

TEA TIME TALK

(BY WILMA J. MARCH)

"That one absolutely unselfish friend that man can have . . ."

That was a tribute to a dog. I know what the writer felt for we have laid to rest our little friend, Pickles, the white, curly haired friend of many people in many places.

Pickles was spoiled like many pets are but his heart was pure gold. He was accustomed to a small town and expected the public to save his life, as he sauntered across the road in the way of traffic. Still he managed to live for eleven years, each one endearing himself to dozens of people. There are many sad hearts over his sudden passing.

"Pickles" as he was generally called, welcomed me home not long ago, after being the constant companion of my father in my absence. He tagged after my heels daily and never was more sweet and attentive than he was of late. Last Monday night, Labor Day, he followed me to the tourist playground, the office and home. He slept in his favorite chair and at daylight pushed the screen door open with his nose. An hour later a little boy came to tell me that he had been hurt. Dad went after him and it was pitiful to see his little body bruised and sore. Every move made him howl. It has developed that a vicious dog, which is a community pest, picked on him while he was trotting down the middle of the road. He lay a crumpled heap of curls, unable to stand alone. At first we thought he had been shot, the teeth marks on his throat were so clean and sharp. I did everything possible for him and his adoring eyes showed that he knew and was grateful. He moaned when we left him, as we had to do at times. At night he cried for company, so I brought him in from the veranda, where it was cool, and placed him on a chair by my bed, and he went to sleep, and so did I, with his paw in my hand. But his wounds showed up more as the hours passed and he was injured internally too. His body was wracked with pain till it was unbearable to listen to him. Rather than have him suffer, I had to give him chloroform. So my little pal is gone.

Sonny returned from the north yesterday and found him gone. The day he died, I met the train hoping Sonny would come in time, but instead and to my surprise, a dear friend of mine and her son, got off the train, coming from Massachusetts. Pickles loved her as much as

she adored him. In fact she felt he was part hers, for he went to see her every day, receiving in return the cream off her bottle of milk or the choicest meat in the ice box. I whisked her off to the house for lunch, so that she might see him alive. He knew her voice and raised his face towards her. An hour later, he died in my arms, but at least his body was released from pain.

The whole town is sorry to lose him, for as the Mayor said, he was the most beloved dog in town. Special permission was given to me to bury him in our plot beside my mother, whom he loved. While she was ill, he spent many hours beside her, so close that she could feel the warmth of his body. Many a sick person he cheered, back home there in Grey county, as well as here. His many friends in the tourist camp here will miss his daily visits.

And what of the other dog? Well he is the pet of an old lady, and we feel it is difficult to deal with him, but he has caused the death of other dogs too, and bitten children, so the city has condemned him and I fear he must die.

Senator Vest of Missouri, was attending a court in a county town, and while waiting for the trial of a case in which he was interested, he was urged by the attorneys in a dog case to help them. Much time had been taken up with evidence to show that the defendant had deliberately shot the dog, while the other evidence claimed that the dog had attacked the defendant.

The Senator took no part in the trial, and was not prepared to speak. The attorneys, however, urged him to make a speech. He arose, looked at each jurymen and said: "Gentlemen of the Jury: The best friend a man has in the world may turn against him and become his enemy. His son or daughter that he has reared with love and care may prove ungrateful. Those who are nearest and dearest to us, those whom we trust with our happiness and our good name may become traitors to their faith.

"The money that a man has he may lose. It flies away from him perhaps when he needs it most. A man's reputation may be sacrificed in a moment of ill-considered action. The people who are prone to fall on their knees to do us honor when success is with us, may be the first to throw the stone of malice when failure settles its cloud upon our heads.

"The one absolutely unselfish friend that man can have in this selfish world, the one that never deserts him, the one that never proves ungrateful or treacherous, is his dog.

"A man's dog stands by him in prosperity, in health and sickness. He will sleep on the cold ground where the wintry winds blow and the snow drives fiercely, if only he may be near his master's side. He will kiss the hand that has no food to offer; he will lick the wounds and sores that come in encounter with the roughness of the world. He guards the sleep of his pauper master as if he were a prince.

"When all other friends desert he remains. When riches take wings and reputation falls to pieces, he is as constant in his love as the sun in its journey through the heavens.

