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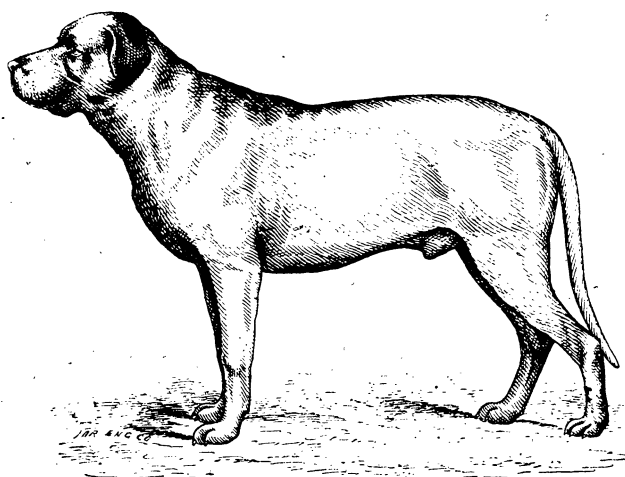
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LION.

# LION, THE MASTIFF.

FROM LIFE.

BY

A. G. SAVIGNY,

A MEMBER OF THE TORONTO HUMANE SOCIETY, AND AUTHOR OF "A ROMANCE  
OF TORONTO," "THREE WEDDING RINGS," ETC.

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"If there are not reason, mirthfulness, love, honor and fidelity in a dog, I do not know where to find them. Oh! if they could only speak, what wise and humorous and sarcastic things they would say."

—Beecher.

"The power of control carries with it the obligation to protect."

—H. H. Porter.

TORONTO:

WILLIAM BRIGGS, WESLEY BUILDINGS.

C. W. COATES, MONTREAL, QUE.

S. F. HUESTIS, HALIFAX, N.S.

1895.

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**Dedicated**

TO

THAT HUMANE GENTLEWOMAN,

**MRS. CHARLES B. GRASETT,**

AND

TO THE MEMORY OF

**RICHARD MARTIN, ESQ.,**

OF DANGAN AND BALLINAHINCH CASTLE,  
LORD OF CLARE, IRELAND,

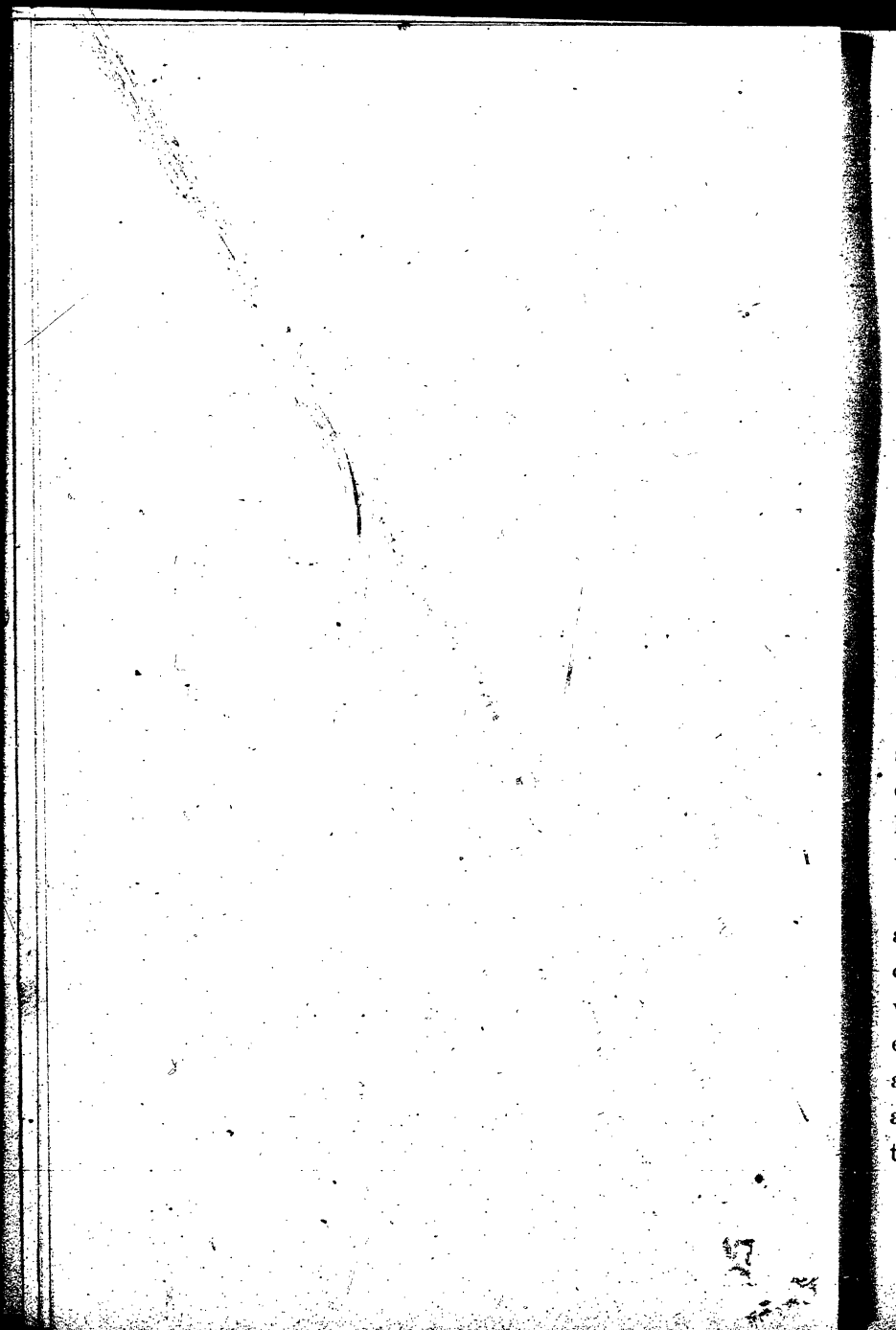
AND, SURNAMED "HUMANITY."

AUTHOR OF

THE MARTIN ACT FOR THE PREVENTION OF  
CRUELTY TO ANIMALS,

BEING

THE FIRST LAW IN THE WORLD FOR  
THEIR PROTECTION.



## INTRODUCTORY.

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MRS. SAVIGNY is already favourably known as an authoress, and does not require to be introduced to the public. She is an active member of the Humane Society, and has written "Lion, the Mastiff" to promote a cause which is very dear to her. It is the production of a lady whose sentiments and feelings are in harmony with all that is true and good. Every page testifies to the kindness of her heart. Her moral standard is the Christian standard. She instinctively shrinks from cruelty, and no one, we hope, can read this story without catching somewhat of the humane and gentle spirit which characterizes the writer of it.

The style of this book is pleasant and interesting, and shows throughout the quick appreciation and delicacy of touch which belong to a refined and cultivated woman. Mrs. Savigny understands "Lion" exceedingly well in all his moods of joy and sorrow, anger and love, hope and fear; and she interprets almost equally well the horses, cows, cats and birds that come into relations with the hero of the story.

We have here not a little that is playful and humorous, and a good deal that is tender and pathetic. A feeling of brotherhood towards the dumb creatures around us grows as we read, and we learn to regard all cruelty towards our less-protected neighbours as base, cowardly and sinful. The animals are God's creatures, and to disregard their rights is to offend Him. Besides, all unkindness towards animals reacts upon ourselves, debasing our own nature and preparing us for bad conduct towards our fellowmen.

"Lion, the Mastiff" tells his own story, and his autobiography, it must be said, is related with more vivacity than some famous men have exemplified in memoirs of themselves.

We hope that Mrs. Savigny's work will have—as it deserves—many readers, and that all who read it will partake of the considerate and humane spirit which it so earnestly recommends.

WM. CAVEN.



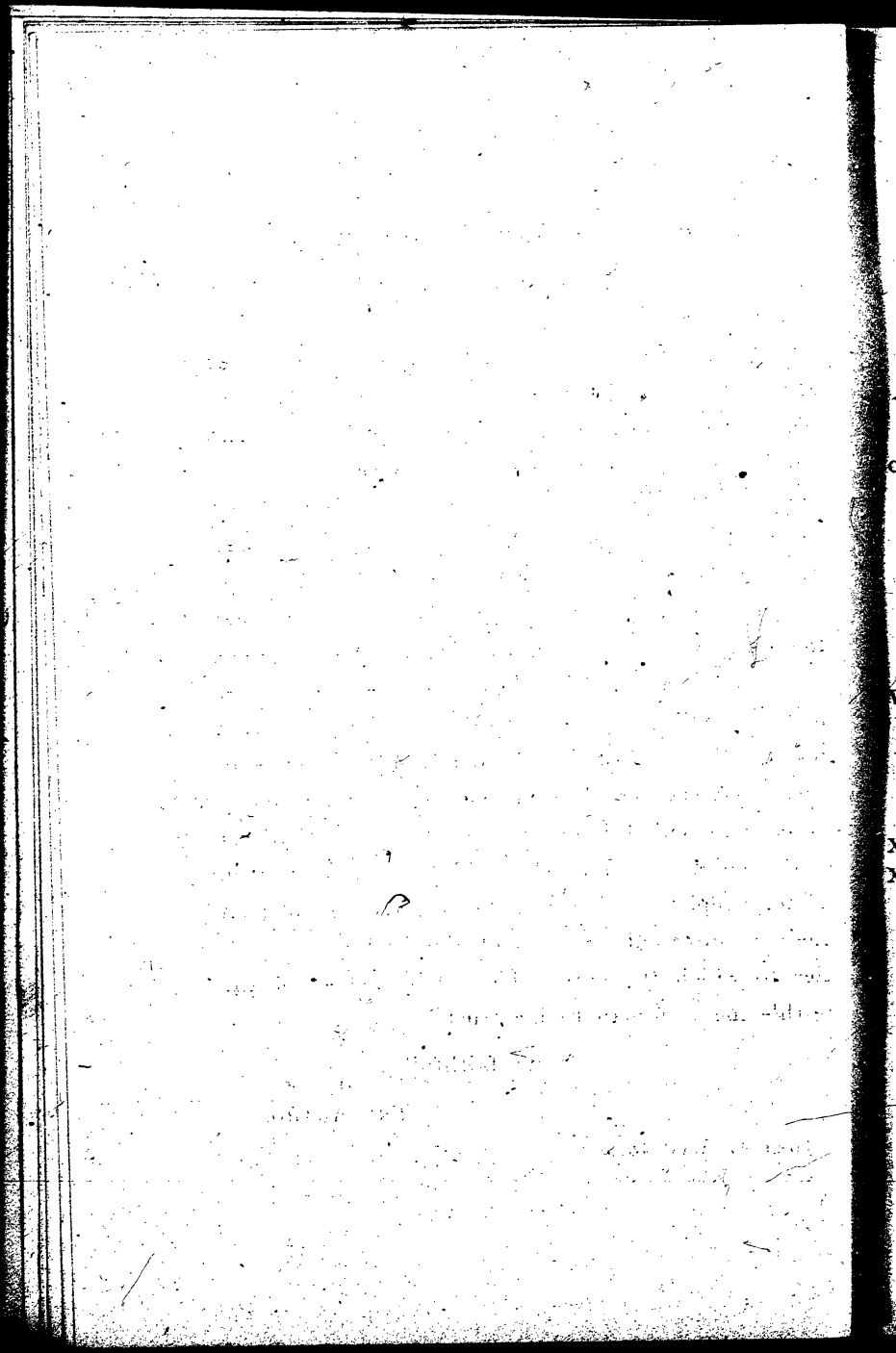
## PREFATORY NOTE.

DEAR READER.—The pathetic cry for mercy has come to my ears from the poor defenceless animals: yea, it has been heard by me even above the loud clamour, above the stir and strife of earth. I have heard their loving hearts palpitate with fear. They have told me all their troubles while I have looked down deep into their sorrowful eyes. Therefore, as at one time it was my pleasant lot to sojourn near the early home of Lion, the Mastiff, and to have there made the delightful acquaintance of his clever mother Nellie, on the sad news reaching me that poor Lion was lost, I felt constrained to write of them, introducing also other interesting friends of mine, who will, I know, be very thankful that our school children and their big brothers may thus, in a story replete with actual facts, learn to know of their requirements, as also of the barbarous cruelties to which they are subjected by reason of the faithlessness of man to his trust.

Yours faithfully,

THE AUTHOR.

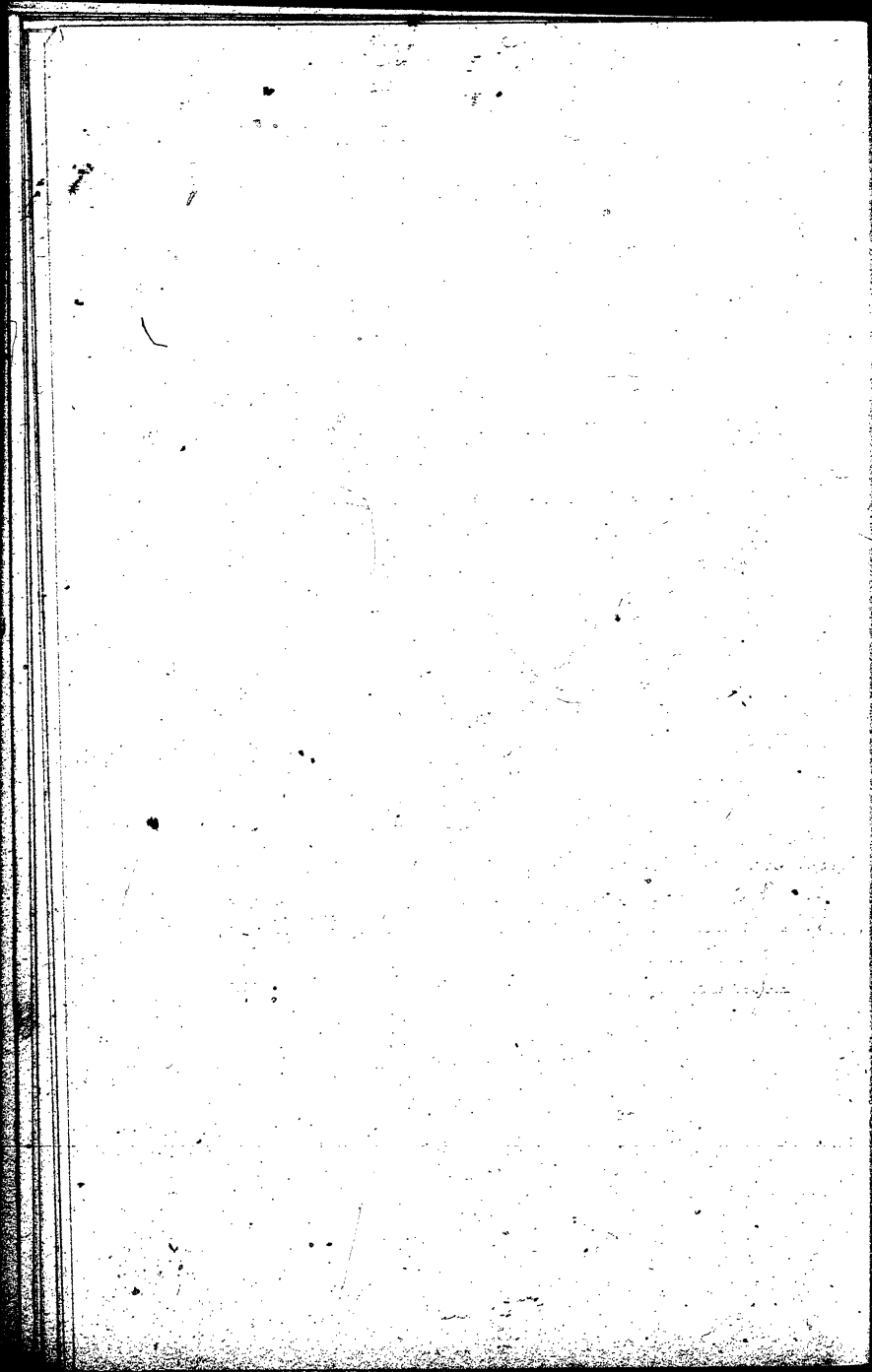
TORONTO, MAY, 1895.



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# LION, THE MASTIFF.

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## CHAPTER I.

### I AWAKE TO LIFE AND TASTE OF THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE.

I FIRST knew I was alive by blinking my brown eyes in the face of that great ball of heat and light men call the sun, as he stared me out of countenance while he sat in his beams at the door of my mother's snug kennel.

Our house was raised up on bricks lest the floor be damp in the commodious, well-ventilated stable of our master, Mr. Boston, a kind man who cared for the comfort of his animals as only a humane man will.

My mother Nellie had left me to take my sun-bath, while she stretched her limbs in a run through the wooded slopes of beauteous Scarboro', which lay in their cool depths just across the Kingston Road—for this my earliest home was at East Toronto.

After my mother's duties as night-guardian were over with, she felt that a run did her good; and besides she got a mouthful of couch grass, which she said contained a vegetable acid very wholesome for dogs. After her run she would guard the door of our

good master's shop, for we dogs hear men say that "the thieves' quarter is the bigger half of the world."

When our master had broken his fast he would relieve Nellie and pat her head, sending her to the kitchen to say good morning to our mistress and the little folk, as also to lap a pan of milk, when she would return to her kennel at a quick trot to give my brothers and myself our breakfast; but as these pages are to be mere splinters from the bone of my own life, I shall leave my brothers to their fate whilst I give you the narrative of my not uneventful career.

My wise mother Nellie, very early in my life, commenced to train me. I remember she was most anxious that our master should name us. It mortified her feelings as a thoroughbred to have her family designated pups—giving her, she afterwards told me, a sensation of wounded pride, owing to the fact that among men the term "pup" is an epithet of supreme contempt; more so, indeed, than for a man to be called "a dude." I remember that she showed symptoms of joy the day we were named, especially liking my grand name of Lion, giving me that day my first bone to coax out my teeth, as well as for a plaything, which she deemed very necessary to keep me bright and lively.

When my mother was off duty at intervals during the day, she took advantage of her leisure to educate me.

Before dawn she would awaken me, brush my coat, pet me a little as she brought out my nails and teeth in a playful tussle and tumble, then she would take

me through our master's yard and field, teaching me the use of the damp grey toad in kitchen and flower gardens, and of the dear birds up like ourselves and singing their morning hymn of gladness as they sought the early worm.

"Never hurt the birds, Lion," she would say pityingly; "men and boys often shoot them out of mischievous want of thought, and trap them most cruelly. We dogs often wonder that men have time to be cruel, there are so many humane acts waiting to be done; but we wonder most that women encourage the sport of stilling the song of the birds, merely to gratify their vanity in the wearing of some bright plumage. If women would frown, instead of smile, on the cruel sport of shooting down birds, men would bag no game of that sort. The busy little sparrow is the best off in its lack of gay plumage. Remember what I say, Lion, the Creator made the birds to brighten the world by their song, as well as to devour harmful insects, not to be hunted by dog or man."

And then my wise mother would go on to say: "Listen further, Lion. Your grandsire Cæsar, as well as your sire Cæsar, were of champion stock from merrie England's kennels. I shall now, as you are very intelligent, describe to you your sire: He was a magnificent, upstanding dog, with a true mastiff head, well set on a strong muscular neck. I can see you will be his very image," said my mother, proudly; "he had a wonderful deep broad chest, was loving with his master, even-tempered, but a splendid, courageous guard."

“You, Lion, must show your breeding by a humane courtesy, not only towards men, but towards all animals and insects as well. Men apply the term ‘mongrels’ to dogs not of noble stock, and, unhappily, the epithet implies an amount of reproach and contempt that often carries with it not a little abuse for these unfortunate animals from men who themselves are quite as much entitled to the term.

“When my fine points are discussed by men, and a mongrel is within hearing, I long for a word of praise to be thrown his way. The Creator made no distinctions of caste among dogs, so remember, Lion, I lay this command upon you, for you are too apt to snub the little mongrels you meet. I repeat, show your breeding by humane courtesy; do not hurt their feelings because they merely lack a long pedigree; they may be possessed of nobler qualities of heart than we of noble stock. Never, Lion, when you have a master, betray that master’s confidence: let him feel that though he cannot trust those about him, he can trust you.

“Again, and listen attentively, my little doggie, we mastiffs, though well aware of the advantage we have in size, are reputed to be as gentle and kindly as the tiniest terrier. Do not take advantage of your size by playing at frightening people, as I have seen big boys do to wee tots, but spread yourself as large as you like in your bearing towards the depredator. Your duties towards him who steals your master’s goods will be, in a measure, lightened on account of your size; as your vigilance, if you follow the example



I have set you, will be so well known, that the robber, who is a coward, will fly at sight of your wrathful eyes, great tawny sides and angry voice. I wish you, Lion, to note with what vigilance I watch the domicile and outbuildings of my master; when you have a master see to it that you do likewise."

At this I grew restless and naughty, running after a poor beetle, saying, "I'll gobble up the robbers when I grow up, mother, but I'd rather stay and bite them here. I know very well I'll fret and grow into a bad dog if I have to leave Mr. Boston and you."

"No, Lion," said my mother solemnly, "you will not regret to leave me, at least not for long, for the delight of the dog is in the companionship of his master. Be true to the noble instincts you inherit, and you will be a worthy companion for the best of men."

## CHAPTER II.

## I FIRST KNOW I AM DUMB.

I CAME to-realize the sad fact that man cannot understand our mode of speech as well as we dogs can his, and that hence we are often misunderstood.

In this way the sad knowledge came to me: One morning early, my mother, having to escort the small folk to town, placed me on guard at the shop door while Mr. Boston breakfasted, telling me to bark as loudly as I could if anyone entered the shop.

I was on the alert, pricking up my ears, wishing—bold little fellow that I was—that a tramp of the very worst sort would come in to steal, in order that I might bite him, and so prove my usefulness, for I was not ambitious to leave my mother, of whom I was both proud and fond.

All at once I saw the man I was hungry for. I knew my mother would punish me if she knew I wanted a bit of his ankle, but I did, all the same. All at once, as I told you, a nasty, sneaking tramp crossed from the woods to the shop. "Pity God's acre should be spoiled by such," thought I, remembering Mr. Boston's words. On he came, peeping and sneaking. I expect he knew it was only a pup guarded the door that morning. He came in softly, and when he saw me, he looked at me contemptuously, giving me a kick, which I dodged; then I ran into the back hall and

barked for dear life, while he emptied the money-drawer into his pocket.

My master, thinking an honest customer was there, made for the shop, but seeing no one—for the tramp had skulked off, to hide in the outbuildings until he could get safely away—he scolded me for making a row about nothing, his good wife adding that I was a bad dog for awaking the baby. At this I crept behind a molasses barrel, and cried because I was misunderstood. When my good mother returned, she cried with me, more especially as someone had with vile hand spoiled our nice dinner (which had been brought to the door of the kennel) by throwing mud and filth thereon. My mother then said:

“You saw the thief come to the outbuildings, Lion. It was he who cheated me of my dinner, as he cheated my master of his money. Revenge on you, my little doggie, for trying your best to tell our master, was the tramp’s motive. But cheer up, Lion; you are not the lower animal this time.”

Later in the day she told me that she overheard our master tell our mistress that “if she (Nellie) had not been sent to town in the morning, he would not have been poorer by nine dollars in silver coin,” adding that he “felt satisfied that was what the little fellow Lion kicked up such a row about.” Further, Mr. Boston had said that he only wished he knew who the thief was; man or woman, he would run him in.

But mother or I not being able to make our good master understand, for the first time I knew I was what is called by man “dumb.”

## CHAPTER III.

## A MOTHER-BIRD WEEPS FOR HER YOUNG.

## " THE CHANGED SONG."

BY W. M. WILLS.

" Bird notes are calling from yonder tree,  
O come and see, come and see !  
See what lies hidden beneath that wing,  
For very gladness I sing.  
The sun shines warm ; and the breezes light,  
Day by day and night by night,  
Gently our cradle swing to and fro,  
While nothing of fear we know.  
For all is bright in this world so fair,  
And what is care ? What is care ?  
All earth for us holdeth nothing sad,  
For our hearts, our hearts are glad.

" Bird notes are wailing from yonder tree,  
O come and see, come and see !  
Where are the fledglings we held so dear ?  
Our hearts grow heavy with fear.  
For us no longer the sun shines bright,  
The day has darkened to night.  
Wounded and dying our birdlings lie,  
All is care beneath the sky.  
Long days of sorrow, dark nights of pain,  
Must ever with us remain.  
All earth for us holdeth nothing glad,  
For our hearts, our hearts are sad."

IN a field near our master's house, a robin had built her nest in a tall fir tree, and frequently from the stable-yard we could see two boys sneak in, climb the tree, and take down the nest. They would then sit on the grass and empty the nest; then one of the lads would open the long bill of one of the young robins, while the other boy would fill it with grain (oats, we doggies thought it was). They had water in an old tin vessel which they poured down the throat of the choking birdie; after this they pressed the grain into the poor fledgling's bill with the top of one finger, exactly as we have seen men do before setting fire to tobacco in a little cup on the end of a tube in their mouths. My mother Nellie says when she sees men do so, she wonders what they would think of the canine race warming their cold noses so.

But about the poor baby robins: those cruel boys would then try to poke the grain down the throats of the dear little birdies, not only with their fingers, but with pieces of branches and tufts of grass, when, alas! one day that mother Nellie was on guard of the bakery, they succeeded in choking one baby robin, which, without one word of pity, they threw carelessly away. They then tossed the other birdie up and down on their hands, afterwards putting it in the nest and shaking it about. Finally when the sport tired them, they climbed the tree and put the poor little robin back into its cradle of boughs.

After the boys had gone, Mrs. Mouser, a spotted cat, came softly along and made her dinner of the choked robin.

On the return of my mother, I told her that the bad boys had been after the robins again, and informed her of all that had transpired during her absence.

At this she growled with anger, saying: "Dreadful! dreadful! Oh, that I had been here, my loud barking would have brought our master out. He would have made short work of those bad boys. If we dogs could speak as the human race do, the latter would not be so puffed up with pride in themselves. I wish our kind master or one of the Boston boys had caught them at their cruel sport. Poor robin, I hope she will not return to her nest with an empty stomach, else she will not have strength to bear her sorrow and cure her remaining sick fledgling. Oh, that is good! I think our master is about to water the roots of his trees. No, listen! he is sending his little son, and I know the good lad never misses robin's fir tree. Come, Lion, and all my little doggies, into the field and watch for the poor mother-bird's return."

And in we crawled under the fence, which our mother jumped. We then trotted to keep up with her brisk pace, following her to the fir tree, for our mother Nellie said that the plentiful drink of water the young chap had given its thirsty roots would bring the earth-worms to the surface. And so it did: up they came, a plentiful meal for robin. As we quietly watched them rise, lo! on the wing returning quickly through the air came the mother-bird. At sight of our rapt gaze she hastened, not with fear of us, for she and my mother were friends, but

she feared she knew not what on seeing our little brown noses as if scenting prey. Then as she descended she gave a glad chirp, on seeing that we watched the earth-worms rise; but alighting beside her nest one glance told her that the ruthless hands of the cruel boys had robbed her nest, and weeping bitterly, she dropped the fat worms she had carried from afar.

At this mother Nellie told her of the bad boys, and advised her to take her remaining baby birdie—if she could carry it sick as it was—away from the habitations of men to the dark, dense woods and all would be well; and the mother-bird, taking her advice, chirped a mournful farewell as she sang:

I dread to go to fields unknown  
 And be a lonely stranger;  
 This tree, it was my mother's home,  
 But I must fly from danger.

And we saw the merry, cheery red robin no more.

Our mother led the way back to her kennel, her head drooped in vexed thought; but being of a kind, unselfish disposition, seeing that we were in dull spirits, rousing herself, she said:

"We are going to have a very fine evening, and ere my duties as night-watch commence, I shall take you, Lion, and your brothers down to Balmy Beach for your first dip."

"Take us now, mother," I said saucily; "I know I shall bite somebody if you leave me to mope until evening, because I am right down mad," and I

tumbled one of my brothers over to prove my words. "Yes, I am mad, mad as a man when he drinks whiskey, at poor robin's having to break up house, so please take us now, mother, take us now."

"Trust me, Lion; I know best," replied my good mother. "Those same bad boys who killed one robin and caused the mother to take flight from her loved tree, throw stones at you and your brothers, come into the yard when the Boston boys are at school and our master and myself busy, and they pull you about, hurting your muscles and tender young spine. No, we must wait until those bad boys are under the bed-clothes. I wish, as they are not 'Band of Mercy' boys, they could be kept there all day. Then, again, if Mr. Canteen, down the road, is silly enough to be unsteady on his pins, we shall have to look out for him, lest he stumble over some of you, my children, and crush you to death, as he crushed the life out of his Irish setter Tyr's whole litter as they lay basking in the sunshine while Tyr was in the city. I shall never forget her cries, on her return, on seeing their mangled little bodies. Her faithfulness to her stumbling master is most noble."

"I'd run away from such a tottering brute, and bite him before I became a waif," I said, with an infantile growl.

"You will be more true to the instincts of your noble breed, Lion. You will learn that even a bad master, such as Mr. Canteen, expects his dog to suffer long and be kind, and such men expect not in vain. Your sire Cæsar told me that he has frequently seen



stumbling men led to their homes at midnight by their faithful dogs.

Just as our mother was about to leap the fence separating our master's field from the stable-yard, and we little doggies were wrapping ourselves up to slip under through a hole that had been made for us, we came upon Mrs. Mouser, the leopard-spotted cat, half dozing, one eye open. She was about to slink away at sight of our mother Nellie, not that she feared her bite, but because she feared her reproof at the eager haste with which she had devoured the baby robin before it was cold.

"I am ashamed of you, Mrs. Mouser," said our mother, reprovingly. "At the very least you might have waited until to-morrow."

"Not so; not so, Mrs. Mastiff," said the spotted cat testily; "the Boston boys would have had a funeral of the birdie long before to-morrow."

"Perhaps so, Mrs. Mouser; but you might have risked it, and not have been so ravenous as to devour it before it was cold. A rat could not do worse than that."

"And you know, Mrs. Mastiff, that a few weeks ago I would have waited at least, until the delicious morsel was—well, a little cooler; and you know, too, Mrs. Mastiff, with all your fine family about you, that ere I became wild"—and she looked so fierce as her back arched and her green eyes dilated that we ran to the other side of our mother—"yes, wild, Mrs. Mastiff, and at times mad, mad with grief at the drowning of my whole family of beautiful kittens—yes, yes, you

know that before my basket was made empty my pride in my lovely grey, white and spotted kitties all sank with them into their watery grave, my heart made desolate by the pitiless cruelty of man—before all this occurred I was a different cat; now I howl all day and night, and I am become wild in my habits. Oh, if man had but spared me one, just one, of my own pretty kittens, I would have settled down and been a good mother, as I had been before. And if I did make a meal of the choked robin, who prepared me that meal, Mistress Mastiff? Cruel boys, who will grow into cruel men, and will care less for the robins than you do, Mrs. Mastiff; who will only love them to tear them to pieces, as I do—I, a spotted cat, for my lean stomach's sake; man, to trim up his wife with. And you know I speak truth, Mrs. Nellie, though your family don't, unless it be that bold little chap Lion, who looks as if he would dare any cat to spit at him. And so, good evening to you, Mistress Mastiff. I am off to the hunting-field to try to forget in the chase that I know no peace since my beautiful striped and spotted family were drowned."

