Dandy Dogs.

By William G. FitzGerald.

WHEN you hear a man say he has "led the life of a dog," it is pretty safe to assume he has not been dandled in the lap of luxury for some time anterior to his plaint. But surely, after the publication of this article, the popular significance of the metaphor will lose its force—if, indeed, the meaning be not completely reversed, so that inclusion in Dandy Dog-dom will represent the Alpha and Omega of epicurean splendour.

The fact is, mere ordinary folk have not the remotest notion of the extravagant extent to which canine pets are pampered nowadays by their highly-placed mistresses; and so utterly astounding and fantastic are the details, that I propose giving chapter and verse, so to speak, for every statement made.

The first photograph reproduced shows the reception-room of the Dogs' Toilet Club, may judge from the illustration—is quite a sumptuous apartment; and the ordinary man on entering it may stumble over a costly occasional table, or occasional dog, as the case may be. For many ladies leave their pets here while shopping; others bring the little creatures to be shampooed, brushed, combed, clipped, and attended to by a professional chiropodist. Expensive sweetmeats are provided as a temporary solatium for the absence of the mistresses.

The pictorial art of this handsome apartment is distinctly canine; so, too, are the contents of the glass-topped table seen on the left. This contains an interesting—not to say surprising—collection of requisites for fashionable dogs. There are morning, afternoon, and evening coats; mourning outfits, travelling costumes, and bridal dresses—for woe unto the canine aristocrat that hath not on a wedding garment when occasion

THE RECEPTION-ROOM AT THE DOGS' TOILET CLUB, NEW BOND STREET, W.

in New Bond Street—an institution certainly beyond the wildest dreams of the Battersea pariahs It was started by an enterprising and cultured lady, who had noticed the righteous wrath of the average domestic on being asked to give a pampered pet its daily bath. Everything about this club is of the daintiest; the very prospectus is in blue and gold, with a delicate bow of green ribbon at one corner. The reception-room—as one demands. But more of this hereafter. The lady on the right has taken up the very latest sweet thing in dogs' driving coats—the "Lonsdale"—made to measure, in fawn cloth, lined with dark red silk; it has a cape of the same that falls upon the pet's shoulders, and a frill round the neck. This ornate garment is finished off with two gold bells; and the full collar is edged with fur to match that on the dress of the mistress.

MADAME LEDOUBLE'S BUSINESS CARD.

Where did all this originate? In Paris, the city of eccentric, extravagant *modes*. Perhaps I cannot do better than reproduce the business card of Madame Ledouble, whose sumptuous establishment in the Palais Royal (Galerie d'Orléans) may be described as the Eldorado of Dandy Dog-dom. Not only does madame make dogs' coats and fripperies generally, but she also publishes a canine fashion-book, of which an excellent notion may be gathered from the illustrations on this and the next page. These animals are stuffed specimens; all the others portrayed in this article are "from life."

But let us consider for a moment these *chic* canine fashions—which, by the way, were photographed in Paris specially for THE STRAND MAGAZINE, thanks to the courtesy of M. Henri Durand, the agent for "Spratt's Patent" in the French capital, and I must number the "models" in order that each may be briefly described.

NO. 1.—WEDDING COSTUME.

No. 1 is a splendid wedding toilet of white broché silk, trimmed with satin ribbons and orange blossom. No. 2 shows an imposing winter visiting costume with a Medici collar of chinchilla. Other furs can be had,

NO. 3.—THEATRE COSTUME.

such as sable and ermine. A gorgeous theatre dress is No. 3; it is made in rich broché velvet, with a collar trimmed with sable. Next comes the array of dainty *lingerie* (No. 4). The dog on the left, with the "mutton-chop whisker" appearance

NO. 4.—LINGERIE: HANDKERCHIEFS AND BOOTS.

(reminding one of the club waiter), is clothed in a dressing gown of thick silk, which protects him from the matutinal draughts; and his fellow-dandy is seen in a spotless *chemise de nuit*, which leaves uncovered the paws and tail. In the same group are seen

NO. 2.—WINTER VISITING DRESS.

NO. 5.—MOURNING TOILET.

a few other assorted night-shirts in silk, gauze, and flannel, together with dogs' handkerchiefs suitable for various occasions, and india-rubber boots, laced and buttoned.

An appropriately lugubrious mourning toilet is depicted in No. 5. This is made in black cloth, velvet, or *mousseline de soie*, with a nice full collar. Of course, the handkerchief is *en suite*. No. 6 shows a lovely yachting "gown" of navy blue cloth, with an anchor embroidered in white, red, or blue silk, matching the uniform of the crew. The name of the yacht always figures on these coats.

NO. 6.—YACHTING COSTUME.

No. 7 is a distinctly striking group. The dog behind on the left is wearing a visiting costume of green cloth trimmed with fine astrakhan. Next is seen a white flannel coat with hood, for travelling in Switzerland; then come the two dogs on the right, one of which is clad in a spring coat of light cloth, and the other in a bright red and white garment, from whose pocket peeps a silken *mouchoir*.

