Too late is the irate father to prevent his daughter becoming the wife of the man she loves. The expression on the old man's face is stern and forbidding as he stands and addresses the young couple in angry tones, accusing his daughter of disobedience and deception and her husband of cowardice and trickery. The face of the latter flushes a flery red at the terms applied to him, and involuntarily clenching his hand he moves forward, then stops abruptly, remembering that it is the father of the fair young bride whom he has just promised to love and to cherish who is utter-ing the scornful words. The solemnity of that service in which she gave her troth to the brave young lover at her side has left its impress on the face of the fair young bride, who stands with bowed head, sorrowfully listening to the words of reproach uttered by her father. Not far from them is the groom holding his master's horse, and in the background is the chaise in which the delinquents would have driven beyond the reach of pursuit had they not been so unexpectedly inter-

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

The Griffin and the Minor Canon.

(Continued from page 40.)

The next day the Griffin came again to the little square before the church, and remained there until evening, steadfastly regarding the stone Griffin over the door. Nobody went to the church, but the people came to the Minor Canon's house and anxiously asked him how long the Griffin was going to stay.
"I do not know," he answered, "but I think he will soon be satisfied

image, and then he will go away."

with regarding hisstone

But the Griffin did not go away. Morning after morning he came to the church, but after a time he did not stay there all day. He seemed to have taken a great fancy to the Minor Canon, and followed him about. He would wait for him at the side door of the church, for the Minor Canon beld services every day, morning and evening, though nobody came now. "If any one should come," he said to himself, "I must be found at my post." When the young man came out the Griffi would accompany him in his visits to the sick and the poor, and would often look in at the windows of the schoolhouse where the Minor Canon was teaching his unruly scholars. All the other schools were closed, but the parents of the Minor Canon's scholars forced them to go to

school because they were so bad they could not endure them all day at home—Griffin or no Griffin. But it must be said they generally behaved very well when that great monster sat up on his tail and looked in at the schoolroom window.

When it was perceived that the Griffin showed no sign of going away all the people who were able to do so left town. After some days the others ventured to go about and attend to their business, for if they did not work they would starve. They were getting a little used to seeing the Griffin, and having been told that he did not eat between equinoxes they did not feel so much afraid of him as before.

Day by day the Griffin became more and more attached to the Minor Canon. He kept near him a great part of the time. Thus the summer went on and drew toward its close. And now the people of the town began to be very much troubled again.

"It will not be long," they said, "before the autumnal equinox is here, and then that monster will want to eat. He will devour all our dear children. What is to be done?"

After talking over the matter a great deal a crowd of the people went to the Minor Canon at a time when the Griffin was not with him.

"It is all your fault," they said, "that that monster is among us. You brought him here, and you ought to see that he goes away. If you were not here he would not stay. It is your duty to go away and then he will follow you and we shall be free from the danger which hangs over us. You must go to the dreadful wilds, and then the Griffin will follow you and stay there.

They did not say whether they expected the Minor Canon to stay there also, and he did not ask them anything about it. He bowed his head and went into his house to get ready. That evening he scripti packed a leather bag full of bread and meat, and sight.

dreadful wilds.

When the Griffin found that the Minor Canon had left the town he seemed sorry, but showed no disposition to go after him. One morning he looked into the schoolhouse, which was always everything should suffer on account of the young

man's absence. "It does not matter so much about the church," he said, "for nobody went there; but it is a pity about the school. I think I will teach it myself

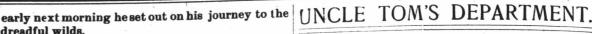
until he returns.

It was the hour for opening the school, and the Griffin went inside and rang the bell. Some of the children ran in to see what it meant.

"Go tell the other scholars," said the monster, "that school is about to open, and if they are not all here in ten minutes I shall come after them." In seven minutes every child was in place.

Never was seen such an orderly school. Not a boy or girl moved or uttered a whisper. The Griffin climbed into the master's seat, his wide wings spread on each side of him, because he could not lean back in his chair while they stuck out behind, and his great tail coiled around in front of the desk the barbed point sticking up ready to tap any child who might misbehave. They were so afraid of the Griffin that they all recited as they had never recited before. One of the boys, far down in his class, answered so well that the Griffin was astonished.

