

# MONTY

By RACHEL WESTON  
(Owner of Monty)

I AM a cocker spaniel and my name is Montagu, but everyone calls me Monty for short. When I was about six weeks old I was brought to a small town called Haileybury in Northern Ontario. It was founded by Mr. Farr and he called it after his school in England.

The lady to whom I was given did not understand babies; when night came she put me down the cellar and did not even give me a drink of warm milk. Of course I kept her awake all night by crying. What else did she expect? I wanted my mother or at least a substitute. Some people are so ignorant about the ways of the young.

The next day she was pretty sick and tired of me and when she saw a couple of her friends passing, she called out to them and wanted to know if they would like to have a pup. They looked at each other for a moment and said in one accord, "There is nothing we would like better than a pup, especially a spaniel."

As I looked at my new owners I knew I was in the hands of those who liked and understood dogs. He put me in his big overcoat pocket with only my head sticking out and I was as good as gold all the way home. From that time on they became to me the Boss and the Missus. "No such nonsense," said she, "as Mother and Daddy—I will not be Mother to a dog,—but no mother could have been nicer to a child than she was to me.

I loved the Boss but I adored the Missus. I had to obey him, but with her I did more or less as I pleased and I knew that before I had been there many weeks.

They taught me many tricks and I was very proud of myself and loved to show off. I could get the boss his rubbers, say my prayers, shut the door, die for my country and carry home the mail and sometimes quite big parcels—the bigger the better, for then I knew the neighbors were admiring and heard them say, "Do look at Monty." I walked along with my tail up in the air, as proud as a cuffy. I do not know what a cuffy is, but the Boss said so and therefore I knew it must be something very nice.

To say my prayers I sat up with my chin on the Missus' knee and she would say: "Please give Monty a piece of candy. Amen." At the word "Amen" I would sit up straight and she would give me a piece of candy and never did she fail me.

I was very fond of candy and cake, and as soon as those words were mentioned I was all agog looking for it. We had a very dear friend, Miss Candy, and when she was visiting us I was in a stew for that candy when her name was mentioned. I was a nervous wreck by the time she left. And do you know that, clever as I was, I was quite a big dog before I understood the difference?

The first night I was in my new home I was fed and put to bed on a soft cushion in the laundry basket under the kitchen table. Unfortunately I got out one night and the white cat jumped in and I did not know how to

get him out, so I barked and cried and the Missus came down to see what the row was about. She turned the cat out and put me in and after that as I grew bigger and found him in my basket, I just jumped on top of him and he had to get out or be very uncomfortable.

There were six of us in the family besides the French-Canadian girl and the boy who helped in the garden—we were the Boss, the Missus, two dogs and two cats.

The other dog was a beautiful black Pomeranian called Tsetse, after some obnoxious and pestiferous fly in South Africa. He came to us when I was about eight years old and alas! after that life was never the same for me again. The old blowhard! Ah me! I guess I was jealous! I must confess he was a lovely creature—long pitch black hair tiny legs like a deer and when he walked the street, he was just the most beautiful thing that you had ever laid your eyes on. But he was very bad tempered and would as soon bite you as look at you. And he would bite hard, too, and draw blood. But he was so small that that was his only protection. Now, Tsetse did not like candy at all; occasionally he would condescend to eat an after-dinner mint, no other was good enough for him. Chocolates he despised, so I always got the one he had sniffed at.

The white cat was Joe, short for Josephus. Joe was a chicken thief, but he never took our chickens, although we had a good many and the big ones had names too. There was Solomon and his wives—Sarah, Jane and Maria and many others. I wish I had time to tell you about our chickens, as some of them were very interesting and not as stupid as some people would have you believe.

Joe would take the next-door chickens and put them among ours. The Missus had to be very severe with him before he stopped that trick. Even after he was old he stole chickens.

One night a friend was calling and Joe cried at the door to be let in, so the Missus said, "Lornie please let Joe in." He did and in walked Joe. Lornie looked at him

with large astonished eyes and said, "Is that Joe? Why that is the cat that has been stealing all my chickens! I was going to shoot him if I found him there again, but I cannot do so now as he has been introduced to me as Joe." And he bowed to him very gravely.

Joe was a polygamist and was forever getting into fights and came home with his ears and nose all scratched and bitten, so that he looked a sight.

One Sunday morning after a Saturday night spree, he came home so badly clawed that he had to be put to sleep. He had only one parlor trick. When he came into the room and found the Missus sitting down, he would jump on her lap and put his head under her arm and she would pat him and sing "La lala la lala" and he would lie quite still and when she stopped he poked out his head as much as to say, "More Please."

Poor old Joe! I liked him so well.

The mother cat was Lulu, short for Louise. She was always having kittens and they interested me tremendously. I would sit for the longest time with my chin on her bed-box and ponder and wonder and stare and gaze, longing to grab one of them, but I knew I dared not grab as I was not allowed to grab chickens. Lulu was always faithful to Joe and at times he would get into the box with the kittens and look so sheepish if someone saw him there.

All the kittens found a watery grave save one, and that was kept for the benefit of the mother, and when she was tired of it, a good home was found for it.

I was glad when that last kitten left, as it spent most of its waking hours playing with my ears that bored me to death, but I had to be patient with it as it was one of the family and we were taught to be kind to each other. I never chased our cats, but I had an insane desire to do so when I saw a strange one. I never caught one, however, as they say no dog can catch a cat, if the latter has one yard start. I am so glad I never did as I might have hurt it.

