

For Our Bairns.

Photos by Mrs. Delves Broughton.



MY LITTLE FRIENDS. Here is a story about a dog which I am sure not only all the members of our Pets' Association but even the grown-ups will like to read.

Tory is a black spaniel, not a mere plaything, but a useful sporting retriever, who follows his master when September comes and the guns are looked to and the partridges' long summer's holiday is over. Then is the time that he feels of most importance and ready to make himself generally

useful, but, being an adaptable person, he is as eager, when off duty, to take an interest in a quiet walk with the children as in the most exciting shoot.

It was in one of these latter excursions on a frosty winter's morning, that the misfortune befell which raised him to the dignity of a hero. All things "were bright and beautiful" as the two children and their nurse started. "To move by steps without running," the dictionary gives as a definition of "walk," so on this occasion it would be more truthful to say the nurse went for a "walk" and the children and the dog for a scamper. They raced—Tory as usual the winner by a length—they jumped over drains—Tory clearing them at a stride—they threw a ball in the air for Tory to catch, and time was forgotten in the pleasure of the moment.

"It's time we were home," a voice in the far distance was heard to say.

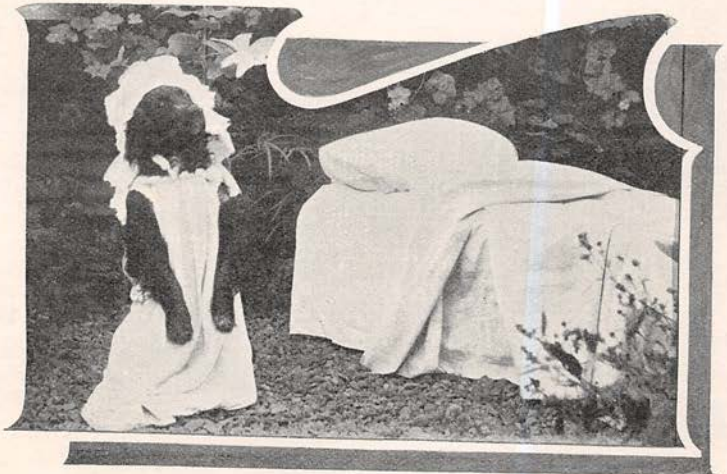
"Only one throw more, Nannie!" came in reply; and then that fateful last throw was delivered with more energy than usual.

The ball hit the ground, bounded into the air, and flew over the hedge; hardly was it lost to sight than Tory had sprung after it. They waited for his reappearance but only a distressed whine fell on their ears, and the children looked wonderingly at each other.

They waited, and waited; Tory's rebound was wont to be almost as expeditious as that of the india-rubber ball, but on this occasion he tarried. Why was it? and why was that plaintive cry heard once more? Presently his black head appeared, not heralding his approach in mid-air, but poking its way through a bare patch near the roots of the quick-set hedge. He had retrieved the ball, but in so doing he had injured himself terribly, jumping on to a piece of broken bottle flung by some careless passer-by into the ditch beyond. Tory came up to his young master and mistress and laid the ball at their feet, but a horrid red line marked his path, and they saw a dreadful gaping wound in one of his fore-legs, from which the blood flowed freely.

"Tory! poor, poor Tory!" and the cries of the affrighted children quickened the nurse's lagging footsteps.

All their efforts were of no avail for the handkerchief they quickly tied round the cut failed to stop the bleeding, and every moment Tory seemed to grow weaker and weaker. They got him back to the house, carrying him part of the way, and for the remainder commandeering a passing cart, which arrived most opportunely, as nurse was beginning to feel that a large spaniel made an awkward



TORY READY FOR BED.

"baby in arms." It was a sad little procession, and the home-coming one to be remembered, for Tory was everybody's pet. The servants were in tears, and the master well-nigh hopeless, for his dog would surely die if the flow of blood could not be staunched.

