

"MONTY"

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side of Lake Temiskaming came over to the Ontario side every Saturday morning to sell their produce in the Haileybury market. In Summer they came in a big steamboat called the "Vile-Marie" and in winter they came over on their sleighs and as the ice was three feet thick they were quite safe.

Every Saturday morning Laura went off to market with her big basket to get nice things for us, especially meat. Nice raw meat! Tsetse, Joe, Lulu and I would sit on the verandah steps and wait for her to come back. How did we know that it was Saturday? I don't know, but we knew. Perhaps we saw the big basket. Anyway as soon as we saw her in the distance we made a beeline for the kitchen door to get ahead of the other fellow.

Lulu was always served first as she cried for hers. The Missus called her the "importunate widow". That was the juiciest morsel of the whole week, although the grub was generally good there.

At other times the Missus fed us herself, to see that we had enough and did not take each other's food. We had our plates in different parts of the kitchen. Tsetse often came to sniff in my plate and I never made any rude remarks, but we betide me, if I went anywhere near his. He would growl and snarl with his little white teeth showing and snap and be so angry. We were fed before the grownups so that there would be no begging at the table. Often when there was something nice for dessert, I would poke the Missus with my nose—always on the off-side away from the Boss, and it was seldom that she could resist me.

In Summer we went swimming in the lake and as the Missus was a very poor swimmer, I had to go in and help her out. She held on to my collar and said "Save the Missus, Monty, save the Missus," then when we got to shore and she was saved I was the proudest dog in all Haileybury.

One Sunday afternoon she swam between two very good swimmers, way, way out to the raft, a long distance from the shore. They were sitting on the raft when I spied her and I thought she could not get back without my help. In I went to help her and by the time I got to them I was so exhausted that they had to drag me onto the raft to rest a while, before we could return to the shore.

We had great fun in the Summer, but in winter what a joy life was. Those clear cold days were beautiful, sometimes with the thermometer from 48 to 50 degrees below zero. We rolled in the snow, ran races and such fun. An old collie and I tobogganed with the children down the hill and barked and tried to keep up with them. That collie and I became great friends and I saw him often.

When it was clear and sunny the friends would arrange to meet at our house for a snowshoe tramp or a picnic. Then Laura would set to and bake a big cake and cut sandwiches and they would all appear in their warm clothes—caps and scarves, moccasins and warm coats and off we would go on snowshoes and some on skis.

Sometimes we would come home to tea, but more often we would go down to Farr's Island about a mile and half down the lake in the Cobalt direction. Cobalt was the big silver camp about five miles south of Haileybury. At the island we made a big bonfire, made the tea and ate our sandwiches and cake and nearly froze, but we seemed to enjoy it. The Boss always made fun of us for eating out in the cold, instead of in a nice warm room.

On the way home I would get very tired and try to steal a ride on the back of someone's snowshoe, but there was such a yelling of "Monty, get off!" that I had to content myself by walking home. If Tsetse got tired he was carried, but I was too big and heavy and so had to walk.

Then there were the nights when the Aurora Borealis shot up its rays of green, red and yellow into the sky—forever changing—and there would be cries of, "Oh look at this or look at that," and I would run round wildly to find what there was to look at.

When it was so cold that the air stood still and every chimney sent up its smoke straight into

the sky and you could hear the crunch, crunch of your feet as you walked; and each hair in a horse's nose was an icicle and in mine as well—then we just loved it and came home with such an appetite for dinner that we could hardly wait! Oh, my so happy life.

They say that the hero of a story never says anything disparaging about himself, but as I am telling the true story of my life, I have to confess that I was afraid of certain things. I was afraid of thunder, guns and big dogs, especially those who look at you with their teeth.

One day when I was quite young, a man borrowed me to go hunting. The Missus thought I was too young, but the others did not, so off I was taken on a lead which was a new thing to me.

At the firing of the first gun, I nearly went into hysterics and after that I was no use as a hunting dog, unless I did the hunting myself.

Once I flushed a nest of young ducks on the Lake Shore on the road to New Liskeard and will you believe it, I was not allowed to touch them, but was led away as a very naughty dog. The Missus was the only one who had any sense about it. She said "Why make such a fuss about it. He is only following his instinct."

Tsetse was never afraid of a big dog, but would tackle the biggest dog that passed the house. One day he argued with the Seymour's big white collie, who gave him a nip on the foot. He ran into the house crying and yelping as if he had been half murdered. He had to be picked up and comforted and made such a fuss over that I was glad the collie had bitten him. Once he argued with a big mastiff, but that big dog just turned him over with his paw and walked away with such dignity that it made everybody laugh.

Now I, I am afraid of a big dog! In the olden days when Haileybury had no paved sidewalks, we had wooden boards on stilts to keep us out of the mud. Well, one afternoon, we had to pass the Hall's house. They had a bull terrier and we kne weach other quite well, so I had no reason to fear him. I was trotting along quite peacefully when out jumped this brute and grabbed me by the ear. I yelled and screamed murder and fell off this high board walk; lucky for me that I did, as he had to let go, or fall, too.

From that time on I never walked near the Hall's house. When we had occasion to pass that way, I always got off three houses below theirs and then got on three houses above. I always suspected that that dog was a lady and was mad that I did not take any notice of her.

There was a big dog called "Cobalt". He was a character and had the freedom of the city and a free pass on the T. & N.O. Railway and travelled to Toronto as often as he pleased. When in Haileybury he put up at the Vendome and in Toronto he stayed at the King Edward Hotel.

I was afraid of Cobalt—he was a real bull—and when he looked at me with those bared teeth of his, I sneaked quietly away; vanished out of the picture as it were.