"I should think you would be at the head," said he. "I am sure you have never been in the habit of reciting so well. Why is this?"
"Because I did not take the trouble," said the



MY DEAR NEPHEWS AND NIECES.-

I regret that (owing to the very large number of papers contributed) I am unable to announce in this issue the result of our second Memory Gem empty now, and thought that it was a shame that spread interest manifested in this competition by our readers all over the Dominion. Why, I have nephews and nieces I never even heard of before; but now they have come with the New Year's gifts I hope they will remain with us, and I shall try, like a genial host, to give all a hearty welcome. The task of choosing from among so many excellent selections is a difficult one, but I shall not keep our contributors long in suspense. I shall certainly publish prize winners' names in February 15th

In the meantime, why could not the greater number of you join our puzzle corner, which is always open? Inere we have room for all—the more the merrier, and prizes are awarded every three months. Let us hear from the bright ones.

What charming weather we have been having, so clear and crisp, and yet not too cold — just the sort for the lively country urchins, whose cheery faces bring memories of summer and June roses, as quick eyes and steady hands dexterously guide their swift steeds (hand sleighs) down the steep hill, while the air resounds with echoes of clear, ringing voices. There are other faces, too, almost hidden beneath warm hoods that vainly try to outvie them in color. Not to the boys do these belong, yet their owners are none the less ready of reciting so well. Why is this?"

"Because I did not take the trouble," said the boy, trembling in his boots. He felt obliged to tell the truth, for all the children thought that the well, it's characteristic of the boy and future man. Did not his father do

the same when mother was young? Perhaps they may make the down journey together, and what ampler guer-don could a gallant knight desire! I have known the journey here begun to lengthen indefinitely, and who knows what is passing through those busy averinds, for "the long, long thoughts."

Alack-a-day! I was once young myself, and enjoyed coasting as well as the liveliest. Your auntie was — but "that's another

I have been reading one of Dr. Drummond's poems (in "Habitant" dialect), which are now so justly popular as character sketches, and cannot refrain from giving you a few extracts:

De place I get born me is up on the reever. on the reever,
Near foot of de rapids dat's
call Cheval Blanc,
Beag Beeg mountain behin' it, so high you can't climb it, An' whole place she's mebbe two honder arpent.



"TOO LATE."

great eyes of the Griffin could see right through them, and that he knew when they told a falsehood. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself," said the Griffin. "Go down to the very tail of the class, and if you are not at the head in two days I shall know the reason why."

The next afternoon this boy was number one. It was astonishing how much these children learned. The Griffin used no severity towards them, but there was a look about him which made them unwilling to go to bed until they were sure they knew their lessons for the next day.

The Griffin now thought that he ought to visit the sick and the poor, and he began to go about the town for this purpose. The effect upon the sick was miraculous. All, except those who were very ill indeed, jumped from their beds when they heard he was coming and declared themselves quite well. As for the poor, they seemed to have utterly disappeared.

TO BE CONTINUED.]

"Play Well Thy Part."

Boys in the street will refuse to join in games, saying, "I shall not play unless I am captain, or have the big drum." And there are not wanting Christian men who lay down like conditions. "Play well thy part," whatever it is. Never mind the honor. Do the duty God appoints, and He that has the two mites of the widow in His treasury will never forget any of our works, and at the right time will tell them out before His Father, and before them well worth the trouble. the holy angels.

Attend to your "Farmer's Advocate" subscription early, and avoid regrets for overAll de sam dere is somet'ing dey got ev'ry boddy Dat's plaintee good healt' wat de monney can't gees; So I'm workin away dere, an' happy for stay dere, On farm by de reever so long I was leev.

Philomene - dat's de o'des - is sit on de winder An' kip jus so quiet lak wan leetle mouse; She say de more finer moon never was shiner, Dat's fonny, for moon not dat side de house.

Ha! ha! Philomenc! dat, was smart trick you play us, Come help de young feller tak' snow from his neck; Dere's noting for hinder you come off the winder, W'en moon you was look for is come, I expec.

I s'pose dey be talkin' beeg lot on de kitchen, 'Bout all de nice moon dey was see on de sky, For Philomene takin' long tam get awaken, Nex' day she's so sleepy on bote of de eye.

Dat's wan of dem t'ings ev'ry tam on de fashion, An' 'bout nices' t'ing dat was never be seen, Got not'ing for say me, I spark it sam way me, W'en I go see de moder ma girl Philomene.

But I tole you, dat's true, I don't go on de city. If you geev de fine house aa' beaucoup d'argent; I rader be stay me, an' spen' de las' day me, On farm by de rapide dat's call "Cheval Blanc."

UNCLE TOM.

I received the premium, one pair cuff links, and I am very much pleased with them. I think LUTHER Ross. Brierwood, Man.

We all like the ADVOCATE. The Christmas number is fine. W. C. CARRUTHERS. Carberry, Man.

All matter Ada Armand, original puzzl only of paper.

FEBRUARY

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