for her life. Muggins was no coward. She put up the



"While the Chinaman broke the broom-handle over my poor back"

strongest fight I have ever participated in, and that is saying considerable. For this I could almost forgive her for being a cat. Up went her back, and with fur bristling all over her she charged me, biting, scratching, spitting and doing her utmost to ride my back. That was the one thing I had to avoid for her claws were long and sharp and they sank deep, and if she once got on my back where I could not retaliate I knew she would worry me to death. For a moment I was sure she had

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scratched out both my eyes, when I discovered they were only full of blood from my nose and forehead, which were bleeding profusely. Then she put her teeth through my ear, scratched my cheek and partly succeeded in tearing open my scalp. By this time the air was full of saucepans, brooms, stove lifters, pokers, bakeboards, dustpans, shovels, coal scuttles, dippers, egg beaters, frying-pans, rolling-pins, and, in fact, every available kitchen utensil, to say nothing of the storm of awful Chinese curses that the Chinaman could hurl at me. This terrible uproar brought the lady of the house, her son and daughter on the double-quick to investigate the cause of the unseemly disturbance. They too screamed and kicked at me, while the Chinaman broke the broom handle over my poor back. All Ellen could do was to look on and weep copious tears of sympathy. By the most careful manœuvring on my part I succeeded in obtaining my favorite hold, and in a few seconds poor Muggins expired. Then I made for home with the cat in my mouth, determined to bury her under our hollies, as cats make good fertilizer. This pleasure, however, was not to be mine. Following close behind me was Ellen, weeping bitterly, then came our neighbor, shaking with rage and white as death from a nauseated feeling caused by her being an eye-witness to the death of poor Muggins, and bringing up the rear was her only son, sobbing his poor little heart out. Mistress, thinking Ellen had been an unusually long time, went to the window to see what had happened. There she beheld this mournful procession just entering our gate. Recognizing Muggins, notwithstanding her distorted visage with her eyes almost popping out of her head, she understood at once

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what had happened. Rushing outside she hastily approached us. Our neighbor cried out excitedly, "I am going to kill that dog of yours if you don't." Nothing was said of the beating I had already received, so mistress stooped and picked up a stick and belabored me well before she allowed me to go. By this time the blood was oozing out of my face, my eyes were smarting and my back was so sore—but no one pitied me. Ellen was straightway dispatched for the muzzle. Then I dropped the cat, and the boy promptly made away with it and buried it in his own conservatory. For three or four days I was obliged to wear that muzzle, and all the little urchins in the neighborhood would cry out, "There goes Sandy the cat-killer. Oh, he's a bad one!"

That night, during the wee small hours of the morning while I was in the house, a cat was murdered on our doorstep. Its screams and yells were simply blood-curdling; certainly they were sufficient to waken up the neighbors. That time, at least, I was not guilty, but I have no doubt that the majority of them remarked, "There's Sandy up to his old tricks again!"

When a cat sees a mouse it cannot resist tormenting it, and eventually killing it. Now that is the same inherent spirit that compels me to slay every cat with whom I come in contact. On several occasions when I have been walking with mistress she has intervened in time to save the life of a cat. For instance, as we were passing a neighbor's house pussy stood on the top step of the verandah. Mistress saw her at the same instant that I did. Of course, I made a wild rush for her, but before I reached the bottom step mistress called, "Sandy! Sandy! Sandy!" each time louder and more imperative, whereupon I crouched down

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trembling like a leaf, halting between two opinions. She seized my collar and dragged me home, fearing to release her hold lest I return to find my prey. For a long time after that she refused all my pleadings to accompany her. She would shake her head and say, "No! You are a bad dog! You fight all the time."

One day the Chinaman was starting down to Chinatown, a place away in the opposite direction of the city from where we lived. In order to reach his destination he had to pass through the main business portion of the town. I waited till he was quite half a block in advance, knowing well I would not be welcome, then followed him, keeping well to the rear so I would not be noticed until he had gone sufficiently far that he did not dare send me home for fear I should get lost. Nothing happened until we reached the general post office, and there on the doorstep stood a big, black cat. I could not resist it, and making one bold leap and dash chased it through the door, in and out between all kinds of people, nearly knocking one man down, entangled myself in a woman's hobble skirt and received a vigorous kick for my pains. I rushed madly through another door, which stood a little ajar, into the postmaster's private office, upsetting his chair, table, extension 'phone, glass of water and a few other odds and ends—out the door again, back to where at least twenty people stood lined up in front of the General Delivery, then finally caught it. By this time the poor thing was so frightened she gave up quite easily and I put her out of misery very quickly, but not before I had received many adieus in the form of a good swift send-off from the toe of each masculine boot in the place. I was so lame I could hardly walk and

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my face was badly scratched. It smarted terribly. The Chinaman was so indignant he sent me home, caring very little whether I ever reached there safely or not. On my way, feeling foot-sore and weary, I stopped in at a chemist's to rest. It was the store that master patronized almost entirely, and I thought it was possible I might find him there. As I looked around, with no evil intent, there stood another tantalizing cat. At the sight of it all sensation of tiredness vanished. I sprang upon it instantly. The fight was short lived, for the druggist jumped that counter in a trice and picking up a wooden chair which stood close by broke it over my back, but not before my teeth had done their deadly work and pussy had expired. As I left the store, carrying Kitty in my mouth, the druggist and his two clerks gave me three farewell kicks that kept me sore for a week.