NO. 7.—VISITING AND TRAVELLING DRESSES, ETC.

No. 8 is a substantial travelling costume in Scotch tweed, with a pull-over collar, and pocket for railway-ticket, which latter is also shown.

NO. 8.—TWEED TRAVELLING COAT, WITH POCKET FOR RAILWAY TICKET.

Of course there are also bathing-dresses for Brighton, Dieppe, and Trouville. And it is not necessary for Madame Ledouble to measure the dog herself. You just write for patterns and fashion plates, and on choosing the outfit you receive careful instructions as to the measurement of your own pet, which instructions are carried out with surprising alacrity and splendour.

But I am running along too quickly. Let us get back to the Bond Street Toilet Club. In the photograph here shown we see a nice mild man shampooing a toy dog by means of a warm water-spray; and for this he receives his two guineas a week. The big bath seen in the background, on the right, is for more unwieldy animals, who are unfortunately apt to give a bit of trouble. It is idle to say the dogs like this kind of thing; they do not, although yolks of eggs are used instead of soap, which irritates the skin of these pampered little creatures.

SHAMPOOING AT THE DOGS' TOILET CLUB.

Occasionally an aristocratic mistress is dreadfully afraid her doggie will catch cold, leading to lung troubles and other dreadful things. Sometimes, too, the pet's owner will express a wish to "see it done"—much to the disgust of the operator, be he clipper or shampooer. For the lady will often throw herself on the dirty floor near the bath (unmindful of her own eighty-guinea dress) and keep up a running fire of oral consolation. "Now, it won't last long, Birdie." "Ah! 'oo's all dripping-wet, little darling; but 'oo'll soon be d'y." "Don't pull Birdie so, naughty man." If only the "naughty man" dared speak his mind!

Dentistry, of course, forms an important item in canine toilet clubs, both in London and Paris. Many a pet dog is to be seen in the Bois whose teeth are as false as its complexion — or rather colour; for fashionable dogs in the gay capital are frequently dyed to meet the exigencies of a passing *mode*.

During one of my visits to the interesting Bond Street institution, a Skye terrier was brought in to have two teeth extracted; the fee was half a guinea. And there is a special assistant retained for cleaning dogs' teeth—obviously as perilous a pastime as big game shooting; it is done with an ordinary tooth-brush and some table salt. I should mention, though, that some toy dogs *will* have a perfumed dentifrice used; they do not like salt.

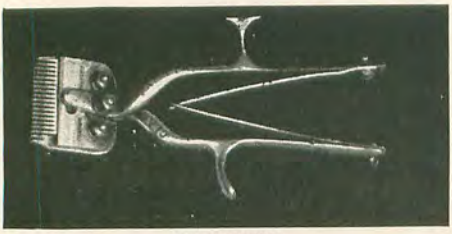
We now come to an exceedingly interesting part of the toilet club—the clipping of pet poodles. In the photograph is seen the premier dog-clipper, Mr. W. R. Brown, of Regent Street, whose dexterity and skill are such that he is justly entitled to lay claim (as he does) to the designation of "artist."

It is not high art, but it is wonderful in its way; notice the design cut in the poodle's hair. Poor peaceful "Mouton" can never know the true inwardness of the desperate struggle going on above him. It depicts the Corbett-Mitchell prize-fight that took place in New Orleans; and the English champion has apparently just received the knock-out blow. In the ordinary course of Nature, both pugilists gradually vanish — I mean the dog's hair grows; and at the end of every month (when Mouton is clipped) they either make their appearance in a fresh round, or they give place to another pattern — something pastoral, perhaps, with trees and things in it.

MR. BROWN AT WORK.
From a Photo. by Robinson, Regent Street, W.

Brown is a smart man — quite a character in his way. On the morning of a certain Derby Day he cut in the hair of his own poodle an inelegant race-horse, with a suggestion of the course and crowd, leaving underneath a fine patch of woolly hair in which the winner's name might be clipped in a few minutes. This last detail Brown procured direct from the course by special telegram; the name was instantly filled in — or cut out; and then the clever clipper, dog and all, went round the town in search of the lucky owner of the winning horse, the result being that the "pictorial" poodle—in a truly interesting condition — changed hands for £100.

The clipper, Brown, assures me he



DOG-CLIPPERS.

equently nas great difficulty in persuading people that these designs are actually worked in the dog's hair, or coat. Now, I have seen him at work with his battery of machine-clippers (see illustration), razors, and scissors of every shape and size. I say "shape" advisedly, because some of this "artist's" scissors are curved in queer ways, so as to get into small corners when reproducing fine lace on the poodle's back. The man will cut anything on your dog — even elaborate crests.

