

The Home At Morien

CHAPTER I.

ONCE upon a time a good many years ago, two people (who were your Grandpapa and Grandmamma Archibald) lived in a far-away village by the sea, in Cape Breton, Nova Scotia. It was a lonely place, and far from their own home and friends, but they were very happy there, for they were both young and they loved each other dearly.

Their house was pretty and comfortable and they had many simple pleasures.

The great Atlantic Ocean lay right before them—almost at their front door, so to speak: for, in winter storms, the salt spray was dashed against their windows, and the big waves broke into white foam around the cliffs just below their front gate.

But in summer-time the sea was calm and blue, and the wide bay was full of the white sails of the fishermen's boats and down at the long wharf there lay many stately vessels and steamers which came there to be loaded with coal from the colliery of which your Grandpapa was Manager and part owner.

The house faced to the south and was called "Sea-View," there were trees around it, and flower beds. It had a wide, roomy veranda, and there was a large kitchen-garden at one side. A hedge of spruce trees bordered the long drive from the gate. At one side was a croquet ground: behind this again the ice-house, almost hidden by trees.

At the back of the house stood a large barn with a paddock and chicken-run behind it. There was also here a tennis lawn, which was entered from the kitchen-garden.

The house was called "Sea-View," because it looked out across the bay towards the wide Atlantic. There was a tiny Island just between the two headlands that bounded the harbor. It was only a rock with a light-house on it, but two