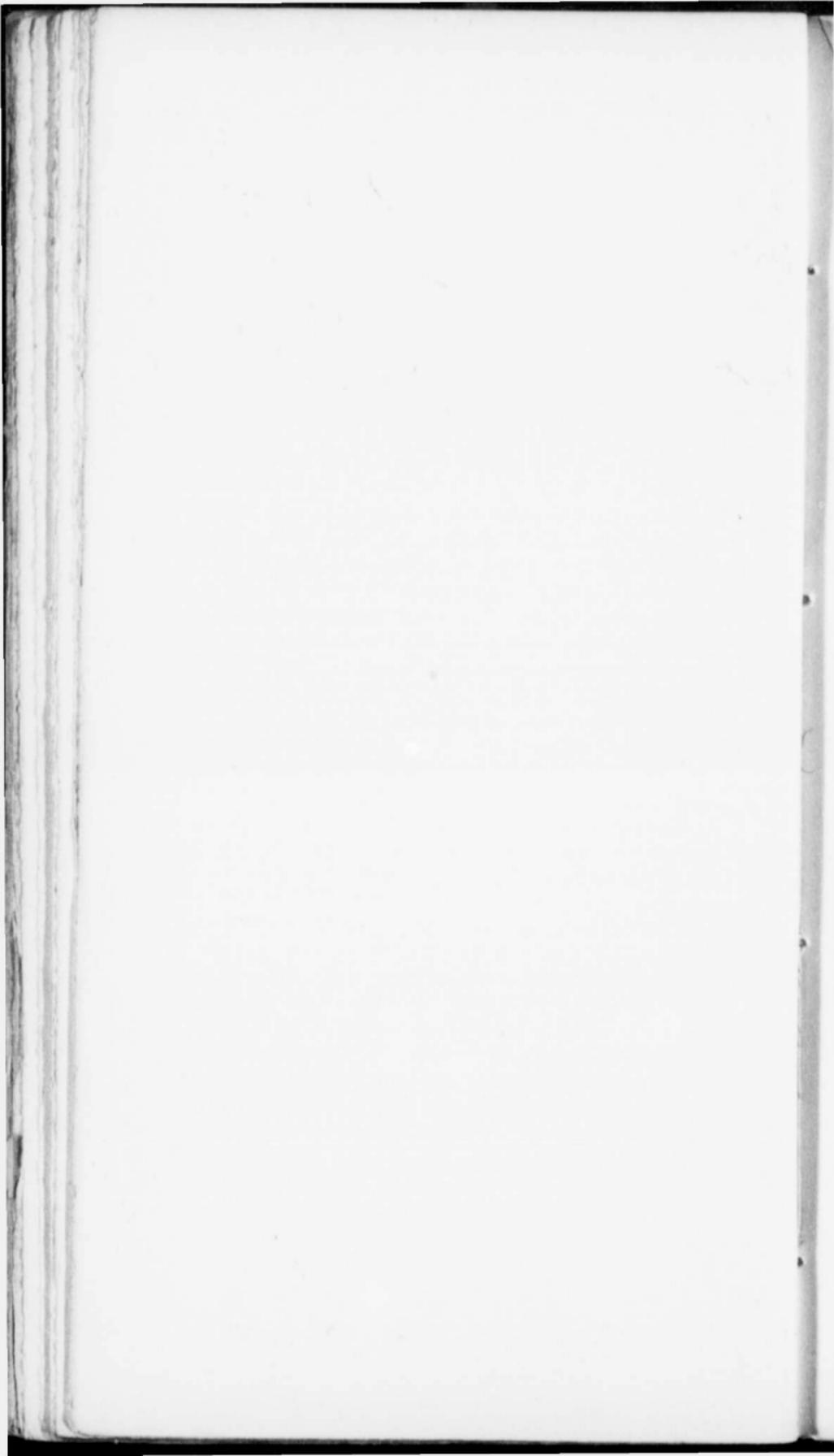
What seemed to me so inconsistent in people was this: whenever I killed a rat I was patted on the head, and it was a case of "Good dog, Sandy, you're a fine fellow"; but when I killed a cat, which required much more skill and bravery, everyone was unkind to me and made me suffer far more than it had. Whenever I killed a cat I only hurt it once and that once was of short duration, while my scratches, bruises and kicks hurt for days.

A very distinguished literary guest once came to our city and a large luncheon was held in her honor, to which my master and mistress were both invited. They had just left the house to attend this function when a lady and gentleman passed with their fox terrier, bound for the same destination. Foxie, seeing me sitting quietly on my own doorstep, crawled in under the gate and came towards me. I asked him a civil question and he

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replied with a growl and a snarl in the most ungentlemanly manner. As it happened at my own home I felt I could afford to ignore this insult, and throwing up my head turned my back upon him and walked towards the house. Now, as fox terriers are all very conceited and are much worse scrappers than bull dogs, he thought I was afraid of him and that he would provoke a fight by biting my tail. This he proceeded to do. I turned on him and succeeded in getting my deadly hold almost immediately. My favorite grip with a dog was his lower lip, and then hang on to it like grim death. This always paralyzed him, so all he could do was scream for help, which he invariably got. As the owner of this dog was carrying an ebony cane I received the full benefit of it upon my sore back, until I knew either the cane or the back had to break. The cane was kind enough to go first. Then he grabbed my collar, twisted it until he choked me off, and giving me a parting kick stooped and patted his own little angel cur, who could do no wrong. They left me panting, sore and unhappy, to think I had not been allowed to mete out to him the punishment he deserved. At the luncheon they rehearsed to master and mistress all that had occurred, leaving with them the impression that I was a fierce brute and unsafe to keep around.

We were fortunate in having a few neighbors who, like myself, abhorred cats. By them I was considered a blessing in disguise for ridding the neighborhood of all the musical nocturnal gentlemen, who used to busy themselves serenading their lady loves, thus keeping a goodly portion of the neighbors awake.



