

uncle were in their cabin on the raft, a man stood suddenly in the doorway.

"I am Louis Le Noir," he said, "and I have some word to say to de young Macdonald. I am sore here," he said, striking his breast. "I cannot spik your language. I cannot tell." He stopped short, and the tears came streaming down over his face. "I cannot tell," he repeated, his breast heaving with mighty sobs. "I would be glad to die—to mak' over—to not mak'—I cannot say de word—what I do to you fadder. I would give my life," he said, throwing out both his hands. "I would give my life. I cannot say more."

Ranald stood looking at him a few minutes in silence, then he said slowly and distinctly: "My father told me to say that he forgave you everything, and that he prayed the mercy of God for you, and," added Ranald, more slowly, "I forgive—you—too."

City People in the Country.

According to the passenger agent's of several of the great railroad systems centering in New York, the present season has witnessed an unprecedented exodus to the country for the summer, particularly of people of moderate means. And an especially gratifying feature of this exodus, noted by these same agents, is the largely-increased number of people who are either buying or renting small houses surrounded by a few acres of land for gardening and light farming. One agent declares that the demand for these small plots along his line, convenient to the city, is far in excess of the supply. "They all want a house with a garden," said one of these men, "and the bigger the garden, the better it suits." How much more sensible and conducive to the comfort, pleasure and health of a family is a vacation spent on one of these small farms than in the ordinary country hotel or boarding-house need hardly be said. And where the distance from the city and other conditions are such as to permit a man of family to make his permanent home in one of these rural localities, where he may have a bit of ground to till in his leisure hours and days, the arrangement is still happier and more advantageous all around. Those who can go farther out of the city for at least a good part of the year will have no difficulty in securing larger tracts of land for farming purposes near the borders of Connecticut and Massachusetts, as well as in New York State, at prices marvelously low compared with the prices of farm land in these same localities twenty-five and thirty years ago. By applying to his farming operations the same amount of brains and business sense that he does to his mercantile or professional pursuit in the city, a man may not only add substantially to his income, but also gain what is better than money for himself and family, good health and wholesome pleasure and recreation the year around.—Leslie's Weekly.

For Every Day.

"The religion that costs nothing," says an acute writer, "is worth exactly what it costs." Every ounce of effort we put into our religion comes back to us, sooner or later, in power. If we have no power, no worth, the reason is not far to seek—there has been no sacrifice, no pang, no striving.—Selected.

Keep the soil of life soft, its sympathy tender, its imagination free, or else you may lose the elementary quality of receptiveness, and all the influences of God may be in vain.—F. G. Peabody.

If you would know the value of money, go borrow some. Spare and have, is better than spend and crave.—Poor Richard.

There is no bitterness in poverty, when met, looked at, even laughed at, for it binds all the family together hand in hand, teaches endurance, self-dependence, and, best of all lessons, self-renunciation.—D. M. Mulock.

A Holiday in Prince Edward Island.

I really had not meant, when I began them, to run my holiday notes into five numbers. I have not only done so, but, if I dared to let my pen have its uncurbed way, I could easily fill five more and yet leave much unsaid. I cannot, of course, expect all our Home Magazine readers to be interested in these jottings, but I have an eye to there being amongst them a possible "Islander" who may feel a special interest in following what an outsider may have to say about his (or her) native place. If so, he will back me up when I claim for Prince Edward Island that it is behind no other province in the Dominion for

Have Made Manifest to the World
Canada's Ability and Willingness
to Share
With the Motherland the Duties
and Responsibilities of Empire,
This Monument is Dedicated by Their
Grateful Fellow Countrymen.

On the reverse side is inscribed the names of the fine young men of Prince Edward Island who fell at the eventful siege of Paardeberg after deeds of conspicuous valor.

Thus Canada, from ocean to ocean, honors her gallant sons.