After they were a few days old, before their eyes were open, it

was the work of the Boss to send them on to the place where all good and young kittens go.

He was very kind when he did that deadly deed and made the water in the pail lukewarm, so that the shock would not be so great. Then it was the work of the garden boy to perform the last rites, while I stood by as chief to see that all was well done.

We did that four times a year, so you see it was a necessary evil, as it would have been unwise to fill the town with Lulu's offspring—there were so many of them.

One of the kittens after he left us climbed a telegraph pole and when he was up, he could not get down and cried so pitifully that his mistress took compassion on him and sent for a man with big spikes on his boots to get it down. It cost her \$5. Do you know that a cat can climb up and not down? Very silly, I call it! I cannot climb at all, but I know if I could climb up I certainly would be able to climb down after I had climbed up.

I had very silky ears and they got into my food and became sticky and the Missus conceived the idea of tying them back with a clothes pin, but I screamed so hard that she had to take it off right away quick. If you want to know how much a clothes pin can hurt, try one on the end of your nose.

I had very big feet, which

seemed to be a mark of beauty, as they were shown with great pride. In winter it was very easy to keep those big feet clean, as all the world was white with snow and there was not even a little muddy puddle to get them dirty. In Spring and Fall when there was mud everywhere, I got into trouble nearly every day.

There was a fuss every time I came into the house—that French Canadian girl always scolded me. The girl I knew best was Laura—the others were Candide, Ozilda, Yvonne, Vitaline, Stella-Maria—pretty names like that. I liked Laura, but she did not speak a word of English and I understand very little French, we were always at cross purposes.

The farmers from the Quebec (Continued on Page 7)

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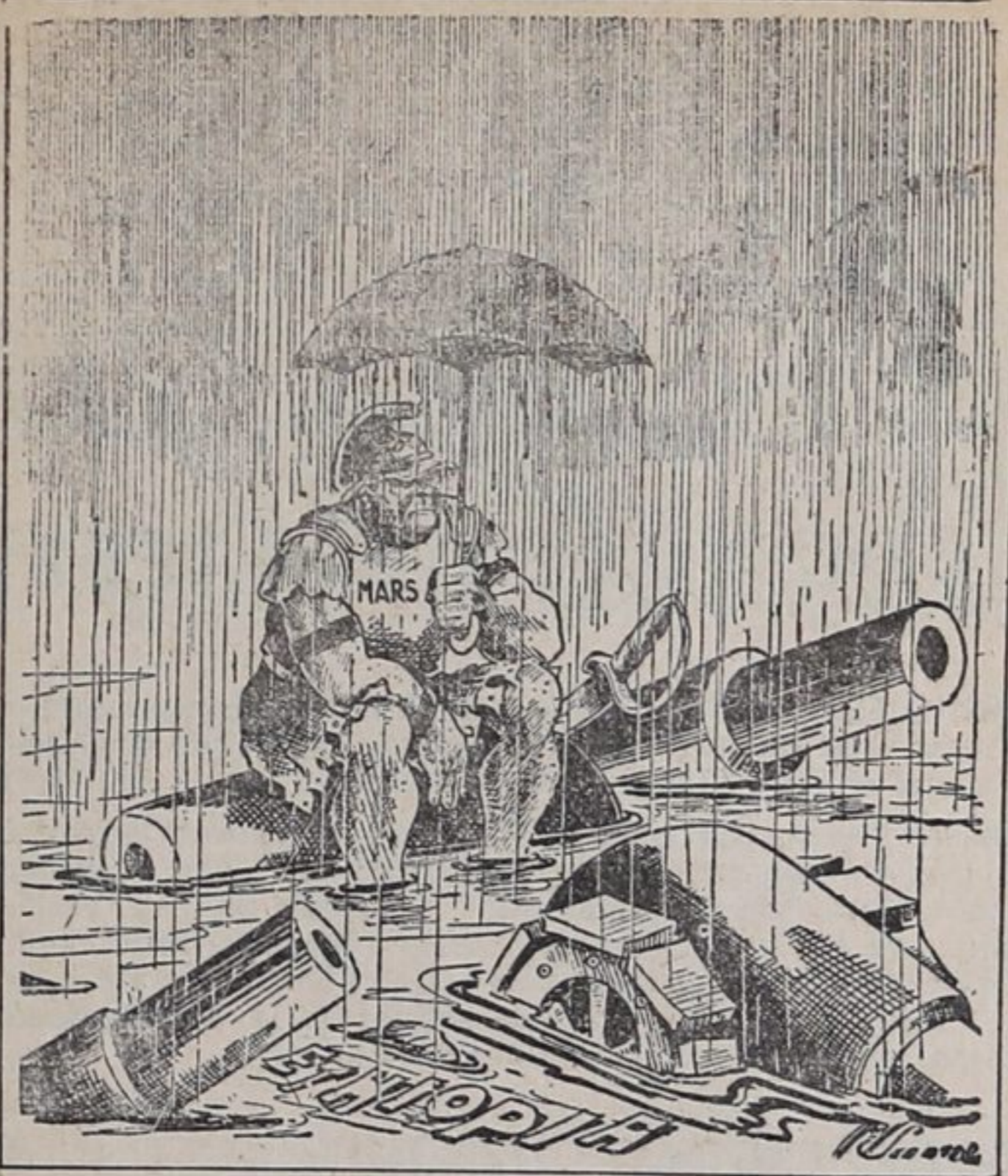
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