Let me show you "Zulu," a fine poodle belonging to Mrs. Beer, of Chesterfield Gardens —to whose courtesy I am indebted for the photograph. "Zulu" bears the crest of his master and mistress— a pelican feeding its nest of young ones with blood from its own breast. The motto is *Rien sans Peine* —probably a hint to the poodle to remain passive in the clipper's hands. By the way, the difficulty experienced in clipping a dog greatly depends on the animal's disposition. Mr. Brown and his wife have done five in a single day, but three is about the average. Like ourselves, the pet poodle is cursed with a sensitive cuticle, and its least movement has to be watched during the clipping lest it should be cut — a misfortune which would also damage the operator's artistic reputation.

THE POODLE "ZULU"—WITH CREST.
From a Photo. by Robinson, Regent Street, W.

Some of the more intricate lace patterns take two sittings to complete, and after the design is once traced, the dog has to be clipped and shaved about once a month. The charge for working out a difficult pattern or "set scene" is £2 2s.; the clipping of an involved monogram or coronet costs from 25s. to 30s.; and a sovereign is asked for "plain treatment." Brown has one canine client on his books whose owners, being Irish and rabid Home Rulers, will have nothing depicted on his back but a big shamrock; yet another poodle bears testimony to his master's patriotism by carrying about a quaint-looking thistle, the prickly part being cunningly fashioned from the animal's own stubbly bristles.

Here is a third example of Mr. Brown's peculiar art; this poodle is marked with a lion rampant—presumably representing its owner's crest. As a rule, an article from a toilet case — hair-brush or scent-bottle stopper—is sent to the clipper, and from this he copies the monogram. Mr. Brown likewise trains dogs of all breeds to perform, it being quite fashionable for these little canine swells to possess such accomplishments as *skirt dancing*, tight-rope walking, and piano playing. I need scarcely tell you that the slightest attempt at these feats suffices. And it is curious to note that the value of pet dogs is in an inverse ratio to their size. Mr. Brown recently sold a black-and-tan terrier, weigh-

From a Photo. by] POODLE—WITH LION RAMPANT. *[Robinson, Regent Street, W.*

ing exactly 200z., for £40; so let no one say that the lap-dog's outfit is more costly than the lap-dog himself.

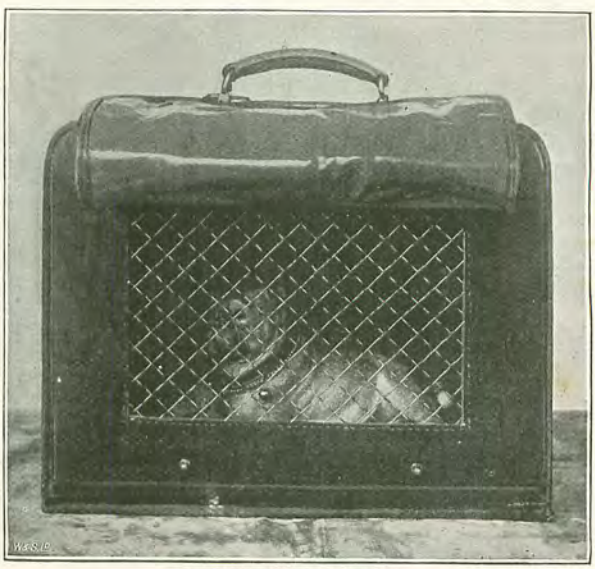
In the next photograph is seen an expert lady tailoress at work upon some stylish dog-coats. She is putting the finishing touches to the "Warwick." This is a promenade costume in fine brown cloth, shot with pink, lined with rose-coloured silk, fastened with a 15-carat gold clasp, and further ornamented with a double ruching at the neck like a lady's cape. The coat on the machine is in dull red velvet, lined with white moiré. Observe the large scent-bottles near the seamstress; for these dainty garments *must* be perfumed, otherwise the captious canines might (and do) evince a sudden dislike to the expensive garment selected.

DOGS' TAILORESS AT WORK.

But the aristocratic dog's wardrobe also contains outfits for special occasions. I have seen a yellow satin coat trimmed with Honiton, and priced at ten guineas. An old favourite, seventeen years of age, was shown to me, and on being requested to examine his coat (of fine cloth lined with costly sable) I found a small electro-magnetic appliance sewn between the cloth and the fur lining. This dog was a bit of a hypochondriac—always fancying he was ill; he did, however, occasionally suffer from pneumonia and backache.

It is absurd to suppose that all kinds of dogs wear these garments; for example, no one would think of putting a coat on a Chow-Chow. On the other hand, dachshunds are sometimes provided with warm coats, and *sealskin waistcoats also*, mainly because they are apt to run through pretty long grass, and in this way, being short-legged, get their precious little stomachs wet, thus inducing various parlous canine ills. Wedding garments are always attractive; and of course, on such festive occasions, her ladyship's pet is very much *en suite*. The little animal's interest in the function may be infinitesimal—he may even regard the whole business with fierce loathing; still, he is dressed. The Maison Ledouble turns out wedding coats in white, yellow, and crimson satins trimmed with orange blossom at the neck, and with white satin leaders; these coats cost about £5 each.

