

their sympathies will reach out to you when trouble overtakes you, and you will find them friends indeed. They are the people who follow the Apostle's injunction, "Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep."

We all know a few of these dreadful individuals who are shocked by a burst of laughter. "It is so vulgar," say they, "besides being wicked." Well, of course giggling and guffawing are vulgar—very; but I confess that I cannot see any vulgarity in a good hearty laugh. It is to my ear the finest of music. And then about the wickedness. Who gave us human beings the power of expressing our feelings in laughter? We alone of all created things are so favored—no other creature can so indulge, and I honestly think that if we neglect this gift of God, that is where the wickedness lies. Away with all those miserable people who hold that laughter is wicked and vulgar!

Did you ever notice some persons try to laugh? They twist their faces, and we hear a sort of cackling or gurgling in their throats, and they think they are laughing. But I am talking about the honest, straightforward laugh that comes right from the heart, and does everybody good.

Can you picture a young tree so cramped and confined that not a branch can nod in the breeze? What will happen to it before long? It will be subject to blight and disease, and when stormy weather comes the poor young life will go down like a ship among the cruel breakers. It has had no chance to bend to the breeze, and so it cannot weather the gale. Laughter is just as necessary to us as the nodding in the breeze is to the tree. It aids us when our storms blow, and helps us to resist them.

Let each of us, then, cultivate the gift of honest laughter, and home will be so much the happier. Things will go more smoothly, and when trouble comes, as it surely will, we shall be better able to endure it for having in us the merry heart that "doeth good like a medicine."

Your loving old auntie,

MINNIE MAY.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

The Griffin and the Minor Canon.

(Continued from page 64.)

The summer had now passed and the autumnal equinox was rapidly approaching. The citizens were in a state of great alarm and anxiety. The Griffin showed no signs of going away, but seemed to have settled himself among them. In a short time the day for his semi-annual meal would arrive, and then what would happen? The monster would certainly be very hungry and would devour all their children.

Now they regretted and lamented that they had sent away the Minor Canon. He was the only one on whom they could have depended in this trouble, for he could talk freely with the Griffin and so find out what should be done. Two old men were appointed to go and offer the Griffin a splendid dinner on equinox day, one which would entirely satisfy his hunger. They would offer him the fattest mutton, the most tender beef, and anything of the kind he might fancy. If none of these suited they were to mention that there was an orphan asylum in the next town.

"Anything would be better," said the citizens, "than to have our dear children devoured."

The old men went to the Griffin, but their proposition was not received with favor.

"From what I have seen of the people of this town," said the monster, "I do not think I could relish anything which was prepared by them. They appear to be all cowards, and therefore mean and selfish. As for eating one of them, old or young, I could not think of it for a moment; in fact, there was only one creature in the whole place for whom I could have had any appetite, and that is the Minor Canon who has gone away. He was brave and good and honest, and I think I could have relished him."

"In that case," said one of the old men, very politely, "I wish we had not sent him to the dreadful wilds."

"What!" cried the Griffin. "What do you mean? Explain instantly what you are talking about!"

When the monster heard the whole truth he became furiously angry. He was so much excited that his tail became red-hot, and glowed like a meteor against the sky as he flew backwards and forwards over the town. As soon as his tail was cool he flew to the town hall and rang the bell. Everybody came and the Griffin addressed the meeting.

"I have had a contemptible opinion of you," he said, "ever since I discovered what cowards you are, but I had no idea that you were so ungrateful, selfish and cruel as I now find you to be. Here was your Minor Canon who labored night and day for your good, and as soon as you imagine yourselves threatened with a danger—for well I know you are dreadfully afraid of me—you send him off, caring not whether he perishes, hoping thereby to save yourselves. I shall go and find him, and I intend that he shall enjoy the reward of his labor and sacrifices. If when your Minor Canon comes back you do not bow yourselves before him and honor him all his life, beware of my terrible vengeance. There were only two good things in this town, the Minor Canon and the stone image of myself over your church door. One of these you have sent away and the other I shall carry away myself."

With these words he dismissed the meeting, and it was time, for the end of his tail had become so hot that there was danger of its setting fire to the building. The next day the Griffin came to the church, and tearing the stone image of himself from its fastenings over the great door, he grasped it with his powerful fore legs and flew up into the air. When he reached the dreadful wilds he set the stone Griffin upon a ledge of rock which rose in front of the dismal cave he called his home. Then he went to look for the Minor Canon and found the young man, weak and half-starved, lying under the shadow of a rock.

"Do you know," said the monster, after he had told everything, "that I have had, and still have, a great liking for you."

"I am very glad to hear it," said the Minor Canon, with his usual politeness.

"I am not at all sure that you would be," said the Griffin. "If you thoroughly understood the state of the case, but we will not consider that now. If some things were different other things would be otherwise. Lie down and have a good sleep and then I will take you back to the town."