CHAPTER SIX

BOSUN and I went with master every day on his morning rounds. Bosun preferred to run ahead of the horse and herald the coming of master by barking with delight, all the way. It mattered little to him whether it were rough or smooth, wet or dry, he always went along as the advance guard. Sometimes it used to annoy master very much, for naturally his barking brought all the dogs from the various neighborhoods through which we passed to the horse's head to do likewise. I have seen as many as ten dogs in front and to the side of the horse at one time. Nettie, the horse, did not seem to mind it at all, but on one or two occasions when a dog became too obstreperous Bosun showed his teeth and growled—that as a rule was sufficient and it would generally take to its heels. Once or twice a few of the more daring ones did not heed this warning and Bosun was obliged to stop long enough to punish them, which he did so quickly, with no apparent effort or fuss, that invariably it sent them off howling with rage and pain, wiser but sadder dogs, while Bosun continued on the even tenor of his ways. I always ran behind the carriage, taking to the sidewalks wherever it was rough or muddy. These happy excursions, which we had daily, were short-lived, for master eventually got the motor craze. Poor Bosun and I tried to follow the same as before, but while we were running two blocks the motor

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was out of sight, and we were finally obliged to give it up in despair.

Then indeed my troubles began. Bosun and I would go off for long walks together, but very often his peace of mind was disturbed by the scraps into which I got. As long as Bosun was with me I fared pretty well, for he exerted an influence over me in keeping me out of prolonged fights, but alas for me! there was an exhibition at New Westminster. A lady invited my mistress to drive over with her. As my paw had not yet healed she thought the distance too far to allow me to accompany her. Bosun sat up on his hind legs and begged so hard that she, knowing how delighted he would be to follow a horse again, allowed him to go. They drove over and went all through the fair grounds, Bosun patiently waiting outside with the horse whenever a building was inspected. Then, as they were all tired and hungry, they put the horse in the livery stable and went to the hotel to rest and have dinner. Naturally, Bosun followed them into the dining-room and lay down quietly. The head waiter came up and said quite curtly, "Dogs are not allowed in the hotel," so mistress took him outside, and he lay down on the pavement where he could see through the window. When dinner was finished she tipped the waiter to get some nice bones for Bosun. As she came out with them he was nowhere to be seen. She called and called, but all in vain. They thought probably he had gone to the livery stable to find the horse, so they went in search of him there, but still no Bosun. Thinking then that perhaps he was so hungry he had made for home, they started too. When they arrived, however, there was no Bosun to greet them. From that day to this he has never been

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heard of, though they searched everywhere for him and looked through the pounds of both cities. He must have been stolen and taken across the water or I am certain he would have come back. When he was first given to mistress, by a sea captain of a sailing ship, she chained him up for days. He begged so hard to be released that she yielded to his entreaties, with the result that he made straight for the boat. This occurred several times inside of three weeks. Twice the boat had changed its wharf, yet amidst all those numerous ships and sailing vessels he invariably found the right one. It made it so hard for the sea captain to part with him that he finally 'phoned mistress that if Bosun came down again he would take him back with him. Then she kept him chained until the ship left port. The first time he was free he made for the waterfront and not finding the boat there come home and never ran away again.

Master took compassion on me in my loneliness and putting me in his motor took me with him on his rounds. Immediately he left the car to visit a patient I would jump into his seat and from there carefully guard it during his absence. Children, whom I always love, could stand on the step or even sit in the vacant seat with impunity, and talk to me, but woe betide them if they dared lay a finger on the wheel or attempted to tamper with the gears. Under those circumstances they soon heard from me; even those of them who loved me best were always nervous when they saw my teeth and heard my low surly growl. My! how important I felt as I sat there behind the wheel, "Monarch of all I surveyed." These daily excursions kept me from missing Bosun so much. One day when master had dined at the club he came out to get

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into his car and I jumped down to allow him to enter. As he was stepping in a man passed with a big bulldog, which was twice my size. The brute sprang at me, and for a minute had the best of it. As long as I was the under dog the man made no attempt to separate us, but soon I had my grip and then there was going to be some fun, for I intended to teach that dog a lesson. As soon as the man saw I was getting the best of it he started to kick me unmercifully with his big hobnailed boots. Master saw the unfairness of it and bounded out of his motor, looking as if he would spring at the other fellow's throat, when who should intervene but Dr. B., the man to whom I originally belonged. He and my master each grabbed a tail and we, feeling it better to separate than be severed from our canine narratives, released our holds and I, for one, went on my way rejoicing.

Not many moons after this master was coming home from the hospital, and I was sitting up in the seat beside him viewing the landscape over, when I spied my old enemy of the park sunning himself in the doorway of a little grocery store not far from our house. Without stopping to think I sprang out of the motor, when it was going twenty-five miles an hour, struck the pavement and spun round like a top for a moment, then as my vision cleared made straight for that dog. By this time master had succeeded in bringing the machine to a sudden stop and, jumping out after me, grabbed my collar. However, I obtained my grip on my enemy at once, without the least difficulty, and after risking my life to do it I determined I would not relinquish my hold until he was vanquished forever. Master was so strong that had the collar not broken I think he would probably have suc-

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ceeded in choking me off. This method failing, he grabbed my tail with a powerful grip. The grocer did likewise with his dog. Then they played "crack the whip" with us like a pair of school children, until both of them were utterly exhausted. As they were two extraordinarily strong men I will leave to your imagination how it felt. On either side of the grocery shop was a tailor and a shoemaker. Each of these appeared on the scene armed with his weapons of war. The tailor proceeded to prod me over and over again with a long needle, while the shoemaker pounded out an accompaniment on my skull with a heavy tack-hammer. Still nothing doing! Then the grocer bethought himself of the hose—this he turned on full, right in my face. The first shock was the hardest to bear, then gradually I grew accustomed to its icy chilliness and hung on more tenaciously than ever. One of the men suggested lighting matches under my nose, but Mr. Grocer did not care to deplete his stock if any other means would answer. He started to kick me unmercifully, the others following suit, but soon finding this method ineffective he very grudgingly went in and brought out a couple of boxes of matches. These they used up in no time and had to get more. They continued to make bonfires under my nose until my whiskers vanished, then my eyelashes and finally my skin was scorched, so that I thought the heat would penetrate into my brain. Then the grocer got desperate and, counting the cost no more, ran in and brought out his whole pepper bin full of black pepper. This he threw all over me. Fortunately, my eyes were tightly shut or I should have been blinded for life. They all sneezed and sneezed, but as I had long ago grown accustomed to dust I was enabled by a supreme

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mental effort to control myself when I found a little pepper thrown in, just by way of a sandwich.