I loved going into the lake, but I hated to be put in the bath and be scrubbed—the soap always got into my eyes. When I heard the Missus drawing water at some odd time I sensed what they were going to do to me, so I crept under the nearest bed and no coaxing could get me out; someone had to pull and someone else to push and by dint of hard labor I was at last put into the bath and washed.

I had an evil desire to roll in dead fish and the deader the better. I knew what was in store for me when I got home, but that did not cure me; as soon as I smelt that fish I had to roll in it.

Every Summer the Boss and the Missus went away for a few weeks and someone was left in charge of us. Once when they were away I hurt my back and was taken to the Vet's. He bought milk for me from the milkman in bottles and ever after, if I saw a bottle of milk on the table I cried for it. Now, how was I to know it was not meant for me? The only way I was cured of the habit they laughed at me. I am very sensitive to ridicule.

I wore a leather collar and a padlock and my dog tag attached and they rattled as I moved, so they knew I was following without permission. But I fooled them for as soon as I knew how they knew, I kept my neck stiff so that I made no noise when I moved.

The Boss objected to my sitting in certain chairs, especially a large leather chair that I liked very much. I could tell the difference between their footsteps so when I heard her coming I would lie quite still; but when I heard him coming down the stairs, I would get down very quietly and be innocently lying on the floor by the time he got to the door.

Sometimes the Missus would not let me go with her to a party. She would take me to the kitchen and say, "Now, Laura, don't let Monty out." I would lie quite still until I thought she had forgotten and then I would beg to go out. As soon as she let me out, off I trotted and went from house to house till I found my Missus.

Haileybury was a very small place and everybody knew everybody else and everybody knew me, but everybody did not like me. There was Berenice, for instance, she did not like me at all, although I retrieved her work bag for her one day. We three were out for a walk and the Missus looked back to see if I were coming and saw that I had something in my mouth. She said, "What is Monty carrying?" Berenice looked at her hand and said, "Why it is my work bag and my pet scissors are in it." And will you believe it when I handed it to her she did not even say, "Thank you, Monty." I guess she had so many little girls that she could not be bothered with dogs. She was afraid that I would tumble them over in my clumsy way. Of course she knew I would never bite them—I never did bite, no matter how rough children were with me.

But to return to our mutt—were talking of tea parties. I was quite a nuisance at party time, because I could not resist the temptation of begging for candy or cake although I was well fed at home. When I saw a hand with a piece of cake held out at arm's length (you know how some of them sit when they have on their company manners?) I would grab it.

One afternoon Mrs. Farr gave a large party and I followed without an invitation, without permission and against all orders. I knocked at the door and when it was opened I dashed in, greeted the Missus and then went round looking for a hand with company manners. I soon spied one, made a dash and grabbed, but alas! I was too strenuous and upset the tea over everything. The Missus was just getting up to apologize when Mrs. Farr put her hand on her arm and said, "Pretend he does not belong to you." Nevertheless I was put out and not allowed to return till there was nothing left but feast of reason and flow of soul, and of course, that was no use to me.

For a time we had an old English cook, who used to eavesdrop—that is, listen—at the door to hear what was being said on the other side. She would sit in a crouching position and I would sit by her side with my ears cocked to hear if anything interesting was being said.

I knew quite a number of words—candy, cake, rubbers, hat, coat, out, and walk, and so on. If they did not want me to know what they were saying, they would spell the words, but I soon learnt to spell myself.

When I was about twelve years old, the family went away as usual and left me with a very dear friend of ours. I was quite fond of him, but he left me alone so often that I became bored and went for walks by myself.

One morning I was strolling along when I met my old friend, the collie, with whom I used to toboggan in the winter. He said to me, "What are you doing here by yourself?" I said I was out for a walk as I was lonesome at the place where I was staying. He said, "You and I have always been good chums; come with me and I will give you a good home, where there is plenty of cake baked right on the premises." I thought that was a great idea and went along with him into the kitchen, where he introduced me to his Mistress.

He said to me, "Stay right here and you will never be sorry." Then he looked at me, then at his Mistress, turned and walked out of the house.

The collie did not return, so we made up a search party and the next day we found him asleep on the lake shore—gone to the Happy Hunting Grounds of the dog's Valhalla.

I knew then that I would never leave my new Mistress as I had to be a comfort to her. When the family returned they called for

me on the way from the station. They had been told where I was. I was very glad to see them and when my Missus thanked my hostess for having taken care of me, she told them how their old collie had brought me to them and if she could have understood his language, he could not have made it any plainer when he looked at her and then at me, "Here, I have brought you another dog as I am going away."

My folks took me home with them, but I would not stay. As soon as they let me out, off I would go to my new home. . . . the old collie had put his trust in me and I could not betray that

trust. Besides, my family had Tsetse and they had no dog, now the collie had gone.

The Boss wanted to tie me up but the Missus said, "No, don't, perhaps the collie was wiser than we are. As long as he is happy, let him stay. After all the best thing in life is to be happy."

And sure enough in less than a month, they were moved away and there I was with a good home and they had to find one for Tsetse. That was easy enough, as he was such a beautiful creature. I have had several years of great happiness in my new home where I kept the cook busy bak-

ing cakes for me and where I slept in anybody's bed instead of in the laundry basket under the kitchen table.

Last night I had a beautiful dream. I dreamt I saw the collie tending a flock of white sheep, all fat as butter, with thick, curly wool and cute little corkscrew horns.

We had a pow-wow and then they vanished into the mist.

Now I am off to bed to dream again about my old pal.

Good night, everybody. See you anon.

MONTY.

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