Should the newly-made bride wish to take her darling with her on the honeymoon trip, the dog-maid (no sinecure, this) swiftly changes Fido's garments, replacing the gorgeous wedding outfit with a neat travelling suit of box-cloth, complete with hood and pockets for handkerchief, railway ticket, and biscuit—the latter by way of refreshment *en route*. If you think the toy dog is hustled into the guard's van, you are grievously mistaken. He is carefully placed in a travelling kennel, such as is seen in the photograph. This is really a beautiful hand-bag of cow-hide



A TRAVELLING DOG KENNEL.

or crocodile, silver-mounted, and costing from four to ten guineas. It is well ventilated, and supplied with lambs' wool mats. The wire grating is heavily gilt, or plated; and there is a leather flap which may be let down at the dog's bed-time, or when the sun is too powerful for his eyes. Now, consider for a moment the group of costly canine trifles seen in the accompanying illustration.

SOME PARIS NOVELTIES FOR DANDY DOGS.

I will describe each briefly, commencing with the top left-hand corner: (1) dress collar of pure white ivory, in imitation of that affected by the human genus dude, it has a neat, black tie; (2) collar of different shape, with tie, gold bell, and white silk leader; (3) dainty lace-bordered dog's handkerchief of soft white silk; (4) three gold collars; (5) packet of 24 tiny hairpins, specially made for the toilet of lady poodles; (6) neat gold bracelet or bangle; (7) gold collar; (8) ditto; (9) collar of golden rings, price £15; (10) dress bracelet for lady poodle, consisting of purple satin bow with diamond buckle, valued at £45; lastly, we have a fine cambric handkerchief, and a silver collar.

These were photographed by our own artist at Barrett's, in Piccadilly—a gorgeous establishment, whose proprietors make a special feature of catering for dandy dogs. It takes a lot to surprise Mr. Henry Barrett—to whom I am indebted for several photographs.

Dogs' coats range in price from one to three guineas; collars from a sovereign to £60, some being of 18-carat gold fastened with a diamond brooch. Dogs with small heads and fat necks wear "harness." This is an elaborate arrangement of straps with gold and silver mounts, whereby the pet is led from a ring on its back. Messrs. Barrett recently carried out an order for a certain noble lady, who wanted a gold-mounted tandem and four-in-hand harness—technically perfect—so that she might "drive her (canine) team afield" down Bond Street and in the park.

The mistress does *not* carry her pet's handkerchief; this would be an unpardonable breach of canine etiquette. The perfumed cambric or silken square is coquettishly stuck in Fido's own coat-pocket, so that it may be available for use on wet days, when those low omnibuses, carts, and cabs splash so horribly.

The little Maltese here shown is called "Dandy"—appropriately enough; and he is dressed quietly and neatly, but in the best of taste—as these things go. His coat—colour photography is still a thing of the future—is of crimson velvet lined with white silk; and he has a nice curb-chain bracelet,

A MALTESE DANDY.

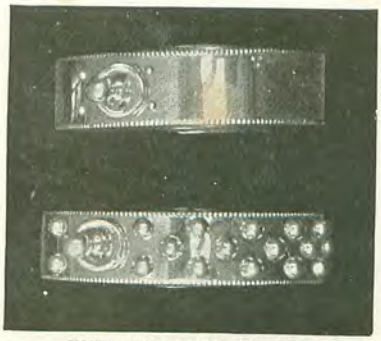
worth five guineas, on his left paw. In winter Dandy wears a fur coat; and I may say that these garments are usually lined with seal and sable, their cost ranging up to ten or fifteen guineas.

Dogs' bracelets or bangles cost, in gold, from two to ten guineas each; and in silver from 15s. to 30s. In Paris, these ornaments are frequently seen studded with precious stones, rendering the pet a most desirable piece of portable property. And the gems used vary according to the breed of dog.

Why, the very combs and brushes used on canine toilet-tables are as costly as choice of materials can make them. The hair-brushes are specially designed so that the hairs stand at a certain angle, thus facilitating the treatment of tangled (natural) coats. Three or four large brushes are first used; then come the finer kinds, and lastly the combs, which are made in steel, silver, buffalo-horn, and tortoise-shell. The brushes cost from 5s. to 10s. 6d. each (dog's name in gold or silver extra, of course); and the cheaper kind of combs are sold at Barrett's for 3s. 6d. and 5s. 6d.