When things were at their worst a big burly carpenter came along. Noticing the water, matches, pepper, dogs, and the expressions on the various countenances, he remarked, "I'll fix him; it does not matter whether a dog like that is killed or not"—and before anyone was aware of his intentions he subjected me to the most indescribable indignities. The surprise and indignation at such an unlooked-for attack compelled me to drop my jaw in sheer amazement, thereby releasing the hold on my enemy. Then master, white with rage and trembling with excitement, snatched me up, hurled me into the motor, got in himself, slammed the door and drove off like mad. By now I was feeling so dejected, tired, bruised and sore I wished I were dead. When it was all over I vowed each time it would be my last fight, but prenatal influence proved too strong for me. Truly I could not help it. I was more to be pitied than blamed. When we reached home master grabbed me by the scruff of the neck and, opening the door, literally threw me in, clear across the surgery through an open door into a back hall. Here I slid along the polished floor for a distance, regaining my equilibrium at the entrance of the kitchen, where stood my mistress. As she looked up inquiringly, partly guessing what had happened, he exclaimed, "You've got to get rid of that dog, otherwise there'll be a divorce in this family. Keep him muzzled and chained! He's not fit to be at large!" Then he proceeded to tell her all the circumstances, ending up with "It's enough to give a man heart failure!" Needless to say, master never took me with him again. Poor mistress felt so badly she cried over

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me, and I vowed there and then that should positively be my last scrap. I was meek and humble for so long afterwards that mistress, thinking I had sown my wild oats and had now come to years of discretion, grew confident and gave me more liberties. By degrees she let me run about in the yard and as nothing happened I was allowed to play even on the street again. Of course, I never fought with our neighbors' dogs, so that did not worry her.

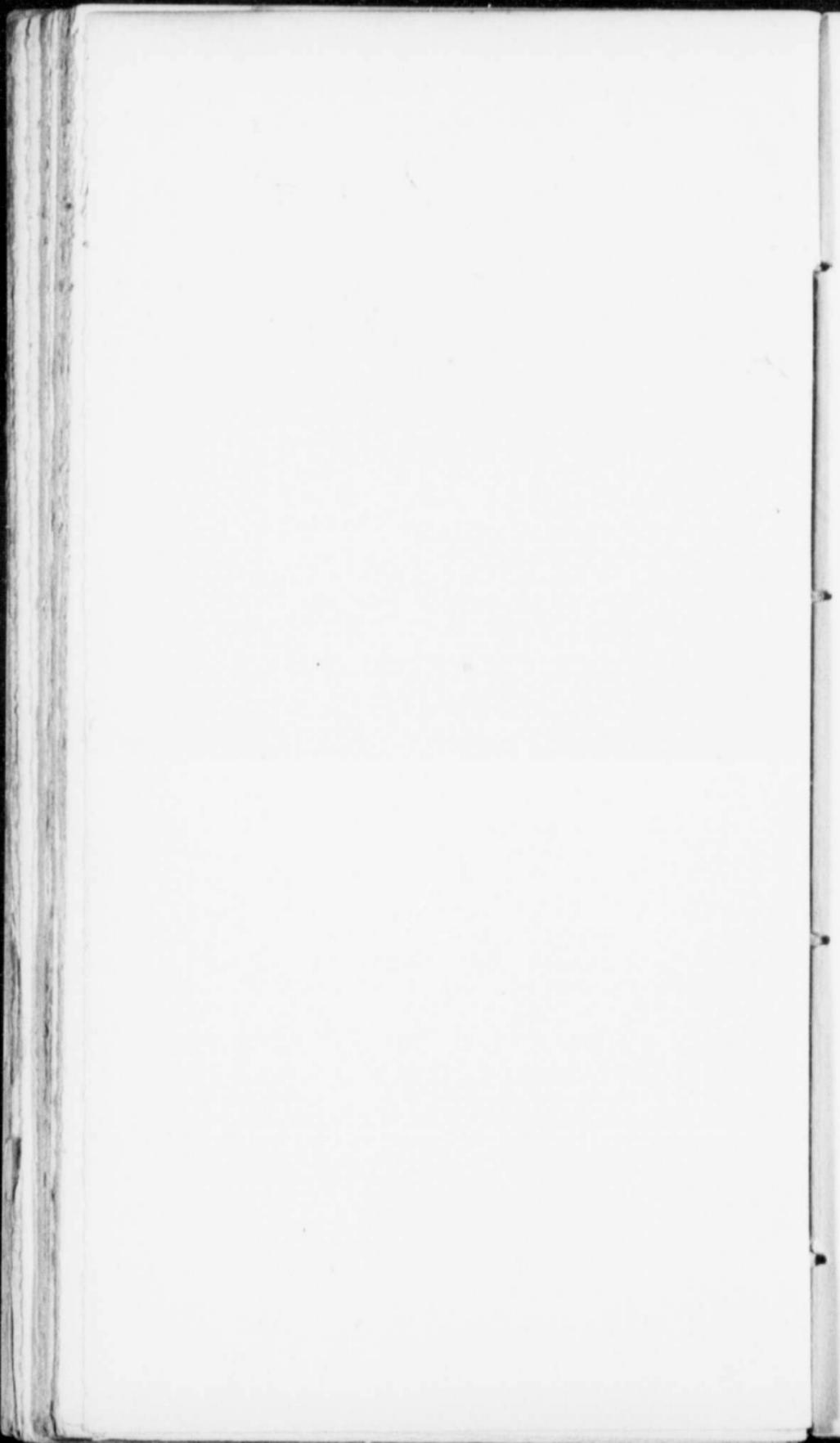
In justice to myself, I should like to mention that on one well-remembered occasion I exercised self-restraint to a marked degree.