When the Minor Canon made his appearance once more among the citizens the cordiality with which he was received was truly wonderful. The people crowded into the church when he held services, so that the three old women who used to be his week-day congregation could not get the best seats, which they had always been in the habit of taking, and the parents of the bad children determined to reform them at home in order that he might be spared the trouble of keeping up his former school. The Minor Canon was appointed to the highest office of the old church, and before he died he became a bishop.

During the first years after his return the people of the town looked up to him from fear. However, in the course of time they learned to honor and reverence him without the fear of being punished if they did not do so.

But they need never have been afraid of the Griffin. The equinox came round and the monster ate nothing. If he could not have the Minor Canon he did not care for anything. So, lying down, with his eyes upon the great stone Griffin, he gradually declined and died. It was a good thing for some of the people of the town that they did not know this.

F. R. STOCKTON.

Puzzles.

[This column is open to all who comply with the following rules: Puzzles must be original—that is, must not be copied from other papers; they must be written on one side only of paper, and sender's name signed to each puzzle; answers must accompany all original puzzles (preferably on separate paper). It is not necessary to write out puzzles to which you send answers—the number of puzzle and date of issue is sufficient. Partial answers will receive credit. Work intended for first issue of any month should reach Pakenham not later than the 15th of the month previous; that for second issue not later than the 5th of that month. Leave envelope open, mark "Printer's Copy" in one corner, and letter will come for one cent. Address all work to Miss Ada Armand, Pakenham, Ont.]

1—TRANSPPOSITION.

Od uyo khati O lebu-dzee bditania,
Basetuo uyo vhae calade teh lawi,
Hecuna lod tchemano sa I ma
Si ota a thmac rfo yuo lal.—*Fluigoloe.*

VERA GORDON.

2—WORD SQUARE.

My first is something to put on a letter.
My second drinks rum when water would be better.
My third is a fruit so lovely in pies.
My fourth ice does in a heated place.
My fifth prints books of every sort and size.

MURIEL E. DAY.

3—CHARADE.

My first is a ruler.
My second is a consonant.
My third is a weight.
My whole is a city in Ontario.

L. MOORHOUSE.

4—JUMBLE OF LETTERS.

In the following jumbles of letters find fifteen Canadian cities.

1. attaw.
2. tmahilo.
3. oeebu.
4. lxxahaf.
5. sxxhnao.
6. nreerfoiktd.
7. pgeniwni.
8. agnier.
9. lbeattdof.
10. adlooon.
11. retovila.
12. rkkile.
13. coneuvrau.
14. tnksiglon.
15. ebililelle.

B. N.

5—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

My 4, 5, 9 is worn on the head.
My 10, 11, 9 is an insect.
My 2, 1, 6 is used to cool the face.
My 2, 7, 8 is a water animal.
My 2, 7, 3 is a fruit.
My whole is a country in the eastern hemisphere.

ETHEL MCCREA.

6—DROP LETTER.

1. a-le-f-e-d, a town in England.
2. S-n-e, an English writer.
3. r-a, a river in Ontario.
4. A-r-i-i, a sea in Europe.
5. S-n-n-v-a, mountains in Europe.
6. ar-ay-o, a lake in South America.
7. o-th-m-e, a county in Ontario.
8. e-t-o-t, a chief advisor of Chas. I.

NELLIE SCOTT.

7—CHARADE.

It took a THREE that as FOUR ONE FIVE a couch resting, FOUR had a feeling of WHOLE.

"KIT."

8—TWO ANAGRAMS.

Hickory, dickory, dock,
Did Amanda reel a lot?
Did YLLADT faint
Like a frightened saint
When the mouse ran up the clock?

A. P. HAMPTON.

9—A FISH POND.

1. Part of a pump.
2. A weapon.
3. To boast.
4. A tree.
5. A kind of stone.
6. A shell.
7. A small animal.
8. A color.
9. Part of the foot.
10. Name of a precious stone.
11. A measure.
12. A heavenly body.

MAGGIE SCOTT.

10—SOMETHING NEW.

This is one of Cunningham's ballads, or rather a portion of one. In order to read this you must not hop, skip and jump from squares apart, but soberly step from one square to one of its neighbors, and not by corner, but by one of its sides.

A	W	T	A	T	H	A	L	E	A	N	E	A	G	L
S	E	E	N	E	E	H	L	K	A	E	E	R	F	E
S	H	E	D	L	W	S	F	I	W	A	Y	O	U	R
I	R	D	A	A	I	T	I	L	G	L	A	N	D	G
V	I	N	G	G	N	S	L	E	N	H	E	L	O	O
F	T	A	H	T	D	A	L	L	E	T	T	E	N	O
O	L	L	O	W	S	F	O	I	D	N	E	E	T	D
A	E	T	I	H	W	R	U	H	L	O	O	C	H	S
N	D	R	U	S	T	L	I	W	O	D	P	U	E	H
N	A	L	I	A	S	G	N	S	N	M	N	E	I	
D	A	L	L	A	N	T	M	Y	E	A	A	N	E	P
B	G	D	N	A	T	S	A	O	V	L	H	I	E	F
E	R	B	U	R	G	A	L	B	A	G	G	N	O	L
N	U	E	O	T	N	A	L	Y	E	N	E	D	L	I
D	O	N	D	M	A	S	T	M	L	D	N	A	S	E

"VIC."

