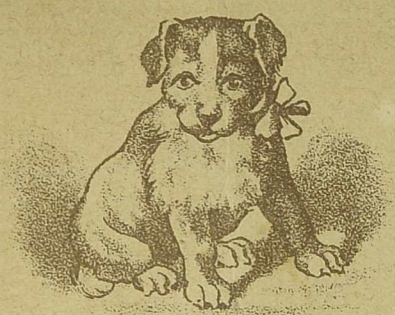


OUR
WATCHDOG

To Johnny
With love
From Little Earle Bell



3
7

1500

Our Watch Dog.

I have a little doggie

His only name is Tray,
And just at present "bow-wow-wow",
Is all that he can say.

But he's so clever, if he came
To school along with me,
He'd soon learn how to spell, I think,
And know his A, B, C.





I've taught him to sit up and beg,
He loves a game of play;
He'll hold a biscuit on his nose
Until "paid for" I say.

He's just the sweetest little dog
That ever you could see;
I'm very, very fond of him,
And so is he of me.

C. B.





Searching for Master.

I am searching for my Master,

Have you seen him pass this way?

I stopped only for a minute

To a friend "How do?" to say,

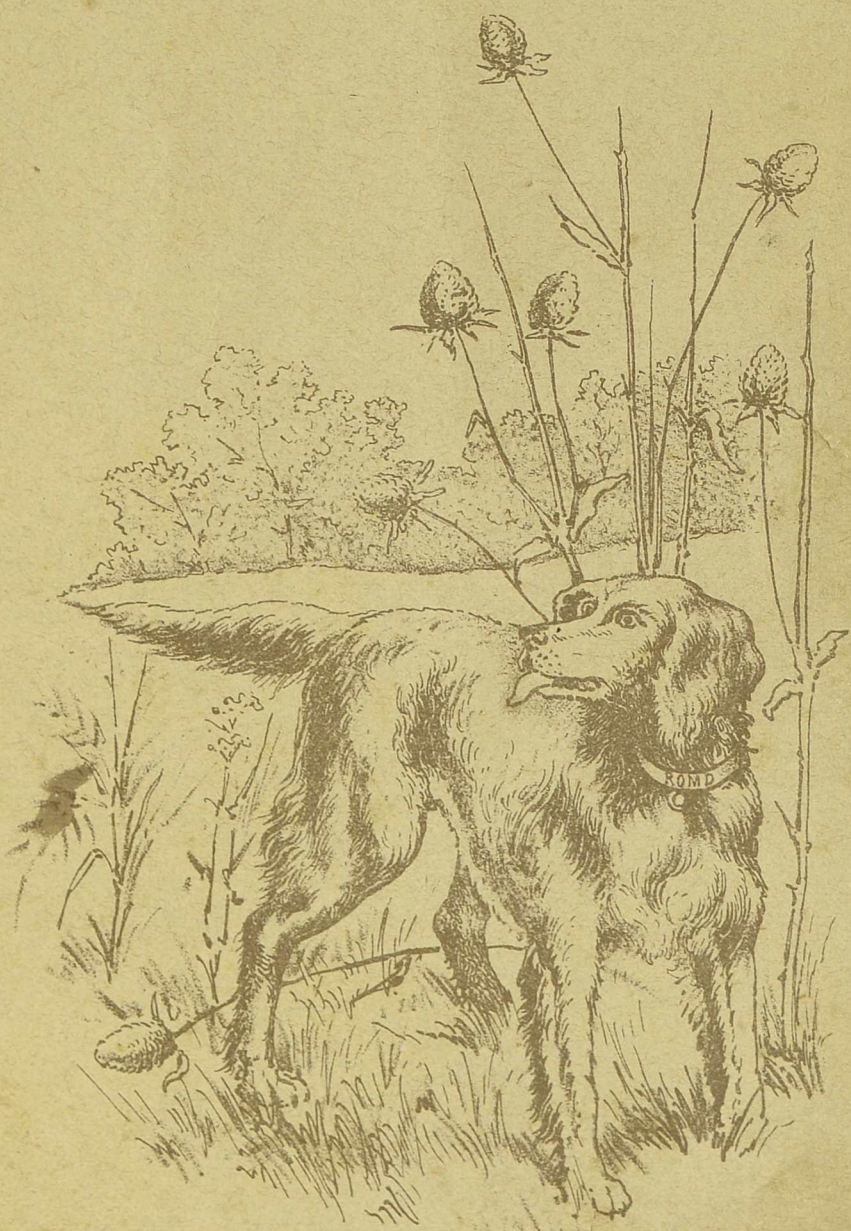
Now, oh dear! he's out of sight,

It is really vexing quite,

For of Master I take care

And where he is must be there.

Some dogs I know, don't care a bit
But scour the country over,
Now, I am not that way inclined
I never was a rover;
Master's side is my right place
With sedate steps there I pace, —
But if dog-friends say "Bow-wow"
You must speak to them, you know.



"Good Rover dear, don't be afraid,
For I'll take care of you,
So just you lie down in the shade



Sleepy

And have a nap, now do."

So Rosie said, but now you see

She's quite as fast asleep as he.



Rosie.

The Daisy Chain.

Daisies, daisies, everywhere,

White and gold and pink!