"Good evening to you, Mrs. Mouser," answered my mother, sadly. "I don't wonder you feel bitter; but I pray you to spare the birdies. This world is full of care, and would be as sad as a funeral dirge without its songsters. Good evening to you, and I shall be happy, now that you have been turned out of your home, to give you a corner in the stable and a bit of my dinner."

At this, Mrs. Mouser looked so changed, so good,

she even purred, which we little doggies liked the sound of, never having heard Mrs. Mouser give vent to gratitude or happy feelings before, and, turning to follow us, she said :

“I shall never forget your kindness, Mrs. Mastiff, and shall return with you and your happy family at once; and I promise you that the only fierceness I shall retain, will be to fly at and scratch and spit at tramps or boys who may come into the stable-yard to tease or steal any of your beautiful well-bred offspring.”

And saying this, the spotted cat ran races with us as far as our kennel, my mother walking leisurely and in deep thought. On overtaking us, she said :

“You will amply repay me, Mrs. Mouser, by having an eye on my family during my absence. You will find abundance of lawful game in the stable; the mice are plentiful, and fat with my good master's grain. Moreover Mrs. Mouser, when Mr. Boston sees that you and I are on such friendly terms he will ask his good wife to adopt you; and now, for the present, farewell, as I am going to take my family for their first dip, after I have a look at my master and get a good-fellowship pat from his hand.”

And away our mother Nellie trotted, looking on her return very happy, by reason of a kind word from her master.

## CHAPTER IV.

## WE MEET TWO FOX TERRIERS.

"COME now, Lion, and all you little doggies," said my mother, cheerily; "let us be off to the beach. I feel quite frisky; yes, we are all in good humour and in for a frolic. Now, off with you; run a race across the field. Good for you, Lion; you are a bold one, with not a spark of cowardice about you. Now, try your speed with me across the Kingston Road and east to Balsam Avenue. Well done! Now, go slow; catch up to your breath. We have a long evening before us, before it is time for my duties as night-guard; so away we go; the road is clear. The bad boys are under the bedclothes, and Mr. Canteen is off on a Lee Avenue car for the city, so there are no clods in our way."

And a right down merry party we were, I can assure you, flying across the Kingston Road and into Beech Avenue, where we ran races, played dodge, and pushed the dead leaves with our little brown noses along the damp earth when they rustled, telling us of the living things they concealed. Then our kind mother would tell us to rest awhile on the wooded heights on either side of the rustic road, and to sniff the fragrant air before we descended the now sloping road to Lake Ontario's Balmly Beach. We had a mad

gallop down the slope to Queen Street East, a rural spot, delightfully so to our mother Nellie, where she made us again rest awhile ere taking the road by Balsam Avenue to the shore.

"Come here, my children," she said, "and rest by this sweet-smelling black mould. I don't wish to give you your first dip in a heated condition. Now, I do sincerely hope you will be brave when I take you in and not disgrace your stock, and indeed my own, by cowardly whines and yells. If you do credit to the champion stock from which you come, I shall either give you the first rat I kill, I shall beg a mouse from the spotted cat, or I shall give you (remember, with toothsome pickings on all) my dinner bones of to-morrow."

At this we capered and tumbled on the elastic sod, crying:

"A rat, how jolly! A mouse, how we'll tussle for her! or juicy bones, *mum, mum*, we taste 'em now, mother Nellie; we suck their marrow now!"

Here she pricked up her ears, starting to her feet hurriedly. Telling us not to stir, she glided softly back to the corner of Balsam Avenue and Queen Street. We could just catch a glimpse of the top of her head from where we sat among the underbrush by the side of this suburban road. In a few minutes she returned, and with her a beautiful pair of fox terriers. Their coats were lovely black and white fur. They were tied together with a rope around the neck, their snouts were steaming with heat, and their tongues hung out parched with thirst. We little doggies gathered

from our mother's concern at their fagged-out appearance and unhappy state that they were friends of hers; and so it proved, as, panting for breath, they replied to my good mother's queries, while she, seating herself beside their quivering, steaming sides, bit and chewed at the rope so cruelly binding them together, until they had again their freedom of action.

"Do not try to speak, Grit and Grip; it is torture with your tongues parched and hanging out. Come with me and my family to the water's edge and quench your thirst; you will travel more easily. I gather that you have been unhappy in your new home in the city and are running away, back to your old home at Scarboro' Junction; and with that rope fettering your free movements you have my heartfelt sympathy. After you take a drink I shall wish you a safe journey."

We little codgers sat on the beach in a row and stared at the big water we had never seen before, and said to each other, in half-scared whispers, that we wished Grit and Grip would drink it smaller, just about the size of Mr. Boston's soft-water barrel.

After the fox terriers had quenched their thirst, their poor parched tongues recovered the power of moving, and retired from our fixed gaze; they then sat down before saying good-bye to mother Nellie, for they were more full of fatigue than of provisions.

"We must hasten away at once, Mrs. Mastiff, and if our pursuers follow and demand us as their property,

if our master gives us up, we have determined to drown ourselves."

"Don't do any such thing, either of you," said my mother, tearfully, as she accompanied them a little way towards Queen Street and up from the shore. "If you are compelled to leave your old master again, do so, and try to be content in your new home; don't, I beseech of you, bury yourselves in the great Lake Ontario, or I shall always hear your death-whine on the waves."

"You don't know what we have suffered since we saw you, Mrs. Mastiff," they replied in tones of despair, "or you would be the first to tell us to get within range of our master's fowling-piece. I wish we felt safe in loitering to tell you, as the drink from the lake, together with your kind sympathy, has refreshed us, but we are anxious to see our old master and to know our fate, so good-bye."

"Stay one moment; Grit and Grip," cried my mother Nellie; "we dogs are to meet a week from this evening in the Kew Mount glen. I am to give a lecture, especially to our young, on the duties of the canine race on entering the service of man. Some friends from the city will also speak, amongst them a cow, a parrot, a squirrel, a horse and a cat. Will you, Grit and Grip, come and tell the convention what you would tell me now but that the whip is behind you, and—alas! for your decision—perhaps, a watery grave your only resting-place."

"We are with you," replied the beautiful fox terriers together, and in mournful tones, "even if a

watery grave be ours at the close of our recital of our woeful experience at that (from our point of view)

*Perdition for the Canine Race*

THE DOG SHOW

*At our Canadian Fall Shows or Exhibitions."*

And as they trotted away together, we watched them turn east on gaining the corner of Queen Street and sweet-scented Balsam Avenue.



## CHAPTER V.

## I TAKE MY FIRST DIP.

ON the departure of poor Grit and Grip, as we sat in a row on the beach, our mother petted us for our good behaviour, while I said quickly :

“ Poor Grit and Grip, how thirsty they were ! But they did not empty the great lake at all ; it is so big no animal or man should ever be dirty or thirsty, as you tell me they often are ; and Mr. Boston’s water-barrel should never be empty ; and mother Nellie, may I go with you to the Kew Mount-dell and hear all about perdition ? ”

At this my mother laughed, telling us to keep very quiet, and look at a kingfisher, on a branch at the end of a log in the lake, watching for a bite. Presently a small fish appeared, when the bird, to our delight, plunged into the water, arising with the fish fast in its bill. The kingfisher again perched upon the log, and, grasping the fish by the tail, beat its head against the side of the log, so killing it. When this feathered fisherman swallowed it, he then perched on an overhanging twig as before, we doggies sitting in a row attentively watching him, when, in a few minutes, in he plunged again, bringing up another, which this time he flew away with to feed his family.

Our mother Nellie now dashed into the water,

and capered about to whet our appetite for our dip. Returning to the beach she playfully shook the drops of water all over us, saying:

"Now, be brave, for every well-bred dog must learn to swim, in order that he may be ready to imperil his life to save his master, or anyone dear to his master, yes, even if it be to jump into the great dread ocean. And now ere I plunge from yonder log, as the water-dogs do, I shall spur you to brave deeds, by a recital of quite a simple one which I performed myself. About the 3rd of October last year, all the tourists who had been summering out here at Balmy and at Kew beaches had, with one exception, returned to the city; the family who still lingered was that of a Mr. Normanby, with whom I was very well acquainted, as they frequently petted me, and gave me a nice, clean, juicy beef bone. The pet of the family, little golden-haired Malcolm, about three years old, was very precious to me. On this afternoon, when my story to you, my doggies, opens and closes, the Normanbys were very busy packing to get away to their winter home in the city. I was sorry, indeed, to see those good people go. Their kind welcome to Balmy Beach had been very delightful to me.

"Late in the afternoon little Malcolm had got out of his hammock, hung amid the sweet-scented pines, and had stolen, unobserved, in his navy-blue stockinged feet, down here to the beach. Fortunately, I was here, though just about returning through and up Balsam Avenue home, for my master had said:

"You need a run after your bath and combing

Nellie; go, take yourself off to the beach, but remember, no more bathing to-day; there, off with you!' and he patted me on the head.

"Well, what could I do? I was due home, and yet here was the dear little lad unprotected. He clapped his chubby hands at sight of me, running towards me as I stood stock-still in a quandary. Up he mounted astride my tawny back, urging me to go into the lake; but instead, I turned my head towards land. At this he grew cross until I again faced the water, when he bent forward and grasped me around my neck, digging his little round heels against my sides. At this I endeavoured to divert his attention by turning very carefully around, and carrying him on my back along the beach and up in an easterly direction towards 'Bower Cottage,' his summer home. About three yards from where you, Lion, are seated, he stepped from my back, saying:

"'Naughty Nellie, not ride baby Malcolm into booful 'ake.'

"But, taking no notice of this, I sat down beside him, and made holes in the sand with my paw, revealing to his baby eyes the pretty stones, bright as jewels, buried in their damp resting-places. I got up and walked on my hind legs, making the corners of his mouth turn upwards as he broke into smiles. I made as if begging, all the time having an eye on 'Bower Cottage,' hoping the child's maid would have missed her charge and come down to the beach to look for him; for I feared I would lose control of my pet, and again and again he cast longing looks at the blue

waves. At last he broke from me and ran down to the beach, his short blue and white striped kilted skirt flying out from his tiny blue cloth drawers; his blue blouse, with its sailor collar, full of lake breeze; his yellow hair blown from his brow, while he turned his dear little face backwards to laugh defiantly at me. Out the daring little chap went into the water. I followed him, pulling him gently by his skirts, lest he should lose his footing. Growing more and more alarmed for his safety, I opened my jaws and barked. This was his chance, for he was free to climb that slippery log yonder, which, but a few minutes ago, supported the kingfisher you were watching. Baby Malcolm had soon crawled to the end of the log, which was in deep water, its top wave-washed. Barking still, I dashed into the lake, keeping close to the log. At first he was full of glee, for the log was wide and almost flat. He amused himself by playing horse, breaking the twigs off, and whipping his steed about its wooden head, but he soon wearied of this sport.

“Growing tired and feeling himself slipping off, he began to cry, calling loudly for his mother. I was considerably out of my depth, and had been swimming round and round the end of the log until I felt quite dizzy, but I must not give way. I continued my movements so that I might be in a position to catch him if he fell in, as I felt that he must if relief did not soon reach him. At last the little fellow could hold on no longer, and slipping off, called—

“‘Nellie, Nellie! will 'oo 'like a dood dog take baby Malcolm to mamma?’”

"Just as he fell a row-boat put out from Kew Beach.

"That is good, I thought; the oarsman will row thither and be just in time to carry the poor baby to 'Bower Cottage' on my bringing him ashore.

"But as I gripped his petticoat girdle the plash of the oar became fainter and yet fainter, and I realized that the boatman had not seen us, Kew Beach being a quarter of a mile west from Balmy Beach. I had but a few strokes before I reached sandy bottom, when I walked in the remainder of the way. By the dead weight of the poor little chap, the closed eye and pallid face, I knew he had become unconscious. I hurriedly carried him up a few yards from where we were sitting, up to where the sand was dry and warm. There I laid him, and looked eagerly towards 'Bower Cottage,' hidden from my eyes by trees, save a glimpse of its roof. I thought I caught sight through the pines of the maid's cap and apron, but in a moment it was gone.

"'Delays are dangerous,' I had frequently heard my good master say; so, with a rapid glance to see that nothing living was approaching the beach, and without delaying to shake my soaking coat, I ran for dear life to 'Bower Cottage,' where they had but just missed the little Malcolm. His mother screamed at sight of my slipping sides as I tugged at the skirt of her gown, asking her to follow me, which she quickly did, the poor child, a big girl, with the maids running after

On reaching the poor little man they all wept, the mother picking him up in her arms, crying,

'Oh, how dreadful! My precious pet is dead!' At this I drooped my head in sorrow that all my efforts to save the darling had been fruitless. But my joy was unbounded when, accompanying them to the cottage, I saw that after a good rubbing and the giving of restoratives, hot milk with a few drops of spirits of ammonia therein, Malcolm was himself again. Rolled in a blanket on his mother's knee, beside a bright fire of merry crackling wood in the parlour grate, in his pretty baby language and with many tired sighs and yawns he told the whole story; his dear little head pressed close to his mother's heart, at which they all petted me again and again, and gave me a bit of cow's meat and a nice Spratt's biscuit.

"The children cried as I rose from the rug to depart. Tearing my head from the encircling arms of dear baby Malcolm, I made a quick run for home, where I received a scolding for staying away so long as well as for having gone into the water, my orders having been to take a run after my tub and combing.

"So you see, my dear little children seated in a row, your heads well up, for you are no fiddle-headed 'beasties,'—you see that while my joy was unbounded at the saving of sweet baby Malcolm's life, it was dampened by the knowledge that my good master, not being acquainted with the facts, thought me a disobedient dog."

And now, my doggies, for your first dip. Run in all of you and wade; now chase each other. Tumble over. So! Well done! well done, Lion!

And we did enjoy the frolic as only happy, fearless little dogs can. My head was full of the brave acts I would do when I grew wide and high, and I longed to ask my mother if she had seen baby Malcolm since. I even wished that one of my brothers would go out too far, so that I might dash to the rescue.

My mother Nellie now took us, one by one, by the nape of the neck, out into the lake, and dropped us into its terrific vastness, in which we at first kicked and spluttered, struggled and gurgled, greatly to her watchful amusement. Then she coaxed and led us back to the beach to rest. After a time, seeing how fearlessly and frolicsomenely we rode upon the waves, she swam out quite a distance and pretended, as I afterwards knew, to drown. At this I fretted and whined, but dashed out boldly to the rescue, when, to prevent my swimming into too deep water, she floated as though dead towards me. Fear for her made me brave, and with a bold stroke I reached her, and tugged at her body with my teeth, as if I could possibly save my mother Nellie weighing 130 pounds! All at once, to my great relief and joy, she sprang about, and took me to shore, telling me it had all been a trick of hers to try my valour, and that as a reward for my bravery I should not only have the choice of a dead rat or live mouse to play with, or a juicy bone, but that she would take me to the glen on the night of the speeches by the horse, cow, squirrel, parrot, and cat, as well as her own lecture to the young of the canine race.

At the promise of this great treat, I nearly jumped out of my tawny coat for joy, while I swelled with pride, as I had seen men do when dressed up.

I saw my mother laughing at me, so I slunk behind, and in my anger swallowed the late fly, snapping my jaws as I imprisoned him. At the sound my mother called me to walk or jog-trot beside her, while she said :

"I was not angry with you, Lion, when I smiled at your funny little airs of conceit ; for you are justified in a certain pride, in that your brave act in coming so gallantly to my rescue has earned for you the reward of attending my lecture to dogs on entering the service of man. I had, before this evening, thought you too young, and proposed waiting for my next convention ; but your ready valour has shown me that I must not delay, or else you may be taken from me far, far away, to a home and master of your own," she said sorrowfully, licking a rough part on my tawny coat smooth. "Yes, you may have to leave me ere I give you the benefit of my experience, or see you prick up your little ears in listening to all I shall tell you a week from to-night in the Kew Mount glen."

"But Mrs. Mastiff, mother," I said saucily, as we rested on the heights, sitting for a minute on the brown needles of the pines, the sweet sprigs of balsam, and the rustling brown leaves of the oak, "why did you laugh at me?" and I turned my brown eyes fearlessly up to her own.

"Because you strutted so funnily, Lion, exactly the way I have seen some among the race of man do,



when tailor-made, on Sundays. And now for a good race, all of you, as far as that clump of pines near the haw-tree, and away we go! away we go!"

After a merry run we neared the Kingston Road, walking quietly the remainder of the way. My mother pointed out to us the birds all seeking their nests, and giving a sigh for her friend the robin, looking for a new home, she bade us listen to the cricket making the woods ring with its chirp. She told us of that unsocial, greedy devourer of small birds and flying insects, the nighthawk, causing us to so pity the forest flies that almost entered our jaws that we gobbled them less often. Nor did we crush the crawling caterpillar so frequently, after my mother Nellie told us that it is the chrysalis of the beautiful butterfly. And further, she said that the poor caterpillar has a hard time of it, especially when a nasty vibrating fly lays its eggs under the skin of the poor thing, which the fly pierces with its sharp auger. On the young becoming hatched they feed upon the fat of the caterpillar, and when they come to the vital organs the poor caterpillar dies.

At this information from our mother, my brothers cried, but I was as angry as I could be, saying nastily, "I'll gobble up every big fly I see near a caterpillar."

"Well, no, I would not do that, Lion," said my mother, "and I am sure a 'Band of Mercy' boy would not do so either, but you might stand near or over the caterpillar, and if the ichneumon-fly should show

fight to reach its prey, dash out boldly as your sire Cæsar would have done on larger foes."

"What would a 'Band of Mercy' boy do to protect a caterpillar?" I asked; "he cannot bark."

"He would pick up the leaf or twig on which the caterpillar lay and carry it to a safe place, as he cannot bark or open his jaws to snap at insects as you do, Lion."

On reaching our kennel, my mother brought from a hole in the ground the nice juicy bones she had promised us, telling us we were all the better for our dip, saying, as she prepared to leave us to attend to her duties as night-watch: "I trust you will all, my doggies, never neglect your dip; a dirty beast is not fit to live, whether he be of the race human or canine."

## CHAPTER VI.

## MY MOTHER HOLDS A MEETING.

THE night of my mother's convention was one of those sweet, still evenings that often come to nature in the early autumn. With a lingering caress of summer there commingled the more invigorating breath of an older year.

In the gloaming we dogs gathered from far and wide, and I venture to say that on the wooded heights of Scarboro' and Kew no such gathering had ever been seen previous to my mother Nellie's convention, nor, indeed, at any date since. My wise mother had shown much forethought in her selection of Saturday evening, as all the naughty boys of the neighbourhood, with Mr. Canteen, spent the last day of the week in the city. And besides, it would be a bright moonlight night for the mothers to lead the young of the canine race back to their homes or kennels. My mother Nellie always knew when the lamps in the sky would all be hung out.

It was a moment of triumph for me as I endeavoured to walk as a descendant of champion stock in a dignified, orderly manner down the steep and winding narrow way, and in the path cut by the spade of man through the wooded heights down the beautiful ravine leading to the glen. I hoped I would not dis-

grace my mother by scratching my coat or tumbling head-first into the valley. I was on my best behaviour, and although some of the younger dogs were rude enough to run in front and between the legs of my mother, I did not even growl. I just pitied them while hoping they would soon learn the meaning of the words politeness and respect.

One of those naughty little doggies fell into a squirrel's house in the hollow of a tree, and there came nearly being a fearful mishap. The mother-squirrel in her fright almost swallowed the unripe nut she was cracking, which would have choked her and left her babies, not only supperless, but motherless.

Another dog, that disobeyed its mother by running out of the steep foot-path, had disturbed the evening repose of a garter-snake by putting his cold nose to its ringed side, and when the snake raised its head and stared, this badly behaved little doggie whined, emitting numerous baby barks in calling to its mother.

The younger dogs behaved themselves after such mishaps; but my mother told me in a low voice to run beside her, or the wisest among the little doggies, and I did so.

It was just lovely in the glen. The grassy carpet was soft and elastic, while a spring of crystal water emptied its refreshing drops with a musical splash into a nice clean-bottomed creek.

We dogs with Mr. Bob, a poor horse near death, also two colts with their mother, Mrs. Hack, as well as Mrs. Cow Bossy and three cow friends, would have

made a good picture for the walls of a temperance meeting, as we pushed and jostled as men do on nearing the goal, ours being the rivulet where we would fain quench our thirst.

I actually saw the dark nose of the pointer Marcus, from the city, push the brown nose of my mother out of his way. I glanced indignantly up at his lean sides and saw that he wore a coat just the colour of Mr. Canteen's nose, so I asked my mother, as she moved away in a dignified manner to make room for the nose of the pointer, if his coat was dyed at the same shop Mr. Canteen's nose was coloured so red at, and my wise mother replied quickly:

"No, no, not at all, Lion; Marcus may, nay, does, forget himself at times, but he is too sensible a dog to dye either his coat or nose at a whiskey shop; but, Lion, I did at one time meet one of the canine race who learned the bad habits of his master and grew too fond of his beer. Poor Tipps, he suffered well for his folly; if I think of the incident I shall tell it in my lecture to the young dogs."

"Oh, do!" I cried; "but mother, I tell you what it is, Marcus the pointer is a right down rude dog to push you, my mother, out of his way; you were just as thirsty as he."

"No, my little Lion," replied my kind mother; "his tongue wanted cooling more than mine. He had had a long run from the city, and alas! perhaps did not catch up to a 'humane dog-trough' the whole way."

Now leaving me, she devoted herself to her duties as chairman of the convention, by cordially welcoming

the beautiful fox terriers Grit and Grip, and in introducing me to Duke, a noble mastiff, and to Maxy, a grand St. Bernard, from Toronto. I admired Maxy very much; he is a grand fellow, with quiet, kindly ways, and looked down at me so amusedly, so indulgently, telling me he would protect me throughout the evening. While I was grateful to him, I thought it would be rude to return his kindness by telling him I was a complete stranger to the family of cowards, so I just sat close to his yellowish coat and observed how much longer his fur was than that of my mother or my own, and permitted him to imagine that I, a noble little mastiff, named Lion, was a coward; but Maxy said it through kindness, so in return I was attentive to him and behaved myself as if I were full grown.

While my mother Nellie arranged the order of the speeches, I, never having been in the glen before, stared in wonder at its beauty. The sod was cool to my feet, and the scent of the woods delicious, while the great oak, maple and pine trees seemed in the gloaming like gigantic men and women marching up the sides of the ravine. I felt awed, and crept a little closer to my mother, who came over to speak to Maxy. But I very soon forgot self in gazing upwards, so far up that it strained my brown eyes to look at the small white clouds flying across the sky, reminding me of the white-sailed boats my mother had pointed out to me on the blue waters of great Lake Ontario.

My wise mother having now arranged the preliminaries of the meeting, we heard faint-whispered hopes

from the different speakers. Mr. Bob, the poor, sick horse, lying still as death, hoped his last hope, that he would be elected first speaker, otherwise his voice might be stilled when called to the grassy floor.

Mrs. Cow Bossy, a pretty cream and brown creature, reclined luxuriously chewing her cud, as she hoped she might say her say first, for she felt a trifle uncomfortable with so many dogs in close proximity, though the fear vanished from her eyes as she remembered her friend Mrs. Nellie Mastiff's presence.

I also overheard numerous purrings and, looking up into the wide-spreading maple on the side of the ravine in front of the stump on which my mother, as chairman, was seated, I espied several pairs of green and orange eyes, owned respectively by our friend Mrs. Mouser, the spotted cat; by black Tom, a spoiled beauty from the city, and a friend of Mrs. Mouser; also by Mrs. Mousibisa, a Maltese, who hoped she would be the first to tell her story, for the reason that she and her mistress kept early hours, and she did not desire to jeopardize her new position by staying out late; she feared the warm milk she had with her mistress before retiring to her basket for the night would be as cold as a dog's nose, and give her cramps, if she had to wait to speak until the horse, cow, fox terriers, squirrel, parrot and Mrs. Mastiff had had their say.

Frisky; the squirrel, amused me by his gay frolic amid the top branches of a long slim pine, from which he slyly shook the needles on to the backs of many of the dogs sitting in groups near the chair.

I started to my feet on hearing a voice like Mr. Boston's doctor say in mellow tones, preceded by a hearty laugh :

"Ha! ha! ha! How are you? Oh, momma! here's a show!"

And looking into another tree, whence the voice came, I saw a bird robed in green, with a knowing look, and with one eye on me and another on the cats. That fixed look fascinated me, and caused me to forget my manners, the champion stock, what I owed to my sire Cæsar, my mother Nellie, and everything save this strange bird; and I stared like any cad among the race of man.

I was recalled to the realm of good breeding by the cold nose of Maxy touching my ear, as he stooped down to say :

"Lion, give your whole attention to your mother, Mrs. Mastiff. That handsome bird is one of the speakers of the evening, a gay parrot from the city."

At this a thrill of delight ran under my coat, right down to my paws. So this was the parrot. My mother had truly said I would be devoured by wonder at this clever creature having learnt the language of man! After casting furtive glances around me, and discovering that my lapse of good manners had apparently been unobserved, I regained outward composure for the remainder of the evening.

After my mother had given a quiet moment of thought to the matter of precedence, she consulted with Bruno and Maxy, two noble St. Bernards; also



with Duke, a grand mastiff; with that jovial fellow Marcus, the pointer; with Bismarck, the Great Dane, and with Fritz, a sharp, quick-voiced little black-and-tan terrier: the result being a unanimous decision in favour of calling Mr. Bob, the poor dying horse, to the floor immediately after the reading by Bruno of the roll-call.

These wise dogs thus determined to give him precedence for fear of his sudden death before the colts attending the convention should have had the benefit of his experience and sagacious advice.

To hasten matters, my mother, Nellie, hastily mounting the stump, called upon Bruno, the St. Bernard, to read the roll-call. Stepping forward with dignity, he dropped the roll of names from out his mouth, opened it, and with a full and clear enunciation of voice, read as follows:

"Our dearly loved, sagacious thoroughbred Nellie, the mastiff, though not on the roll I hold in my hand, is, I answer for her, present."

At this deserved compliment to my mother as chairman, I need not tell you of how the St. Bernard's impromptu words were applauded. On silence again holding sway, he continued by calling out the following names, giving precedence, as a matter of course, to the speakers of the evening.

"Mr. Bob, the poor horse who has been so sadly abused by man?" "Present," he replied in a feeble voice.

"Mrs. Cow Bossy?" "Present."

"Mousibisa, a cat?" "Present."

"Poll Parrot?" "All here, Mr. Bruno, beak and tongue."

"Frisky, a squirrel?" "Yes, sir, and a nut in my mouth."

"Grit and Grip, fox terriers?" "Present."

"Mrs. Cow Serena, and calf?" "Here."

"Mrs. Cow Brindle, and calf?" "Present."

"Mrs. Cow Caution, and calf?" "Present."

"Mrs. Cow Tiny?" "Present."

"Mrs. Horse Hack, and her colts?" "All here."

"Mr. Horse Tory?" "Yes, sir."

"Mr. Horse Spindle?" "Here, sir."

"Mercury, a colt?" "On the spot."

"Zeturah, a horse?" "Here, here."

"Mrs. Mouser, a cat?" "Here I am."

"Black Tom, a cat?" "Yes, in this tree."

And now for the canines:

"Bismarck, a Great Dane?" "On hand, Bruno."

"Duke, a mastiff?" "Here."

"Emperor, a mastiff?" "Here."

"Lion, a mastiff?" "Here I am."

"Marcus, a pointer?" "I'm all right."

"Maxy, a St. Bernard?" "Present."

"Pedro, a St. Bernard?" "Yours truly."

"Mungo, a Newfoundland?" "Here, sir."

"Jock, a collie?" "All right."

"Scamp, a fox terrier?" "Here I am."

"Dusky, a black cocker spaniel?" "Yes."

"Echo, a fox terrier?" "Ever at call"

"Paddy, a field spaniel?" "Faith, that's me."

"Punch, a pug?" "I am he."

- "Viper, a fox terrier?" "That's my name."  
"Tosso, a Newfoundland?" "Yes, sir."  
"Queenie, a toy terrier?" "Me, too."  
"Judy, a pug?" "Here."  
"Jack, a bull-dog?" "I'm all right."  
"Toney, a collie?" "Yes, sir."  
"Dash, a greyhound?" "Present."  
"Zulu, a cocker spaniel?" "Present."  
"Tibs, a terrier?" "Here."  
"Shot, a setter?" "Here, sir."  
"Bob, a fox terrier?" "Present."  
"Don, a St. Bernard?" "Present."  
"Dandy, a Japanese terrier?" "All right."  
"Fritz, a black-and-tan terrier?" "Yes, sir."  
"Carl, a setter?" "Yes, sir: how do?"  
"Teezer, a Blenheim spaniel?" "Here."  
"Curly, a water-spaniel?" "Present."  
"Chance, a Gordon setter?" "Present."  
"Tramp, an Irish setter?" "Yes."  
"Eric, a retriever?" "Present."  
"Grebe, a Skye terrier?" "Present."  
"Jack, a pug?" "I'll wager I am."  
"Torey, a pug?" "That's my name."  
"Jack, a cocker spaniel?" "Present."  
"Tip, a Skye terrier?" "Present."  
"Scott, a Scotch terrier?" "Here, sir?"  
"Snyder, a Scotch terrier?" "Present."  
"And last, though not least in bulk, myself, Bruno, who wish you all a very delightful and instructive evening."  
"Thank you; thank you!" cried the parrot, dogs

and all voices in the glen, while this noble dog went behind a tree, for fear we should see him yawn and stretch himself, the reading and standing in one position having wearied him. Now, again coming to the front and sitting down upon the soft, cool sod in this lovely glen, turning his intelligent eyes towards my mother, as chairman, he gave his undivided attention to her next movements.