One afternoon I strolled up to mistress' sister's house. The boys were deeply engaged in a game of tennis and did not observe my approach. As I reached the verandah, there on the steps stood a new addition to the family in the form of a cat. Immediately up went its back and with an evil hiss it spat in my face.

Nothing saved that feline but the fact that it belonged to the boys. I quickly turned my back upon it, and could the thoughts of a dog be expressed in biblical language mine would have been, "Get thee behind me, Satan!"

I could cite numerous incidents of accompanying guests home, or to the car, when they left our house after dark, unattended. When acting in the capacity of bodyguard to either mistress or her friends I was never known to shirk my duty either for dogs or cats..

I merely tell this to let my readers know I was not all bad.



CHAPTER SEVEN



ALL went well until one fine Sunday afternoon master was ensconced in his armchair in front of the fire-place, talking to a doctor friend of his who had come over from Victoria, and I was quietly lying at his feet. A man rang the door bell. Mistress, excusing herself, went out to see what was wanted. Not finding the medical conversation particularly interesting, I thought I would just wander out and see what that strange man wanted with mistress. It, too, proved to be nothing very exciting; so, as the door stood a little ajar, I thought it behooved me to take a walk, as the air was so fresh and balmy. I threw back my head and sniffed in a few draughts of it, when I perceived, mingled with it, the odor of three strange Airedales. I knew they were not far away, so I went just outside the gate to see whither they were bound. As I glanced up two of them began to fight, while the third (not wishing to side with either of them) maintained a dignified silence. They were not at all evenly matched, the larger one having considerably the advantage. The man accompanying them became annoyed at this unnecessary delay. Thinking I could straighten out matters I jumped into the fray, joining forces with the weaker dog. Each one of them turned on me. It was not enough to have three to one, but the man too must needs come to his dogs' assistance. This naturally aroused all my righteous indignation.

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I promptly bade adieu to all my good resolutions and fought like a demon possessed. Mistress screamed for master to come. He and his friend arrived just in time to see that brute of a man take up a cordwood stick which was lying by the roadside and, with it, give me such a blow upon the skull that I was immediately knocked unconscious. There he left me for dead and, fearing trouble would ensue, he called his dogs and fairly ran down the street. Master stood over me for fully two minutes, and as I showed no signs of life he said: "Well, I guess they've done for him this time." Poor mistress was so upset she wept bitter tears of sorrow and remorse, while master strove to comfort her. As they were attracting a crowd they went into the house. The Chinaman was sent out to bring me in. Then Ling, reverently for him, lifted my remains and gently bore them into the house, gingerly depositing them upon the kitchen floor. This unheard-of solicitousness on Ling's part was quite enough to arouse the dead, let alone the semi-conscious. With considerable effort I heaved a sigh, opened first one eye and then the other. The Chinaman screamed, "He allightee! No can killee him; he belong all same devil!" Mistress, hearing this, came running into the kitchen with her face alight with joy, master closely following, but his expression was not so easily defined. I am afraid down deep in his heart he felt that my sudden demise would have saved him much trouble.

My head was throbbing and aching from the blow which I had received, but this was as nothing to the pain caused from the numerous imprints of teeth all over my body. The whole household sympathised with me in that affray; all felt that

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I had been treated abominably, and for the next few days, I can assure you, I felt quite the hero. Pride goes before a fall, as was instanced in my case, and great was the fall thereof.

I had been sufficiently reinstated in mistress' affections to be allowed to accompany her on a walk that morning for the first time in weeks. Actually I passed and repassed dogs without causing her the slightest anxiety. As it was nearing lunch time we retraced our steps and succeeded in reaching our own gate, when a man came along with a cocker-spaniel. One minute more and I would have been safe within the confines of my own home, but alas for me! Fate had ordained it otherwise. I was not even thinking of noticing him, when he got directly in front of me, cowered down by the gate and shook like a leaf. If there is one thing I despise more than another in this world it is a coward, so I thought I would teach him a little lesson. My intentions were perfectly good, but when I received the stinging blow from the man's cane and felt the kicks showered upon me from an English walking boot that seemed to weigh a ton, I lost all self-control and determined to kill the little brute just for spite. I turned a deaf ear to all my mistress' threats and entreaties. She ran into the house calling to Ling to bring pepper, matches and the hose. These they proceeded to administer to me in unsparing doses. All seemed hopeless, and something had to be done quickly if the cocker's life was to be spared. The man then began to shout frantically for a revolver. "Won't someone shoot the brute! Won't someone shoot him!" My mistress, fearful lest some kind soul would oblige him, ran into the house and brought out a large iron poker, quite five feet long,

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with a curve at the end of it. This she fairly rammed into my mouth and wedging it in between my teeth pried them apart. At last the cocker was free. Immediately he turned tail and ran for home. I was detained by a firm masculine grip on my tail, and unless I cared to sever my connection forever with that part of my anatomy I was compelled to give up the chase. By this time I discovered that I was hot, thirsty and tired, so I lay down panting upon the sidewalk, with my tongue protruding as far as nature permitted. The remarks made about me were not at all complimentary. Had the man been contented with simply expressing his opinion I would not have cared, but he told mistress he would report the matter to the Chief of Police, and she would have to get rid of me at once.

