

Christmas in French Canada

was going on; and as a dreadful fright was creeping over him again, he thought of making for the door. But the terrible dog had only to turn his head with his blazing eyes to bar the way. Seeing this, the poor man crawled backwards to take refuge between the table and the bed, without losing sight of the monster.



"And he fell on his knees."

The latter advanced a few steps with another hellish growl.

"Hubert!" cried out the unfortunate man in a tone of horrible anguish.

The dog kept moving towards him, erect