## CHAPTER VII.

## THE DYING HORSE SPEAKS IN THE GLEN.

MRS. NELLIE MASTIFF, in pity for the poor, sick horse, descended from the stump, leaving the mantle of dignity behind her, and walking over to where Mr. Bob's emaciated and diseased form lay outstretched, within easy reach of the refreshing rivulet, stooped her head to his ear, but considerably avoided chilling him by too close contact with her cold nose. In a kind voice, she said :

“Dear Mr. Horse, having consulted with some sage members of the convention now in the glen, we have unanimously agreed to ask you to be the first to favour us, and so educate the colts as to the manner of the human race in its treatment of its useful, patient servant, the noble quadruped, the horse. Further, as chairman, I excuse you from mounting the rostrum. See, Mr. Bob, that lovely bit of sod immediately in front of the chair. Yes, I desire you to leave the conventionalities to men, and speak from beside this stream, so that you may with the greater ease wet your dry tongue and throat.”

Mr. Bob now rising with difficulty, for exposure and lack of nourishment had aggravated his numerous diseases, steadying himself on his poor tottering limbs, and bending his head to the stump on which

my mother Nellie had again seated herself, in weak tones, disturbed by a distressing hoarseness and a trying cough, said: "Mrs. Mastiff and friends, together with you of my own race, in giving you an account of my life, I shall commence by contrasting the inhumanity shown me in this civilized and Christian land with the tender care bestowed by the so-called heathen and semi-savage Arabian to his horse.

"No Arab would turn his horse out, as I have been turned out, on the Don flats, to die a lonely, lingering death.

"I have had many masters, yes, as many as there are shades of green in the beautiful trees about us, but only two of my masters were of beautiful character.

"Were my late owners to hear my dying words, they would say in reply, that in this civilized and Christian land man knows the horse to be but a four-footed beast made for his use."

"Yes, and abuse!" cried the parrot, squirrel, cows, horses and dogs.

"Yes, and abuse, though I grieve to endorse your many tongues," continued the dying horse. "My masters would tell you that the reason the Arab is so kind to his horse through life and health, through disease and through death, is that the Arabian believes that God created the horse out of the winds, as He created man out of the dust—many of the Arab prophets having proclaimed that when God created the horse He said to the South Wind, 'I will bring out of thee a creature; be thou therefore con-

densed.' That then the angel Gabriel, taking a handful of the condensed wind, presented it to God, who formed therewith a brown-bay horse and said, 'I name thee horse and create thee Arab, and give thee a bay colour. I attach blessing on thy forelock. Thou shalt be lord of all animals. Thou shalt fly without wings, and from thy back shall proceed riches. Then marked He him with a star on the forehead, the sign of glory and blessing.'

"Beautiful! beautiful!" cried my mother, Mrs. Mastiff, and the entire company, while my infantile bark caused some merriment.

"Yes, beautiful, indeed!" echoed the dying horse in fainting tones, and stooping to wet his throat and tongue. "How true it is, you are all aware, that where love and kindness are bestowed, love and kindness are begotten. You, Mrs. Mastiff, love your master and those who eat his bread, in return for the humane treatment of yourself and your brave little Lion. And so with all of you who are blessed with good masters: but many of you are sad-eyed and cudgel-worn. Yes, we are all in man's hands; would that he were as eager to *educate the heart* of the young in the schools of the land as he is to cultivate the intellect. The millennium for us quadrupeds and feathered bipeds will be the attachment of Bands of Mercy to halls of learning in all lands. Had some of my inhuman masters been so tutored in their infancy, had they been taught to be merciful to all God's creatures, instead of having been taught to be cruel by having put into their baby fingers the

toy gun, the whip and the soldiers, they would not when grown to boyhood and manhood flog and torture the poor defenceless animals, as well as women and children of their own kind.

“Yes, Mrs. Chairman, had man been taught when in long clothes to be merciful and not to make his baby fingers murderous, the air-gun and catapult would have had no charm for him and the money expended for the support of standing armies, waiting and eager for bloodshed, would be used in the endowment and equipment of humane hospitals for the diseased and infirm amongst the human race, as well as for the poor animals. What a boon a home of rest would have been to Nestor and myself! What a boon to many of us would be an ambulance and humane veterinary treatment! To bring this all to pass so that our offspring may not undergo like tortures with ourselves, we must only look for the establishment of our only hope, the thrice-blessed Bands of Mercy.

“No young colt was ever happier than I when grazing, running and gambolling in the green meadows of my early home.

“I met my first master in the city of Toronto. He was a man with many dollars, a Mr. Lofty by name. He kept a pair of carriage horses, of which I was one. He was a careless man, tossing his money about as I had seen happy little children toss the golden grain in the harvest fields of my early home. He often asked what his money was for if not to pay people to keep his troubles from fretting him; so, though not an



inhumane man himself—that is, as men look at cruelty—he had a most inhumane and dishonest coachman, who had absolute control of the stables, and who was, metaphorically speaking, born with a lash in his hand, and dismissed groom after groom if they attempted to ease our burdens. ‘A horse is only a horse,’ he would say gruffly. ‘I’ll have none of your new-fangled, humane notions as to their comforts, forsooth, being attended to, so shut your mouth and quit your talk on ventilation feeding or docking, or as sure as your name is John and mine is Simpkins, you go. Hang it, if I fed ‘em as you say I’d have no pickings. The boss ain’t prying into my business, so shut your head if you want to keep your place. If the beasts give out, there are plenty more, and these can be fixed into a fine team by the joint aid of rest and a vet.’

“The horse dealer had bought me at the Industrial Exhibition. I was a handsome brown-bay colt, and have been humbled enough, Mrs. Chairman, to say so without vanity. I was small of head, slender of limb, strong of back, and withal in splendid condition. I was foaled on a gentleman’s farm, situate on the most beautiful of God’s waters, the River St. Lawrence, in whose clear depths my mother first taught me to drink. Oh, if she or her kind master could see me now; but ‘tis better they are spared such sorrow, as my sufferings are almost over.

“In the stable of my master, Mr. Lofty, *my hay was often musty, which gave me asthma*, and my grain scanty as well as sour, and I would long for the green

pastures surrounding the home of my mother's good master. What would I not have given for a feast spread out by nature?

"John was the name of one of Mr. Lofty's grooms. He was a kind, good man, of whom I will tell you later; but Simpkins was a brute and coachman combined, who owned a horse himself, which he hired out chiefly to a man who carted sand, ice, or who excavated cellars.

"I often saw Bluff at work carting heavy loads, and I pitied him from the bottom of my own sad heart, even though I was aware that he was fed from pickings stolen from our stable, which my mate Nestor and myself would have been the better of ourselves. Indeed, often in our adjoining stalls when we confided to each other our opinion of Simpkins, our stomachs were as hollow as his heart.

"The man who hired Bluff from our coachman had a whole colony of children, and provisions being high, he worked Bluff nigh to death.

"A son of Simpkins came every day at dusk to our stable and carried away a basket of our grain, oats, cracked corn, potatoes and carrots. This boy did not take the hay, but Simpkins supplied himself with that, taking it away with him at night, for 'tis true, as I heard my mother's good master say, that the devil is called the Prince of Darkness, because he sets his children at work when the mantle of night hides them.

"Some of our grooms were as humane as they dared to be, but as 'birds of a feather flock together.'

so did our Mr. Lofty's inhumane coachman herd with creatures who winked at his cruel acts.

"I kicked at the treatment I received more than the other horse, Nestor, did, so got more of the whip than he.

"The groom we first had, growing saucy to Simpkins, was turned adrift without ceremony or a character.

"We were not sorry, as he was always abusing and neglecting us.

"John, the new man, was very humane and we loved him. Though he could not better our condition, as far as a plentiful meal went, he could, and did, in grooming us and giving us a kind word. As his wife was sickly, times hard, and money scarce, he tried to shut his eyes to the pilfering going on and to the inhumane orders he received as to our torturing make up.

"One day we returned fagged out from our trot to the Woodbine races, whither we had taken our master and Mrs. Lofty with two ponderous gentlemen; and what with the dead pull Simpkins had kept on the lines, his frequent and needless goad of the whip, with the over check-rein, we felt as if we would go mad or have softening of the brain.

"After Simpkins (with many oaths as to the lateness of the hour and abuse of our pace) had left the stable, John spoke kindly to us, gave us a good grooming, rubbed our tired legs with his hands, and brushed out our heels outside the stable: for good John knew *the dust would foul our crib and make our food unpalatable.*

“Afterwards, while feeding us he said indignantly: “Hang such thieving! I feel mean before my horses. Nestor and Bob, I hope you understand that I am not mean enough to steal your grain.”

“And we did, for horses know a good deal more than they get the credit of knowing: but we could not even neigh in response to John’s words, *our facial muscles were so paralyzed* by reason of our heads being tied to our backs during the run to the races and our stay there, while the white foam of pain had streamed from our mouths.

“And we remembered with some bitterness the remarks on our spirited bearing by the sports at the races: and we doubted not that the turfmen were now dining as epicures at club or home while we of such spirited bearing, having had our poor mouths sawed and jerked by the reins in the inhumane hands of Simpkins, felt as though an empty stomach was preferable to grain passing through our lacerated mouths.

“A soft and warm bran mash with a teaspoonful of ginger in it would be a better meal for you to-day,” said John, kindly, for he often talked to us instead of having loafers about the stable, as many grooms do: ‘but,’ he continued sadly, ‘the bran mash bin is empty, the coachman’s kid has cribbed it all; if a man has any heart he can’t stand seeing creatures dependent on him starve, so I guess I’ll have to leave you, Bob and Nestor. Hang it! I can’t stand seeing you crane your necks to that hay rack above your heads. It’s right down cruel.’

“And Nestor and I thought so, too, for *the horse feeds naturally on the ground.*

“The climax was that John quarrelled with the coachman over our scant rations, and hearing that Nestor and I were to be docked, he said he would not take us to the surgeon; so he was told to go, short of wages, too, rather than, as he said, hear our screams and see us mutilated.

“Nestor and I mourned over the prospect of losing our humane groom, for though it was not in his power to feed us generously or to hurl our over-check back into the torture-factory, he was a kind and a good groom, never neglecting us in any way, looking well after our feet, examining them frequently to see if we had caught up nails, stones or glass: for standing on such would, he knew, have induced lameness. The axles of the carriage-wheels were well greased by our kind groom, who would say: ‘You are short of grain, so it shall be my care to oil the wheels of your burdens for you.’

“The day John left he gave us many a kind word, though he worked doubly hard giving us clean beds, ventilating the stable and grooming us tenderly. Had he a premonition of evil? Nestor and I thought so.

“One of the trips we made that day was to take our mistress out calling. Mrs. Lofty had two young ladies, house-guests, with her, who were very merry, and chatted and laughed as gaily as if no dead songsters trimmed their hats, and as if there was no torture in our make-up.

“As we drew the carriage along King Street West,

we passed a cellar which was being excavated. Several idlers were looking at the distressing sight of a poor horse—in whom we recognized Bluff, owned by our coachman—whom the labourers had overloaded. Exhausted by previous burdens, he could not pull the heavy earth up the rough incline, and, just as we were passing, he fell to the ground, sick at heart and sore of body from repeated blows of the spade in the hands of a labourer. We took the family out to dine that evening, and afterwards to a theatre party. As we waited for our people at the entrance to the Grand Opera House, we would fain have drooped our heads in grief for poor Bluff's ill-usage and for the coming departure of John, but that our heads were, as usual, held in the grasp of the *terrible check-rein*. We were chilled through and through, which was not Mr. Lofly's fault, as he had said to Simpkins, on our stopping at the Grand :

“ ‘Simpkins, be sure you blanket the horses. There is a keen wind, and they have work to do yet.’ ”

“ But Simpkins had only thrown one rug over us, which a strong breeze blew off. Thus we stood for two long hours, while the blood in our legs and neck, being near the surface, became utterly chilled.

“ On our return to the stable, when John saw the state we were in, he ran to the kitchen to get some hot water from the reservoir attached to the stove, to mix us a nice warm mash, but there he met Simpkins sipping a hot drink, who said gruffly :

“ ‘Make yourself scarce, John, and don't waste that bran ; rub the horses down and give them some hay—

it's all the brutes need—and go about your business: if you send anyone to me for a line you'll get such a "character" as will keep you outside any stable in Toronto.'

"On the return of John to the stable, we looked around and neighed expectantly, for a bran mash always made us feel better. When John saw this, he rubbed his sleeve across his eyes, saying:

"Simpkins would not let me give it to you, my beauties; so good-bye, mates, you'll have to do with the hay and rubbing I've given you. Yes, and here is an extra blanket and a nice juicy apple apiece for you. Cook gave them to me, and though I feel hungry to taste them, I'll give them to you, and now good-bye,' he said sorrowfully, patting our chilled necks. 'I hope you'll get a kind groom, and that you will be able to stand the cruelty of mutilation.'

"And as we turned in the dim light to neigh good-bye to him, we again saw the back of his hand brush across his eyes, as he turned his head ere he left the stable and went out into the midnight streets, not knowing where he would earn the morrow's bread for his wife and little one, and wondering that the good God allowed him to be turned adrift for trying to do right by his horses; but never losing faith, for we had often heard John say, 'He doeth all things well.'

"The following day fresh trials came upon us. The new groom, a fellow after the coachman's own heart, added to our daily trials. We heard a man say that had Andrew been an emperor he would have been a

Nero. As it was, he was in his element in taking us to be docked.

"On our reaching the *torture-chamber* we were received by a number of idlers, by whom we were led to a red-hot furnace near which were searing-irons, knives, and a large pair of shears. There was much comment on our points and possible screams.

"It was decided that on account of my bad temper I should be the first to be mangled, so in the meantime Nestor was secured by a bridle to an iron ring in the wall.

"A rope was then thrown over my neck, the ends being brought between my forelegs and under my hind pasterns. A sudden jerk drew up my legs, and I fell helpless to the floor, where my tormentor tied my legs. I was then secured with a twitch, which means twisting a fine rope around the nose—which, with us, is very sensitive. This abominable sensation was given me to divert my attention.

"The operator next folded back the hair from the joint to be divided, and rapidly cut the skin; then with a huge shears I was docked, and notwithstanding my pitiful struggles, that useful appendage given me by the Creator for protection was held aloft amid the cheers and hand-clapping of the inhumane on-lookers. I may here say, Mrs. Chairman, that docking is now more quickly done, but the after-effects are quite as injurious, *frequently producing lock-jaw from the shock.*

"My torturer next applied the searing iron, which had been heated as with the fires of hell, to arrest the



flow of blood. With a muffled cry of pain (for the lot of the horse is one of silent endurance), I rose to my feet mutilated, docked! How proud the men looked by reason of their noble achievement, while I shivered with pain, as drooping my head and closing my eyes from the horrid scene, I wished that they had killed me. Pride left me; my spirit was broken, as I thought of my head tied to my back with the cruel check, and of the horse-fly (the most blood-thirsty of its tribe), armed with its lancet, prodding my back unlashd. I felt as a man or a woman in handcuffs, and who, having had a splendid head of hair, was scalped, and compelled to walk for life under a burning sun, attacked by flies.

"I was dazed with grief, and turned from the woeful sight of poor Nestor undergoing the same disfigurement.

"But I will not linger over this part of my sad history, nor tell how, from being a fine animal, in splendid condition, I became, owing to the inhuman treatment I received in Mr. Lofty's stable, a complete wreck. Andrew, being commissioned by Simpkins to purchase new collars, bought them too small (pocketing the difference). They *rendered breathing difficult, and caused us to balk in our gait.* At this, Simpkins stood up in his box and flogged us, but he always punished us with the lash whenever he said 'Whoa there!' at a door with 'Bar-room' written upon it. And Nestor and I trembled in our harness when he came out smelling so nasty, for he made us suffer, I can tell you, lashing us to a gallop, again standing in his box

to flog us: and we wished there was a bar on those rooms large enough and strong enough to keep Simpkins out.

“And oh, how we longed that our master would not be so careless, but that he would give a few of his many idle minutes to examining our general make-up.

“Doubtless, Mrs. Chairman, some of my race among this audience will coincide with me as to the nuisance a hen-coop is when adjacent to our stables, owing to the fact of the insects, which frequently infest domestic fowl, creeping through the intervening walls and embedding themselves in our coats, *causing us to lose our sleep by reason of the irritating itchiness.*

“Nestor and I used to hear Mr. Lofty complain of our incessant stamping at night, saying crossly that we disturbed his rest. My mate and I grieved that we were unable to make him understand the cause of our restlessness. Many owners of horses inflict this additional suffering upon our race through ignorance, so that we must endure with our (excuse my boast, Mrs. Chairman) proverbial patience.

“We missed John's carefulness as to the man who should shoe us. As for Andrew, he did not care a rap for our comfort; so he patronized a chum of his own, who was as ignorant of his trade as a new-born infant. He seemed to take a delight in rasping the front of our hoofs, and so removing the smooth, hard fibres on the outside, which had prevented them from becoming brittle and deformed. He would then trim our poor heels too closely, causing them to become in-

flamed. I am completely deaf in my right ear, owing to Andrew's cruel carelessness, for he would persist in cutting the hair from the inside of my ears. This groom was too dirty in himself to keep us clean, or our stalls either, allowing litter to gather until *noxious gases were generated*, which tainted our food, injured our sight, removed the varnish off the carriages, and made us hate to take a long breath, as we would have been glad to do, when free of the loathed overcheck. The impure air affected my lungs, and I began to fall off in my pace and general appearance. In fact, Mrs. Mastiff, the docking seemed to have taken all the spirit out of me, and I lost heart.

"Simpkins gave me the whip carelessly, and one day the lash injured my left eye. Nestor and I were now the victims of *inflammation of the kidneys and bowels, brought upon us by the use of musty hay and damaged grain*.

"As we began to fall off, our master, too careless to examine the causes, would scold, at which we greatly grieved, while the coachman seemed to grow more and more inhumane. Driving us up one of the hills on Yonge Street (when we were taking Mrs. Lofty and party to a winter ball), our shoes not having been sharpened, and Simpkins having wound the reins around the hames when going up the slippery hill, we stumbled, and I fell, but was soon goaded to my feet by the butt end of the whip and Simpkins' bad words.

"Mr. Lofty, advised by Simpkins, decided to send me to Smith's auction. I was not sorry at this fiat,

for, as I said to Nestor, who was to be sold also, we could not be worse off.

“Nestor and I hoped we should not be separated, as we had been comrades so long; but, alas! Mrs. Chairman, it was to be. I fell to the lot of Ben Winter, a man with a kind voice, which we know well to be the sign of a kind heart.

“My new master seemed quite proud of me as he attached me to his neat waggon and drove me east to Yonge Street, and up that crowded thoroughfare, without the cruel check-rein. It was a new sensation to me to have the use of my own neck, and if the human race could realize all this means to the horse, the check-rein factory would be a hideous nightmare of the past.

“The rest and care I had received at Smith's had been as a mask to my diseased points, which, before many months of travel to and from Eglinton with the milk-cans, began to show themselves, and Ben Winter proved, to his own disappointment and my grief—for we had taken a great liking to each other—that the over check-rein had so injured my wind-pipe as to impede respiration, and that it had caused paralysis of the muscles of my poor face. Ben also found that my mouth was violently stretched, because when in Simpkins' cruel hands I had been so tired and uncomfortable that I had rested the weight of my head upon the rein, which was only exchanging one torture for another.

“And now, Mrs. Mastiff and friends, if you will excuse me,—I shall lie down, as I feel my strength rapidly leaving me.”

"Poor Mr. Bob! Poor Bob!" cried the parrot, and all of the company, in genuine sympathy.

"Weep not for me, my friends," continued Bob: "I am glad my burdens are over. And now to the end of my story. Ben Winter also found I was knee-sprung, and, with much pity for me, decided that I was not in good condition for his work. My cough was very severe, contracted long ago in Mr. Lofty's stable. My stall was in a dark part of it, and bedded in old, used-up straw, so damp that I of necessity caught cold. Had some of my unfeeling grooms endeavoured to make amends for their cruelty—for damp is a deadly foe to the horse—had they led me to a sunny side of the stable, even if colder, I might not have suffered with this cough as I do, even in my dying hour. Oh, the cruelty of man, and to us, who never complain, for very few of us are grumblers; most of us suffer long and are kind.

"Ben Winter gave me a nice, deep, soft bed. He said it did not cost him any more than if he had been niggardly with his straw, as he frequently dried it in the sun, thus making it sweet and clean, and enabling him to use it again and again.

"Ben often reminded me of John, the groom, whom my poor mate Nestor and I were so fond of. Ben had just such another good, kind heart. I hope, Mrs. Chairman, that my last thoughts may be of those two men; I love to think of both of them.

"Before we started with our milk-cans for Ben's customers in the city, I was let out to graze. Ben said that a few mouthfuls of the fresh, juicy grass

was better for me than a dried-up armful pulled up later in the day from under the broiling sun. And I found the dew on the grass a very excellent medicine for my feet.

"Ben, like John, always gave me pure, fresh, soft water to drink. I had it after my grain, then, last of all, my hay. Sometimes on our rounds through the city I was so thirsty as to be obliged to drink nasty tasting water in the public trough, into which bad boys had thrown dirt of various kinds and had also plunged therein their dirty feet.

"Surely, Mrs. Chairman, pity must be dead in the hearts of the sons of men when they grudge both the members of your race and mine a blessed drink of pure water. I have seen boys empty dog-troughs under the very nose of a thirsty animal, as well as clog the trough with foreign matter.

"Ben often told me he felt very sorry that thirst compelled me to drink of such dirty water, but that he had not the heart to add to my load a pail of pure water from his farm for me to drink by the way, for fear his customers might make jokes at his expense.

"All this reminded me of my mother's particularity about her drinking-water. Like many other thorough-breds, she refused to put her nose into a pail after another horse. Happy, happy mother, in the care of an indulgent and considerate master.

"The last trip I made with Ben and his milk-tins, I saw a sight which has haunted me ever since. It was Nestor, my dear old comrade, drawing an over-

load on Yonge Street. I saw the heat from his steaming sides rise like a sudden fog on the air. I saw him fall. It was not so much the driver's fault (for his master had bidden him overload), but former inhumanity had robbed my poor mate of his splendid health and strength, so he fell to rise no more.

"I stood stock-still at the pitiful sight. Ben, leaving his waggon in my care, went over to where Nestor lay, while a curious-eyed crowd stood about gazing at the poor fallen creature.

"Nestor dying in harness, dying 'twixt shafts and straps,  
Had fallen, the overload killing him: just one of the day's  
mishaps;  
One of the passing wonders, making the city load—  
Nestor dying in harness, heedless of call or goad."

As poor Bob, the horse, fell fainting at the recollection, there was a great silence, and my mother Nellie, fearing he was dead, jumped from the stump and trotted over to where he lay. I followed her, for I felt so grieved for Mr. Bob I could not restrain my feet or my voice, and whined aloud as I ran. The poor horse was not dead, and on my mother's approach, turning his patient eyes (which had the dim pathos of death in their depths) to her, he continued his story, saying:

"Friends, forgive me; I was overcome with the painful recollection of poor Nestor's death.

"To resume my story, Ben Winter was much affected, patting me kindly as he said:

"If I was not too poor, I would pasture and feed

you for the remainder of your life: as it is, I must take you to your new master. Dear old Bob, I am sorry to part with you.

"And I was the more grieved of the two, for I dreaded a future without a vestige of hope in its vast obscurity.

"My next master was of the Simpkins stamp of man. Yes, Mrs. Chairman, Sam Hardy was cruel to all God's creatures. I recognize in Mrs. Cow Bossy—unless my failing sight deceives me—a one-time comrade in distress."

"Yes, Mr. Bob," cried the cow, hastily; "please excuse my interrupting you just to say to this convention that Sam was a brute on two legs, and it is a mercy he had only two legs or he would have kicked all creation out of shape."

"Alas! what you say, Mrs. Cow Bossy, is too true," continued the dying horse; "you remember, I am sure, that when Hardy was in a rage with his wife or his little children, he would come to my stall and flog me as I stood. Alas! alas! what a terrible thing is a bad temper in man. At last, Sam Hardy turned me out to die, chasing me with a long lash, whipping me through the dark and dismal streets of night toward the Don flats. After Sam left me, three inhuman lads chased me and pelted me with stones, calling me names such as "bob-tail," "shaving-brush," and worse. At last two kind lads came to my assistance in the guise of 'Band of Mercy' boys. I saw their badges 'B. M. of Canada.' They gently



led me to the peaceful quiet of this glen, beside the soothing murmur of this rivulet, where to-night I hope to die."

And while we all wept, we heard him say again in faintly whispered accents, "Good-bye, dear John. Good-bye, dear Ben."

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THE CONTRAST OF THE ARAB TO HIS HORSE.

"Come, my beauty ; come, my desert darling,  
On my shoulder lay thy glossy head !  
Fear not, though the barley sack be empty,  
Here's the half of Hassam's scanty bread."

## CHAPTER VIII.

## MRS. COW BOSSY SPEAKS AT THE CONVENTION.

As the aged horse concluded his story, a mournful cry went up from my mother Nellie and all the dogs, from Mrs. Hack and her colts, from the cows, cats, squirrel, parrot and myself, as we moved with one consent over to his side.

My mother, with Duke, a mastiff, Bruno and Maxy, the St. Bernards, and myself, now pushed the fallen leaves with our noses along the ground close to poor Mr. Bob's head; and Mrs. Cow Bossy slipped her long horns near to the earth and assisted him to rise and rest upon the leaf pillow which we dogs had made.

Mr. Bob opened his patient eyes and gave us a dying look of gratitude, while Mrs. Hack and her colts lay down beside him to try to keep him warm, as also to prevent his feeling lonely if he should again open his great eyes.

We now all, with funeral steps, returned to our places, my mother Nellie's head bent in grief, as she silently signalled Mrs. Cow Bossy to the grassy floor of the glen.

The cow, therefore, stepped forward, and, bending her horns to my mother, as chairman, she said:

"Mrs. Mastiff, cows, calves and all, I fear I have not much to tell you of interest, and shall merely take up

the threads of my old friend the horse's story, giving you my own from that time, and shall commence by telling you that the man Sam Hardy was my owner before I was happily sold to a most humane lady in this neighbourhood.

"After Hardy had turned out poor Mr. Bob to die, he at once bought another horse, to whom he was quite as cruel. I tell you what it is, Mrs. Mastiff and all the cows, my milk was full of temper, for my blood used to fairly boil at the sound of the lash descending upon the not over-strong back of poor patient Brutus. That man Hardy worked him so near death, feeding him on poor, scanty food that, at last, he was forced to give him a rest.

"I could see poor Brutus from the yard where I stood, as he grazed in a field near by. I also saw the leads from a catapult in the hands of a rich man's son fly through the sweet, warm air, and stab the horse with cruel force. I could see he was very much frightened, but he was so glad to get at the grass that he continued to graze. But the bad boy wanted to see him fall; so, coming near, he sent another lead, when, with a shout of joy, he yelled to his companions of his 'good shot,' for at that instant Brutus, with a groan, fell dead. The lead had pierced a vital part, and placed him outside reach of Hardy's lash. The boys then ran away to seek some other game."

As Mrs. Cow Bossy related the sad story of the unfortunate Brutus, the dying horse gave a plaintive cry, while Mrs. Cow Bossy continued:

"Mr. Bob has told you, whenever Hardy was in a

rage he would go out to the stable and flog him as he stood. Latterly this occurred every night. Had Hardy's stables been in the lower dives of the city, such sounds of the cruel lash would have been partially drowned amid waves of discordant and riotous street noises, the cry of children for milk, and the loud, angry voices of the quarrelsome. But Sam Hardy's stables were adjacent to the beautiful, green fields of the city's north-eastern suburb, full of grand shade trees, and named 'Rosedale,' whence in the still evenings of summer we could hear the twitter of birds, happy in their freedom; while the fresh perfume of the woods was wafted through our stable-windows, and 'Band of Mercy' children's voices sang:

" 'Little hands can be so gentle,  
They should never, never dare  
To be cruel to the creatures  
God committed to their care."

Then their musical chatter and laughter would come to our ears. When I told poor Mr. Bob of this, he would turn the ear that Mr. Lofty's inhumane groom had not destroyed the hearing of, by cutting the hair from the inside, to the window, and listen to a prayer by a little boy, whose white colt had been sold that day. He prayed:

" 'O heavenly Father, who in every place can see, I pray thee watch my dear, white colt, and let him soon forget this his dear old home, and— me; only please don't let him *quite* forget. Bless his new master; *make him kind*, and make him always be so good as to treat my white colt well.'

"And then, as the dear child said 'Amen,' Mr. Bob and I heard two great sobs. My old friend lying yonder and I loved to hear those dear children sing, and the little lad's prayer gave Mr. Bob great joy, for he said such a 'Band of Mercy' boy would grow to be a tall, good man, and have horses of his own, and that he would be so humane that they would love him dearly, and be proud to carry him or draw him in a carriage.

"Just fancy, if you can, Mrs. Mastiff, how we felt after listening to those good little children, to hear the angry tread of our inhumane master and to see him enter the stable, whip in hand, to give poor Bob the lash. It was as if a fiend from hell had come to earth: and though Sam Hardy did not flog me as he did the horse, he never passed without giving me a cruel tug at my horns, which often caused me to wish to throw him. He would lash me with my own tail, or, if his hands were full, he would give me a kick. He would pasture me in a field that the grass had grown brown in. Men had been foolish enough to cut down all trees save one, which was so lonely it could not grow. He would tie me by a short rope to the slender trunk of this solitary tree, and there he would leave me to broil all day under a burning sun, with a scanty breakfast of a wisp of hay or tuft of grass from Rosedale's pastures (torn up, roots and all), and a drink of water. These were lonely days. At evening he would come and release me, and drive me home for his much-to-be-pitied wife to milk, and expected me to give him a plentiful supply of milk

after such treatment. I tell you what it is, Mrs. Mastiff, I used to walk backwards and forwards the length of my rope in that brown field, my parched tongue hanging out of my mouth, like a mad creature; and I declare, Mrs. Chairman, I cannot speak patiently of that man Hardy. It was adding to my punishment to tie me up so within sight of those green fields over the way, on which cattle luxuriously grazed or reclined in the cool shade of numerous trees. Hardy's inhuman treatment of me made me very indignant, and when I returned to the yard to be milked, and had my ears full of the sound of the lash coming down on my comrade's inoffensive back, I wished he would turn round and bite Hardy's cruel hand off him; and one evening I kicked over the milk-pail, to ease Mr. Bob by turning Hardy's wrath on me.

"I grieved bitterly the night the poor horse was turned adrift. I knew I should miss him sadly, but mingled with my sorrow at our separation was one grain of hope, which was that he would be met on the Don flats by either some humane person who would take him home and be good to him, or that the Humane Society's officer would shoot him. I knew this latter death would be Mr. Bob's fervent wish, for he had told me that it would be instantaneous and sure. Perhaps, Mrs. Mastiff, you can inform Mrs. Hack and her colts how this is done?"