When master came home mistress told him what had occurred, and said, "What shall I do? I cannot give him up!" Whereupon he replied, "It is much better to part with him now than have a big law suit on your hands, and that's what will surely happen if you keep him." Just then the 'phone rang. It was the Chief of Police asking for master. He said, "I understand, doctor, that you have a dog there that is a menace to the neighborhood. I am very sorry, but you will have to get rid of him at once." Master replied that he would dispose of him immediately. This apparently was satisfactory. Poor mistress begged so hard to have me that master compromised, and said if she would keep me chained continually, except when I was in the house with her, he would allow me to stay. As I had always been used to my liberty, this strange imprisonment seemed worse than death. So I cried continually while I was chained. Our

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next-door neighbor seriously objected to this treatment of me and, although she thoroughly understood the circumstances, threatened to report mistress to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals." From her standpoint the end did not justify the means, so there was nothing for it, I had to go; I was too valuable a dog to have chloroformed, and as mistress could not bear the thought of letting strangers have me she prevailed upon her sister, who lived in the opposite end of the city, to keep me. This sister had three boys who were all devoted to me, so I really enjoyed the change, as it certainly was preferable to being tied up in a back yard most of the day.

After I had been a few weeks in my new home, and had ingratiated myself into their affections, one of the neighbor's boys came over with a pet dachshund. Of all the queer-looking monstrosities in the shape of a dog I had ever seen this certainly was the queerest. Naturally, I stepped up to make an investigation, when the little cur apparently objected to close scrutiny and turned on me in the most vicious manner. As he had come into my place uninvited and behaved so rudely I thought I would teach him to have better manners in future. Of course, the usual fight followed. The lad who was with him was a boy of eight or ten. The brave little fellow rushed unthinkingly into the thick of it and tried to separate us. Carpenters came to the rescue, hammers in hand, from the adjoining house, which they were building. Talk about nails being driven home! I thought they would completely splinter my skull and drive the fragments through into the brain. I was nearly finished that time! Between them all they succeeded in freeing the dachshund, but in the excite-

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ment it turned and gave its own master the parting bite that was intended for me. The poor little lad rushed home, closely followed by a bleeding, frightened, sorry dog. Upon examination it was found the hand was very badly torn and would need a few stitches put in it. They went to the telephone and called up a doctor. He brought with him his partner to administer the anæsthetic. As the last stitch was being properly secured he asked a few questions pertaining to the accident. Upon hearing that it was a yellow bull dog, owned by a Mrs. E. around the corner, that had caused all the trouble, the anæsthetist looked up and winked at the doctor, who, by a strange coincidence, was no other than my master. Blank was the one word written all over master's countenance. No one could tell of what he was thinking, although his partner had his suspicions. After they left the house, and were well out of hearing distance, master gave a long sigh of relief and exclaimed, "Thank heaven, he does not belong to me any more!" As he drove up to his house for dinner mistress met him with a face all smiles and sunshine, and said, "Guess what a surprise I have for you! Sandy's back again. Sister won't keep him any more. He got into a fight with a neighbor's dog and the lad got bitten in separating them, so she's afraid they will get into trouble through him." Just then I came forward wagging my tail, expecting a genuine welcome. No such luck was in store for me. He kicked me aside and said, "We've got to get rid of him. It will give me nervous prostration if he stays around here." Then he told mistress all that had occurred. Her elation very soon died a natural death. She saw the seriousness of the situation and felt as master did, that it was unwise to keep me.

CHAPTER EIGHT



THAT evening a very nice doctor from Prince Rupert came to dine with us. He took a great fancy to me, and said, "I would like to have a fine thoroughbred bull dog like yours to take up north with me." Master was not slow to take advantage of the situation and promptly bestowed me upon him, giving as an excuse that I killed all the neighbors' cats and he was afraid it would cause hard feeling between us. Doctor E. was delighted at owning such a fine pedigreed dog. He telephoned for a carriage and drove me down to the boat in state. Upon our arrival he tipped one of the stewards heavily to look after me well and see that I had every comfort. About midnight we set sail for Prince Rupert.

In the morning an angry chief steward greeted the doctor with these words, "Your dog has killed our mascot, a pet cat, that we have carried on board for years!" The doctor was taken aback at this and apologized most humbly, assuring the steward that the best cat money could buy would be theirs on the return voyage. As nothing was alive on that boat but people we had a most uneventful passage. The rain was coming down in torrents when we arrived, and by the time we reached my new home my feet were extremely muddy and I was as wet as a drowned rat. The doctor opened the door with his latch-key and we entered. His wife came forward to greet him, her

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countenance wreathed in smiles. They fairly froze on her face and she forgot to embrace him, so great was her astonishment and anger, for, as we opened the door, I had spied a soft furry kitten cuddled up in her sewing-basket in front of the fire. At once I was after that cat; coal scuttle, coals, work-basket, spools, darning, scissors, fancy work, were scattered broadcast. Then pussy jumped over the table, and I after her, pulling table-cloth, jardiniere and flowers to the floor as we cleared it. In fact, everything in that room seemed to turn over so easily—chairs, vases, dishes, tables, etc. It was a case of "confusion twice confounded." The cat finally escaped me and succeeded in climbing up the curtains to safety. That was a feat I could not accomplish, nature not having endowed me with claws, but I did the next best thing: jumped after her as high as I could, and succeeded in tearing and pulling down pole, draperies and curtains.

