

the marriage altar to honour, protect and succour her—you abandon her in this very hour of temptation. Leave Jean in God's loving mercy, mon fils. Your duty, this day, does it not lie at home?"

Lacroix with bent shoulders and white face was looking seaward. There lay the way to Guadeloupe and safety.

Fury, anguish, censure, and self-abandon passed over him in conflicting surges. When the groaning of Mount Pelee, heaving again to her monstrous turmoil, came pealing long and low, he thought of foolish Aimee, all helpless and terrified—a mere tool of man's iniquity. No, the evil was not hers, he told himself, but Herve Suffren's.

"Mon Pere," he cried, his voice husky with emotion, "Mon Pere! Ah, God, keep Jean—I go back to save Aimee."

At 7:40 that morning, Lacroix was swiftly driving out of Pierre, towards Carbet, where he hoped to intercept his wife. Around Pelee's head enormous flickers of lurid flame were restlessly playing on the under side of the colossal tiers of smoke; hot mud and cinder and ash were being erupted in denser and more frequent showers; great gushes of volcanic gases poisoned the air. But Lacroix, more madly flogged his horse, on towards the awful cataclysm. Before him there floated the face of his wife. Only her he saw.

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London Times, May 10, 1902.—"The town clock of Pierre has remained intact, marking 7:50 this morning, as if to show the precise moment of the far-spread disaster."

The Girl He Left Behind Him.

Billee Glynn.

WELL, I declare! Thornton of all the men in the world! I wouldn't have known you from a hole in the ground if Benton there hadn't given me the tip. Thunder! how you've grown—a regular broncho-buster for size. God's country has certainly made a man of you, Jack."

Thus it was that Graham saluted his old-time chum as he stepped from the depot bus at the entrance to his hotel in the Ontario town where he had been bred as a boy.

The two men shook hands warmly.

"You haven't changed much, Fred," said Thurston, looking down from his six-feet-two at his shorter companion. "I could almost imagine it was yesterday I left instead of ten years ago."

"Ten years!—so it is! Well, they have surely made a change in you. Why, old man, you're a regular—brute."

Thornton laughed. "And a hungry one just now, Fred," he rejoined.

"So you must; come inside—I am going to grub with you myself."

A quarter of an hour later the two men were seated at the hotel table, Graham making reply to Thornton's queries, which were of a kaleidoscopic variety.

"And Kate Ingersoll?" he suggested at length, giving vent to the great question—"married, I suppose."

Graham smiled. "You seem interested," he said; "I thought some British Columbian flower would have supplanted her in your affections long ago. I believe you came back for a wife, Thornton."

"Don't be foolish, Graham; is she married?"

"No, your chances are still good." Thornton's face flushed in spite of himself, and his eyes took a brighter ray. After all was not Graham's banter true. Had he not come back to tell Kate Ingersoll that he loved her. He had not known this when he left ten years be-