He ordered the carriage round in all haste and Tory was taken to the nearest doctor, who lived about three miles away, and who, in company with most of the neighbours, knew and loved Tory. Here it was found that an artery had been cut across in such a manner as to render the re-uniting of the several ends impossible, so cauterizing the wound was the only means of stopping the

family assembled at breakfast was for Tory. He was not in the house—was he in his kennel? There was a stampede thitherward of little feet, followed quickly by cries of woe.

"Tory isn't there—what has become of him? Where has he gone?"

Breakfast remained untouched upon the table, while the house, the garden, the paddock were searched in vain. Calls for "Tory, Tory, Tory," and prolonged whistling rang in the still morning air, but no answer came, no dog could be found.

Later in the day, as two sad little faces with eyes filled with tears appeared anxiously gazing out of the window, the truant, not the



HOW TORY RETURNED FROM THE DOCTOR'S.

bleeding. Tory suffered agonies from the burning of his gaping wound, but the result was all that could be wished, and when bandaged he was driven home, his master having been cautioned to guard against the natural instinct of the dog to lick or bite off the bandage.

That night the devoted nurse sat up to watch him, but Tory seemed little disposed to play tricks with himself. Perhaps, poor fellow, he was too weak for anything but lying still. Next day the whole household vied with one another in their attention to the invalid, and by the following evening he appeared so far recovered and so well behaved as to call for no further watching, so he was left alone.

Of course, the first thought when the

least ashamed of himself, limped slowly up the road that led to the house. He received an ovation and seemed to think it his due. But where had he been? Why had he gone? He returned to his kennel, lay quietly down and resumed the role of invalid, pleased to be petted and to have the best of good food brought to him, of which he partook with an air of condescension.

Next morning there was again occasion for questioning and wonder, but anxiety did not reach so high a pitch. Tory had once more disappeared. He remained away about the same length of time, returning as before to his kennel and to the tender care of his self-constituted nurses.

Not until the third day was a clue found to the mystery, when Tory, departing at his

usual hour, came back carrying a card tied about his neck on which were these words in the doctor's handwriting :

THE VILLA,
July 20th.

The dog has been up to be attended, and is going on well.

C. S.

On reading the card Tory's master at once visited the doctor and learned that the dog had every morning, of his own accord, repaired to the surgery; there taking up a position under the form on which sat the out-patients, he waited until the last one had been interviewed, then in his turn he presented himself for examination. Not only did he bear no ill-will towards the doctor for causing him pain in the cauterizing of his wound, but he evidently clearly realized that it was in the doctor's power to cure him; hence his daily visits.

Tory had his reward for proving so good a patient. He soon recovered and no sign of his accident remains. He will follow his master out shooting as of yore, in company now with two other black spaniels. He sets a good example to the children when seated on his chair at the dinner-table, never putting his paws on the cloth, and is silent, save when bidden to return thanks for the dainties offered him. He sometimes acts the invalid to amuse his little friends, and once took the part of the wolf in a tableau of "Little Red Riding-hood," which he enjoyed as much as any of



TORY PLAYING THE WOLF IN RED RIDING HOOD.

the company. In fact Tory is one in a thousand.

Tory is an example to us, not only of patience and endurance but of wisdom. He knew that the surgeon hurt him for his good. Sometimes "the great Physician" puts you and me through pain and bereavement that the deadly wounds of sin may be healed. I wonder why we have not Tory's sense to thank Him and go to Him again and again?

The solution of the puzzle in the June number is:—Slan T: Iot A: Nabo B: Arn O: Inne R. Only two of my bairns succeeded fully, and one of them who sent the answer on a postcard bearing the Rams-gate postmark, omitted both name and address. I shall be happy to send the book on learning where I must send it. J. A. Ward was also correct, and a book has been sent to him, as also to Percival H. S. Kempton, who came very near being correct.

Your Friend,

UNCLE GEORGE.



THE THREE FRIENDS.