"If fortune drives the master forth an outcast in the world, friendless and homeless, the faithful dog asks no higher privilege than that of accompanying him, to guard against danger, to fight against his enemies, and when the last scene of all comes, and death takes the master in its embrace, and his body is laid away in the cold ground, no matter if all other friends pursue their way, there by the graveside will the noble dog be found, his head between his paws, his eyes sad but open in alert watchfulness, faithful and true even in death."

Senator Vest sat down. He had spoken in a low voice, without any gesture. The jury returned a verdict in favor of the plaintiff for more recompense than he had asked.

And all this was or would have been true had the occasion called for it, from my little pal. He knew almost my thoughts, many times, and knew every word we said to him. I never before knew a dog to have such a delicacy of manners, from his very infancy. He took the food proffered to him, with a gentle refinement, unusual in canines. And I shall never forget how he worried so when we started south one cold, stormy morning, until Dad decided to turn back. Then he lay down in the car and went to sleep, content that all would be well since he had persuaded him to go back home. Peace rest his soul. Or has a dog a soul? Perhaps not but they have a brave, staunch and true heart.

Out in California a while ago, a boy who attended High School, owned a dog, which was mostly fox terrier. Every day of the four years except two, Spot accompanied his master to school being allowed to sit close by the seat, if he did not

THE TALKER'S FRIEND



disturb the class. He was the official mascot of the school's football, basketball, baseball and track teams, and received honorary letters in those sports. But that is not all.

He is perhaps the only dog in the world to graduate and receive a diploma. He was more popular and received more applause than any of the three hundred students.



Sold by **Richard English, Markdale**

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ADVENTURES IN ECONOMY...

MARG, DO YOU KNOW THAT MY HYDRO BILL IS MUCH LESS THAN LAST MONTH SINCE THE GOVERNMENT CUT THE RATES?
YES, IT CERTAINLY MAKES IT EASY ON THE HOUSE-KEEPING MONEY HELEN.

HEPBURN SAVES US ABOUT \$15.00 BY OUR THREE CHILDREN NOT HAVING TO PAY EXAMINATION FEES
AND I'M GLAD THEY'RE GOING TO CUT DOWN ON EXAMS AND HOMEWORK

JACK TOLD ME OUR CAR LICENSE WILL BE ONLY \$2.00 INSTEAD OF \$7.00 THIS YEAR - JUST WATCH ME GET A NEW HAT OUT OF THAT SAVING
I NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT, I'LL HAVE TO GET AFTER JIM FOR MINE

I'M GLAD HEPBURN KEPT LIQUOR OUT OF RESTAURANTS AND WILL TAKE IT OUT OF POLITICS
AND I UNDERSTAND HE HAS MADE IT POSSIBLE FOR ALL DESTITUTE MOTHERS TO GET ALLOWANCES - THAT'S GOOD

HE ALSO GOT \$30,000 IN BACK PAY FOR GIRLS IN INDUSTRY WHO HAD BEEN DEFRAUDED
YES AND JIM SAYS HEPBURN'S UNEMPLOYMENT INSURANCE WILL MEAN WE'LL NEVER HAVE TO GO ON RELIEF

JIM SAYS THE FARM VOTE WILL GO TO HEPBURN BECAUSE HE REDUCED THE RATES FOR ELECTRICITY
YES AND THERE'S NO TAX ON MOVIES OR HOCKEY GAMES ANY MORE

EVEN OUR LOCAL TAX BILL IS DOWN DUE TO HEPBURN'S ONE MILL BONUS THAT MEANS \$5.00 TO US
NO WONDER HE IS CALLED A MAN OF ACTION. IN SPITE OF ALL THESE TAX REDUCTIONS HE MAKES ENDS MEET

I'VE MADE SURE JACK'S AND MY NAME ARE ON THE LIST - OUR VOTES WILL SAY "CARRY ON" HEPBURN
DO YOU KNOW HELEN I THINK I'LL PERSUADE JIM TO VOTE LIBERAL THIS TIME - HE ALWAYS VOTED THE OTHER WAY

HEPBURN HELPS HOUSEHOLD HAPPINESS

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ELECT OLIVER FOR SOUTH GREY