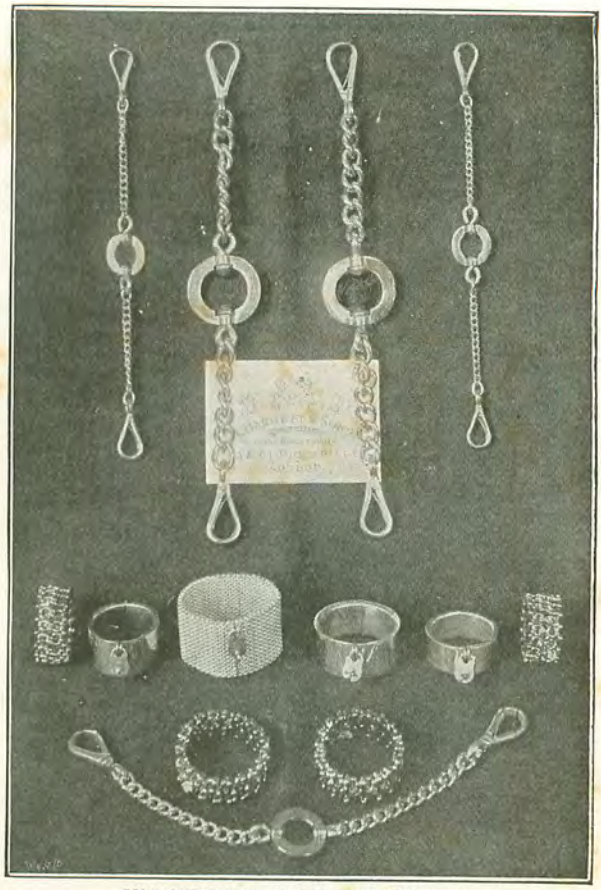
Fastidious folk sometimes design collars in silver or gold for their own dogs; and big dogs often have solid silver collars made for them; notice two of these in the next picture.

The fact is, money is literally no object where aristocratic pet dogs are concerned.



SILVER COLLARS FOR BIG DOGS.

Mr. Barrett tells me he has often made *muzzles* in gold and silver—as though such would be more tolerable than the "regulation pattern"; also leaders consisting of long chains of fine gold, and golden couples for promenading



GOLD AND SILVER COUPLES AND BRACELETS.

with pairs of dogs. A number of gold and silver couples and pretty bracelets are shown in the above illustration; it will be seen that the last-named ornaments lock on the dogs' paws, thus obviating to certain extent the annoyance of periodical loss of valuable jewellery. By the way, anyone who has seen a lady trying to lead two playful pet dogs in the West-end will at once appreciate the use of the couples.

There are fashions in ladies' dogs just as there are in dresses and millinery. The King Charles and Blenheim spaniels, once so popular, have quite lost caste in the "hupper suckles." On the other hand, a Yorkshire terrier, weighing only 2¼ lb., was recently sold for eighty guineas, and was considered cheap at that.

I asked how the changes in fashionable dogs came about, and was told that in this, as in other matters, Royalty leads the way. Suppose the Princess of Wales's favourite dog, for the time being, is a Chow-Chow, and in due time that exalted animal dies. Then

Her Royal Highness will probably visit some big dog show and choose a new pet—perhaps a Japanese pug (a well-bred specimen will now fetch from fifty to 100 guineas); a small white Pomeranian (Princess Beatrice's favourite); a Spitz, or a small French bull-terrier. In any case, the Princess's choice decides the fashion in pet dogs; though, of course, other considerations also operate to work the change. Yorkshire terriers are very popular just now. The funny little dog seen in this photograph is a Yorkshire; and apart

A "YORKSHIRE.

from his gorgeous velvet coat, bracelets, and brooch he is worth eighty guineas.

In the accompanying photograph is depicted a dog-basket or drawing-room lounge. It is lined with seal-skin and trimmed with bright red satin to match the decorations of the apartment. These baskets are also made by Barrett's, lined with satin, plush, and brocade. Baskets are now being ordered which can be attached to cycles, so that the mistress can take her own daily exercise and give her beloved pet an airing at one and the same time.

The well-being of these toy dogs is

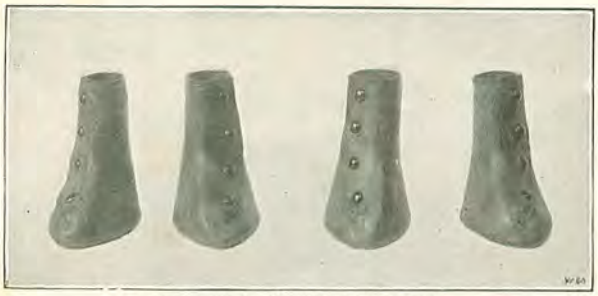
DRAWING-ROOM BASKET

"A MORNING CALL."

studied to a truly amazing degree. What could possibly be more comical than the fully-equipped canine dandy here shown? This black-and-tan terrier is dressed for a morning call with his mistress, who will *leave her pet's card* as well as her own, this extraordinary custom being considered necessary if there happens to be a toy dog at the house about to be visited. Look at the little animal's quaint tie and collar; and his card-case, sticking out of the front of his coat. The fair Parisienne, on hearing of ordinary sober English customs, is contemptuously amused, and probably exclaims: "*Mais! c'est drôle!*" But the leaving of her dog's card on a fellow-pet during the morning drive—this she considers in no wise funny.