Words are inadequate to describe the lady's feelings when she saw what havoc I had created. Suffice it to say, the cat was shut up in a separate room for the remainder of the day and I was well scolded and thrashed. After the room was once more restored to its normal condition Dr. E. began to expatiate upon my numerous virtues and my wonderful pedigree, but had not, as yet, succeeded in making me a welcome guest to his irate better half. One could see, though, she was gradually weakening under the influence of that marvellous pedigree, when presently a knock came at the door. The maid opened it and ushered in the Bishop, who had come to make a pastoral call, accompanied by his pet poodle. My nerves had soothed down considerably, but not sufficiently to stand for this

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intrusion. Poodles, at their best, are only apologies for dogs, and as this one was not welcome I did not intend that he should labor under any misapprehension whatsoever. The cat episode was as nothing to what followed, and for a good ten minutes chaos reigned supreme. To make matters worse the poodle was screaming at the top of his



"He landed with an awful thud"

voice. The poor Bishop nearly had a fit, and as for Mrs. E., she was like an infuriated tigress. However, they managed to liberate the poodle before he was too badly hurt. Then I was chained and sent back to the boat, to return by the same mail. Doctor E. kept his promise and secured a good cat for the steward. They kept me shut up in the purser's room all the way back to Vancouver. Now, the purser had a little window in this room which was always open. As I lay there, calmly sleeping on that hard bare floor, the new pussy cat came through the window and stood on the back

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of the chair, looking for trouble. Needless to say, I did not disappoint her, but I am sure she received more than she anticipated; while, as usual, I was left scratched, torn, bleeding and nearly kicked to death. When we arrived in Vancouver the purser called a taxi and, dragging me into it, hurried to master's office. Stormily opening the door, I was fired furiously into the middle of the waiting-room, amidst a number of patients, and landed with an awful thud. Hearing the commotion, master emerged from his private office. As his eyes lit on me stupefaction rivetted him to the spot. He stared at me, and I at him. Seeing no welcome in his face I grinned a greeting, cocked my ears, blinked my left eye, wrinkled up my back and tried to cuddle up to him, with a wriggle of my canine rudder, but without avail.

Master's face was a study in scarlet. Notwithstanding the visibility of his irreligious feelings of the moment the words of the Litany were written all over it, "Good Lord, deliver us."

The tension was broken by the angry tones of the purser exclaiming, "A dog like that ought to be killed."

"Why, what has he done?" master exclaimed in great surprise.

"Here, read Dr. E.'s letter," replied the purser.

Poor master, he read and re-read that letter, and every word of it burned deep into his soul. "What shall I do! What shall I do!" he kept repeating to himself, when one of his patients, an Italian (a breeder of fancy dogs), jumped up and said, "What is it, doctor? Can I be of any assistance to you?"—whereupon he was told all that was good for him to know, but not sufficient to keep him from joyously offering to relieve master

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of his obnoxious burden. So once again I had a new master and was made to follow him home.

Here I found many other valuable dogs, among the number being a fine bull terrier, who had taken the first prizes at all the dog shows on the Pacific Coast. He was securely fastened by a chain. I was put in a different compartment and was also tied.

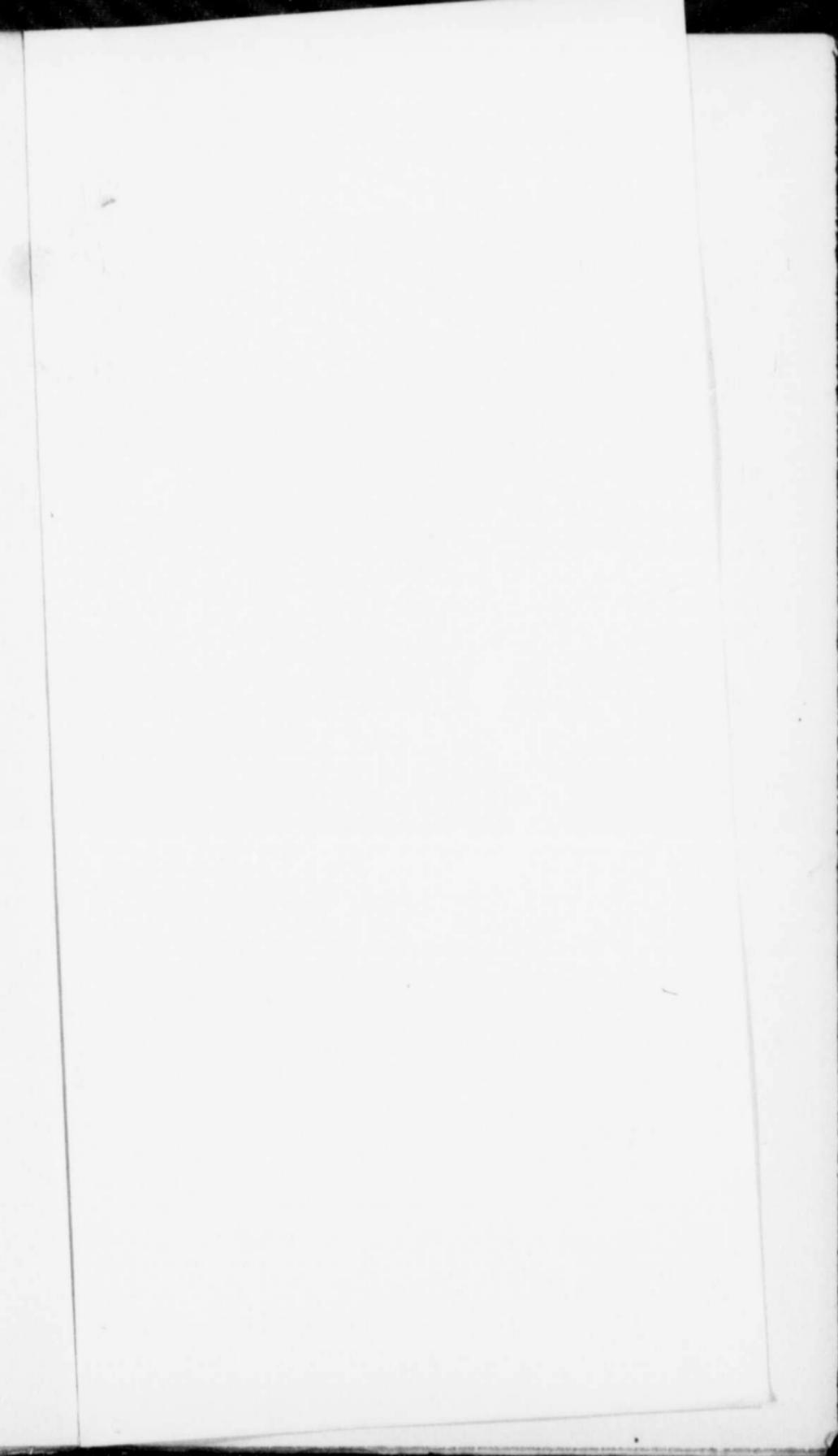
Not many days after I had been in my new home a very officious Airedale came in to try and provoke a scrap. Knowing the chain to be a great handicap he was conceited enough to think he could whip me. When we were finally separated I had succeeded in tearing one side nearly off him. As the Italian had a very quick temper, I suffered accordingly. Then he went to master and wanted him to take me back. He said the Airedale did not belong to him and he had had to pay twenty dollars damages. It took all master's persuasive eloquence and persistent assurances to convince him that I was really worth my weight in gold, for breeding purposes alone. His wrath was appeased by giving him a copy of my pedigree. When he read that over he could hardly thank master enough, and went away feeling he was the most fortunate man that had ever left the sunny shores of Italy. Back to his home he went, fully convinced his fortune was made. Disappointment in plenty awaited him there. While he had gone into town two bad boys had come in and unchained the prize bull dog and myself and set us on each other.