"Certainly, Mrs. Cow Bossy," responded my mother. "We dogs, being the constant companion of man, hear a good deal more than we say, owing to the pitiful fact that our dear masters do not understand our

manner of speech. But, to reply to your query, I have heard men say that Chapman and Willis, two constables, are dead-shots, and that the muzzle of the pistol should be held within a few inches of the head. Large shot is best. Aim towards the centre of the head, just below the foretop."

"I thank you, Mrs. Mastiff," said Mrs. Cow Bossy, inclining her horns, "I am sure Mrs. Hack and her colts are greatly obliged for your clear explanation. And now to continue my story: On entering the glen this evening, I thought I recognized in the dying horse my friend Mr. Bob, and was sure of it as he proceeded with his sad history. He has been dying since the third of the month now in its last days.

"The Sunday after his dismissal to die as he best could, Hardy forgot to water me ere tying me to the forlorn tree in the burnt field adjacent to green Rose-dale, and mad with thirst I walked in excited irritability the length of my rope. From the windows of a villa near my field I saw a happy family frequently gaze sympathetically in my direction, the outcome being that two dear young ladies came to my succour. They told me they were members of the Humane Society, and that I would, they were sure, be glad of a nice cool drink which they had brought in shining tin pails with their own fair hands. I thought those girls angels, but could only tell them so by licking my chops, drinking greedily to the last refreshing drop, and gazing gratefully upon their retreating forms.

"Hardy had not even a bowing acquaintance with the word humane, and was, of course, too cruel to

care, if he was aware, that ill-treatment made my milk unwholesome, and my meat—if I should come to the knife—unfit for food.

“One evening my present kind mistress, Mrs. Goodie, chancing to be in the city, saw Hardy throwing bits of dry mud and small stones at me as he drove me from the field to his stable to be milked.

“Full of pity for me, as well as with an eye to my good looks, she followed Hardy and myself to his yard, and there and then offered Hardy thirty-five dollars for me (which was not too high a price, as I am of Holstein breed). At this he demurred, saying doggedly that I was worth more. I trembled from the tips of my ears to the end of my tail lest there should be no sale, but was overjoyed, on Mrs. Goodie offering another dollar, to hear the gruff voice of Sam Hardy agree to sell me. You can imagine my delight, Mrs. Chairman, at this good luck; indeed, so overjoyed was I that I would not have kicked the pail over even if Hardy had milked me himself.

“The following day Sam drove me from town out to this beautiful neighbourhood. He abused me all the way, giving me numerous prods with a drover’s stick, which is a bludgeon with an iron spike in its end. What think you of that?”

“Think? Mrs. Cow Bossy,” said my mother, growling. “I say it was barbarous, barbarous!”

“Hear, hear!” cried the parrot and everyone, while I told Maxy, the St. Bernard, to run against Hardy and knock him down for me, the next time he met him in town. But Maxy said he could not oblige



me, owing to the fact of his being a humane dog. And just for the minute I wished Maxy had been a bull-dog, for in that case Hardy would have been less of a kicker, by reason of a bite off his leg.

"Barbarous, indeed," continued Mrs. Cow Bossy, indignantly. "I had no end of trouble with flies in the holes that iron spike made in my beautiful cream and brown suit. When we met policemen he pretended the bludgeon was his walking-cane, and for a change dragged me along by a rope tied around my horns. Nice, noble creature that man Hardy is!

"We cows are living machines, Mrs. Chairman, formed to do special work. Now that I am fed and have what is only my due, a comfortable, warm barn as my home, I give twice as much and twice as good milk as I gave previously. Mrs. Goodie came to my rescue not a day too soon, for I was becoming *muscle-sore on account of the uneven floor of my stall.* Oh, how cross it used to make me when, to change my position and ease my feet, I leaned first on one foot, then on another. That man had the heart of a stone.

"Another grievance I had was that he tied me with so short a rope that I could not lick myself. I believe Sam Hardy knew quite well that a cow likes to be in such a position as to be able to lick any part of her body. But what did he care? I suppose he thought he gave me lickings enough himself; but I wasn't partial to that kind. He often left me standing outside in cold and stormy weather. He must have known that when I was soaked to the skin the

warmth of my body would exhaust itself in drying my thick coat of hair. Had I been in that man's hands through another winter, the colds he gave me by exposure in this way would most certainly have *produced tuberculosis*. But what did he care. I was only a four-footed beast under his control. I am thankful to say, Mrs. Chairman, that Mrs. Goodie, my present humane owner, knows as well as you and I do that 'the power of control carries with it the obligation to protect.'

"Hardy never condescended to groom me. I am now brushed every day with a good stiff brush made of corn. The consequence is that my skin is clean and healthy. I look upon this brushing as a perfect luxury, after the state that wretched man kept me in.

"Mrs. Chairman, it is only common justice to dear Mrs. Goodie to inform this assemblage of animals that my present owner knows her duty to every living creature in her care, and performs it. My milker is a very kind woman who never disturbs my mental condition by blows or harsh, loud words. She is, indeed, a gentle creature, and so clean that her face, her hands and her apron shine with soap, water and starch. Yes, I am kept mentally calm and content, which, indeed, is my just due.

"My former owner never fed me before milking. He frequently had dirt flying into the milk-pail from my dirty coat and from his own, and very often left the milk standing in the stall until it was impregnated with a sweet odour, I must say. I am quite sure, Mrs. Chairman, that when with Hardy my milk was

unwholesome, and had his customers been able to understand me, I would have told them so.

"He was very fond of giving me the fermented *refuse* of breweries, which is the *very worst food cows can eat*. But what did Hardy care? It was swill, swill, swill, until at last I declined to take it. Ugh! when I think of it compared to the nourishing food I now get, consisting of hay, corn stalks, mixed grain, such as ton-seed meal, corn meal, and wheat bran, as well as mangel-wurzels, carrots and parsnips varied to tempt my constitutional appetite. So I beg leave to assert that none of my sister cows in this charming glen is better fed than I. As for Hardy, I gave him milk for his porridge, milk for his tea, and in return got blows as well as abuse. If we cows could go *en masse* on strike and refuse to give our milk to such inhuman creatures as he, a nice fix they would be in.

"We are meat and drink to men, we are shoe-leather to them. What kind of mortar could they ceil their rooms with, did we not give them our hair? If we had no ears or feet, they would have precious little glue; and then they might just as well come to our stable to live, for they could not fasten their fine furniture together without glue. Their forefathers would not have had such fine drinking-vessels but for cows' horns; and yet some people think our drinking-troughs are good enough for us with the sediment left in from year to year. But I am thankful to tell you, dear Mrs. Chairman and friends, that I am in clover now."

At this the parrot laughed heartily, which relieved our surcharged feelings, while I turned head-over-heels.

"Yes," continued Mrs. Cow Bossy, cheerfully, "literally in clover, and my drinking-trough has wooden plugs in it, which are frequently removed and the vessel cleaned out, and sweet, fresh spring water let in full to the top, in the clear depths of which I can see my face and fine horns as I drink. I used to have horrible nightmare, when with Hardy, of being dehorned, but never now, Mrs. Chairman, never now.

"My mistress, Mrs. Goodie, is very fond of me and I of her, and she tells everyone what a fine milker I am. You see, her milk-maid never waters my milk nor laps my cream, and I am so humanely treated that my milk is more plentiful, richer and more wholesome, with no bad temper in it. And now, Mrs. Mastiff, with many apologies for speaking at such length, I vacate the grassy floor to a better speaker, while wishing to you each and all as humane a mistress as my own."

## CHAPTER IX.

## FRISKY, THE SQUIRREL, TELLS HIS STORY.

MRS. COW BOSSY, having finished her speech, retired amid much applause, and again luxuriously reclined to chew her cud. My mother, Mrs. Chairman, then called Mr. Squirrel to the grassy floor. Scampering from the rivulet on which he had been playing, a bit of bark his boat, and his tail uplifted for a sail, he skipped merrily towards us and said :

“Mrs. Mastiff and everybody, Frisky is my name, and as this is the first convention of animals I have ever attended, you will please excuse me if I skip about as I talk.

“My little master and his papa, a Mr. Ormswood, came out this evening to Balmy Beach to pack up their summer cottage to protect it from thieves until we return next season. Mice and spiders reside in it all winter.

“I must tell you all how I became a town squirrel. A boy named Poacher stole me from my mother's nest in a hollow tree when I was all eyes and tail ; a small fur baby as round as my tail but not quite so long. This boy Poacher peddled me about the city streets, and my cheery little master, Victor Ormswood, being a ‘Band of Mercy’ boy, bought me for sweet pity's sake. I had just about made up my mind to die

when the trade was concluded, for my residence with Poacher was a broken rat-trap. This cruel boy gave me scarcely anything to eat, excepting his finger-nails, which were so tough and dirty I simply could not bear to eat them, though he persisted in poking them through my prison bars. Victor gave Poacher fifty cents for me, and he often says, even for the fun his papa takes in my pranks, he would not part with me for a pocketful of money.

“Victor often goes out with his kind papa for walks in the suburban streets, and carries me thither also. I feel very comfortable in the manner of my transit. Dear Victor has a leather satchel for me, square-bottomed, with a window-hole in its side for me to see and breathe through as we go through the crowded city.

“I don't like the business streets. The medley of sounds makes me nervous, and I don't know what would become of me if little Victor or his kind papa were to be skated upon by one of those electric flyers! I dread lest anyone should telephone for that Poacher boy to come with his old rat-trap and grab me!

“But I forget fear in my joy at reaching the beautiful suburban streets and green fields. Mr. Ormswood says he feels like a boy again as he sits down on the grass and takes off his hat, and fans himself with the refreshing breezes. And he laughs to see me scamper from the satchel of leather as up I run and down I fly among the fine tall trees, while Mr. Ormswood and Victor gaily sing:

“ ‘ Crowds of bees, giddy with clover,  
Crowds of grasshoppers skip at our feet ;  
Crowds of larks at their matins hang over,  
Thanking the Lord for a life so sweet.’ ”

“ Oh, Mrs. Chairman and everybody, I cannot begin to tell you how happy and joyous we are together.

“ Kind Mr. Ormswood fills his pockets with sweet young pine cones and berries for me, and plays ball with Victor until it is time to leave the beautiful woods and return to the city. As we again pass through the busy streets I frequently see Victor perform kind acts. One day a rude man knocked against a poorly clad little girl who was carrying a dozen eggs in a paper bag, and she cried for fear of a beating because four of the twelve were broken. Victor at once (with a smile at his papa as he passed a loving hand over his badge, ‘ B. M. of Canada ’) entered a grocer’s shop, and with his own pocket-money bought six new eggs for the poor little child, and sent her on her way with smiles instead of tears.

“ Another day he led a stray dog, who was parched with thirst, to a Humane Society’s water trough.

“ Victor has a play-room at home, and there I have a box. Immediately over it is suspended a long rope attached to an iron hook in the ceiling, and whenever I play a trick on Fidele, the Great Dane, or Tib, the Russian cat, I scamper up my rope until the storm is over.

“ I must tell you of one of our delightful winter walks. Last December we came out here, and, Mrs. Chairman, this glen was a maze of beauty—delicate

white lace, woven by the magic fingers of King Frost, hung from bough to branch, from trunk to twig of the ice-jewelled trees. Mr. Ormswood and dear Victor were as delighted as I, and perhaps you can picture the joy of my mother and family when I dropped in upon them at supper in the hollow of their tree. They were as snug as bees in clover, and after the snow-mantled world outside, their house looked lovely with its carpet and cushions of scarlet and orange-hued leaves of the maple, with berries and nuts of every conceivable shade piled high and plentiful in all the corners. We had a gay reunion and a grand feast.

“And now, Mrs. Chairman, if you will excuse me, as I have been quiet so long, I shall frisk about a little as I finish my story in song.”

At this the gay parrot laughed, while I turned a somersault in mirth at Frisky's idea that he had been quiet, when he had not been still a single minute. Seeing how amused I was, he skipped over to me, and flapped his bushy tail in my face as he perched on Fritz, the black-and-tan's coat. At this the convention lifted up its voice in great laughter, while Frisky, scampering about, said:

“Yes, Mistress Mastiff, good and true, with your mirthful Lion, and you, fine cow, poor horse, grave cat, and gay and lovely parrot—

“I am a squirrel perched aloft,  
An active little rover;  
See how I whisk my bushy tail  
Which shadows me all over.



“ Now, rapid as a ray of light,  
 I climb the tallest beech,  
 Or skip along from bough to bough,  
 Until the top I reach.

“ Now see me sit upon this branch,  
 And nuts crack at my ease,  
 While birdies sleep, and insects fly  
 Amid the fine tall trees.

“ The zephyr lifts my silken hair,  
 So long and loosely flowing ;  
 My quick ear catches every sound—  
 Say, I am brisk and knowing.

“ With cunning glance I cast around  
 My merry, sparkling eye,  
 In yonder haw tree by the creek  
 Rich clusters I do spy,—

some of which I shall skip away with. As Mr. Ormswood and dear Victor have ceased knocking with the hammer, our cottage must be all boarded up from thieves, so good evening, Mrs. Chairman. I must scamper away from you, Lion, and everybody, and be ready to enter my satchel of leather.

“ And now, before I go, give three cheers for little Victor, the ‘Band of Mercy’ boy!”

“ Three cheers. Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah,” cried my mother, the gay parrot, and all the voices in the glen. And as we looked about for Frisky, the merry fellow was gone.

## CHAPTER X.

## THE FOX TERRIERS TELL THEIR DREAM.

WITH her usual kind consideration for the feelings of others, well aware of the affection subsisting between Grit and Grip, and of their desire to face the audience together, our thoughtful chairman, lifting up her voice, called the fox terriers to the rostrum; and so to the accompaniment of glad notes of welcome from the entire convention, they came forward, heads erect, their black and white coats in beautiful condition, the result of good nourishment and careful grooming. Standing affectionately side by side, Grit, as spokesman for himself and comrade, in polite tones said:

"Mrs. Mastiff and Convention, instead of relating the heart-rending trials and homesickness of my dear companion and myself, on our being sold by our loved master to a man in the city, I shall relate to you a dream of my own on the night of our return to the home and master we love so truly.

"I must tell you, Mrs. Chairman, that my comrade dreamed a somewhat similar dream to my own which I have urged him to tell you, but Grip says mine is more connected than his, so he, with his usual modesty, has elected to remain silent.

"And now, ere giving you my visions of sleep, let me tell you, in a few words, of how we had broken

loose from our kennel at Toronto, on the morning of the day that you, Mistress Nellie, had so humanely insisted on our stopping in order to quench our thirst in the great waters of Lake Ontario. You will perhaps wonder that we had taken so many hours to reach Balmy Beach, but you will remember that our free movements were hampered by the cruel rope binding us together, and that we could but make short runs in the open for fear of flying missiles in the hands of boys, as also the terrible air-gun and catapult from which we fled to hide in some friendly shadow. We dreaded the mid-day hour when the great ball of heat and light men call the sun should illuminate every corner and make the shadows flee.

"Our fear was no dream, Mrs. Mastiff, for numerous stones caused our bones to ache, and had it not been for the friendly shelter of a humane man's stable, our pursuers would have again led us into captivity.

"My dear comrade Grip and myself will never forget the run we made that day, nor the trials we endured. Yes, we have had enough of the hunt, and wonder that men enjoy and call it sport, the hunting of a poor frightened fox or timid hare, the noble huntsmen themselves astride blood horses with thoroughbreds of our race also in pursuit.

"After our peril and homesickness, you, Mrs. Chairman and all friends, can picture to yourself the great joy of Grip and myself on our return to our good master to find him greatly pleased to see us, though horrified at our condition, at which he resolved to part with us no more. After being fed, watered,

groomed, talked to and petted, we were sent to our good master's room, to our old corner and soft rug-bed, and each dreamed much the same dream, that we of the races canine and herbaceous had burst our bonds, and that the human race was in bondage to us. We dogs were rulers over all, reigning absolutely over the human race and in a general, though undespotic, manner over horses and cows, we giving them almost any length of line. For example: We dogs opened the Industrial Exhibition. You, Mrs. Chairman, with your brave little Lion, my comrade Grip, and Nox, a bull-dog, rolled in state in the carriage of the Lieutenant-Governor. His fine brown-bay span drew us to the grounds, but the horses had a fine easy time of it—no bit, no over-check, and easy, well-fitting shoes, which the new-born horses by our order, and their own desire, would never wear, as the Great Creator did not intend they should, and no blinders. It was lovely, Mrs. Mastiff, to see them turn their heads when they desired to have a look about them. To be sure, they having suffered the mutilation of docking, were unable to lash the horse-fly, but we had a boy on the box to attend to the blood-thirsty brood. We dreamed—I shall speak in the plural, Mrs. Mastiff, as the dream of Grip was so similar to my own—and so to repeat, we dreamed that the harness Trix and Pan wore was after the fashion of the latest and most humane patent; but if our coachman forgot himself and made as if to saw the mouths of our steeds, or was wicked enough to swear at them, Trix and Pan stood stock-still, and Nox, the

bull-dog, jumped on to a piece of mechanism in the floor of our carriage, when instantaneously a steel bit sprang to the mouth of the coachman and sawed away, while Nox growled until he was brought to a proper frame of mind and the spirit taken out of him: Then and only then would the horses move on. And in our dream Trix and Pan frequently rested under comfortable clean awnings and drank at marble troughs which men kept constantly replenished.

"We also often leaped from our carriage and regaled ourselves at refreshing shops, where everything from Spratt's biscuits to a sirloin of beef was ready for us at call.

"In Dreamland all other animals were equally well treated—sheds and commodious stables, comfortable and well ventilated, and granaries overflowing. What was kiln-dried we left for the race of man. In short, Mrs. Mastiff, our freedom was complete.

"On reaching the Exhibition grounds, what a change met the eye! Men and boys mutilated and running out of our way, as we did in the day of their iron rule. The building formerly appropriated to the dog-show was now full of men and boys, confined in small cages, with the sun glaring at them with flaming beams. The St. Bernards asked us to give the men and boys larger cages; and shield them from the sun by blinds, but we only laughed as we chose our servants from amongst them.

"In fact, Mrs. Mastiff, just then in Dreamland we forgot the thrice blessed 'Golden Rule,' and meted out

the same amount of mercy they had shown us when they were in power. We had a staff of men and boys to bring food and drink once a day to the cages, which sometimes they neglected to do, as they had formerly done in our sad case; but we, the managers of the man and boy show, only laughed when Maxy, the St. Bernard, and other members of the Humane Society of dogs complained.

“In our dream we selected our servants from Kennel Club men, as lovers of our race, and who, having studied pathology, would understand our requirements.

“Ours was the only carriage drawn by horses in the whole city, and we dreamed we did this as a joke, and because a deputation of horses had waited upon us with the request, so that we might show to any turfmen, who might still be alive, how horses should have been treated when they held the reins of power. On our way to the Exhibition, we met numerous dogs being carried on the shoulders of men in a very comfortable conveyance, or their servant-men drove them in open carriages, which were drawn by men; and we beheld the strange and awful sight of bits in their mouths and their heads fastened to their spines with the over-check.

“We met only a few hungry-looking, stray, idle men and boys, who fled at our approach, but met large numbers of the human race in attendance upon dogs, horses and cows.

“We passed beautiful plains, acres in area, from which, for our convenience, our men-servants had torn down whole blocks of buildings, and, after carting

away the *debris*, they had sodded and planted with clumps of trees. Here the horses galloped, grazed, drank from clear streams, waded in artificial lakes, rested beneath the trees, or gambolled in delicious freedom. When overheated, their men rubbed them gently down and gave them refreshments from adjacent shops.

“ We dreamed that cows had like attendance in fields of their own. Still in Dreamland, we visited a large and beautiful palace. As we neared we heard voices singing sweetly :

“ ‘ Ring the bells of mercy,  
Ring them loud and clear ;  
Let their music linger  
Softly on the ear.

“ ‘ Filling souls with pity  
For the dumb and weak,  
Telling all the voiceless  
We for them will speak.’

“ As we came near to the beautiful music we saw in our dream that this grand palace stood in extensive and beautiful grounds, in which were groups of women and girls of all sizes, also many animals and numerous majestic cats, three times as large as our orange and green-eyed friends in yonder tree. The women and children were all excessively happy as they worked, played or sang :

“ ‘ Join our bands, the word is spoken,  
Mercy is our cry ;  
We all plead for voiceless creatures,  
Victory is nigh.’

“And we dreamed on that because women, wee tots and girls had been humane to us, so under our *régime* we saw to it that they were perfectly happy. We had no dog-fights and no cock-fights to disturb the peace, though a few bull-dogs, who had been spurred on to fight by men in former days, still at times forgot themselves.

“We chose our pets from amongst the human race, as men had sometimes done with us. I was very fond of my boy Freddie, and he of me, and I dreamed that a bad bull-dog snapped at my pet boy, when, on my telling him to behave himself, he turned upon me. Freddie, fearing for my life, dashed at him, when the ferocious bull-dog turned again on Freddie, making a great many holes with his teeth in the tender body of my pet boy, at which the poor little fellow screamed so loudly that I awoke. So vivid was my dream, Mrs. Mastiff, Grip starting up from Dreamland at the same moment, that our hearts ached with fear.

“But as we more fully wakened and realized that we were still with our kind master, an impulse of great joy stirred our hearts that it was but a dream. As things are, they are best, in that we of the canine race are still the friend and companion of man.”

At the conclusion of the dream of the fox terriers there was a great silence; even Nature was appalled, not a leaf stirred. In great fright, I stole to the side of the stump on which my mother, as chairman, was seated. At this she jumped down close beside me, saying solemnly:



"Yes, Grit and Grip, though our cry for mercy is still unheard, for the sake of the masters we love and who are fond of us, we must try to be content, and say with you, 'As things are, they are best.'"

And we all echoed, "Yes, oh, yes; best, best."

## CHAPTER XI.

## MOUSIBISA, THE CAT, TELLS HER STORY.

MY mother Nellie, seeing my longing to be near her, bade me jump to the stump on which, as chairman, she was seated, which so pleased the convention that they gave way to much mirth, while I, throwing dignity to the four corners of the glen, nearly rolled off the stump; and the gay parrot cried:

“A speech, a speech from Lion!”

At this I rose to my feet, and imitating my mother's tones, said:

“As this is my maiden speech, please don't laugh. When I grow high and wide I shall do better. I shall now merely say that as a descendant of champion stock I cannot but champion the ladies, and therefore give precedence to Mrs. Mousibisa, whom your chairman, Mrs. Mastiff, has already called to the grassy floor.”

At this much laughter filled the glen, the gay parrot waking many birds, but poor Mr. Bob, the horse, lay still as death throughout the mirth.

The Maltese cat, Mrs. Mousibisa, springing nimbly upon the trunk of an oak tree that had been felled by the woodman four feet from the ground, her orange eyes shining brightly in the gloaming, purred forth her story as follows:

“Mrs. Mastiff, Lion, and all friends, though my kindred come from foreign parts, from a land where King Shivers drops no icy snow-flakes: where the nights are mild and inviting to the feline rambler; where I have often wished to be, but that I must travel long lengths of miles through the detested element, water, which at the mere thought of I draw up my paws from this stump with a shudder—yes, my friends, though full of pity for myself in that my kin were ever brought by man from our beautiful home on the Mediterranean, still my horror of wet feet has caused me to be content to remain in Canada; and only in my meditative moods, when lying on the rug in front of the grate of my late dear mistress, Mrs. Martin, did I roam in drowsy luxury among the vines, the olives, the lemons, the almonds and the cotton-fields on moonlight nights, in celestial company with my own race, the Maltese cats, in my ancestral home, lovely, fertile Malta.

“My earliest home was with a kind-hearted gentleman and his wife, by the name of Martin, who resided in the north-eastern part of Toronto, an aristocratic quarter in which the races human and feline were equally fine. I was brought to the Martins when quite a kitten, and found Thomas, a really superior specimen for a colonial cat, in possession. He had a beautiful basket in the boudoir of our mistress, with a soft rug inside as his bed, which was not, however, sufficient inducement to him to remain in every night, for Thomas loved a stroll in the moonlight.

“Thomas was a gentlemanly cat of a large size, and wore a brownery-yellow mottled suit, which was soft and glossy by reason of good living and much stroking. He had glowing eyes of bright orange, which were fierce or kind as he fought or purred.

“Fortunately (as my mistress said), Thomas received me with much politeness. Standing on his hind legs and taking me by the nape of the neck from my mistress’s lap, and carrying me to his basket, he licked the ruffled part of my grey fur, until I, losing all fear, rolled onto my back and playfully batted his head with my paws, which at once created a friendly feeling. This lasted until—but you shall hear later. Alas, that I should have to take up the refrain of my present mistress’s cry for the good old times!

“Our dear mistress was an extremely delicate lady, and our master, being a man of means as well as of humane deeds, was not only able but willing to lavish every luxury upon her; so that Thomas and I, when I grew old enough to take grown-up food, had the very best of times. At first, on going to reside with Thomas and the dear Martins, I was regularly supplied with sweet, warm milk six times a day, which Thomas never robbed me of. When I grew to be a beautiful, graceful blue-grey cat, I shared my mate’s regular meals, which consisted of oatmeal porridge and cream for breakfast, and a dainty chicken bone and dish of bread and milk for luncheon. For dinner we had nicely cut pieces of meat or bits of boneless fish, which make my mouth water even

now. We had tasty vegetables, rice pudding or custard, and each day a varied dish.

"Our good master also gr<sup>ew</sup> catnip for our winter use in a box which stood in a corner of the conservatory. In the winter our basket was beside the hot-water coils in the boudoir of our mistress, and every day our rug was removed and carried out to the clothes-line to keep it sweet.

"Thomas was a grand-looking cat, tall and strong, thick and wide. Thomas was also wise and good, learned and intelligent, the result, he told me, of systematic kindness. Our friends, my master and mistress, had made a study of him, and he had in turn made a study of them, the result being, on the part of Thomas, a wonderful development and a surprising knowledge of their word language. Thomas watched for the hour of our master's return from his office, and never missed taking the chain off the hall door, and welcoming Mr. Martin in various ways, carrying him his slippers, and on the sound of the dressing-bell, at sight of Mrs. Martin's maid assisting her mistress with her toilette, Thomas would fly to our master and attend him to his dressing-room and gravely watch him change his coat, pare his nails and reflect himself in the mirror's shining surface. Thomas would mount a chair and reflect also, as he washed his face and wondered where the cat so like himself (that he only met once a day) lived the remainder of the time. After Thomas had made his toilette he would scamper after me, whom he would probably find playing with my paper ball tied

to a string suspended on a nail, or running after and batting his own India-rubber ball; or, perchance, he would find me standing on the fence gossiping with Tabby, a neighbour cat, or watching Sandie, a red collie, leisurely gnawing a marrow-bone; or, mayhap, he would find me rushing about on a mad, unthinking frolic after my own tail. Whichever my mood was, Thomas invariably found me, when with feline grace I would walk with him to the dining-room. After dining, Mr. Martin would give his arm to Mrs. Martin, Thomas and myself following to the snug library, where we would spend the evenings. For a while our dear master and mistress would recline in easy chairs and chat as they laughed at my tricks on Thomas, as he indulged in an after-dinner nap on the rug. There he lay curled up comfortably, his great raccoon-like tail enwrapping his hind legs and coming up for a throat-covering, one paw shading the light from his orange eyes. I would sometimes take a long run and leap over his handsome mottled coat, when, if I awoke him, lo, in a flash I was an innocent ball of sleepiness on the knee of my mistress; or with velvet paw I would touch the ends of his whiskers, and on his rubbing his face in a dazed manner as he looked about him, I would be asleep with one eye open on my mistress's footstool.

"Ah, those were joyous times, Mrs. Chairman. We frequently had musical evenings, which we all greatly enjoyed. Our master played both harp and piano. Both he and Mrs. Martin were active members of the Humane Society, and would no more have thought of

keeping birds caged than of imprisoning Thomas or myself. They often expressed intense pity for the poor overloaded street-car horses, and condemned the unkind citizens who, with hearts of stone, persisted in boarding horse-cars when they were already full to repletion. 'Ah! the pity of it, the pity of it,' they would say as they sang:

“ ‘ Among our hills and mountains,  
And from each lowly vale,  
Oh, let the power of kindness  
O'er all the earth prevail.

“ ‘ Both heart and voice upraising,  
We'll swell this mighty plea,  
Till beasts, and birds, and all things,  
From torture shall be free !’

“ Mr. Martin had a rich, full voice, while Mrs. Martin's was sweet and low, excepting when a distressing cough drowned her notes. Then she would lie on the divan and beg Mr. Martin to sing to her, while his fingers made beautiful sounds on the harp. A great favourite with our mistress was one with words to the tune of:

“ ‘ Hark ! hark ! my soul, angelic songs are swelling,

and our kind master's voice was full of earnestness as he sang :

“ ‘ Hark ! hark ! the strain of mercy, gently stealing,  
Soft on the breeze at eventide is borne,  
Strain clear and sweet, and for all creatures pleading,  
Mercy and love from man to beast forlorn.  
Oh, may its mission sweet, echoed so long,  
Find in our hearts a resting-place secure and strong.’

"Ah! those were happy days, Mrs. Chairman, but alas! all too short.

"Thomas was the father of our beautiful kitten Mufftee; and I tell it with tears, Mrs. Chairman, that when our dear Mufftee grew able to eat solid food our loved mistress sickened and died. Our kind, good master, while in trouble's haze, compelled to go out to arrange about laying his beloved companion under the trees in the cemetery; heart-broken and dizzy with grief, while getting from an electric flyer off the wrong side—this was just before the gates were on, Mrs. Chairman—was crushed to death between two cars!

"You can, I am sure, dear Mrs. Chairman, imagine to yourself the state of grief Thomas and our beautiful slender kitten, with myself, were in, at sight of our dear master's poor, mangled body being lifted from an ambulance into our grief-stricken home. I remember the kind parlour-maid stroked me, as she said with tears:

"'Ah! Mousibisa, your trials have but just begun. I dread to think of you, big Tom and your sweet, pretty kitten being separated, for as I am not known to any member of the Toronto Humane Society, to beg them to adopt you, I feel sure you must go to different homes, which will be the death of you.'

"At this I climbed to her shoulder and rubbed my forehead under her chin, when, seeing Thomas and our Mufftee entering the maids' hall, their steps slow and looks mournful as a funeral dirge, I flew to them, and with many caresses related what the housemaid had said. Thomas immediately wrapped himself in



meditation; while Mufftee cried, I endeavouring in vain to quiet her, though my own heart was almost breaking.

“Oh, dear! oh, dear!” I cried, ‘what will become of us?’

“I had not thought of our family until the maid had expressed such sorrow for us. All my trouble had been for the illness and departure of dear Mrs. Martin, and now, alas! that our beloved master had also gone.