11—DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.

1. il--d--a--ier, a famous man.
2. W--ssa--a, a bay in Japan.
3. U--i--a, a city in United States.
4. H--h--luff, a town in Manitoba, on C. P. R. line.
5. ar--oo, a river in Australia.
6. o--n--a, a county in Manitoba.
7. h--by, a town in Ontario.
8. o--l--nd, a gold region.
9. a--ian, a sea in Europe.
10. M, M--y, a great evangelist.
11. --ha--s--y, a lake in Canada.
12. --r--e--i--r, a town in Scotland.

ALICE C. L. GORDON.

12—

- My (1) added to atmosphere means more than one.
My (2) " " a preposition gives a verb.
My (3) " " a number gives nothing.
My (4) " " the number gives fruit of a tree.
My (5) " " lumber gives fancy.
My (6) and last added to a mixture containing metal gives learning.
My whole is used in every schoolroom.

BLANCHIE MACMURRAY.

13—HISTORICAL EVENTS (transposed).

1. "Can we mar their" sport?
2. "Put thy tin dime in Una."
3. "Hope for ten Carle's" wealth.

"KIT."

Answers to Jan. 15th Puzzles.

1. In faith and hope the world will disagree,
But all mankind's concern is charity.
2. Prate—rate; grind—rind; rant—ant; spark—park;
slack—lack; scold—cold.
3. (1) Tea; (2) beef; (3) butter; (4) ham; (5) egg; (6) meat;
(7) pie; (8) fish; (9) hash.
4. Dr. Nansen; Pharaoh; Caesar; Congo Free State;
Mauritius.
5. Canary (can-airy); robin (inn); sparrow; bobolink;
lapping bittens (urn).
6. Calcutta.
7. Virtue only makes our bliss below,
And all our knowledge is ourselves to know.
8. Toronto.
9. No man's labor for good is vain,
Though he win not the crown, but the cross;
Every wish for man's good is a gain,
Every doubt of man's gain is a loss.
10. R U S K 11—(1) Harrowgate; (2) Stanley; (3)
UN I T Halifax; (4) Mississippi; (5) Niag-
S I T S ara; (6) Pacific; (7) Klondyke; (8)
K T S A Albany; (9) Cuba; (10) Portland;
(11) Gull; (12) Regina.

SOLVERS TO JAN. 15TH PUZZLES.

"Kit," Chris McKenzie, J. S. Crerar, Dannie McQuaig,
"B. N.," Ethel McCrea, "Muggins," Ella Cameron, "Luna,"
Annie P. Hampton, "Hazel," Muriel E. Day, Alice C. L.
Gordon, L. Moorhouse, "Madge," Pearl Mothersill, Blanche
MacMurray, "Brownie," Maggie Scott, Nellie Renison.

SOLVERS TO JAN. 1ST PUZZLES (late for last issue).
Chris. McKenzie, T. McKim, G. J. MacCormac, Vera
Gordon, "Muggins," Ethel McCrea, Mabel Ross, A. P. Ham-
pton, Muriel E. Day, "Madge," L. Moorhouse, "Brownie."

COUSINLY CHAT.

"Muggins."—Glad to hear from you again, try and come regularly. Many thanks for kind remarks re our Corner. I shall remember your request about name.

Vera Gordon.—You are a very small girlie, are you not? Were you not afraid to come so far all alone? If not, come often.

"B. N."—You make a good start, just keep on.
T. McK., Ella C., Dannie.—All new cousins and all welcome. Bring a friend each next time.

"Kit."—You will probably have heard from me before this appears, as I shall explain by letter.

Lillian.—Where are you? Would like to hear from you again. Could not you and M—1 get a photo for me? Try.

"Madge," Alice, Pearl, and L. M.—You are all welcome additions to our Corner. Alice, the fault is not always the printer's, sometimes the letters are not so legible as they should be.

"Annie Laurie."—I do congratulate you. I'll look for M's next time. The letter will come some day.

"Vic."—Your puzzles are quite unique; I have that other, but do not think I shall use it; would be almost impossible for any two to get the same answer. Come often, but bring solutions too, ma chere petite.

"Nesta."—So glad to see the little one again—do not play truant any more.

"Muriel."—Thank you for that charming letter, it came just in time to dispel a gloomy fit. About the other thing—perhaps.

Nellie R.—Yes, your puzzles were all right, but I have to choose from a great many and cannot publish all I receive.

"Puss."—Plenty of room for you, although there are no mice to catch. They say puss is fond of fish, and we have some of them this issue.

"Bachelor."—Are not you the person who sent me the handbills lately? Why? Think I need evangelizing? Well, perhaps I do.

ADA A.

Goo

Horses—Br

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Trustworth
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