This dog was determined to fight and, unless I wished to be branded a coward, I could not in all decency refuse to oblige him. Never before had I experienced difficulty in holding my own against any dog, and, in fact, was always the victor; so I

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certainly had no intention of taking second place with this one.

His onslaught was so sudden he bowled me over, and for quite two minutes I was the under dog. However, I bided my time and soon got my favorite hold on him—then the struggle was more even. By this time we had warmed up to the fight and each of us knew we had found our match, and the struggle would be "till death us do part." All the fighting blood in my veins was aroused and nothing could stop me then. Just about this time the Italian arrived. He made a mad rush for the hose and poured buckets of water in our faces. Every available means known to men to separate fighting bull dogs was used that day, but all proved only too ineffective. They saw it was useless to try further, so they thought we might as well scrap it out. We fought for over two hours without stopping. Finally, I tore off the other dog's scalp, and when it was hanging over his face, all bleeding and gory, he still hung on, and with one last supreme effort he succeeded in breaking my jaw. That ended the fight, for I fell back utterly exhausted. My adversary gave one hoarse gurgle, an awful shudder, and breathed no more. They called the veterinary surgeon in and, as he carefully examined me, he remarked, "There is absolutely no hope—simply a matter of time!" I feel myself that the end is near; and, should his diagnosis prove to be correct, then all I can say is: it is as I should wish to die, and is a befitting ending for the son of Major and grandson of Tige.





(With Apologies to "Gunga Din")

If you speak of dogs or pups
You won't 'ave to use no "buts"
If you're talkin' of them pit dogs as is game;
For they're with you every minit,
'Tis themselves as will begin it,
And Mrs. M. she'll tell you just the same.
Now of all the dogs in town,
If you look both up and down,
(And hit's of Vancouver town I'm speakin' now),
You couldn't find a better,
Be 'e mastiff, pug or setter,
Than the yaller pup to who' I makes my bow.
For 'twas Sandy, Sandy, Sandy,
Son of Molly and of Major, Sandy M.
You pup, come 'ere to me.
My eye! I'll have you see
Who's master of this 'ouse'old, Sandy M.

The clothes that 'e 'ad on
They was 'is when 'e was born,
If you bar a leather collar that 'e wore,
An' 'e didn't care for style,
'E was thinkin' all the while
That the things they puts on lap dogs was a bore.
If you took 'im for a stroll
On the beach or street or mole
'Twas best to keep your eye and ear alert;
For if he got a show
The other dog would know
That the end would find 'is nose rubbed in the dirt.
So 'twas Sandy! Sandy! Sandy!
Oh, you rarin', tearin', swearin' Sandy M.
If I can't make you quit
S.P.C.A.'s will have a fit,
Can't you see you must stop fightin', Sandy M.?

'E would sneak around be'ind
To see what 'e could find,
 And 'e'd go for what it was like merry 'ell;
And when the go was through
There was nothing else to do
 But at their funeral just to toll the bell.
It didn't make no odds
If 'twas rats or cats or dogs,
 'E'd sail right in an' do 'is level best;
An' 'e didn't bar no size,
'E'd attend to their demise,
 An' the undertaker then would do the rest.
 So it's Sandy! Sandy! Sandy!
 Oh, you rippin', roarin', pit dog, Sandy M.
 Try and get 'im by the nose
 For I know that there are those
 Who would like to see 'im lick you, Sandy M.

If you'd have been in danger
'E'd 'ave tackled any stranger,
 An' fought 'im till 'is life was all gone out;
You only 'ad to call
An' 'e'd give to you his all,
 An' never ask a word what 'twas about.
An' now 'e's gone away
To the place where 'e will stay,
 I don't know where that is, no more do you;
But 'e did 'is best on earth
An' there'd be a sorry dearth
 Of justice if we asked 'im more to do.
 Then it's Sandy, Sandy, Sandy,
 You good old yaller bullpup, Sandy M.
 Though we've licked you and we've scolded,
 You're as good as ere was moulded,
 An' we doffs our lids in memory, Sandy M.

W. C. B.