We'll gather many daisies fair

And together link;

For in bed poor

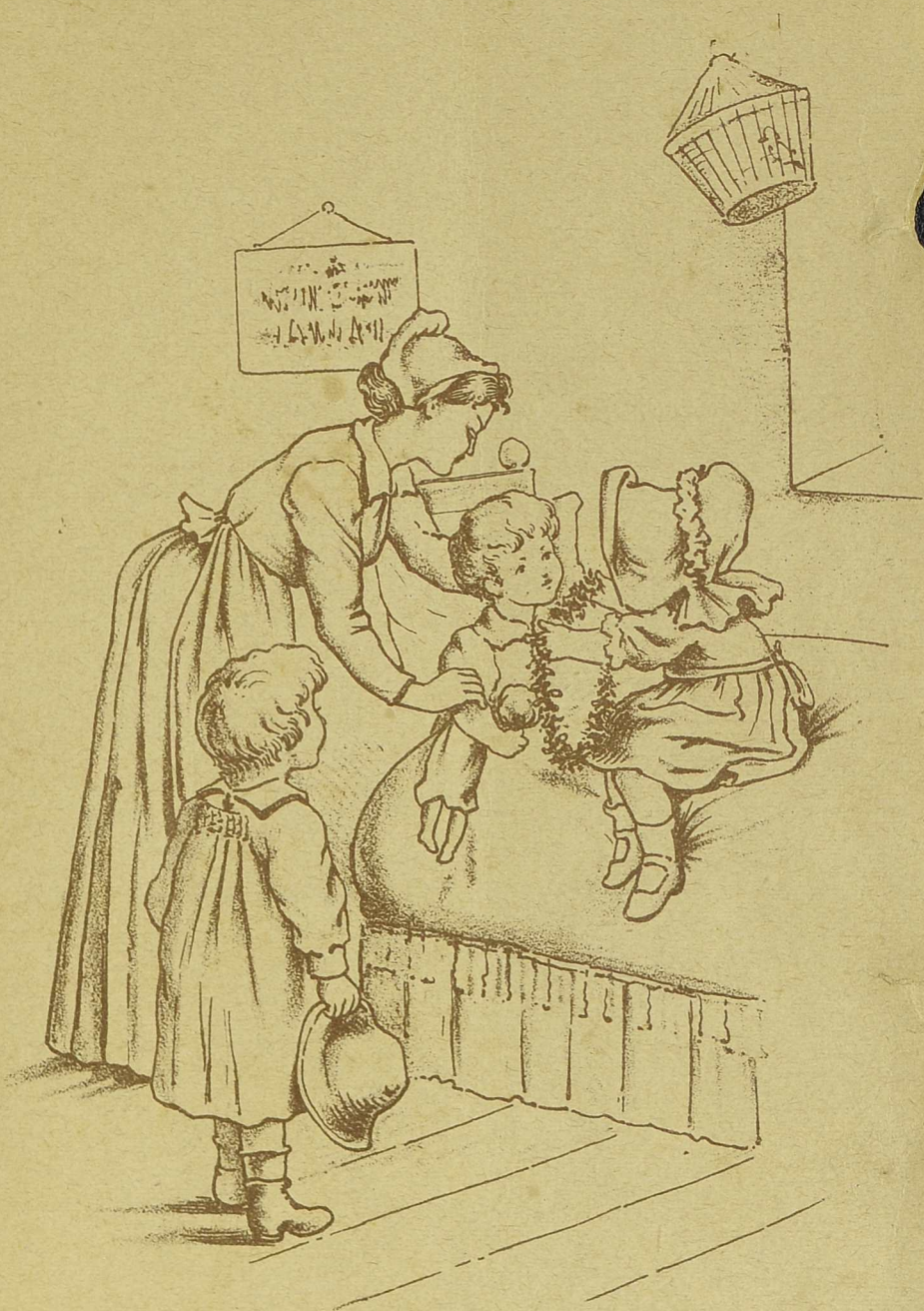
little Ted must stay,

And he cannot

run about

and play,



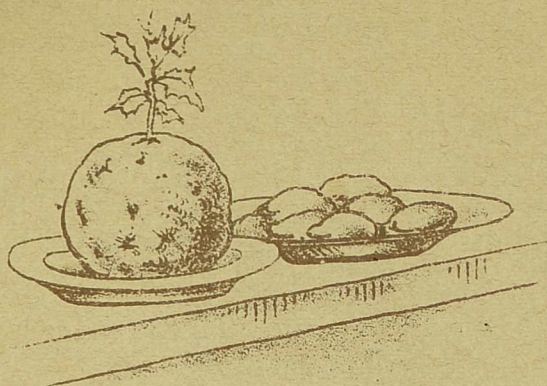


And pluck the flowers so sweet and gay,
So we'll take to him a daisy chain
And perhaps then he'll forget his pain,
And that he is in the fields again
He will dream and think.



Too-ra-loo, Too-ra-loo, Too-ra-loo-o!

My enemies run when they hear me blow.



Christmas-time.

Almonds and candied peel, currants and
plums,
Sugar and spices, and apples and crumbs;
We'll stir and we'll stir with might
and main,
For merry Christmas is
here again;



There're puddings to make, and turkeys
to roast,
And mincepies to bake, and letters to post.
Then three cheers for Christmas, its ice
and snow,
Its presents and holly
and mistletoe.

Grace C. Floyd



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