And yet this fashion is now fairly with us; and, absurd as it is, there are still more outrageous canine *modes* to follow. Here you have a good view of wet weather dogs' boots: pretty little rubber goloshes, with black studs or buttons. Our artist photo-

graphed the set at Messrs. Atloff and Norman's, in Bond Street. The boot for big occasions, however, is that shown in the next illustration; you may see the original for yourself at Barrett's, in Piccadilly. This boot is of soft brown Russia, with a nice silk lace to match; the set of four is made to measure for two guineas. The rubber goloshes are sometimes worn by rheumatic dogs; others wear them because, while in London, they suffer from a foot complaint caused by the metallic grit on the roads.



A SET OF INDIA-RUBBER DOG-BOOTS.

Now, as to diet; but in regard to this part of the article I must acknowledge my indebtedness to the well-known canine "vet.," Mr. C. Rotherham, of South Molton Street. Here is an astounding fact vouched for by my informant There is in the West-end of London a poodle for whose consumption a prime leg of mutton is cooked regularly every day, and the dog demolishes the joint. A little less startling is the case of the greyhound, who has the first and choicest cuts off the joint below stairs!

LACED DOG BOOT.

But it is when their pets are sick that ladies of high degree cast common-sense completely overboard. The fashionable canine surgeons are not easily astonished—as you may imagine. At the same time, ladies give them infinite trouble by their innumerable questions, not to mention the demonstrative agony they suffer over the ailments of their darlings. The Earl and Countess of —— burst into the very dingy surgery of an eminent "vet." one day and asked after the health of a sick pug, who lay there in a basket; the little brute was a monument of ugliness. "He is dying, my lord; dying, my lady," replied the "vet." (a most correct man), with a sympathetic catch in his voice.

Lady —— at once became hysterical; she threw herself prostrate on the dusty floor in her superb dress and sobbed aloud, commanding the dignified surgeon to kneel down and pray for the departing pug. The noble earl, too, was deeply moved, but he controlled his emotion, merely glaring at the bottles on the shelves and sniffing audibly.

It is amusing to learn that Mr. Rotherham occasionally receives letters direct from his patients; that is to say, requests for his services which purport to come from the dogs themselves. The following is a very droll example:—

—, Belgrave Square, W.,
22nd January, 1896.

DEAR DR. ROTHERHAM,—As they say in America, I feel "real sick" this morning; so mother tells me to write and ask you to call here as early as possible after receiving this. I am not at all nervous as to my not feeling well; but as poor mother is mourning the loss of my uncle "Puck," she naturally feels anxious about me. I will tell you how I feel, so that you may in some measure be guided in your treatment of my indisposition. You must promise not to tell mother, but she gave a dinner last evening, and I *did* enjoy myself. I had *such* a lot of nice things! Do you think it is possible for them to have made me feel as I do? I was in great pain during the night, so that poor mother and myself did not have a wink of sleep. At eight o'clock this morning I was dreadfully sick, and my poor head is terribly hot, and difficult to hold up. My eyes will not keep open; and my lovely tail, which you have admired so often, is a disgrace to me; it hangs straight down, and will not curl a wee bit. I am quite ashamed of it. Do come soon, and be the good doctor you have always been.

Your grateful patient,
NIGGY.

When sick dogs "lie up" at home, they are constantly fed with the breasts of pheasants, served on silver. Old "Noble," the Queen's collie, was once found suffering from indigestion, brought on by a too plentiful supply of the above-named delicacy. Canine invalids in hospital are usually visited at least once a day by their mistresses, who will probably produce from the carriage whole roast partridges, hares' tongues, or sweetbreads; and Mr. Rotherham knows of one little pampered brute whose jaded palate would reject everything save ptarmigan.

But could anything be more ludicrous than this coated, booted, and generally weather-

protected pug? The umbrella was actually made by Messrs. Barrett in such a way that it could not be dislodged, no matter how obnoxious it became to the wearer. It opened the moment it was pressed down on to the pug's back; and it cost five guineas.

"BEASTLY WEATHER.

But to return to the sick pets. Some doting mistresses send their suffering dogs to the "vet.'s" house to be boarded there under the surgeon's constant care. Now and then the latter is obliged to intercept the extravagant dainties brought for his patient, and substitute plain, wholesome food.