“Thomas now lifting up his voice, said to me in tones of solemn grief:

“Mousibisa, we have shared each other’s luxuries, we will not part now. Yes, though my friend Sandie, the red collie next door, tells me he heard cook say she would give me a home, but that she would show you and our gentle Mufftee the broom, I have decided that rather than be such a great, selfish brute as to desert you, I will share your fate and Mufftee’s as deserted cats.’

“The devotion of Thomas affected me deeply, especially as I already perceived a change in cook’s attentions, so that Thomas had had his first taste of neglect, which made his loyalty to his family the more noble, on the offer of good living being made to him, to decline it rather than separate from our slender Mufftee and my poor deserted self. Yes, Mrs. Chairman, it was each day more apparent that our cook’s had been but eye-service, for had she been cruel to us during our friends’ lifetime, she would have been discharged.

"The day after the double funeral, and during the auction of our house furniture, several of the mourners and purchasers offered to take Thomas home with them, but they with one consent jeered at Mufftee and me, which was doubly hard on me, as Maltese cats are very nervous and sensitive. I longed for a dear 'Band of Mercy' boy or girl to appear on the sad scene, and brighten our lives by taking us away together; and Thomas and myself wished that the Toronto Humane Society would, on seeing an auction sale at a private residence, send their humane officer to ascertain if any poor feline creatures were about to be rendered homeless. Oh, what a boon such an act of humanity would have been to us in the hour of our extremity.

"One result of our great bereavement was that Thomas, fearing that some admirer of his would capture him by force and take him away locked up in some piece of furniture, which was now all sold and being carted away, held serious converse with me as to how to escape his admirers. In the midst of our conference, two gentlemen laid violent hands upon him, and actually succeeded in tying him in a band-box. But their victory was only the length of five minutes, for on their carrying him triumphantly into the street, lo! my brave Thomas swiftly burst his pasteboard covering, leaving the mark of his claws in the shoulder of the man's fashionable coat, as he fled over his back and made a breathless return-run to poor Mufftee and myself, when he immediately hurried with us out to the woodshed at the end of the back

lawn, and hid with us until the house was deserted; and thus it was that we three became "lane cats."

"Words fail me, Mrs. Chairman, and dear Lion, with yonder horses, cows, squirrel, parrot, cats, and dogs great and small, in telling you of our intense sufferings, added to our semi-starved condition. We so missed the dear dead hands that had stroked us, and the gentle voices which had talked to and petted us, that Thomas and I would have laid down and died together but for our gentle Mufftee's sake.

"Winter came on, new tenants took possession of our house, but alas! instead of a 'Band of Mercy' boy whom we had longed for, the son of the house sported an air-gun, which compelled our family, as we valued our lives, to remain without food or water in a draughty corner of the woodshed loft all day. At night, when this cruel boy with his murderous weapon was nestling between soft blankets, Thomas and myself would emerge from our freezing quarters, leaving our delicate Mufftee in a state of nervous terror lest a rat should attack her and she see us no more; but I would not let Thomas go alone, as I knew he could not carry frozen garbage from amid the ashes in the lanes for both Mufftee and myself, so I stole away with him. This midnight search for garbage sends a thrill of horror through me even now."

At this poor Mr. Bob, the dying horse, moaned in sympathy, while ill-fated Mousibisa continued:

"I had never been accustomed to hardship, and frequently fainted with cold and hunger. Other cats

attacked me, but Thomas was more than a match for any of them; his spits, growls, and scratches terrifying me, for I had never been in fights before, and had never, in our happy days, seen Thomas' claws, he always having given me a velvet paw. Alas! that since those beautiful by-gone days, when the angel of peace dwelt in the home of the dear Martins, I should have learned to know that claws are frequently sheathed in velvet, not only among feline creatures but in the human family.

"I shall never forget the kindness of Sandie, the red collie, at this woeful time. He frequently shared his plentiful dinner with Thomas, which kept up my dear comrade's strength, enabling him to fight my battles and rout the cats who frightened me nearly to death by their attacks. A share of the red collie's dinner also gave him strength to catch mice for our timid Mufftee. I would only eat those caught by myself, as my companion was kept busy keeping rats at bay, as well as watching through holes in the shed walls, lest the son of the house should steal a march upon us with his cruel air-gun.

"I was always on the look-out for another shed owned by humane people, and one day I beheld through a crevice in our rear wall (which overlooked a lane running between our yard and others) that a kind lady came every morning to a door in a long, well-built shed and fed the sparrows. I could also see that trees and tall shrubs looked up from their snow bed in this lady's garden, which I thought would be pleasant for us, if we ever were fortunate

enough to find a dwelling-place at the good home of the sparrow-feeder. I called Thomas and Mufftee to come and gaze through the spy-hole which I had found, and though they were pleased they were not hopeful that the lady would adopt us.

“Hope, Mrs. Chairman, soon dies in the heart of poor deserted lane cats; *a human or feline creature fed on garbage and inhumanity soon becomes hopeless.*

“That same day, events decided our crossing the lane and begging at the sparrow-feeder’s door. Our hurried decision was caused by the fact of our foe of the air-gun having killed on the wing (as they soared aloft) five snow-white pigeons. We saw them fall from the broad blue heavens into different yards, so the next morning, ere sunrise, we assisted our gentle Mufftee to make the journey, coaxing her through the snow and guiding her up the easiest posts of fences we were obliged to cross. I nearly gave up the task in despair, but for the words of sympathy and encouragement from dear Thomas. Ah! his was a noble life of self-denial! At last we reached the cold steps of the lady who daily fed the sparrows with the crumbs that fell from her table. The snow had been shovelled from the steps the day previous, and as none had fallen during the night we sat on them, with Mufftee between us, speaking for her sake brave words of hope we did not ourselves feel. At last, after a long and shivering wait, the shed door was opened by the kind lady with the crumbs for the sparrows’ breakfast. She brought them out to the clean-swept wooden walk and emptied them.

“Down they hopped in eager haste from out the boughs of trees, and chirped and pecked as they ate or carried aloft the crumbs so kindly strewn.

“We were now her care. The lady, smiling, called : ‘Come, pretty pussies, you look very thin and cold ; come and have some breakfast, come !’

“Her voice and face were kind, so Thomas and I thought we might trust, and coaxing our Mufftee, we followed the good lady into the shed. She quickly brought and set before our famishing forms a large plate of porridge. After Thomas had seen Mufftee and myself commence to eat, he joined us. Ah ! dear Thomas was never greedy, as I have seen some children.

“Afterward the lady invited us to the kitchen, but the cross faces of a man and a maid frightened us. We fled to the end of the shed, where we three huddled up together in an empty wooden box, one of a pile of packing cases. For a few days in succession we were invited to partake of a porridge breakfast, which we relished exceedingly, but still felt the same wretched loneliness, with the ever-present feeling that we were in deed and in truth deserted cats.

“One day was bitterly cold, with a keen frost and cutting wind—so severe, indeed, as to fill us with fear lest our delicate Mufftee should freeze to death ; as it was, she was suffering from a cold all through her slender frame. The kind sparrow-feeder came several times that day to the door of the kitchen, calling to us to come from the packing cases and enter her door to warm ourselves. Thomas and I coaxed and im-

plored our dear Mufftee to accept the kind invitation, hoping she might find relief for her cold, but the poor little creature had lost heart and did not care to rouse herself. At last, to please us, she consented, and timidly entered with Thomas and myself, but the great heat of the kitchen range (after the intense cold of the outer world which she had been obliged to endure) was too much for her. A hot fire was a new sensation to our unhappy kitten, giving her a terrible headache and feeling of faintness. She tottered on her poor spindle-legs to the door. Thomas gave me a look which I returned in dazed helplessness; then, though loth to leave the luxurious warmth of the floor on which we had stretched ourselves, Thomas patted Mufftee on her poor sick head with his paw, but she sank to the floor in a dead faint, at which the cross maid-servant shoved her out with her foot, we hurriedly making our exit, for ours was an attached family, each unwilling to partake of good that another could not share.

"But, Mrs. Chairman, I must hasten, as well to spare your feelings as my own. Our beloved Mufftee became very ill, and even my brave Thomas became completely discouraged.

"But harder trials still were in store for us. The good kind lady went away, on which we were hunted from the shed and the sparrows were breakfastless. What, think you, Mrs. Chairman, next befell us? Only this, that the sons of man, made in the image of God, trapped my noble, unselfish Thomas for sport, and then hung him upon a pole supported by the

wooden fence at either side of the lane. I found him in this way: The poor fellow had been absent from us for two whole days and nights. This never having occurred since my first happy acquaintance with him, caused me excessive anxiety, so creeping ere dawn from our hole under a shed, I went in search of my companion, and the horrible sight which I have described greeted my sad eyes. There he hung, frozen stiff, his mottled coat of a beautiful brown and yellow (which had been often stroked by the kind hands of our departed master and mistress in their happy home) being now encrusted with frost. Several gaping wounds bore witness to the tortures he had suffered at the cruel hands of his tormentors. At the pitiful sight I was almost crazy, and I had scarcely sufficient reason left to creep back to my poor Mufftee, my grief-stricken face revealing that some awful trouble had befallen Thomas.

“I was in a stupor of grief for days, from which even the presence of my poor, thin Mufftee could not rouse me. At last maternal instinct conquered, and I resolved to devote myself to the protection of my dear kitten. But alas! one day hunger drove us to some garbage thrown into the lane by a servant, and I told Mufftee I would risk danger and creep from our hole to seize it ere it froze to the ash heap. But the loss of Thomas had made her nervous at losing sight of me, so the gentle creature stole away with me. We were just returning when the cruel air-gun brought down a sparrow, which caused Mufftee to drop the bit of meat in fright. I don't know how



I got her back to our hole. She was quite ill all day with a burning thirst and feverish cold. That night, endeavouring to cool her fevered tongue, my loved kitten, my beautiful Mufftee, fell into the icy depths of a soft-water barrel and was drowned.

"Crazed with grief, I fled from those horrible lanes to the street, and cried aloud in the bitterness of my woe. Stones were hurled at me, but I cared not, nor sought to protect myself. Where could I flee? Cruel boys were on both sides of the street.

"At last succour came. My present dear humane mistress was driving by, and full of sweet pity, ordered her coachman to stop his steeds and coax me to come from the vestibule of my dear old home, where, careless of the presence of the boy with the cruel air-gun, I had taken refuge. I allowed the man to save me from the death I saw awaiting me in the boy's savage eyes. My present kind mistress drove away with me out to East Toronto village, not far from this beautiful glen. I have now every comfort humane thought can suggest, and were it not for a sad past I might be happy; but, dear Mrs. Chairman, in conclusion, let me tell you that I am thankful to my good mistress, and try to be content."

As Mousibisa concluded her pitiful story we all wept with her. On our sorrow becoming quieter, she added earnestly:

"Oh, Mrs. Chairman and friends, had I ten thousand tongues I would use them all in appealing to the human race to have pity on the large army of poor, deserted lane cats!"

## CHAPTER XII.

## THE GAY PARROT SPEAKS AT THE CONVENTION.

AT the conclusion of Mousibisa's story, my mother, ever more eager to congratulate than condole, said :

"Your story affected me very deeply, Mousibisa : but I am happy at the thought that you have now a humane mistress, who will never, I am sure, part with so beautiful a cat."

And I, spreading myself as wide as my coat would stretch, in tall tones, said :

"Mrs. Mousibisa, were I not of champion stock, were I not Mrs. Mastiff's Lion, I would be your late noble, gallant, unselfish, faithful Thomas !"

At this the parrot led the convention in laughter and crying, while Mousibisa purred loudly and looked at me gratefully ere springing again into the tree and to the company of our dear friend, Mrs. Mouser, the spotted cat, and of Black Tom, the spoiled beauty from the city.

My mother having called the parrot to the grassy floor of the glen, in bright and lively tones it said :

"Mistress Mastiff and Mr. Lion, I have only *one* grievance, which is so small I can scarcely see it, and as the gloaming is upon us and my spectacles are not in my pocket, I shall tell it to you and get rid of it at once ; so here it is : Among the one gentleman, four

ladies and Leah, the maid, whose residence is brightened by my presence, not one of them is a linguist. Now, in my Spanish home a man or woman with only one language would be considered a very helpless creature indeed.

"The ladies of my family miss numerous fine sentences from my educated bill by their ignorance of my native tongue: but when I air the snatches of talk the sailors taught me, and see the faces of my four ladies aglow with mirth, I am amused to roars of laughter, for I know full well that, did they understand sailor-Spanish, they would all cry, 'Naughty Poll: Fie Poll!' instead of laughing.

"But you will be glad to hear that when a 'Band of Mercy' boy comes to visit us, I never repeat the words the sailors taught me. No, indeed, not I: The manner of my becoming acquainted with this good boy was in this way: One bright morning my four ladies went out shopping, telling Leah, the maid, to watch my movements, as I was sunning myself on the parlor window-seat. Now, the casement was open, which I greatly enjoyed, as I was ever ready, nay, eager, from this my favourite perch, to call out gaily to the passers-by. If I saw a man pluming himself in a new suit, I would call 'Tailor's goose!' If I saw a man silly with drink, I would call, 'Soft calf!'—"

"Whoa, there!" cried Mrs. Cow Bossy.

"I beg your pardon, Mistress Cow," said the parrot. "Next time I shall substitute 'butter.'"

"Order! order!" said my mother.

"Order!" echoed the gay parrot. "On this especial

morning I was full of fun, amusing myself by seeing the upturned faces of surprise and amusement at my personal remarks. At last my attractions were too many for the honesty of a bloated, dirty-faced boy, who stood and stared at me, casting covetous glances my way. Watching his chance when the constable disappeared around the corner, this dirty, vulgar boy mounted our steps, and coolly and deliberately laid hands on my beautiful green and red feathers. What could I do, dear Mrs. Chairman, but bite him, which I did, unsavoury and all as his hands were—when I bite, I bite—at which he lifted up his voice in an unmusical yell?

“At this moment a ‘Band of Mercy’ boy, clean as a new pin, his silver badge shining like a star upon his breast, hastily ran up our steps to the rescue; at which I talked sailor-Spanish to the dirty boy as I retreated farther backwards on the window-seat, and the dirty boy bent himself double as he tried to squeeze the pain of my bite out of his hand, all the time saying bad words, calling me uncomplimentary names, which was excessively rude of him, as I had only defended myself against his dishonest attack.

“Edmund, as I have since learned to call my young friend, put his fingers in his ears to crowd the bad words out. At last he said:

“‘See here! if you will quit saying naughty words I will give you something.’

“‘I don’t believe you,’ said the dirty boy, doubling himself up again as he descended our steps, Edmund

following, after ringing the bell and telling Leah to close the window: but Leah only closed the inside shutter, so I could still see and hear, as Edmund emptied his knickerbocker pockets of twenty-three cents, a piece of twine and a small top, a bit of biscuit, and a pencil. The dirty boy, leaving Edmund only ten cents, carried off every other article. Wasn't that mean, Mrs. Chairman, though Edmund didn't think so; he looked so pleased, and afterwards told us, in his frequent visits to me, that the dirty boy wears a clean face and hands now, and is a member of the same 'Band of Mercy' to which Edmund belongs.

"So you see, Mrs. Chairman, what a good influence this good boy has over everybody with whom he comes in contact. I can answer for the boy who wanted to make his own of me, as also for my four ladies and myself; yes, and through us five, over our one gentleman and Leah, the maid. I tell Pretty—that is my friend the paroquet, who resides in a cage next mine—that when Evadne, the new baby, grows out of long white gowns into short frocks, and is presented to me, I shall never say a naughty Spanish word within sound of her small, pink ears. But Pretty laughs and tells me I will forget: and I tell her that a little creature like her, given up to vanity, has no idea of the control a parrot has of its tongue.

"I have great fun with my four ladies, one gentleman and Leah, the maid. I roam at pleasure by bill and claw 'upstairs, downstairs, and in my ladies' chamber.' I give our family many a laugh and start. I got up the other night at midnight, and softly

glided (the moon joining in the frolic by lighting my path), by bill and claw, down the thickly carpeted stairway to the music room. At first I played the violin: then I promenaded the ivory keys of the piano. I did not try the organ, as I found it impossible to pump and strike at the one moment. At last I heard stealthy footsteps and frightened whispers overhead, when, in a trice, I glided from my musical walk and climbed again the moonlit stairs and into my cage.

“Pretty and I were nearly convulsed with laughter, which we were obliged to stifle, as, each clad in a long white garment, we beheld our four ladies, one gentleman and Leah, the maid, after having searched the house for burglars. Then peering into our room they gazed into our cages to see that Pretty and I were safe. At this most innocent act I could not contain myself, but burst into laughter, while Pretty, feigning sleep, shook internally.

“Oh, Mrs. Chairman, we have gay times, I can assure you. What with plenty of warmth, bright pictures and faces, a pretty blue and red rug for the draughty side of my cage, and good food, for which I am always ready, you may imagine how happy I am. I know the odour of all our dishes, and if one for which I have a particular fancy and of which I am eager to taste has been ordered, I go softly down stairs, enter the dining-room, climb to the buffet and touch the bell to hurry cook. If she grows angry I make her laugh by flapping my wings, and, as she says, jabbering (a complimentary way of alluding to my

Spanish). But I am quite above taking offence if I succeed in hurrying up a favourite dish.

"I confide everything to Pretty, and so amusing am I that my family could not live without me: even on rainy days our house is cheery, so that I often hear our friends singing hymns of praise and secular songs, such as:

"Within doors the live coals in the grate  
Are glowing ruddy and warm;  
And happiness sits at our fireside  
Watching the raging storm."

"They are all so humane they would not hurt a fly. Bless you, Mrs. Chairman, I don't feel caged. How could I when the door of the cage is always unfastened? *Men and women are fearfully cruel who imprison the dear birdies.*

"I often wish men would make a law against imprisoning poor songsters, and I long to see written on the city walls:

"Is it nothing to you to see  
That head thrust out through the hopeless wire,  
And the tiny life, and the mad desire  
To be free! to be free! to be free?  
Oh, the sky! the sky! the wide blue sky!  
For the beat of a song-bird's wings."

"Yes, Mrs. Chairman, my heart aches for the sweet songsters, and throbs with thankfulness at my own bright lot.

"And now, I fear I must leave you, as I promised to return to our family, whom I have escorted in a

drive from the city, they to go a-nutting in the beautiful woods above us, I to come to your very delightful convention; but now I must rejoin them lest they be anxious for my safety, as also I have yet to provide myself with a piece of bark, at which I love to bite.

“I am tremendously sorry, Mrs. Chairman, to be obliged to miss your lecture, and I hope to meet Lion in the city; and wishing each of you, and Lion in particular, the best of humane masters, good-bye, all. Farewell!”

And chuckling in a foreign tongue, she quickly moved by bill and claw up the trees on the side of the ravine, our voices echoing with regret, “Farewell, dear Poll, farewell!” until we lost sight of her brilliant plumage as she moved in the direction of a girl's voice, who said:

“Why, Poll! here you are at last! We were afraid you were lost. You dear old pet, we could not live without you.”



CHAPTER XIII.

MRS. MASTIFF LECTURES TO MEN AND TO DOGS.

MY mother Nellie was received with tremendous applause, as with good-humored dignity she jumped from the stump and trotted to the grassy floor.

You will remember that I was seated with my mother in the chair, during the speech by the gay parrot. Well, if ever one of the canine race was in a quandary, I was in one. Although it had never for one moment occurred to me that I should act as chairman at so important a convention, still it would never do for the descendant of champion stock to appear cowardly in the eyes of this immense assemblage by running after his mother; so making myself as high and wide as my well-fitting suit would allow, I waited to see if my mother would address me as chairman, which, as soon as the cheers of expectation had subsided, she did. Turning her handsome brown head to the stump (with a gleam in her eye only seen by myself), in decisive tones she said: "Mr. Chairman and Convention."

You, the readers of this my autobiography, will therefore understand that this position of affairs was not boldly assumed by myself, for it had been my intention, if the selection of a temporary chairman to succeed my mother had been put to the vote, to most

assuredly cast mine in favor of Maxy, the St. Bernard, who as a member of the Humane Society deserved such pre-eminence; but my wise mother had spoken, and I would not disgrace her by rebellion. As soon as the cheers (which had arisen on my mother having named me as chairman) had subsided, as if to accentuate my position, she again said :

“ Mr. Chairman and Convention, the wonderful and, in a measure, awful dream of our friends Grit and Grip, the fox terriers, has suggested to me a thought which I shall give you in this my *extempore* lecture to the canine race, more especially those about to enter the service of man.

“ I hope it is not treason to our masters to admit that I cannot but think did we dogs burst our bonds, as in the dream of the fox terriers, that it would on the whole result in benefit to both the human and canine races.

“ Now, I do not desire you to think that this condition of things for all time would be desirable. No! a thousand times no! for that was not the design of the Architect of all creatures. We hear that man is immortal. We, they tell us, have only this life: therefore we must bow to fate in acknowledging man our master.

“ But what an awful responsibility rests on man! Alas! we are defenceless in the midst of barbarities. Man does not as yet see that by reason of our defencelessness we have a right to humane treatment.

“ I often wonder that a great pity for us does not fill man's heart, unable as we are to give utterance

(in his language) to our pain, our joy, or at times warn them of impending danger, which we are frequently cognizant of when they are not. We are often cold and hungry, weary, ill, subjected to neglect in the matter of food and water, the recipients of kicks, blows and of general ill-usage, but we have no redress, and are loving and faithful to our masters through all.

“ Yes, thou, O dog ! whose faithful zeal  
Fawns on some ruffian grim ;  
He stripes thy coat with many a blow,  
And yet thou lovest him.

“ ‘ Shame, that of all the living chain  
That links creation’s plan,  
There is but one delights in pain,  
The savage monarch—Man !’

“ And yet we love our monarch, and would not burst our bonds if we could, at least not for long; but I would that we could be free to rule for a week, a day, and in that little while not to “ let slip the dogs of war,” though many savages amongst our masters would deserve such treatment for the cruelty which they perpetrate, and which is, being fostered by their too often silent pulpits, by their many silent school-teachers, and by their carelessly inhumane laws.

“ Yes, I would that for one short parliamentary session we could have the dream of the fox terriers realized, and that we could secure our freedom and in trenchant language instruct man in his duty towards us; that we could in that day mete out punishment on the men who train some of us to fight—so brutal-

izing us and themselves. All dog-abusers we would teach to be kind, by the enactment of stringent laws compelling them to be humane.

"We would beg our masters to order that all incurably diseased and aged amongst us be instantaneously and painlessly destroyed.

"We would pray them to see to it that, next to their own, the comforts of all God's creatures should be binding on those who owned them, and that those who disobeyed such laws be severely punished and compelled to forfeit such animals. ✓

"When this was all accomplished, we, my dear ones, would return to our bonds with very different monarchs in power. But as we may perhaps never change places, I must to my task and inform you of the canine race who are about to enter the service of man, what (if possible) to avoid, and what, in your treatment, to show unmistakable symptoms of joy at.

"But do you know, my friends," and my clever mother bent her head in momentary thought, "the strange dream of the fox terriers haunts me so that I feel constrained, with your permission, to alter the whole plan of my lecture. To explain: you are aware, my friends, that I am here to-night chiefly for the purpose of instructing young dogs, but owing to the awful dream of our friends Grit and Grip, I cannot divest my mind of the thought of the evils that would accrue to our masters did such a catastrophe occur. Moreover, I feel sure that my whole lecture should be more one of instruction to man in his care of the dog, than, as was my intention, to

instruct young dogs on entering the service of man. Therefore, if this convention does not object, I shall ask the opinion of Mr. Duke, the mastiff, and of Maxy, the St. Bernard, if they will kindly permit me to give a lecture of instruction to both men and dogs?"

At my mother's odd request the whole convention rose to its feet, and with cheers agreed to her wish.

Without a moment's hesitation, Maxy, the St. Bernard, at the request of Mr. Duke, the mastiff, rose to his feet and said:

"Mrs. Mastiff, I am quite sure I voice the sentiments of the whole convention in saying that any alteration you see fit to make in the plan of your lecture will meet with our cordial approval. Our only regret will be that among your delighted audience there will be no men: even our friend Mrs. Parrot would be thrice welcome, for she would be of service as reporter. Once more, Mrs. Mastiff, allow me to assure you that, so far as Mr. Duke and I are concerned, we shall lend attentive ears to your joint lecture to men and to dogs."

My mother, rising once more to her feet and in a pleased yet thoughtful manner looking around and about the beautiful glen at her mixed audience, said:

"I feel that a word of explanation is due to the sage members of this great meeting, as to my qualification to lecture to men and to dogs.

"Some among you are aware that Dr. Moole's pug dog Jack is one of my most intimate friends. I regret to say that by reason of the illness of Jack's

master, he feels that he must stay more vigilantly on guard at their home in the city, therefore is not with us to-night. His master is learned in pathology—that is, my young friends, dog diseases. Consequently I have learned much from Jack, who listens attentively to his master's lectures to boys and men on the proper way to treat dogs. Also, dear friends, in my frequent visits to Jack the pug dog in the city, I hear for myself much instructive talk between Jack's master and members of the Kennel Club, who often call upon this humane doctor for advice in pathology.

“In this way I have become versed in this knowledge: indeed, so much so that, were we dogs free, I could fill, without fear of discomfiture, a chair of pathology in any university in Canada. And you know, Mr. Duke Mastiff, that I am not of a boastful breed, but I have heard Jack's master say that Jack and I are very intelligent: so, good friends, I venture, with the thought of Grit and Grip's dream still haunting me, to give you a combined lecture to men and to dogs, with the hope that, in some way I know not, men may be instructed: and now to begin:

“When you, little dogs, leave the kennel of your mother and enter the service of man, your master's first act will be to train you. I hope he will be firm and kind, and that you will obey without a beating. If he is patient with you, you will love him; and it will be then an easy matter for you to obey, which you most certainly should do. He will be patient if he will only remember that his language is

a foreign one to you. How would he like, were he in Africa, to be floggéd and tortured because he did not obey the savage, when he was ignorant of the meaning of the native's words ?

"Try, my dear ones, to be perfectly clean in your habits, and if you are a house-dog, endeavour to open the door yourselves. I wish our masters would all teach us to turn a handle and lift a latch. We dogs are easily taught mechanical deeds. But however you manage, endeavour to avoid the epithet of 'dirty beast.' This is frequently given us by servants undeservedly, to get rid of us—have us sold, turned out, anything to get us out of the way. And they very often succeed, which causes us many a sad heartache at being compelled to leave a loved master.

"Ah, how sad is our defenceless position by reason of our inability to defend ourselves from slander ! But I would not have you repine at your lot. The faithful love we bear our master through careless neglect or ignorance on his part of what is due to us in the matter of food, baths, exercise, and medicine—I repeat, our love for our master will never fail him, nor cease to enable us to bear our burdens without a murmur.

"And first, I shall speak of your *Baths*.—Now, as to your being kept clean, as careless washing and indifferent drying gives us many colds and induces numerous forms of disease, I feel sure it had better be left undone than entrusted to the hands of the ignorant. Water with the chill off is warm enough for our blood, which is colder than man's; therefore

water that is only warm to him is hot to us. Good, plain soap should be used, and you should be rinsed off in clear water. You require a good lathering and rubbing; the whole process should be gone through quickly. The little ones of our race ought always to be dried before a fire, and one and all should have a run after a bath, as well as a little warm food or milk.

“Men and boys are sometimes cruel enough to throw our young into water, to teach them to swim: but it is a shock to the nerves and should never be done. Jack the pug dog and I often heard his master say so. I hope none of you will be sent to bed with a damp coat on. And a word here, my young doggies: Do not waste your strength by running into the water over and over again after sticks thrown by idle men and boys.

“As to your *Kennels*.—While I sincerely trust you may all have the happy fate to be house-dogs, if it be your lot to live in a kennel, I most earnestly hope that your masters will have it built a little off the ground, just high enough for an current of air. Your kennel should be as dry as his own house, and comfortably warmed by the sun's beams, with a sliding window to close during terrific storms. It should be roomy and built of hard wood; it should have a sloping roof, so that snow or rain would not lodge thereon. The roof should be of tarred felt, with sand strewn upon it while it is wet. The Kennel Club men all know this. I wish that every man and boy in the city could have heard their wise talk as my friend Jack and I did.



"Now, as to your *Bedding*.—I trust your masters will see to it that if you live in kennels you are generously supplied with good, clean beds—fine shavings or oat straw, with a sprinkle of turpentine to keep the insects at bay; or if you sleep in the house, I hope you will have a warm corner.

"We dogs suffer intensely if compelled to sleep in a vitiated atmosphere or in small closets. We require light, air and warmth. Had I the clever tongue of our friend the gay parrot, I would cry continually to our masters to keep at bay that foe of the canine race, the dreaded damp, which inflicts upon us mange, kennel-lameness, rheumatism, inflammation and many other deadly diseases.

"*Exercise*.—I hope you will have a good run every day. If our master realized how much we enjoy an outing with himself, he would be as eager for it as we are, and would encourage us to gallop, romp and play. You should have at least an hour's exercise every day in the open air.

"*Playthings*.—I hope your masters will provide each of you with a ball. We love a ball or a rubber ring. In fact, we all require exercise and playthings as much as children do, and your masters should not be cruel enough to possess a dog and neglect such essentials as these.

"Next, as to your being *groomed*.—If our masters knew, as every owner of dogs should, how beneficial a good brushing and combing is for us, they would not omit it; and when you become used to it you will look for and greatly enjoy the process. It makes our

coats sleek and keeps our skin healthy, as well as doing away with the necessity of frequent bathing. Some members of this convention have observed the beautiful condition of the coats of dogs owned by Kennel Club men.

“Now, as to *Companionship*.—I wish you to show symptoms of great joy if your masters make companions of you by taking you out with them in their walks and by talking to you. Avoid as much as possible the being pulled or fondled by the ears, as this silly, thoughtless practice, though not in every case producing deafness, often induces it.

“As to the *Clipping of your Ears*.—I trust your masters will not clip yours any more than they would their own. My own master says that when the Creator made all things He pronounced His works to be good, that is, well done; therefore it is very wrong and cruel for men to dock the horses or clip the ears of our race.

“Next, I must speak to you of *Chains*.—And oh, how I wish that in this my joint lecture of instruction to men and to dogs, our masters could hear me and understand me as you do, as, if so, a world of misery would be saved them did the dream of the fox terriers come true. Though your home may be a kennel, though you may be subjected to neglect, yea, and ill-treatment, all these ills will be as naught if you are allowed an occasional run; for if so, you can reach the glad free woods, where you will find a mouthful of couch-grass (containing a vegetable acid). Lion already knows to be so healthful. You may

also come upon a clear, running stream, or a blessed Humane Society dog-trough, or, if hungry, perchance come to a friendly butcher. I was once amused and pleased as with my master I went to purchase some meat. A vagrant member of our race entering was kicked by the butcher from his shop door, but the man relented on the poor, hungry animal standing on his hind legs to beg.