Here is a funny story in this connection. One of the leading canine specialists was sent for by a titled lady to see her poodle, who was in a bad way. The moment the animal came into the drawing-room, the dog-doctor knew it was a case of over-feeding; so "Jacko" was sent with tremendous pomp to the surgeon's house to be treated. His anxious mistress did not neglect him, though. Twice a day, a splendid carriage drove up, and a footman brought round to the surgeon's man a massive silver dish, whereon reposed some succulent bird. "How is Jacko to-day?" the footman would ask, according to instructions. "Well, a little better, James; but still poorly," the other would reply. The surgeon's man would then take the tempting meal round to the stables, eat it with immense relish, and then clean and polish the silver ready for the exchange dish, which he knew would be brought along in a few hours. For many days this went on, till at last the surgeon remarked to his man: "I shall have to be sending Jacko home soon." "Don't do it yet, sir," was the earnest and unexpected reply; "I never lived so well in my life."

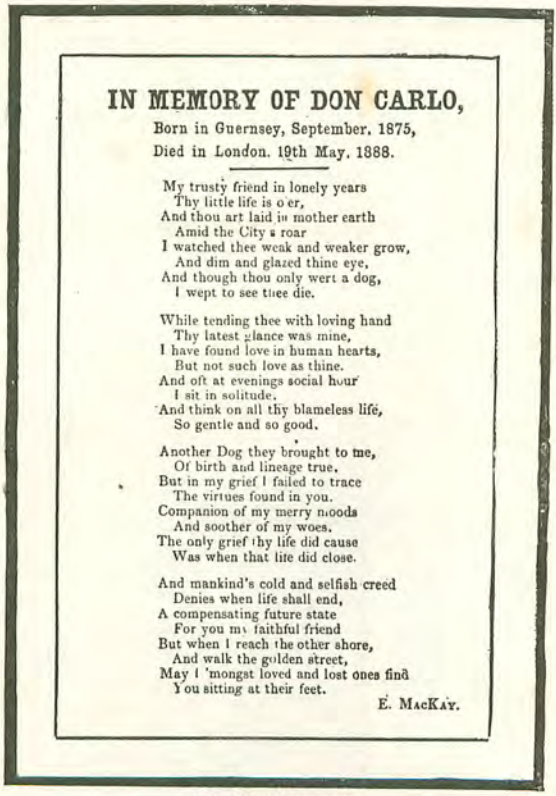
Another really clever canine "vet." with a lucrative practice told me he had a simple way of treating ladies' pampered pets. On receiving an over-fed toy dog, he would put him into a disused brick oven with a crust or bread, an onion, and an old boot. When the dog gnawed the bread, the surgeon wrote to the mistress that the dear little thing was "doing nicely." When it commenced operations on the onion, word was sent that the pet was "decidedly better"; but when the animal tackled the boot, the lady was respectfully informed that her darling was "ready to be removed"—a rational, if drastic, cure. Beyond question, the finest canine hospital in Europe is Spratt's Sanatorium at Beddington, which is under the supervision of Mr. Alfred Sewell, the famous canine surgeon. This institution has numbered among its in-patients the *crême de la crême* of Dandy Dog-dom; and the perfection of the scientific arrangements must be seen to be believed.

It is not unusual for dogs to be ordered to Brighton, Bournemouth, and other resorts on the south coast, for a change of air—especially if the complaint is a troublesome cough. Many a canine invalid, too, has been specially taken all the way to the Riviera—Nice, Mentone, Hyères, Biarritz, Monte Carlo—solely for the benefit of its health. And, of course, it would be wrapped in swansdown *en route*, and not left out of sight, lest those horrid railway porters should treat the precious darling harshly. Mr. Alfred Sewell, the eminent canine specialist, living in the vicinity of Eaton Square, was once telegraphed for from Oxford, a pet dog having broken its leg through a fall downstairs. It was, however, so late at night that Mr. Sewell wired back, "Last train gone." The next message from the dog's mistress read, "Take special." He did, and it cost £20.

In large and fashionable houses the dogs (two or three is the usual number kept) have a special servant to minister unto their countless wants; and the position of dog-

maid, as I have hinted elsewhere, is one of grave responsibility. Her charges must be laid to rest in their sumptuous little beds at a certain hour; they must be up early for their bath, and then taken out for a walk or a drive. Or perhaps a manservant is retained at £60 a year to perform these offices. In that case a specially fitted bath would be installed in the house, together with a complete outfit of expensive toilet articles. Thus the actual cost of the canine *ménage*—having in mind the extensive wardrobe necessary, not to speak of the jewellery—can safely be computed at hundreds of pounds a year.

And yet, with all this, dandy dogs die like their humbler brethren — probably much sooner. Then comes the funeral, with its flowers, carriages, and marble monuments. I am not jesting. An illustrated article has already appeared in THE STRAND MAGAZINE on the Dogs' Cemetery, situated, appropriately, in Hyde Park. Mr. Rotherham, the canine specialist, has an extensive burying-ground of the same kind on his property at Neasden.



IN MEMORY OF DON CARLO,

Born in Guernsey, September, 1875,
Died in London, 19th May, 1888.

My trusty friend in lonely years
Thy little life is o er,
And thou art laid in mother earth
Amid the City s roar
I watched thee weak and weaker grow,
And dim and glazed thine eye,
And though thou only wert a dog,
I wept to see thee die.

While tending thee with loving hand
Thy latest glance was mine,
I have found love in human hearts,
But not such love as thine.
And oft at evenings social hour
I sit in solitude,
And think on all thy blameless life,
So gentle and so good.

Another Dog they brought to me,
Of birth and lineage true,
But in my grief I failed to trace
The virtues found in you.
Companion of my merry moods
And soother of my woes,
The only grief thy life did cause
Was when that life did close.

And mankind's cold and selfish creed
Denies when life shall end,
A compensating future state
For you my faithful friend
But when I reach the other shore,
And walk the golden street,
May I 'mongst loved and lost ones find
You sitting at their feet.

E. MACKAY.

A CANINE OBITUARY.

Mr. Kenyon, the gentle, sympathetic undertaker of Edgware Road, tells me he was sent for in hot haste one Saturday afternoon. He was out at the time, but he called on the Sunday — thinking, of course, that he was required to take an order for the burial of an ordinary Christian. It was not so. The deceased was a pet dog that had met with a tragic death in the street beneath a coal cart. The lady tearfully explained that she wanted the body embalmed, and then placed in a glass coffin, so that she could have poor dear "Friskie" with her all days—even to the consummation of her own; the two would then be interred together. Mr. Kenyon thought this might be magnificent, but it was not business; so he declined the commission.

Mr. Rotherham knows of dozens of cases in which toy dogs have had costly funerals. Pets that die in town are usually buried at the country seat of the family. In this surgeon's canine cemetery lies one dog that was brought from France. But here is a poetic funeral card that speaks for itself; note that it contains hopeful hints of a canine hereafter — "another place," as they say in Parliament.

But listen to Mr. Rotherham's record case. "A year or two ago I was called to the Grosvenor Hotel to see a dog. When I entered the room I saw a young man stretched on the hearth-rug. I thought I had been called to see *him;* but I found I was mistaken. The dog was dead, the circumstances being these: The gentleman had occasion to go out, so he shut his dog in the sitting-room. The dog protested strongly in his absence — mainly by disfiguring the door, and driving several other visitors nearly crazy with continuous howls. When the master returned, the hotel people complained, whereupon the young gentleman proceeded to chastise his demonstrative pet—which chastisement took the form of a running kick that ended the dog's days.

"The remorseful man's reparation resolved itself into a gorgeous funeral. There was a purple velvet pall, two broughams (one for the coffin and one for the mourners), and three guineas' worth of flowers—chiefly lilies of the valley. A leaden shell was made and inclosed in a polished mahogany coffin, with silver fittings and name-plate. A touch of romance was given to this unique function

when, just as the leaden shell was about to be sealed up, the impetuous young fellow was seen to put in with the dog's remains a packet of letters and a gold locket containing hair. I imagine the dog must have belonged to the chief mourner's deceased lady-love."

DOG'S FUNERAL CARD.

This funeral, Mr. Rotherham assures me, cost £30 or £40; and the funniest thing about it was that the surgeon himself was requested to "follow." He consented to do this, and was forthwith provided with a white silk sash and a satin rosette. Another very interesting dog's funeral was one carried out by a London undertaker, although the remains were to be interred in the tomb of the sorrowing master's ancestors in Sicily. The dog's body was, of course, embalmed; and the headstone was sent with it.

A typical dog's funeral-card is reproduced here. "Monkey" was a quaint little Yorkshire; and his mistress — an enormously rich woman, and a great believer in Sir Henry Thompson — had his remains cremated. "Monkey's" cinerary urn, shown in the accompanying photograph, probably represents the very highest pinnacle of (deceased) Dandy Dog-dom. It cost *six hundred guineas*, being in the form of a solid tortoise-shell sedan chair, enamelled all over the front and sides in the most costly manner, and inlaid with brilliants, rubies, emeralds, and pearls; the extremities of the handles are simply incrusted with jewels.

Inside is a gold-mounted crystal jar, with a monogram in diamonds; this contains the ashes. It is surmounted by a skull. The name of the departed pet is perpetuated by the monkey seen on top of the casket; and in his paw he holds a fine pearl. This casket was made by Messrs. A. Barrett and Sons, of 63 and 64, Piccadilly; of course, it was an exceptional order, but Mr. H. Barrett tells me that the firm ordinarily make cinerary urns, ranging in price from £10 to £250, for holding the ashes of cremated pet dogs.

In conclusion it may be said that pet dogs are treated by their mistresses almost precisely as though they were human members of the family; the only discrepancy in the analogy being that it is horribly bad form for a lady to drive in the park with her baby by her side, while the presence of a pompous pug or a toy terrier is irreproachably correct.

"MONKEY'S" CINERARY URN, WHICH COST 600 GUINEAS.