“But to return to the matter of chaining, to us who know anything of it a horrible thought! I pity you, my dear ones, if you have to experience it, for you are then at the mercy of man; and he who could chain you, could neglect you and leave you without food or water, without exercise and, what we so dearly love, companionship, could and would leave you in that abhorrence of dogs, a close, ill-ventilated, damp, unclean kennel.

“I once heard a man say, that ‘in the dog is the triumph of olfactory power,’ and, my dear hearers, I say proudly that that man was right, and the most infantile among you of the canine race have proved this fact for yourselves. Your temporary chairman,” said my mother, glancing affectionately towards me, “has himself frequently observed how much more acute is this sense of smell in our race than in that of mankind. Men, women and little children sit in apparent comfort in rooms from which we dogs are wild to escape on account of the vitiated atmosphere.

“Yes, friends, we dogs assuredly possess the keenest olfactory power, as I heard a Kennel Club man say. But I can only hope that your masters will be men

who have attended lectures on pathology, and then they will all hear, as my friend the pug dog and I have heard, that noxious gases allowed to generate in our kennels debilitate the sensitive membrane of our noses by filthy effluvia.

“Men say that this keen scent was given to us by the all-wise Creator to fit us for the service of man, as well as to assist us in our search for proper food.

“Next, my dear doggies, as to your *Food*.—And this part of my combined lecture to men and to dogs I shall give you as nearly as possible in the exact language used by pug dog Jack’s master, and just as I would deliver it were I in a chair of pathology in one of man’s colleges.

“Two good meals a day are all that are necessary, or indeed good for you. Remember that a glutton is a beast among men, while overfeeding in our case renders us unfit for our duties or for the companionship of our masters.

“I want you to show your disgust of gluttony by restraining your animal appetites. Refuse to eat more than twice a day, unless it be a bone, which is an excellent plaything, as well as good for your teeth, sharpening them for war. I hope no one will be mean enough to throw you a bone instead of a meal.

“Attention, doggies! Jack’s master was very particular about dog food, and said that a plate of meat well boiled, twice a day, mixed with rice, oatmeal, tripe, Spratt’s beet-root biscuit, with a cabbage in summer as an antidote against mange, is excellent food.

“If you don’t run much, meat once a day is suffi-

cient. Sheep's-head (boiled three hours), cow's-heel, ox-throttles, clean paunches, tripe and liver, all should be well boiled, with a variety of vegetables, which are very excellent to keep you in health. A little salt should be added, more especially after you have reached maturity. In the event of your being provided with vegetables once a day, I hope you will be given barley, Indian-meal or oatmeal porridge with milk for breakfast, and a bit of Spratt's biscuit as you go on guard or to your rug for the night.

"As to *Water*.—If we could but escape from our thrall, thousands of the chained amongst our race would make a mad, headlong rush for water. Water, blessed water! Oh, the untold sufferings we have endured for lack of it!

"Soft water is better for you than hard, and I can only hope that none of you may experience the pangs of a burning, unquenchable thirst."

And at the thought, my mother turned to look at me with such a strange look of unreasoning anguish in her eyes that I gave vent to a whine of sympathy, while she continued her lecture by saying:

"And next, of *Pathology*.—If your masters are happily humane medical men, and perforce opposed to that torture of the innocents, vivisection, it will be fortunate for you, for they will understand your ailments. You will hear your master, if he be a doctor of medicine, say, as he prescribes for you, that the human and canine races have many ailments in common, as also that drugs act in a similar manner upon the two systems.

“If you have a fit, or in a case of inflammation, fever, costiveness or distemper, the medical man will give you a dose of castor-oil and olive-oil in equal parts, from a teaspoonful to an ounce per dose. Powdered sulphur, given fasting, is cooling. For diarrhoea, your master will administer lukewarm castor-oil and a chalk powder, which can be mixed with your food, or with flour and milk well boiled.

“If you should have rheumatism, a soft warm bed with plenty of drinking water close at hand is necessary, and at once. Then you should have from three to ten grains of Dover’s powder twice a day; you should be kept on low diet for a day or two, then given purgatives.

“After motions of the bowels, you should be given a pill—one grain calomel, one grain purified opium, two or three grains powdered root of colchicum, adding syrup sufficient to form the pill. I am here giving you my learned friend’s exact words.

“After the medicine I have told you of, your master should rub a soap liniment into the painful parts, ten minutes at a time; and hot baths should be avoided for fear of insufficient drying.

“For worms, Spratt’s powders are excellent; and I hope you will not be made to fast over eighteen hours.

“For coughs and the husk, my doggies, your master should keep you dry and warm, and give you milk that has had suet boiled in it; also a dose of castor-oil, as well as some of the cough mixture he uses for himself.

"As to warmth, I trust your master will remember to keep you warm, whatever your ailment may be; this we dogs know to be most necessary in any and every ill.

"If your master be not versed in pathology, I hope for your sakes that he will call in a skilful veterinary surgeon.

"As most likely you will all find homes and masters in Toronto, I am glad to tell you the Kennel Club influence has created and is fostering a lively interest in our race, and bringing among us some very fine dogs. You will see this for yourselves in your walks; for men who are members of that club love their dogs and often take them out for a run.

"Yes, dear ones, there are many good masters in the city, and my hope for you all is that you may be so fortunate as to have the best.

"I must not forget to tell you, my young doggies, that a skilful and withal humane veterinary surgeon resides in the city, none other than my friend Jack's owner, who, as I have told you frequently, is also versed in pathology, so that there will be no excuse on the part of your masters for neglecting you, any more than there would be did they do so if illness came to themselves or those dear to them.

"I am glad to tell this convention that I have heard men say that there are in existence in several cities in Europe humane hospitals for poor, sick, weary animals; while in England, kind people who pity the dumb and defenceless amongst our race especially, have published a book, entitled 'The Nine

Circles; or, The Torture of the Innocents,' referring to vivisection as practised chiefly upon dogs."

As my wise mother told the meeting of the horrible cruelty of vivisection, the beautiful glen was filled with growls of anger and loud barks of rage. When the righteous indignation subsided, Mrs. Mastiff continued her lecture to men and to dogs by saying:

"Your anger is only just, my dear friends; but let us not dwell, upon it just now. And so I shall change the subject to the simple one of what dishes your masters should provide you with. If you are wise you will testify in every conceivable manner your appreciation of two graniteware dishes; one of them—wide-bottomed, so that it will not easily upset—for water, the other for your food. I hope your master will see to your dishes himself, in return for your sure and steadfast devotion. He should see also that your vegetables are cooked separately from your meat, as otherwise they may sour and make your food unwholesome.

"Next, my friends, I implore you to beware of the narcotic ball in the vile hands of the dog-thief. One of my audience, Marcus the pointer, tells me many of his friends have fallen into their greedy hands. Beware, then, of them; I entreat you to beware.

"Beware also of exposure to the great heat of the sun. Beware also of the frosty breath of winter. Once more, beware of the shower-bath from the clouds, when in a storm of anger they pelt their drops to earth.



"Next come your *collars*. I hope your masters will give you a comfortable throat manacle, and that they will see to it that it is removed at intervals, as the collar of a horse should be, in order that perspiration may be removed by scraping and oiling."

"It will be one of your duties to learn the scent of your master and his family. But I hope, in mercy to you, that your owner will have his name engraved on a metal plate upon your collar: for one of the many wishes I have for you who are dear to me," and at this my mother nearly broke down, as she looked around at me with a tear in her brown eye, as she continued earnestly, "this wish of the many I have for you is, that you may never know the heart-break of being lost! Yes, the being lost and the being chained are trials which break the loving hearts of our race, and why? Because we are in each case separated from our master, we are, what to our gregarious nature is our greatest trial, lonely.

"I speak strongly on this point, my dear ones, because one of my greatest chums some little time ago, a beautiful, loving, faithful mastiff, on a short chain, broke his heart with loneliness and neglect. Poor Sahib! I often heard him cry:

"What's left in my trough is all stagnant,  
Matted with tufts of hair;  
My kennel is littered and filthy,  
I'd rather my kennel was bare.

"Another long, lonely day to get over,  
Will nobody loosen my chain?  
Just for a run with my master,  
Then fasten me up again?"

As my kind mother told us the pathetic song of poor Sahib, everyone in the glen cried; even dying Bob moaned, while I, feeling doubly lonely, left my cloak of dignity on the stump, and running to my mother's side, whined in sympathy. It was some minutes ere we regained outward composure, when my mother resumed her instructive lecture by saying:

"Before proceeding with my lecture, I desire to thank you all for the privilege you so kindly accorded me in the altering of the plan of my address. The result is that my feelings are relieved in my instruction, not only to dogs, but to their masters.

"Again thanking you for allowing me to commingle instruction as I have done, before concluding, if it is your pleasure, I shall tell you of a few faithful, loving and heroic deeds performed by dogs. I ask you, is it your pleasure?"

"It is! it is! go on!" cried all voices in the glen.

"Thank you," said my mother, bending her fine head. "Thousands of lives have been saved by dogs in all lands and in many waters. Once upon a time, Roma, a brave, intelligent and handsome Newfoundland, was at the sea with his mistress, and her only and much-loved child, a beautiful and fearless little chap of nearly four years. With them were Eric's nurse and foster-mother, as well as a son of her own, a courageous little fellow of Eric's age. One day, while Eric's delicate mamma indulged in a sleep in a softly darkened room at their cottage, and Mary, his foster-mother, had left their summer home by the

shore of the great Atlantic to walk up to the village for provisions, the little fellows were, as usual, running about with Roma, the Newfoundland, and having a very good time gathering shells to carry with them to their city home, when, espying a small sailboat drawn partly up on to the beach, they climbed over its side and seated themselves in it.

“‘Oh, Henry, let us go out for a little sail,’ cried Eric, clapping his small hands; ‘but the *Nymph* is tied to her moorings. Run up the beach, Henry, and lift the iron ring off the hard-wood post, and as we can’t unfasten this other end of the rope tied to this big ring in the bottom of the boat, you must carry the other end of the rope, with its iron ring, down with you, and we shall give the two rings and the long rope a sail with us.’

“‘Very well, Eric,’ said Henry, accustomed to obey his foster-brother (as he invariably saw Eric’s mamma and his own mother do), ‘that will be great fun!’

“‘Yes, it will,’ replied the little wilful mariner: ‘and I’ll be captain: you, a sailor.’

“‘No, please let me be your mate,’ begged Henry.

“‘Well, perhaps, but run up as fast as you can for the iron ring and rope: quick, Henry, you must obey your captain. Quick, I say, or the servants will be after us, just because there are a few black clouds over there; but I am no coward, run quick!’

“In a little while Henry returned with the ring, the heavy rope trailing after him, and climbing over the boat’s side, he said:

“‘Now, will you let me be mate?’

“ ‘Yes,’ answered Eric, proudly, ‘I am captain, you are mate: Roma, my Newfoundland, is sailor, and the two iron rings are passengers. Get out, mate, please, and shove the *Nymph* out a bit. Never mind getting your stockings and slippers wet: sailors are often soaking. That is right: off she goes, but the wind helped you, mate.’

“And she did go, the breeze filling her sail and taking them in a minute several fathoms from shore. Now, this was more of the great sea than they desired. Still continuing out-bound, captain and mate moved from side to side of the tiny craft, and bent their small bodies over the sides to see how deep the great sea was. The sailor Roma, the Newfoundland, though really alarmed, was the only quiet one in the boat, and realizing the great danger threatening his little master, as well as Henry, as the *Nymph* rocked and tossed upon the awful waves, also seeing the growing alarm in the faces of the two little lads, he reasoned out a plan to save their lives. He knew there was no chance of succour from tourists passing by, for their cottage was secluded. Eric’s mamma desiring quiet, very few strangers visited this part of the beach. Roma feared to leave his charge, but it must be done.

“ ‘Henry, mate, obey your captain. Don’t let Roma leave the boat: take that iron ring from his mouth!’ cried Eric, brave, yet frightened.

“ ‘He won’t let me take it, captain. Oh, Eric, I can’t hold him. See! he is over and into the big waves,’ and the poor little mate’s tears fell.

“ ‘Stop crying like a baby, Henry, or you’ll make a

coward of me,' said Eric, brushing away his tears with a very wet pocket-handkerchief.

"In the meantime, Roma had sprung into the great waters, the iron ring in his mouth, and though at first the little lads had endeavoured to pull him back by the rope, they soon ceased; as it was now as much as they could do to hold on to each other and to the sides of the boat to escape being washed overboard.

"Off and away swam brave Roma, battling with storm-tossed waves, the heavy iron ring in his mouth. At last he reached the shore, the rope, as he had intelligently foreseen, just coming to the beach. There he sat on the wave-washed shore, a firm grip of his teeth on the rope, his eager eyes watching for someone to come to his aid in saving the children's lives.

"Fortunately, cook and Eric's mamma's own maid, having seen a storm coming up and missing the little boys, at this moment reached the beach, breathless from their hasty run. Without delay, cook, divesting herself of gown and boots, plunged into the great Atlantic waves, saying, in frightened haste:

"'I can scarcely swim a stroke; but, thanks to good Roma, we have the rope, with which, if you and he hold it fast, I can keep above water until I reach Master Eric and Henry.'

"Before cook, by aid of the rope, could cover the distance, Eric was washed overboard, which watchful-eyed Roma seeing, he at once sprang into the waves and out towards the *Nymph*, bringing him in to the shore more dead than alive, but happily alive. For

it was he, grown to be a tall, strong, brave youth, I heard tell the story of Roma's sagacious, loving act."

As my mother concluded her recital of the Newfoundland's bravery, I cried, eagerly:

"Please, Mrs. Mastiff, what became of Henry, the mate?"

"Henry was saved by cook," replied my mother, "and is now mate on a steamship. Master Eric is a midshipman in the Royal Navy, on one of Her Majesty's war-ships, and was home on furlough. He is a humane youth, and thinks of exchanging to the merchant service and sailing as captain, with Henry as mate."

"What of Roma?" cried all voices in the glen.

"Roma lives an honoured, happy life with Eric's mamma, in England," answered my mother, in pleased tones.

At this the whole company rose to their feet and cheered.

"I could tell you," continued my wise mother, proudly, "of dozens of brave acts performed by our race; but it grows late, so I shall merely give you two or three proving our devotion to our loved masters, and I shall first give you an incident in which a trusty member of our race met a painful death in discharging his duty:

"Watch was a mongrel of kind and gentle disposition, although as courageous as the best bred of us in defending the property of his master. He was on guard as usual while his master, who was a farmer, and his family slept. It was a beautiful still night in spring, and Watch, proud of the confidence his master

had in him, went his rounds faithfully, pricking up his ears at the slightest unusual sound: sometimes staying a minute to slack his thirst at his dish of pure soft water, or to fill his nostrils with the scent of the green things peeping above ground moist with the dew of night. Watch went his rounds in placid content through the narrow earthen walks in the fields and vegetable garden; thence through the yards, and forgot not to take especial guard of his good master's granaries. Thither he had again wended his steps when, pricking up his ears, he scented danger. A quarter of a mile from his master's granaries a rivulet ran through the farm, over which had been a rustic bridge, which a strong and angry wind with pouring rain had, a few days before, broken up and swept away as with a mighty broom. The farmer and his strong son Jack had thrown across the stream a thick stout plank of wood, over which Watch espied a man come sneaking in shelter of the dark of night. He bent his steps in the direction of the granaries, when Watch, lifting up his voice, barked loud and long, seeking to rouse his master; but daily toil in barn and field makes the farmer sleep soundly. As the thief drew near, Watch bravely dashed towards him to defend the quantities of well-cured meat and bins of grain, when, in a rage at the dog's loud and angry voice, the man let fall the meat with which he sought to fill his bag, and lifting up a spade, with one strong, murderous blow, he broke poor Watch's back. He never barked again, but tried to crawl to say good-bye to his young master Jack;

who now, with his dying eyes, he saw come rushing from the house. Poor Watch died in painful agony, but lived to see the thief fly for his life over the swaying plank that spanned the rivulet, his master in hot pursuit.

"Thus, my dear ones, you have seen how Watch gave his life for duty."

"Noble Watch: brave dog!" cried Marcus, the pointer.

"Poor fellow!" said Bruno, the St. Bernard, while many of us cried because of the cruel death of faithful Watch.

"And now," continued my mother, gravely, "I shall give you a pathetic instance of devotion.

"Bobby was a rough-coated but loving-hearted Scotch terrier who had a master for whom he felt an affection that knew no bounds, that not even death could sever. Bobby's master was poor, and, therefore, almost friendless. It came to pass that this little Scotch terrier lost his loved master through death.

"Bobby followed him to the grave, and when the other mourners had left old Grayfriars churchyard (Edinburgh), they called Bobby to follow them, but no, the place where his loved master lay, though buried from his sight, was dearer to his sad heart than a home in a king's palace, and there Bobby remained for fourteen years, only leaving the sacred spot for necessary food and water, which he got at the house of the grave-digger near by.

"Yes, Bobby was not only faithful to the death of



his master, but beyond it, and to his own life's end.  
Poor Bobby often said :

“ ‘Is timè sae lang? I dinna mind.  
Is't cauld? I canna feel ;  
He's near me, though under the ground,  
And so 'tis vera weel.

“ ‘I thank ye a' that are sae kind  
As feed an' mak me braw ;  
Ye're unco guid, but ye're nae him,  
Ye'll no wile me awa.' ”

At this we all cried and cheered until we were hoarse, and obliged to cure the lump in our throats by lapping at the clear running stream, my good mother giving me a kind word and caress as we walked on. Again mounting the stump, my mother continued her interesting lecture by saying :

“Faithfulness is a very strong trait among our race. A traveller and his Irish setter Truro visited a mountainous country in which were tremendous precipices. One day, after a long and fatiguing ascent, the poor traveller in his rapt gaze, now at the heights still above him, now at the awful precipices in their cruel depths below, grew dizzy, missed his footing, and, awful fate! tumbled headlong, striking rocks and peaks, until, a mangled corpse, he was received on the ledge of a rock far beneath.

“Wild with grief, Truro dashed and ran, tumbled and fell, until, with a broken leg and many wounds, he reached the side of his poor master.

“A month afterwards a body of men, who had been searching for the unfortunate traveller, came upon

the pitiful scene of Truro, in his noble faithfulness, seated by the decaying and still beloved corpse of his master.

"A number of dead bodies of birds of prey were scattered around. They had come to feed on the body, but had been fought and killed by Truro. The faithful setter was emaciated to a skeleton, and died in a short time of a broken heart.

"And now I ask what kind of a master, think you, would that man make who trains our loving, unselfish, faithful race to fight?"

"A brutal one," we all cried with one voice.

"Yes," said my mother, indignantly, "I am at one with you—a *brutal* one. The man who could urge two creatures to tear each other to pieces possesses so wicked a nature, so mean a soul, as to render it unsafe, yea, dangerous, to his own race, as well as to all God's creatures, to have such a one at large.

"May the Creator guard you all, my doggies, from falling into the clutches of such a master, or of the man who has so cruel a heart as to take out a patent for his own diabolical invention, the wheel-like treadmill, on which our race are trained by man to kill each other. And may you be saved from such a master as would take out a patent for a machine to dock that noble quadruped the horse; or from him who would train cocks to fight by putting spurs on them and making them vicious by the use of certain foods; then hanging a poor cat up to the ceiling in a bag for the cocks to fly at as the unfortunate animal madly struggles for liberty and breath."

"Excuse me, Mr. Chairman, for breaking in upon our honoured speaker," said our friend Mrs. Mouser, the spotted cat, angrily. "I can assure you the cruelty to our race you speak of is only too true, for my friend black Tom from the city has informed me that a poor deserted cat he knew well was hung up in this manner, and, on the cock being trained and her struggles almost stilled in the painful death of suffocation, she was released. What for, think you? To be skinned by cruel boys while yet alive!"

At the confirmation of this horrible cruelty, groans filled the glen, while my mother expressed great indignation at such barbarities, and in a few minutes resumed her lecture by saying:

"My heart aches for the whole defenceless world of animals, only to think that many of our race have quite recently been tortured by having had one shoulder separated from the body by a sharp knife. Thus lacerated and sick at heart, we have been turned into the vast and pitiless streets, to be stoned or to starve. A beautiful and noble member of our race had his four legs tied together by cruel boys, who then, making an incision in a sensitive part of his body, filled the orifice with the burning irritant called Cayenne pepper."

"Terrible! terrible!" cried all voices. "Are we never to know kind treatment?"

"Our lot is indeed a hard one," continued my mother, mournfully; "but it grows late. I must now close this meeting by saying that it is indeed most pitiful that man, endowed, as he is, with so many

blessings unfelt by us, so much power, and such marvellous, mighty speech, will ignore our cries for considerate, for humane treatment; will pass by on the other side should he see a case of brutality practised upon us defenceless creatures, instead of raising his mighty voice, yes, and applying his stick to the offender.

“Oh, for a time to come, when the Angel of Peace will dwell in every heart, in every home! Then, yea, then, will man abandon his cowardly meanness in—now—winking at the cruelties practised upon us, for fear, forsooth, of offending bad men who brutalize themselves and rising generations by diabolical cruelty towards poor creatures placed in their care

“A horrible fact was related in my hearing by a good woman the other day. But if I tell it to you; I must first have your promise—which, being of a faithful race, I know if you give it you will hold sacred—that after you have heard this horrible fact, you will not seek to revenge yourselves upon the sons of man. Have I your promise?”

“You have! you have!” cried all the dogs, bounding to their feet.

“Very well, I trust you,” returned my good mother, gravely. “I shall merely give you the bare fact, as did I dwell upon it in detail I could not answer for myself, not being bound by a promise, as you all are. Listen. In a neighbouring town there existed six years ago a society of boys, organized for the perpetration of cruelty to animals.”

On my mother's announcement of this terrible fact,

suppressed growls of wrath rolled like thunder through the glen ; while Jack the bull-dog, unable to restrain his rage, caused some among the tenderly nurtured spaniels to crouch in fear by his dashing forward and facing my mother, demanding the place of abode of the wicked lads. At this my mother, much moved and eyeing the bull-dog solemnly, said :

“Jack ! Jack ! remember your promise.”

“Yes, yes, your promise, your promise,” echoed Maxy and Bruno, the St. Bernards. But I could easily see many of the dogs were of the same mind as Jack the bull-dog, who retired to his seat, growling angrily the while.

After a few moments of troubled silence my mother resumed her lecture as follows :

“In conclusion, dear dogs, my fervent, heartfelt wish for you is, that each and all of you may fall into the hands of humane masters. In the meantime we must wish each other good-night, and travel through these sweet woods to our homes.”

At the conclusion of my wise mother's lecture, I leaped from the stump, and after joining in the great applause, said :

“Mrs. Mastiff, mother, will you oblige me by again seating yourself on the chair ? You must be very tired standing so long.”

“No, I thank you, Mr. Chairman,” answered my mother ; “it grows so very late that even our temporary chairman, Mr. Lion, must be weary. I therefore move that we at once separate and return to our respective homes.”

"One moment," cried Bruno, the St. Bernard, stepping hastily forward. "I move a vote of thanks to the speakers of the evening, and trust you will not deem it invidious to add, especially to Mrs. Nellie Mastiff for her highly instructive and interesting lecture."

"I have very great pleasure in seconding that motion," said Fritz, the black-and-tan terrier, in his blandest tones.

"A motion, Mrs. Mastiff, which I heartily endorse," remarked Maxy, the St. Bernard.

"Me, too!" echoed Queenie, the toy black-and-tan terrier.

"Carried, with three cheers, but no tiger!" I cried, leaping and barking simultaneously; "for I can speak for myself and affirm that I feel so wise and upgrown since hearing Mrs. Mastiff's lecture to men and to dogs that my coat is too tight for me."

"Order! order!" said my mother, quietly.

"One moment, Mrs. Mastiff," cried Jack the bull-dog. "I just want time to say that my own experience, as well as the information regarding the cruelty perpetrated upon us by man, of which you, Mrs. Mastiff, have told us, lead me to wish, yes, and to hope, that the dream of our friends Grit and Grip may yet come true, and," he added, showing his teeth, "that we dogs may yet attain our freedom, and not for a week or day, but for all time."

At Jack the bull-dog's awful words, some of the dogs applauded, wagging their tails; others who had good masters hung their heads in thoughtful medita-

tion, an oppressive silence filling the glen; when Mrs. Mouser, the spotted cat, relieved our discomfiture by saying:

"Permit me a word, friend Nellie. I have attended numerous conventions, but at none have I heard a feline creature speak so fluently or give so much information as Mrs. Mousibisa, the blue-grey Maltese."

"A thousand thanks, Mrs. Mouser," responded Mousibisa, purring loudly. "In return for your kindness, you shall never, no never, feel my sharp claws."

As we all gathered around my clever mother in informal chat and congratulations, as we departed from the beautiful Kew Mount glen, she said in earnest tones:

"I am well pleased at the success of our convention. We have had passing gleams of happiness in the midst of cruel realities. Such, alas! is our life."

And with kind good-nights we departed to our different homes, to our humane or inhumane masters, leaving Mrs. Hack and her colts keeping poor Mr. Bob, the dying horse, company, as with great pain and difficulty he drew near to his last breath.

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### TO MY DOG.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.

"My dear, dumb friend, low lying there,  
A willing vassal, at my feet,  
Glad partner of my home and fare,  
My shadow in the street,

- “ I look into your great brown eyes,  
Where love and loyal homage shine,  
And wonder where the difference lies  
Between your soul and mine.
- “ For all of good that I have found  
Within myself or human kind,  
Hath royally informed and crowned  
Your gentle heart and mind.
- “ I scan the whole broad earth around  
For that one heart which, leal and true,  
Bears friendship without end or bound,  
And find the prize in you.
- “ I trust you as I trust the stars,  
Nor cruel loss, nor scoff, nor pride,  
Nor beggary, nor dungeon bare,  
Can tempt you from my side.
- “ More playful than a frolic boy,  
More watchful than a sentinel,  
By day and night your constant joy  
To guard and please me well.
- “ I clasp your head upon my breast—  
The while you whine and lick my hand—  
And thus our friendship is confessed,  
And thus we understand.
- “ Ah, Blanco ! did I worship God  
As truly as you worship me,  
Or follow where my Master trod  
With your humility ;
- “ Did I sit fondly at His feet,  
As you, dear Blanco, sit at mine,  
And watch Him with a love as sweet,  
My life would grow divine.”



## CHAPTER XIV.

## MY LOVED MASTER AND MY HOME.

THE parting scene with my mother Nellie, which occurred two days after the convention in Kew Mount glen, was so affecting I dread to recall it: you, my readers, will therefore please excuse its appearing in this my autobiography. In considering my own feelings in this omission, I am also considering yours. For did I picture to you my mother Nellie's suppressed grief, while endeavouring to instil courage at our separation into my sad heart, you would shed many tears: suffice it to say, that my mother Nellie was finally sent with the Boston boys on some pretended errand, so that she should not be a sorrowful witness to my struggles, or hear my loud and angry voice when strange hands were laid upon me.

I can tell you nothing of my first master, as all the short time I lived with him I mourned for my mother Nellie and for my runs with her in the wooded heights and to Balmy Beach, in the near vicinity of my earliest home.

I fear I tried the patience of this good man by my incessant fits of the blues, as I hid under pieces of furniture and refused to be comforted; and if he should read this my autobiography, I tender him my regrets at my seeming moodiness while under his roof-tree.

I would, I believe, have pined to death—for we mastiffs are capable of very strong affection—but for an incident which I shall relate to you.

My first master arranged to part with me to a Mr. Freeman, and the day previous to going to this latter gentleman's, I was fretting myself sick near the door-step of my temporary home, when, what joy! who should pass but my mother and one of the Boston boys! They were very much shocked at my altered appearance: in fact, my kind mother nearly broke down as she lingered to say:

“Oh, Lion, try to be happy; try to love the new master to whom you go to-morrow, or you will pine to death and break my heart. Good-bye, good-bye.”

Her tearful, loving words braced me to bear all things rather than grieve her, so from that moment I determined to extract all the marrow I could from the bone of my life: and have done so ever since, and have earned for myself the character of a lively, happy, affectionate and faithful dog.

On reaching my new home, the faces and voices of Mr. and Mrs. Freeman greatly pleased me, as also did a dear lady who was a house-guest, and who, I learned, was Mrs. Freeman's mother. I tried to be happy in their company, and am pleased to tell you I succeeded; they were all so kind and sympathetic with me, a little stranger come to dwell with them, that I would have been a churl, instead of a scion of champion stock, not to have shown gratitude.

Mr. and Mrs. Freeman at once made a companion

of me, and we all, with the other lady, soon became fast friends, while I resolved to be faithful and watchful of their wishes and to guard them from thieves, as my mother would have done. These good people have very kind hearts and would as soon have thought of chaining one of themselves as of fettering me to kennel life. How shall I find words to tell you of their humanity towards me and of my great attachment for them!

They at once gave me a comfortably-fitting collar, toys to play with, and one generous meal of meat and oatmeal every day, with easy access to clear cold water, with which my dish was well supplied. I had many a sweet, juicy bone, and a biscuit when they thought I should be so indulged.

When I grew older I was allowed a run by myself in the evenings after the small boys were off the streets. Ah, how often did my thoughts fly to my mother and her dread of the boys who were not "Band of Mercy" members. Well, well, one cannot always stay with one's mother. Mr. and Mrs. Freeman used to watch at the window until the boys were off the streets before they opened the hall door to me for my run, for those boys used to tease me and spoil my temper by pretending to throw stones and sticks for me to run after, and when I started, alive and eager, I heard their laugh of mocking ridicule as I found no stick. I used to grow angry at such rude behaviour, which caused me to think it a pity a thoroughbred should be sport for ill-bred children. They would also throw fire-crackers near me

to see me start, and frequently made stone-crackers burst on my nice smooth coat. At first my kind mistress taught me to come home in good time by showing a bone to me and telling me that I should have it on my return if I did not remain out too long. I soon learned to obey, and enjoyed my scamper very much, frequently running to the beautiful, free Queen's Park, and thinking of my good mother as I ate couch-grass she had taught me the benefit of.

One day my mistress and myself were out for a walk, and seeing a red collie sitting on Yonge Street sidewalk, looking very lonely and wearing a lost air, Mrs. Freeman said to me :

"Lion, wait a moment ; I am going to speak to this poor collie. He is, I fear, lost, and I know he won't bite me. I understand the canine race too well to think such a kind-looking, solitary creature would snap at me." And stepping towards him, she said kindly, while patting his head :

"What is the matter, old fellow ? Where is your master ? Are you lost ? I fear you are ; I don't like to leave you sitting here for fear of dog-thieves."

At the words of Mrs. Freeman, I remembered how my wise mother had implored of us in her lecture to beware of the narcotic ball in the hands of the thief of our race ; and I hurriedly stepped back, as the collie stood up hesitating whether to follow us or not, and hastily gave him my mother's warning. At this moment Mrs. Freeman turned, as she said kindly, while again patting him :

"You may come home with us if you like, collie ;"

which, like a sensible dog, he did, expressing his gratitude as he followed us.

A few weeks after this occurred the collie's master saw him with us, and claimed him, calling him Sandie. At the name my thoughts flew on the wings of delight to the story of Mousibisa, and on questioning Sandie I was overjoyed to find in him the friend of the departed great and noble Thomas of the mottled fur coat. We often indulged in long talks about the family of poor Mousibisa. But to return to the collie's master. On seeing what a good home Sandie had with us, and how attached he had become to my mistress, the gentleman said Mr. and Mrs. Freeman might keep him.

Sandie having befriended Mousibisa's good Thomas, and being a thoroughbred with no mean ways, he and I became fast friends, were polite to each other, never making free with each other's property—as I have heard men say is too often the case among the human race. Sandie never presumed to play with my hoop, which I loved to toss in the air and try to catch over my head; nor did he ever make his own of an ancient sofa pillow Mrs. Freeman had given me, and which I carried in my mouth wherever I wished to rest my head, and so protect myself from earache.

But Sandie and I often had a grand tug-of-war with an old leather collar. We enjoyed this very much, and it was really great fun for us.

I heard a man say that very few people are aware of how necessary it is that all animals should have

playthings. Oh! how wise my mother was; she knew this long ago. I heard the same man tell of a humane traveller who visited that dreadful place for animals—the Zoological Gardens at London. The traveller was shocked at the melancholy appearance of the poor caged creatures, seeming especially struck with the mournful aspect worn by the rhinoceros; so much so, indeed, as to impel him forth to a toy shop, from which he returned to those dreadful gardens with a huge wooden ball which he bade the keeper put into the poor creature's cage; when, to the delight of the kind traveller, the rhinoceros, showing symptoms of joy, immediately proceeded to roll it about with his horn.

“One day the red collie and I escorted our mistress to Sherbourne Street, and we three were excessively amused to witness the fun a happy mongrel (who wore a black coat) was having, as he tossed, shook and battled with an old boot he had found. His young mistress called him Carl, and seemed glad as they walked along to see him make merry.

Before the red collie was adopted by us, I had a playmate in a Persian kitten named Tot. The wee creature was not a bit afraid of me, though I stood quite high and was growing wide. Tot was so prettily saucy I forgave her many and many a time. She would steal bits of meat out of my dinner with a tiny paw from under my very jaws. I did not like to see her eat the meat. It was not proper food, not fit for a kitten, but I was too soft-hearted to snap at her.

Tot was very fond of me, and I of her. She wore

furs so like poor Mousibisa's that for this reason alone I would have made a pet of her.

Sometimes when I had a run and frolic on the back lawn, on desiring to re-enter the house, lo, the door was fastened and I was obliged to wait the knowledge of my dear mistress that I was there, or the pleasure of the maid to open it, so that Tot and I came to an agreement that on my bark for entrance, she should run and ask someone to let me in. This my small friend in grey fur did, never failing me. There she would sit, flattening her pink nostrils on the cold window pane until she saw me tired out and overheated with my races and tumbles amid the grass or piles of snow, when off she would run and scratch the gown of Mrs. Freeman or the apron of the maid and mew her request, which was laughingly acceded to and the door opened at once.

But, alas! *too much meat gave our pet fits*, and one day, after suffering great agony, she lay down and died.

I mourned for her, refusing my good dinner for two days. Poor, dear Tot!

I need not tell you that I had the run of the house, of which I was co-guard with my master. Yes, and I at times assisted in the culinary department, as I could not endure ill-cooked food. I made a point, if at home, to look into the kitchen when my dinner was cooking, and if there was a fear of its not being sharp on time or—horrible thought!—burnt, I stirred it myself.

After the lamented decease of my little friend

Tot, I was confronted by another grief. News came to us that the lady for whom I had so strong an affection—I allude to the mother of Mrs. Freeman—was very ill at Detroit, that terrible disease men call *la grippe* having seized upon her. I did all I could, being dumb, to testify my sympathy. They gave me the envelopes of the letters containing news of her illness, over which I whined aloud.

The night that intervened ere we could leave for the States to see Mrs. Freeman's mother, I was in agony lest she should die, and frequently left my rug to stare out of the window and up to the sky with its thousands of glowing lamps. For my wise mother had told me she had heard men say that a great dog and a little dog were among the constellations, and I wondered if the dear lady had gone thither, and if others of the canine race would join company with the great dog and little dog; and I whined aloud, causing my master to start up in his sleep and come for a minute to pat me and to say a kind word. After my master fell asleep I again cried out in my longing to know all about these awful things, and whether, if I went away up among those shining stars, I should meet the kind-hearted lady, and my master, my mistress, and my good mother; otherwise I should not be happy.

The following day Mrs. Freeman and I left Toronto for Detroit, travelling with the utmost speed. Part of our journey was by water, and an angry storm knocked our boat about and nearly blew it over into the deep waters of Lake Ontario.



I was down with the trunk of my mistress and those of the other passengers, and as the storm grew in violence my nervousness increased. Thoughts of being dashed into the great waters do not give courage to a dog on guard of a trunk at midnight, tossed about so, as I was, first against one trunk, then against another, while a swaying, flickering ship's lantern made strange shapes appear in every corner.

I cried aloud, though by nature brave, and as I did so the petite form of my mistress appeared. She was white as winter snow, and shivering with the cold, as she drew her heavy travelling cloak about her and begged the night-watchman to be allowed to take me to keep her company and to cure my nervous loneliness during the storm.

That fearful night at length passed, and we reached Detroit in safety, at once driving to the address of the poor sick lady; and so great was my joy to see this kind woman alive, and strong enough to stand up to welcome us, that I stood up on my hind feet and embraced her.

We took our patient out for many healthful drives through the beautiful city of Detroit, and were very happy together; and now that she was rapidly shaking off that horrid *la grippe*, I threw off my habit of mourning and welcomed the return of gladness by so many wags of my tail as to cause my mistress to laughingly say she feared I would "wag it off"; but I was so glad, I did not take offence at personalities. I only wagged the oftener, and knocked

about with joy, as Frisky, the squirrel, would have done. Indeed, so clumsy was I in my mirth that I knocked the spider-legs from under a five-o'clock gossip table, which caused Mr. Freeman to hide a smile and my mistress to scold.

While at Detroit, we did not witness so many cases of cruelty to the horses as we do at Toronto, and during our stay there we were informed that Chicago has an ambulance for her poor sick horses. We were pleased to hear this, but sorry that any American city knows what is due to that noble quadruped the horse better than Toronto does.

Well, time went on, and I became more and more the companion of my dear master and mistress, both at home and in their walks. I have listened to many conversations, when they thought "Oh, it's only Lion": but much of their converse was very interesting to me, though they frequently said I was asleep, or they thought I was paying no attention. One evening I heard a friend say that, in his opinion, the canine race ranks next to the race human; also, that we dogs, of all animals, are man's faithful and constant companions; that much as man may love other creatures belonging to him, after their duties are over they are dismissed to stable or outhouse, while dogs alone remain; also, that *all other animals love best to herd with their kind, but that we dogs love best the society of our masters.* And I knew that this man spoke the truth, for at last I had attained mature growth.

About this time, I was off one evening for a run by myself, as Sandie, the red collie, was too lazy to

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accompany me, and whom should I meet but my friend Marcus, the pointer.

We were in the near vicinity of Queen's Park at the time, and strolled thither together, glad enough of each other's company, I can tell you. On our reaching the rustic pavilion in the centre of the park, and in rear of the new stone building men make laws in for themselves—not for us, as yet—Marcus and myself met many members of our race, nearly all being thoroughbred, and some of them very fine fellows, indeed, as well as beautiful specimens of different stock. The evening was lovely, but the park almost deserted by men for their better-loved haunts in crowded meeting-places, in fashion's salons, or in some study corner. So having this beautiful roaming-place to ourselves, we indulged in a grand game of chase down the elastic sod of the magnificent slopes adjacent to the University: up and around the fine tall oak, maple and beech trees, causing more than one family of robins hopping about after worms to fly quickly to the safe bough of a tree.

Overheated in the chase, I slipped behind the trunk of a wide-spreading maple to hide from Marcus, the pointer, and the other fellows, as well as to catch up to my breath, which had gone too fast for me; when, hearing a mother-bird talking to her young, my thoughts immediately flew to my mother Nellie's friend, who had been compelled, by reason of the cruelty of bad boys, to fly from danger, and looking up into the great tree, I said:

“I hope we have not frightened you, Mrs. Robin?”

"Yes, and no, Mr. Mastiff," she replied, peering with her pretty bright eyes through the leaves. "Yes, and no; for I was just telling my family that I don't fear you dogs nearly so much as I do the men and boys with their murderous weapons."

"True, most true, Mrs. Robin, murderous indeed," I replied in low tones, lest my hiding-place should be discovered; for I loved a quiet chat, as my kind mother Nellie did. "Very true, Mrs. Robin, but you are not so badly off as the poor duck. I hear the guns of the hunter popping them off in the early morning before the mother-birds are fully awake to danger or have their young up to flight."

"Indeed I know it, Mr. Mastiff," replied Mrs. Robin, sympathetically, "and I frequently tell my family I am thankful we are not ducks."

"You may well give them that crumb of comfort. Mrs. Robin. I tell you what it is, when I see the poor duck served up, or suspended at the doors of many of our city restaurants, I feel mad, right down mad. Just fancy, Mrs. Robin, men paying other men to shoot down these poor birds in the close season, for their stomach's sake. It is monstrous, monstrous!"

"It is, indeed, Mr. Mastiff; I wish we poor feathered creatures were not forced to live in terror of either being shot down to fill the stomach of the epicure, or for the sake of our plumage, to trim the women with."

Here Marcus, the pointer, found me, and was for giving my hiding-place away, when I quickly cried, "Stop, Marcus, don't give me away; I don't care to

romp any longer. If you do, join the others; if you prefer a quiet stroll homewards with me, come on."

"All right, Lion, for the sake of my memory of your clever mother's convention I will remain with you until those rollickers run past, then we will be off."

"Speak low, Marcus; there they go, and now we will take this short cut through the park;" and without a word to the pointer of Mrs. Robin, I looked a silent good-night up to the cluster of leaves among which she and her family were hidden.

Marcus and I now strolled along through the quiet park, talking earnestly of our respective masters and homes.

On entering a short street adjacent to the lovely park, with its cool, elastic sod so welcome to our feet, we soon came to the vicinity of the home of the pointer, where we saw two evil-looking men skulking under a large tree, on the boulevard, a small push-waggon behind them.

We dogs did not like the appearance of the men, and thinking them burglars, as we neared them we growled.

Now, though our growls were quite proper, and our bounden duty on coming upon suspicious characters, yet I remember thinking to myself what a contrast our angry voices were to the sweet notes of music and words of song of a Band of Mercy, coming to our ears from the open windows of a pretty residence. The birds chirped in their nests in the tree, in the shadow of which the bad men stood, and the sweet voices of the children sang to the tune called "Hold

the Fort," which I had frequently heard my mistress sing, though the words were different. The children sang—

"Hearts of love with hands of mercy,  
Hear our joyful song ;  
Highest hill and lowest valley,  
Roll the words along.

CHORUS.

"Join our Bands, the word is spoken,  
Mercy is our cry ;  
We will plead for voiceless creatures,  
Victory is nigh !

"Cruel acts and dire oppression  
Soon will be no more ;  
We will bear the law of kindness  
To the farthest shore."

As we stopped to listen, I said :

"Marcus, you and I see at a glance that those two men skulking under yonder tree are bad, but do you think, pointer, that if they had belonged to a Mercy Band when little fellows they would wear such wicked faces now ?"

"No, Lion, I do not," replied the pointer, thoughtfully.

Now, whether it was that the soft heart of Marcus was moved to pity for those skulking wretches by my words, or by the sweet voices of the children, I do not know ; but I do know that on their speaking to us in the sneaking tones of deceit, and throwing a little cake of something smelling deliciously sweet, that I growled menacingly while moving several

paces off, for I remembered my wise mother's warning as to the narcotic ball in the vile hands of the dog thief. Not so Marcus, who evidently had not carried away as much of my mother's lecture as was good for him, for he still sniffed at the fatal ball, which was drawn by a string, as was my poor friend, ever nearer and closer to those bad men, and alas for Marcus, my loud bark of warning fell on sleeping ears. The narcotic had taken effect, and in the sweet May gloaming, with those "Band of Mercy" voices filling the air, the wicked thieves secured their prey, Drawing a sack over the sleeping form of my poor friend, the pointer, and lifting him into the push-waggon, they made off. Such conduct roused my indignation, and I followed them, barking loudly. But they fled at a brisk pace, taking many lanes to avoid policemen, and travelling to the north-western part of the city, firing many stones at me in pursuit. I am no coward, so the missiles did not frighten me back, but the late hour did, for the hands of an illuminated fire-hall clock told me it was 9.45, and, though I was glad of my knowledge of numbers, I was sorry at the lateness of the hour, for I knew my dear master and mistress would be alarmed for my safety, and I still had a lengthy run south-west ere reaching home. As I very reluctantly abandoned pursuit for the home stretch, I could only hope that Marcus would come to himself ere he was imprisoned, and reveal himself to some passing policeman by standing up in the sack and barking for help.

On reaching home, panting for breath and weary

from the long run, my kind master scolded me a little for being so late, while he rubbed my tawny coat dry with a rough cloth; but my mistress, ever considerate, patting my head softly, said:

"Please don't reprove him, he may have delayed to befriend some dog or man in trouble. Am I not right, old fellow? Yes, yes, I see you are telling me by that intelligent look that I have guessed aright, so take this nice beef bone; you will find many a good mouthful on it. Now, go to your bed."

At my mistress's kindness I again wagged my tail while looking at her gratefully. And oh, how I longed, as I told the red collie of the dreadful trouble befallen Marcus, that I could tell my master and mistress also.

Sandie, the collie, was very much troubled at my recital, and that night I had horrible dreams of vivisection, and saw the torturers satisfying their curiosity and morbid love of cruelty by practising their diabolical arts upon the body of the pointer Marcus.

I must tell you of two interesting conversational incidents which occurred about six weeks prior to the abduction of poor Marcus.

It was the end of April, with a suspicion of frost in the sun-warm air, and a flying snow-cloud now and then forming a fleeting canopy to the busy city—just the day for a brisk walk; so that the suggestion of Mr. Freeman that he and I should accompany Mrs. Freeman from the west end, through College Street, to Yonge Street, was joyfully acceded to. We enjoyed our walk immensely. My master chatted gaily to my



mistress, and she to him, and both to me. Sometimes a graver word was spoken, as when we met a big boy urging a brown curly-coated retriever, by whip and bad words, to draw him in a small cart. Mr. Freeman asked the boy his name, but he would not give it. I suppose he was ashamed of having disgraced it, or perhaps he guessed that my master desired to report him to the Toronto Humane Society.

We next met two lads training two dogs—the one a terrier, with a dark coat and sorrowful eyes, the other a dear little pug—to draw their great lazy bones in small wooden carts along the sidewalks. The very pretty coat of the tired-looking pug had the fur worn off in patches, owing to the constant rubbing of the harness. Each of those cruel boys had robbed the trees of switches, with which they whipped the poor animals.

Oh, how thankful I was that I had not fallen into such cruel hands!

Just then I saw a sad sight across the street. A poor thirsty dog, when in the act of wetting his parched-lips at a small iron trough filled with water, had it emptied right under his nose by some school-boys. I was thankful my master saw the cruel act, for he quickly crossed the street and reproved the boys, while the poor thirsty dog ran for his life from his enemies. When Mr. Freeman again joined us, he said wrathfully:

“Those boys would be the better of a flogging. I wish we had Bijah, the Detroit negro, who whips naughty children with a shingle. The mothers of bad

children find him useful there, and he would find plenty to whip here in Toronto."

At this juncture the truant-officer came along and compelled the cruel boys with the dog-carts to give him their names, which he wrote in a note-book, saying he would see that they were sent to school.

We passed more than one vehicle on College Street, which the horses strained every nerve to pull.

The lively sparrows were, as usual, numerous and busy, and I stopped for a moment to see two of them battling over a worm which the warmer sun of a previous day had awakened too soon. And what do you think, dear reader of this my autobiography, two boys stayed their steps to watch lest I should harm the birds; but though for a moment I felt insulted, right feeling bade me remember that those good boys were not aware of how my mother had trained me.

"He looks too kind," said one boy, eyeing me critically, and tossing his school-bag more in the middle of his back as he shoved his hands into the pockets of his knickerbockers. "He's so big and grand-looking, I don't believe he'd touch the sparrows, Victor."

"But he might, Alec; so we had better wait," said Victor, pushing his cap farther back on his head, as if to miss nothing.

Here a gentleman came along, and lingered a minute to say, "I hope you boys are not setting this great dog on to the birds?"

"No, sir; we are Band of Mercy boys," replied Alec, tossing some luncheon crumbs to the birds, and so bringing a full dozen or more from the trees.

"Oh! I beg your pardon, boys," said the man. "You should wear your badges."

"Yes, sir, so teacher tells us, and all the other boys do; so would we if they were medals, even copper ones; but they are brooches, and we are not girls."

"Oh, that is your reason, is it?" said the man, smiling. "Well, boys, brooches or medals are, I see, not necessary to remind you of your pledge. Good-bye. *I lift my hat to you, because I honour you for being Band of Mercy boys.*"

"He's a brick," said Alec, in an undertone, while lifting his cap.

"Yes, Alec," said Victor, "he's the sort for me. I hope I'll grow up into that kind of man; not like those great cowardly fellows that trap and shoot birds for what they call the fun of the thing. But, come on, Alec, let's be off. Good-bye, you dear old dog. Go on after your master and tell him that you are a Band of Mercy boy, too."

Mr. and Mrs. Freeman had walked slowly, then stood to watch the little sparrow scene. They patted my head and talked to me as I overtook them, and we three walked happily to Yonge Street. Arriving there Mrs. Freeman, complaining of fatigue, said she would take a Yonge Street electric car down town, and Mr. Freeman having many business calls to make, said I might accompany him; but as we waited for Mrs. Freeman's car I became detached from them in the crowd of transfers and others at this great railway crossing for different city lines, and became so in-

tensely interested in the conversation of some Kennel Club men as to cause me for a time to forget to attend to my master.

But perhaps you, dear reader, will deem the purport of the conversation a sufficient excuse.

The Kennel Club gentlemen were in the midst of earnest conversation at the doors of their club-room, when my attention was drawn by their remarks on my breed and fine points. They then continued their chat as to the great love of the ancient Greeks for the canine race, and of Xenophon's attachment to his greyhound Horné.

Another speaker, standing tall and filling a large, brown overcoat, said in full tones:

"Oh, I must tell you of two very finely educated specimens of the canine race I heard of while at London, England: a man told me who had met them. Their fortunate owner is a man named Leonard, residing in a fashionable west end suburb, a man of leisure. My narrator called upon Mr. Leonard, and the two handsome Spanish dogs were introduced as M. Brac and M. Philax. They bowed with extreme politeness, and seated themselves upon chairs. Before dinner they entertained their master's guest in various ways, danced, performed agile-feats, and showed their knowledge of colours and numbers. After the two gentlemen had dined, Monsieur Leonard gave a choice bit of meat to M. Philax and told him to hand it to M. Brac, which he did; then M. Brac was given a piece to pass to M. Philax, which was done with the utmost politeness.

"Next, a game of dominoes was proposed between the guest and M. Brac. They played the game on a small table, Brac seated opposite his partner. Six dominoes were dealt in the usual manner to each player, and placed standing on their sides, spots facing players. M. Brac, the Spanish dog, having a double number, commenced the game by taking it up in his mouth and placing it in the middle of the table. M. Leonard's guest then played a piece, and so on, until the six were exhausted, when others were dealt. The man now, to test M. Brac's powers, played a wrong number, on which the Spanish dog evinced surprise, stared very earnestly at his partner, then barked angrily, when, no notice being taken of the wrong play, with a low growl he pushed away the incorrect number with his nose, and took up a suitable piece from among his own. The play then continued, Brac winning the game.

"What do you men think of that?" asked the gentleman who had related the incident.

"Think of it!" exclaimed a man in a coat like mine; "why it's out of sight for intelligence!"

"That fellow Leonard is in no end of luck," cried another, covetously.

"I'll tell you what struck me most," continued the man in the brown overcoat; "it was the wonderful power of observation and of reasoning displayed by Brac; and I believe this fine fellow here" (alluding to myself) "is hugely intelligent; see what an attentive listener he has been."

"That's so, Hall; but tell me, did you meet any

wonderful dogs when abroad?" asked the man in the coat like mine.

"Yes, Leroy, I did. While in Italy I met a man who had listened to a dog who could articulate distinctly no less than thirty words!"

"Who was his teacher, Hall?" inquired a man in a lavender suit.

"A Saxony peasant boy," returned the traveller.

"What breed?" asked a keen-faced man, taking out his note-book.

"Ah, that I cannot tell you; my informant very stupidly failed to ask. I tell you what it is, boys, our fondness for the canine race isn't a patch upon the affection a man over the water has for his dog. I heard wonderful tales proving their moral qualities; indeed, as often putting ours to shame. *We know of their attachment being proof against unkindness, absence and neglect.*"

"That's so, Hall; if we men were as constant as our dogs, it would be better for us and for our families. Some of us are of very mean breed."

So intently had I listened that the praise of our constancy had not fallen upon idle ears, and my thoughts flew at once to my mistress. Had I not been neglectful of my duties?

The travelled man they called Hall now patting and talking to me, I stood up on my hind feet—a habit of mine—and embraced him. And even while he stroked my forehead, I had bounded from him, again taking constancy and duty by the hand, as I endeavoured to get on the scent of my master—my

mistress, not being among the crowd at this busy crossing, must have boarded the electric flyer several minutes before.

I was aware that Mr. Freeman was to go south as far as Queen Street. As a light snowfall, which melted as it fell, with many foot-prints, had destroyed the scent, I kept my nose to the ground to no purpose, so decided to make the run to Queen Street. I went at a rapid pace down Yonge, not stopping to speak to Duke, a mastiff, nor Fritz, a black-and-tan, nor even to Nero, or to Maxy, the St. Bernard; nor did I waste any moments gazing at my mirrored reflection in the shop windows, as I saw many a biped do, for I was conscious of having neglected my duties while greatly delighted and pleasantly excited by what I had overheard the Kennel Club men say. I kept on and on until, going into Simpson's, I saw ahead of me a little lady, with hair the colour of sunbeams and wearing a sailor-blue gown, enter the store.

That is Mrs. Freeman, I thought, and glad enough I was, for the run from College to Queen Street had slightly fatigued me, and I longed, as I hastened to the door of the shop and waited for her to come out, to feel her dear hand on my head in token of forgiveness.

I waited a long time at the door, but a man would not let me enter. At last I was rewarded by seeing my master across the street. I barked, calling him over, when, with a few strides, he was beside me, saying kindly:

"So here you are, you truant. Is Eadie in here, and are you waiting for her?"

My master and mistress invariably spoke to me intelligently, knowing I understood them: and so at the question, "Is Eadie in here?" I wagged my tail and stepped eagerly to the door, which Mr. Freeman entered, bidding me wait outside. In a few minutes he returned, telling me that he had seen the little lady with golden hair and blue gown, but that she was not our Eadie; adding:

"Come along, Lion, we shall find her at home."

I then escorted my master, who talked to me as we walked, and to whom I was very attentive and watchful of his every movement.

On reaching home I was scolded a little and forgiven a good deal.

One day I was on guard, the house being completely deserted. Even Sandie, the red collie, was absent, and for diversion's sake I entered the drawing-room, and standing at the window, my hind feet on the floor, my paws on the sill, gazed forth upon the busy scene. I frequently indulged myself in this way if I was alone. If my mistress and her mother were present, we had great fun recognizing passing acquaintances—they with pretty smiles and bows; I, by wagging my tail, or sometimes by a glad note of recognition.

I frequently watched for the return of Mr. Freeman from town, Mrs. Freeman saying, "Lion, don't forget to watch for your master;" and as I invariably evinced great joy at his approach, my mistress knew who was coming, on my making a break from the window for the hall, often through



the contents of overturned work-baskets, or by entanglement of a string attached to a ball of wool on the floor belonging to a bit of stocking in the hands of the lady mother.

But to return to this particular day in question when I was on guard, the whole house and larder being in my care, I bethought me of my favourite cure for loneliness—the window.

And, oh, what great joy! Across the street, walking with his master, I saw my one-time belated friend Marcus, the pointer. We mastiffs are a soft-hearted breed, and I was so glad to see the poor fellow out of the thieves' clutches that I crumpled the curtains as I pushed them out of my way in catching a last glance of dear Marcus; and then, as a safety-valve for my overwrought feelings, I leaped and bounded about the deserted house like a great merry clown.

Then I sat down to think. How did he escape from those bad men?

I resolved to call upon him in the evening, when I should be out for a run, and hear him recount his adventures.

On the return of our family, escorted by the red collie, Sandie, I told the latter the news of the restoration of Marcus to the companionship of his master, at which Sandie was no doubt very glad, but he always disappointed my more demonstrative disposition by his quiet way of manifesting pleasure. Even now I could not contain myself, and leaped and bounded as I had done in the quiet house on watching the pointer out of sight.

"Sandie," I cried, "will you come out with me for a run this evening? I am going to call upon the pointer."

"No, I thank you, Lion. I am tired to limpness."

"But, Sandie," I again pleaded, "are you not eager to hear all about those wicked thieves?"

"Yes, Lion, I am; but you are a good reciter, and will tell me all on your return. I tell you what it is, Lion, I haven't a leg to stand on, much less four. I hope Cook has a good bone for me."

"See here, Sandie," I again begged, "if you will come, I will give you my next bone," and my thoughts flew to M. Brac and M. Philax, and their politeness in passing bits of meat.

"No, Lion, a whole sirloin roast would not tempt me out again this evening; so please don't bother me. I am cross and tired, but will watch for your return."

And thus it was with Sandie on various occasions. I think the dear collie was a wee bit lazy.

That evening my kind mistress, observing my impatience to be gone, on opening the hall door for me half an hour earlier than usual, patted my head, saying:

"Lion, Lion, why so eager to be off? Whither are you bound, you dear old fellow? See, here is the bone you shall have on your return. There, there! don't toss my gown; off with you."

I found the pointer on guard in the vestibule, the outer door of which was wide open. He called out, on seeing me:

"Hello, Lion! I am a lucky dog to see you before

you had passed. My master is out, so I cannot stir from the steps. Come here. I am aching to tell you all about those horrid dog-thieves."

"Hello, Marcus!" I cried: "you are just the dog I came out to see. I saw you pass our house with your master this afternoon, and was so glad to see you with a whole skin that I could scarce contain myself: so go ahead. How did you escape?"

"Not so fast, Lion," replied the pointer. "How I escaped comes last: how I fared comes first: and the whole story will not take as long to tell as it would take either of us to pick a bone.

"After having been soft enough to smell that narcotic ball, you remember, Lion, I recovered my senses to find myself in a close, filthy-smelling cellar; on a short chain, and in company with five other dogs, all of them thoroughbred and having been trapped like myself.

"Were I to tell you of the sufferings we six dogs endured in that filthy-smelling den of thieves, for want of pure drinking-water, good nourishment, and, above all, the companionship of our masters, you, Lion, would not get home to-night: no, nor to-morrow night. Their game was to steal valuable specimens of the canine race, and then to claim offered rewards for our recovery."

"Abominable wretches!" I exclaimed. "But go on, Marcus, and please excuse my interruption, for I feel as ferocious as any bull-dog when I think of what you suffered."

"Don't apologize, Lion; I like you all the better for

your sympathy. And now to my story. At last, when my heart was well-nigh broken, I was restored, through a confederate of the thieves, to my master, on his paying the sum of five dollars. But what think you, Lion! those audacious men stole me a second time!"

"Marcus, the pointer!" I exclaimed, starting to my feet: "you never were fool enough to smell that abominable narcotic ball a second time!"

"No, Lion, I am not quite so soft. They caught me a second time by a beautiful bit of meat, a lasso and a whip: and on their dragging me through the dark streets, two policemen questioned them as to their right to my detention and lash of the whip, and in both cases, Lion, they had the insolence to declare that they had purchased me from a man who sold me because my temper was so vicious he feared I would bite someone, so concluded to sell me. What do you think of such a libel on me as that, Lion?"

"Outrageous, Marcus, outrageous!" and I stood up in the vestibule and shook myself in impotent wrath.

"You may well say so, Lion: outrageous is the word, for you know that instead of my being vicious I am the easiest going dog in the Queen City. Well, well, we are accustomed to libel, and have literally no redress. The thieves dragged me once more to dur-  
ance vile—vile, yes, intolerably vile. Other thorough-  
breds of our race were held by those robbers for  
ransom. We were shamefully neglected, especially  
when they had won a reward for the recovery of one  
of our number—when those bad men feasted and

drank, to utter forgetfulness of food, water or ventilation for us poor creatures, on short chains, in their dirty, stuffy cellar.

“But at last we had our revenge. One day there was no end of a fuss, scurry and tumble, hiding and escaping from the back door of the wretched house over the cellar. There was a steady tramp of feet above us: then on to the rickety stairway leading down to our odoriferous prison, when we, for the first time during our captivity, bounded to our feet, wagging our tails, as with glad barks we saw three policemen, who talked angrily to those of the gang who had not escaped, bidding them loosen our chains, and commanding them forth to restore us to our masters. I tell you what it is, Lion, we were quite proud of our blue-coated escort. But, tell me, wasn't that a great revenge?”

“Yes, yes: capital! capital!” I cried, giving a glad bark of joy. “Go on, pointer, how were they found out? Who put the police on their trail?” I asked eagerly.

“My master, Lion,” returned Marcus, proudly, “he got the scent in this way, and I have frequently heard him laugh about it. He says he was so lonesome after I was again stolen, and fearing I was suffering from the same horrible disease, as well as from bad treatment, that he again posted on the city walls a reward for my recovery, which brought along another of the gang who said:

“I know where I can get your dog, sir, but I must have five dollars for to get him.”

" 'You'll not get a cent from me,' said my master, buttoning up his coat, 'and what's more, if you don't say where my dog is, I'll call a policeman, who will soon get it out of you.'

"At this the thief skulked towards the door, saying:

" 'Don't be hard on a poor man, sir, who is trying to earn an honest penny. I'll take two fifty and get him for you, sir.'

" 'No, you won't,' said my master, bravely: and going to the window, he hailed a passing constable, who, on entering, standing with his back to the closed door, said to my master:

" 'Well, sir.'

" 'Only this,' replied my master, 'that I have reason to suppose this man to be one of a gang of dog-thieves who have been extracting large rewards from several men in the city, as well as myself, for the return of their animals. I am just about sick and tired of paying rewards into the hands of the gang, so I desire you to deal with this fellow who has the impudent cheek to ask for another five.'

" 'Where is this gentleman's dog?' inquired the policeman.

" 'I dunno,' replied the thief, sulkily.

" 'Don't tell any of your lies to me,' returned the constable. 'I have had my eye on you for some time, and knew you were up to no good. What did you trap this gentleman's dog for?'

" 'Cause he broke into my hen roost and ate one of my settin' hens,' answered the thief.

"What do you think of that, Lion, for an insult to a sporting dog?" said the pointer, indignantly.

"Horrible!" I said disgustedly. "But what did your master say?"

"He laughed immoderately, saying:

"Oh, this is too much. Listen, officer: he says my sporting dog Marcus, the pointer, ate his chickens. Your game is played, my man, I give you in charge; and, officer, see to it, please, that the gang is broken up and sent to different prisons if one won't hold them all."

"And thus it was, Lion, that the den of dog-thieves was raided, and I was again restored to my brave master."

"Three cheers for him, Marcus!" I cried, leaping and barking for joy at the discomfiture of the dog thieves.

"And now, dear pointer, I must bid you good-night. I am aching to recount your adventures to Sandie, the red collie. The moral of all this for you is to beware of a narcotic ball in the hands of strange men. And now, good-night again, Marcus, good-night."

"Good-night, Lion. Sorry I can't leave the doorstep to see you part of the way home. Come again soon."

If ever a dog made a swift run I did on that evening. And the red collie, whom I found on the steps at our dwelling waiting for my return, enjoyed full well my recital of the breaking up of the dog-thief gang. We made very merry over their downfall, and after a bone and bit of Spratt's biscuit from the kind hands of our mistresses, we went happily to bed.

## CHAPTER XV.

I AM LOST! STARVED! AND ALONE!

You, dear reader of this the last chapter of my autobiography, will please overlook its fragmentary tone, as I have been very ill and scarcely able to recount my late sad experience and doleful state to the kind friend who writes for me.

On the 6th of June, my dear young mistress and I started for a walk. It was a beautiful morning: a clear blue sky with no cloud at home or abroad to warn me of impending evil—to warn me to keep close to Mrs. Freeman's skirts: nothing to warn me of the tragic ending to my bright day: no note of warning to avoid a six weeks' fast in my living tomb, a vacant shop on King street, of this city.

My mistress and I walked along blithe and gay. I was in splendid health and condition, weighing 132 pounds, and wondered if the sparrow we noticed on the house-top singing to its young was nearer happiness than I, Lion, the thoroughbred mastiff.

The city was alive and thronged with pedestrians, who sometimes came, in the hurry of life, between me and the skirts of my mistress's light summer gown.

The asphalt pavement gleamed in its newly cleansed



whiteness, which cyclists bowled over with the swiftness of winged birds.

Gaily caparisoned steeds drew moneyed citizens who, in most cases, cared naught for the torturing make-up of their horses, so that they were docked and overchecked to the utmost extent of fashionable cruelty, as poor Nestor and Bob had been tortured.

My kind mistress talked often to me as we walked, and it seemed to me as though I had never been happier.

We saw a grocery waggon drop a glass jar of pickles, and a lady wearing a Band of Mercy badge step rapidly—a spirit of kindness—and pick the broken glass in hasty fashion from out the horses' path.

We were full of pity for some poor broken-kneed street-car horses we saw on side lines, and glad at the thought of the complete electric service soon to be the relief of these much-abused animals.

We met numerous thirsty members of the canine race, and I stayed a moment to watch with what joy one or more lapped from blessed, unexpected Humane Society dog-troughs.

We met dozens of thirsty-looking, tired-appearing children of the poor and rich, and we longed for the milk-gardens of Frankfort, Europe, of which I had heard my master speak, to be established here for the dear little children.

On we walked, Mrs. Freeman seeming as happy in my escort as I in her companionship. On and on we went, ever nearing my horrible doom, my heartrend-

ing agonies, my lingering, torturing illness from the fearful pangs of starvation and agonizing thirst.

In front of a shop on King Street some repairs were being executed. I became momentarily detached from my mistress. One of the workmen whistled. I became confused, and, always brave, followed without fear into the vacant shop, thinking my mistress must have entered when, in the twinkling of an eye, I was alone—alone, and, alas for me, shut and locked up in a dark room at the back of the shop.

The remainder of that summer day, which had been so full of happiness, was intensely lonely: but I controlled myself as well as I could, resolving to be patient, hoping that the men would return and liberate me before it grew late.

I tried to solve the meaning of my unlooked-for imprisonment, wondering if the men were cruel enough to lock me up in the hope of securing a reward for my recovery, as in the case of dear Marcus the pointer.

I told myself that at most I would surely be liberated in the morning, and making new resolves to be patient, as my friend Sandie would be in a like misfortune, I stretched myself out on the hard plank floor, determining to keep awake in the hope that I might hear the welcome voice of my loved master calling me to home and liberty.

At this thought I started once more to my feet, listened and walked about, until weary and heart-sick I again lay down upon the wooden floor.

Night passed, the noises of day telling me that morning had come, but it brought no gleam of sunshine to me, only a lighter night, by reason of faded beams coming to me through creviced walls.

With the new day came, alas, no deliverance. The room in which I was imprisoned was stifling.

As another day and night wore on, and yet another, I became nervous and excited. No food, no water, no companionship, and I began to realize that I was in deed and in truth lost.

Oh, the grief this would cause my dear ones: and on thinking of my loved master and mistress I would burst into a terrible bark of entreaty and despair.

Over my bodily sufferings, over my mental agonies, in pity for the sorrow of the inmates of my loved home, I must draw a veil. Starved and imprisoned! The words speak for themselves; but *only a dog can realize the anguish of separation from a loved master or mistress.*

At last, after long days and dreary nights of torturing pain and terrible loneliness, a fevered brain was my portion, and in the vitiated atmosphere I became delirious. When this left me I could scarcely crawl about, and was reduced from the splendid condition in which I had entered this my living tomb to a rack of bones. My poor, weary, heart-sick brain at last, at intervals, gave way. I would awake to sanity, not alas, with a start, for to start betokens some strength. I would awake to my horrible fate from delirious dreams of my mother Nellie, and of her having

wisely quoted that in the dog is the triumph of olfactory power. I would awake to find myself in the vile atmosphere of this back-room prison: would awake from dreams of delightful runs with her through the wooded heights of Scarboro', or down Beech Avenue to the shore of the great Lake Ontario: and as we ran, our feet flew up from the elastic, loamy soil, and I would awake to find myself a prisoner in midsummer and starving. Again would I awake from dreams of home comforts, and in an agony of fear I would dwell upon the terrible thought that was daily becoming a nightmare to me, that I should die of a great loneliness, never seeing again the loved faces of my dear master or mistress. Then I would fall into a terrible, trance-like stupor, from which I tried to rouse myself to some remaining spark of life in my intense longing for home.

At last I hear my prison doors open, but only see strange faces; perhaps they come to slay me. No, they gaze and mutter of the dog who had been shut up by their hand forty-two days ago; they tremble as they talk in scared whispers together of the worry my loss has caused my master.

Ah! then, my good master had searched for me! I knew he would.

My careless jailers and unthinking liberators still stared aghast at each other, while expectorating the filthy prison odour from out their mouths. They then mechanically unfastened the door leading to the shop, with its large window facing the crowded thorough-

fare—busy King Street. Reason told me that I must exert my last remaining strength to crawl within view of the passers-by. The atmosphere being less vitiated, together with the hope that I might perchance be seen by my master or others dear to me, lent me momentary strength to drag my poor starved body thither. In a few moments an idle, curious crowd had gathered. I saw the survival of the savage in many faces, as with one voice they cried out to a policeman to come and shoot me. But the humane element was there also, a man calling out in pitiful tones:

“No, no! the poor dog is not mad. I beseech you to spare him.”

“He is mad,” cried the crowd, “and will jump through the window and bite half a dozen of us. Fire, officer; fire!”

And even as his arm is uplifted, a man has flown from across the street and shouted, just in time to save me:

“Hold, constable! Stop! This is Lion, the thoroughbred mastiff, who has been lost. Poor fellow! let me get to him.”

And dashing through the crowd, he rushed by the back door to my succour, lifted me up in his strong arms, out and through the gaping multitude, and carried me across the street to his veterinary dental surgery.

Ah! if my good mother Nellie had met me then. But I have this crumb of comfort, the only one I

have had for long, long weeks, that she did not see me.

Mr. Lance, the dental surgeon—for he it was who carried me from my late prison—immediately put me under treatment.

Many kind people called to inquire for me, and I had the great joy of having my loved master, my mistress, and her mother with me that very day. They wept tears of joy at regaining me, and of grief at my horrible sufferings, my mistress crying over me, as she said :

“ It was I who lost you, my poor dear Lion, on the 6th of June. It is now the 18th of July that you are liberated from your awful prison. I love you so, my dear old dog ; and yet it is all my fault.”

It grieved me to hear her sorrowful tones, so I looked at her, beseeching her to be comforted, and tried to wag my tail.

“ Mr. Lance,” said Mrs. Freeman’s mother, as they prepared to leave me, “ tell me, I beg of you, that you will attend to him yourself and do all in your power to restore our dear dog to health and strength ?”

“ Yes, madame,” he replied, earnestly ; “ I shall prescribe for him, as well as give him his medicines, rest assured of that.”

“ But can you cure him, Mr. Lance ?” asked my master.

“ Yes, sir ; I both can and will,” replied the dental surgeon.

I was very sorry to see my dear ones depart and leave me at the dental surgery, but tried to be brave, swallowing as best I could the medicines offered me. Many humane people, as well as Kennel Club men, came to see me, and Mr. Lance, the horse dentist, was thoughtful enough to have me photographed.

At last, after I had been three days at the dental surgeon's, and in the care of this skilful man, much against his advice my master and mistress decided to take me home.

"Take care you don't kill him with kindness," said Mr. Lance. "I wish you would take my advice and leave him with me a week longer. I will have him on his legs by that time."

"Oh, no; we must take him!" cried my mistress. "Dear old dog, you will get well quicker with us, won't you?"

And I wagged my tail as well as I could, while I looked up in my master's face to hear what he would decide to do.

"Mrs. Freeman is, I think, right," said my master, thoughtfully. "I think Lion suffers from loneliness when we leave him. Don't you, old fellow? Yes, we will take him, Mr. Lance, and your prescriptions with us also, please."

At this fiat I greatly rejoiced, and on our way I could not refrain from stretching my head out of the carriage window in watching for "home! sweet home!"

I am happy, thrice happy, though strange men come and offer large sums to exhibit me, for such a fast as

mine, I hear them say, has never before occurred in pathology, and is not likely to occur again. But I am made happy in that no sum would tempt my kind master and mistress to part with me.

Happy, thrice happy am I in their affection for me, though I feel so weak that the hope of recovery is fast ebbing away, and I feel as if I were dying.

Yet I am happy, for what a paradise is this reunion with my dear ones after what I have endured.

A lady member of the Toronto Humane Society has often come imbued with sweet pity to ask and care for me, bringing me strengthening dainties.

But I am very, very weak, and I try to swallow beat-up egg, drops of beef-tea, or anything they give me.

But is all the loving care bestowed upon me going to make me strong and healthy again? I fear not; and I see a great sorrow for me in the eyes of the friend who is writing this my autobiography, as she sees with what difficulty I make known my feelings to her. But my great longing for recovery is keeping me from sinking. Sandie, the red collie, who has proved himself a true friend, lies beside the soft old lounge my mistress has given me, and we two dogs talk to each other at intervals during the day as my enfeebled condition will permit. He says my friend the pointer has been looking about the neighbourhood for me. At this news I feel glad as I whisper to the collie that a sight of my jovial chum Marcus would almost set me on my feet again; and I tell



Sandie the next time he sees my old comrade to call him in, as I am longing to have a talk with him about a concourse of dogs in a merry meeting when—nay, must I say *if*—I should recover. At this the collie declares that I must get well.

On this the eighth day since I regained blessed freedom, I breathe with great difficulty : but by contrast with what I have suffered I do not mind, for I am in the midst of my loved ones.

I think they understand what their companionship is to me, as I raise my tired eyes to their faces before I go to sleep.

They talk of my medicines, and hope Mr. Lance will soon cure me. Mrs. Freeman's good mother, seated beside the lounge on which I lie, lays her hand gently on my poor aching head, while on my face a tear falls from the weeping eyes of my mistress. My master also stands sorrowfully by, to whom I try to wag my tail, while I hope that comfort may come to him, that even if Mr. Lance does not cure me, I die happy in this peaceful reunion. For I must hide my grief at a possible parting, lest they mourn.

With an appealing glance at my amanuensis, which she understands as a charge to warn all owners of dogs not to lose them for fear they suffer as I have done, and a last look at my dear master, a drowsy feeling creeps upon me, which will, I think, bring welcome sleep.

At the sound of strange voices I open my tired eyes, to see the red collie seated close beside me, and



LION.

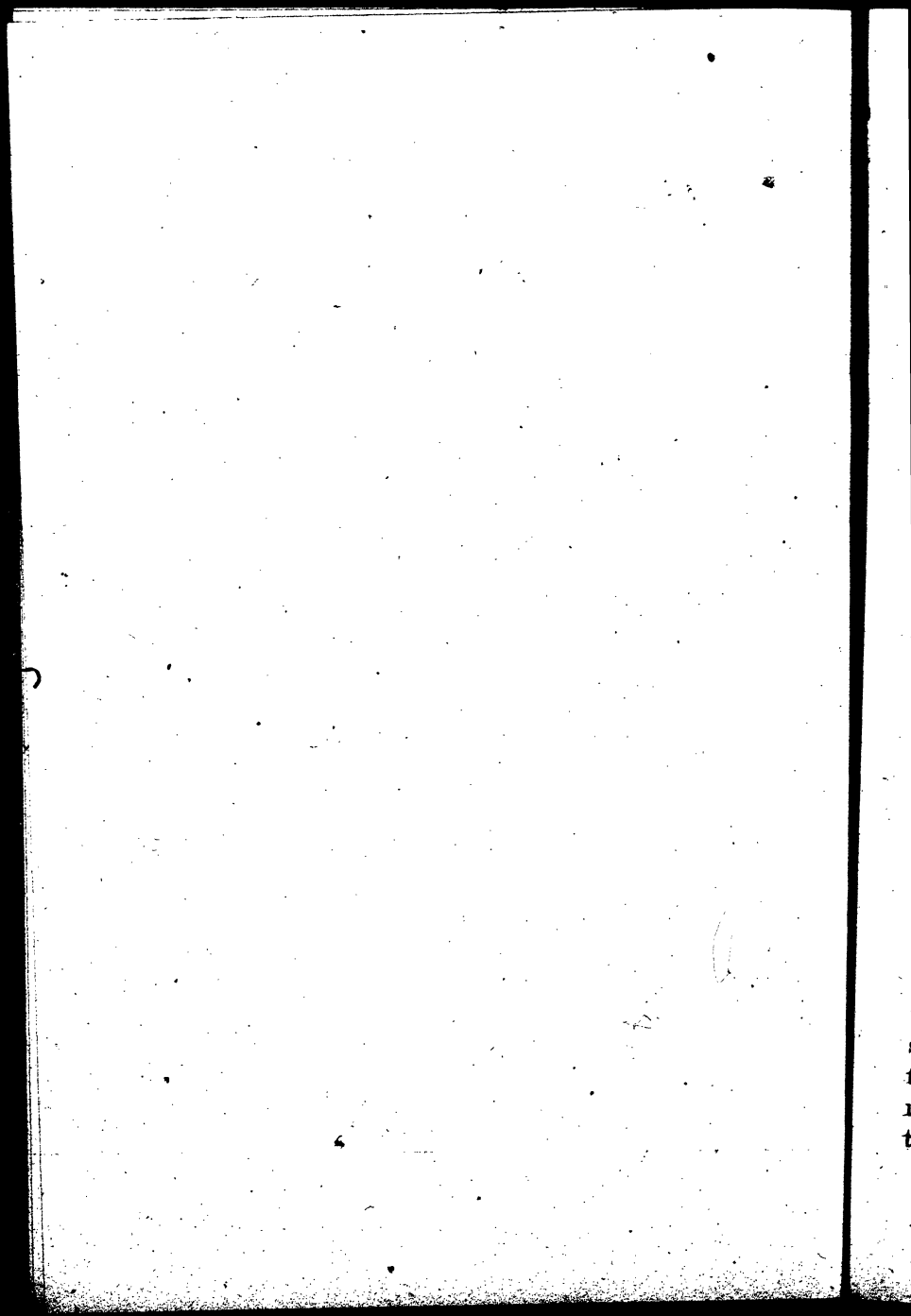
*(From a photograph taken after his 'polydromous' jump.)*

to find two men with good faces gazing, as do my dear master and mistress, from me to my photo in their hands. (See opposite page.)

As the men continue to converse, I am comforted in seeing a more peaceful expression appear on the kind face of my master, by reason of their reminding him of the unalterable conviction held by the deep thinker and noble humanitarian, Agassiz, in that there is a future life, in some form, for dogs and other creatures, besides the eternal life that assuredly exists for man; as also that man will be held accountable by his Creator, and ours, for his treatment of us. These words fill me with peaceful content, which I seek to convey to my master in another long look; but my eyelids droop. I think I shall again sleep, so good-night.

From your faithful friend,

LION, THE MASTIFF.



## APPENDIX.

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It having been deplored that G. H. Pember, M.A., author of "Animals, their Past and Future," has not added a chapter on vivisection to his exceedingly interesting book, it has come to me as an after-thought to seek to enlighten adult readers of "Lion, the Mastiff," as to some of the diabolical experiments practised in the name of science upon guiltless and defenceless animals.

Before doing so, let me give you a few of the many opinions of eminent men who denounce the cruelties perpetrated by the modern school of vivisectors:

1. Sir William Ferguson says that "vivisection has done nothing for surgery or for medicine."

2. Sir Charles Bell says: "Experiments upon animals have never been the means of discovering truth, but that, on the contrary, they have frequently led the surgeon astray."

3. Lawson Tait, F.R.C.S., says: "It is now nearly half a century since anæsthetics were introduced, and we are still unsettled as to which anæsthetic is the safest and the best, and the uncertainty is due solely to the introduction into the question of experiments upon animals. The only conclusion derived from them is, that anæsthetics do not answer upon dogs as

they do upon cats, and upon neither as they do upon man."

4. Dr. C. Bell Taylor, the eminent surgeon, says referring to vivisection, that "for his own part he must say—to parody Mr. Disraeli—that he is on the side of the animals." Further, that he "cordially detests the horrid system of cutting open living, quivering, sentient bodies, as sentient as our own, in the supposed interest of science, and he does so on three grounds: first, on account of the great cruelty involved; next, on account of its demoralizing influence; and lastly, because the results obtained were so very unsatisfactory, so very meagre, so constantly misleading."

5. Lord Shaftesbury, in a speech, said: "Whether vivisection is conducive to science, or the reverse, there is one great preliminary consideration: On what authority of Scripture or any other form of revelation do they (the vivisectors) rest their right to subject God's creatures to such unspeakable sufferings?"

6. George MacIlwain, F.R.C.S., says: "Vivisection is to my mind a desecration of the highest objects to which the scientific mind can aspire, to the lowest and most barren modes of inquiry."

7. "Better that I and my friend should die," says Professor Henry J. Bigelow, "than protract existence, through accumulated years of torture upon animals whose exquisite suffering we cannot fail to infer, even though they may have neither voice nor feature to express it."

8. Frances Power Cobbe says: "We stand in truth face to face with a new vice—new, at least, in its vast modern development and the passion wherewith it is pursued—the vice of scientific cruelty. It is not the old vice of cruelty for cruelty's sake; of that even the worst physiologist may probably be acquitted. It is, in strict ethical definition, the fault of indifference to a great moral consideration, namely, that of sufferings caused by our actions, raised to the rank of a vice by the enormous extent to which it is carried. The vivisector ought to be stopped in pursuing his (otherwise) lawful end of advancing physiological science, by the consideration that his means of advancing it involve a moral offence (theologically viewing the sin) of causing torture worse than death to guiltless creatures. This consideration, as has been said, ought to stop him, just as any other man ought to be stopped in pursuing any legitimate end (*e.g.* the advancement of the interest of his country and family), if he find he cannot carry it out without employing immoral means, deceit, robbery, persecution, treachery or any other unrighteous mode of action."

9. Mrs. Fenwick Miller, in a speech delivered at Prince's Hall, London, England, in May, 1894, says: "A truly humane, loving, tender fellow-creature, such as you want to come to you in the hour of sickness, would never go through vivisection studies to become your doctor."

10. Rev. Dr. Haughton, of the Royal Commission, says: "I would shrink with horror from accustoming large classes of young men to the sight of animals

under vivisection. . . . Science would gain nothing, and the world would have let loose upon it a set of young devils."

And now, without comment on such valuable opinions from valued scientists, the following are some extracts from a reply of Rev. Canon Wilberforce to one Henry Sewell, who had taken offence at vivisectors having been alluded to as "inhuman devils":

"Our contention is that the public has been blinded by scientific dust thrown into its eyes, and that multitudes are unaware of the unspeakable and fiendish cruelties that are perpetrated in the name of science. The public is taught to believe that vivisections are rare, that animals subjected to them are under anæsthetics, and that the discoveries made by the process are of infinite value. The public has not realized that three thousand doctors signed a memorial declaring that an important series of experiments could not be carried through while animals are under anæsthetics: that the arch-vivisector Schiff has been honest enough to say, 'It is nothing but hypocrisy to wish to impose on one's self and others the belief that the curarised animal does not feel pain.'

"Let us glance at the so-called 'experiments,' and judge whether men, endowed with ordinary sensibilities and imaginations could perform without temporarily transforming themselves into 'inhuman devils.'

They include baking, freezing, burning, pouring boiling oil on living animals, saturating them with inflammable oil and setting them on fire, starving to death, skinning alive, cutting off the breasts while



giving milk, gouging out the eyes, larding the feet with nails, forcing broken glass into ears, intestines and muscles, making incisions in the skull and twisting about a bent needle in the brain, etc.—*Vide* 'The Nine Circles: or, The Tortures of the Innocent.' Swan Sonnenschein, Paternoster Row, publishers.

"One of those 'practical physiologists' whom you estimate so highly, desired recently to ascertain whether it was possible to pour molten lead into a man's ear when drunk without causing him to shriek. For this purpose he procured several dogs, and the report says he administered an anæsthetic, composed of chloral and morphine, to reduce the dogs to the supposed condition of a drunken man. In spite of this precaution, it appears that when the molten metal penetrated the ear of one of the animals, accompanied by a frizzling sound, the wretched beast struggled violently, and its howls were so dreadful that even the *garçons du laboratoire*, accustomed as they are to painful spectacles, were strongly affected. The second dog, though similarly anæsthetized, was so horribly tortured that it actually burst the thongs that bound it to the torture-trough."

"Again," asks Canon Wilberforce, "could anyone but an 'inhuman devil' perform the following?"

"At the late Medical Congress held at Berlin, a Chicago professor performed, before the assembled doctors, some experiments upon a dog. A French journal in describing it, says that the professor roared out, 'Hand me over that dog.' The unfortunate animal was brought into the room carefully

muzzled, and with its legs tied down. The professor then proceeded to pump the poor beast full of sulphuretted hydrogen gas. 'Now, gentlemen,' he shouted, 'the gas will issue from his mouth in a stream and I will set fire to it.' A lighted match was set to the dog's mouth with no result: a second, a third, a whole boxful, and nothing came out of it but burning the hair on the dog's jaws. Then came the second part of the experiment. 'Now, gentlemen,' said the professor, 'you will see the effect when the gas has been pumped into the bowels when they have been wounded.' He then produced a loaded revolver and fired a bullet into the wretched animal's abdomen. The dog yelled piteously, and the bleeding creature was subjected to a repetition of the gas injection. The rest of the story was too horrible to tell, even in the pages of an English medical journal."—*Philadelphia Ledger*, December 16th, 1890.

Canon Wilberforce goes on to say that the list of Dr. Brown-Sequard and M. Chauveau's experiments on the spinal marrow is too terrible to describe *in extenso*. The following will serve as a sample:

"To ascertain the excitability of the spinal marrow, and the convulsions and pains produced by that excitability," the studies were made chiefly upon horses and asses who, he says, "lend themselves marvellously thereto by the large volume of their spinal marrow." M. Chauveau accordingly "consecrated eighty subjects to his purpose." "The animal," he says, "is fixed on a table. An incision is made on its back of from thirty to thirty-five centimetres; the

vertebrae are opened with the help of a chisel, a mallet, and pincers, and the spinal marrow is exposed.

"Several experiments similar to the foregoing are described. In some the spinal column was burnt through with red-hot wire. The electrical stimulation was increased, the spinal marrow tetanized (*i.e.* convulsed) during three minutes, and the vagus several times stimulated. The operations on the rabbit extended over eleven days. The wound in the back had suppurated, and the stimulation of the exposed nerves was added to by electrodes being fastened to each hind leg, causing tetanus (*i.e.*, convulsions) of the back extremities."—*Pfluger's Archives*, 1888, p. 303, *et seq.*

Again: "Fifty-one dogs had portions of the brain hemisphere washed out of the head, which had been pierced in several places. This was repeated four times, the mutilated creatures and their behaviour having been studied for months."—*Ibid.*, p. 415.

"Do you imagine," continues Canon Wilberforce, in his reply to Henry Sewell, "that I should consider myself under an obligation to apologize for stigmatizing the dastardly perpetrator of the following abomination an 'inhuman devil'?"

"Professor Goltz says that it was marvellous and astonishing to find that a dog that had served for some seven experiments, and whose hind quarters were completely paralyzed, and whose spinal marrow had been completely destroyed, the animal suffering besides from fatal peritonitis, was still capable of maternal feelings for its young. She unceasingly licked the

living and the dead puppy, and treated the living puppy with the same tenderness as an uninjured dog might do."—*Pfluger's Archives*, Vol. IX. p. 564.

"I contend," says Canon Wilberforce, "that the language does not exist in which it would be possible to be 'uncharitable, unjust and libellous' in speaking of such as Henry Sewell declares is a 'labour to elicit truth for truth's sake.'"

For Paul Bert's reports of his disgusting experiments, see *Comptes de la Société de Biologie*, Paris, 1883, p. 195.

Perhaps you will say that these experiments were performed by foreigners. Then let me refer you to the report of the Royal Humane Society, 1865, pp. 31-66, for an English experiment, which is only one out of thousands:

"A terrier was deprived of air by plunging its head into liquid plaster of Paris. Respiratory efforts commenced at one minute, thirty-five seconds, and ceased at four minutes, the heart beating till five minutes. On examining the lungs the white plaster was found throughout the bronchial tubes." Seventy-six of these experiments were made.

And the following:

"Dr. Angel Money reported a series of experiments, in which he irritated the brains and intestines of a number of 'anæsthetized, curarised animals' by electricity, sliced away their brains, and made 'windows' in their bowels."—*British Medical Journal*, August 4th, 1883.

In Mr. R. T. Reed's speech in the House of Com-

mons, April 4th, 1883, referring to English experiments of diabolical cruelty, he says: ". . . The result of these experiments was simply nothing at all, because those wretched beasts were placed in such circumstances—their condition was so abnormal—that the ordinary and universally recognized effect of well-known drugs was not produced."

Rev. Canon Wilberforce, after giving many other reports of experiments, as also giving much information respecting the methods of M. Pasteur, concludes his able reply to Henry Sewell by saying:

"You say 'the investigators are convinced of the necessity of such experimentation.' I reply that an increasing number of intelligent Englishmen, undeterred by what has been well termed (I believe by the late Lord Shaftesbury) 'the insolence of physiological science,' are convinced of the iniquity, the uselessness, and the peril to the human race of such experimentation, and they are determined to do their utmost to render the practice in this country, at least, wholly illegal."

In reply to an inquiry by the writer as to his views on vivisection, Mr. Donovan, Editor of the *Kennel Club Gazette*, expressed himself as "utterly opposed to it."

As the compiler of the foregoing extracts the writer would ask—

Who, possessing a spark of humane feeling or the remotest idea of justice, but will question our right to term the creatures in our care as a lower creation while beings of our own race are vivisectors?

Are we losing our grasp of what is morally right?

Are we to torture the innocent, actuated by the basest motives in the so-called interests of science, for a supposed self-interest?

One more experiment, on a poor little bird, and the compiler will gladly lay down her pen, for the subject is a painful one:

"I have on two occasions seen little birds die of pain. In these birds I had passed a rough, coarse, silken thread through the pectoral muscle for the purpose of inducing artificial inflammation. Death was instantaneous, and was caused by sudden failure of the heart's action."—Mantegazza, *Fisiologia del Dolore*, Florence, 1880, p. 49.

With the foregoing thoughts in our minds we are humbled, and deem our superiority of race but an empty boast. In our ignorance of our moral trust we resemble the drover who, being brought before the magistrate for having knocked out a poor animal's eye, excused his cruelty by pleading, "But, your honour, it isn't cruelty if you don't hit 'em where it marks the meat."

Yours faithfully,

A. G. SAVIGNY.

## COPIES OF TESTIMONIALS.

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*(From Committee appointed by Toronto Humane Society.)*

*Resolved*,—That the story, "Lion, the Mastiff," which has been read by the Committee appointed by this Board, be most highly recommended to this Society, it being an exceedingly useful and valuable book, and a good companion to "Black Beauty."

(Signed) W. R. BROCK.

---

I have looked through the MS. of "Lion" with great interest. The story is one that appeals forcibly to all lovers of animals, and would do much to foster a spirit of kindness and humanity towards them among our young people. The lesson taught in the deeply interesting chapter on the "dying horse" cannot be too strongly impressed on both old and young.

(Signed) JAMES BAIN, JR.,  
*Chief Librarian Public Library.*

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To Hon. G. W. Ross, LL.D.,  
*Minister of Education, Toronto.*

DEAR SIR,—I have much pleasure in stating that I have heard the first five chapters of "Lion" read by the author, and I think it is fully equal in plan and execution to "Black Beauty." I would like to see it in the hands of Public School pupils as a supplementary reading book.

Yours truly,  
(Signed) JAMES L. HUGHES,  
*Public School Inspector.*

---

I had the pleasure of hearing the auther read the first five chapters of "Lion," her story of the experiences of a dog, and I was delighted with it. She has a fine foundation for a most interesting story. I would certainly prefer it to "Black Beauty" for children in school to read.

(Signed) JAMES L. HUGHES

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BY

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