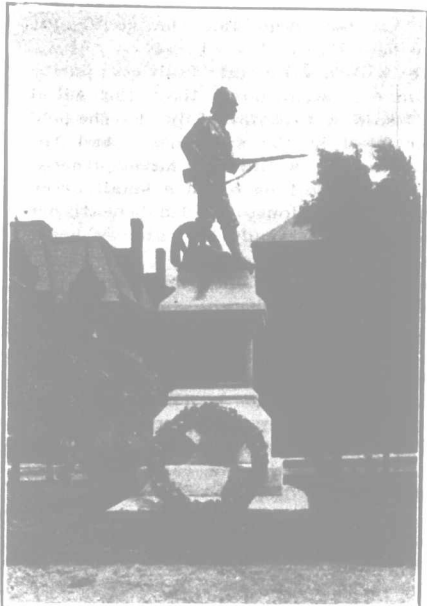
THE WORTH OF THE SEA.

Those who love to fish, as well as to



Bank of Nova Scotia, Methodist and Zion Presbyterian Churches, P. E. I.

loyalty to the British flag, in pride of country, or in the honor and glory of calling itself "Canadian." Its claim to loyalty is indisputable—almost defiantly so, for as a province it has named its three greater divisions or counties, "King's," "Queen's" and "Prince," the idea being carried out further by providing in the original survey for its town sites, "a Royal domain, or Royalty," the intention being intended to cover certain privileges, such as "that a man who held a lot in a town might be allowed a lot in the Royalty for pasturing purposes." I do not pretend to understand the actual working out of this plan, but all I know is that it SOUNDS very friendly and nice, and from my point of view the very adoption of the style and title of "Royalty" must make it an impossibility for any P. E. Islander who may avail himself of the privilege it gives, to allow of the word "annexation" being uttered a second time in his presence.



South African Volunteers' Monument, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

THE SOLDIERS' MONUMENT.

Apocryph of this loyalty to England and their appreciation of the self-devotion of the heroes who dared to die for their country, there stands in Queen Square, Charlottetown, a monument of great beauty and chasteness of design, bearing the following inscription:

To the Men of the
Royal Canadian Regiment
Who by Their Valour and Efficiency

eat fish, should come to Prince Edward Island. There are two factories for the canning of lobsters within sight at the same moment, to the east and the west of our Stanhope beach, lobster catching being a great industry here. The season is just over, and the lobsters may begin to breathe again with some hope of enjoying themselves in peace. The beach is strewn with lobster traps, which have done good service, and which, by and bye, when the sea has tossed them ashore, may be tinkered into future use. Meanwhile, in the absence of rocks to sit upon when tired of wandering, or desiring to dry oneself after a morning dip, an upturned lobster trap serves one's purpose indifferently well, if you look out for projecting nails and do not mind a somewhat fishy odor. Fresh codfish is placed before us at table at least twice daily, to which will be added henceforth, mackerel galore, as the son of the house has just gone by with a string of beauties caught in his net. The children guests dip up oysters and clams, for this is oyster-land and clam-land too. The elder guests go trout fishing, and could go shooting, if they were so minded, but as our men folks at present consist of lads in knickerbockers, or an occasional visitor from Charlottetown, I have not as yet even seen the muzzle of a gun.

Perhaps, part of the charm of this lovely island is that it has not yet outgrown all of its primitive ways. The spinning-wheel still hums in some of the older cottages and homesteads. Upon our beds are blankets of home weaving, and upon our floors really handsome rugs of bright designs, firm texture, and not without artistic merit. Upon the beach stands a telephone post, the comrade of one facing it across the narrow inlet which separates us from the lobster factory. This telephone post is thrust directly through a large round stone with a view of keeping it more firmly imbedded in the sand. That stone, we are told, is a relic of the time when windmills, or mills of any kind, had no existence, and the grain was powdered into flour by two heavy stones, one above the other. One day a storm will come, and down will go the old grindstone, with all its memories of the old, old days. It was just over that old grindstone that we have watched the sun go down night after night in a vision of glory—such a wealth of coloring taking its hues from land and ocean perhaps, or, perhaps, from heaven itself, who can tell? Clear-cut against that brilliant sky have stood out nightly that row of sentinels, the tall pines of the western boundary of our Stanhope Farm. As

the glory dies slowly out, they seem to wave ghostly arms to us, and look almost uncanny in the darkening night, but they tell another tale at the break of day. They seem to hum tunes of welcome to the children who play in the grove, who swing amidst their branches, or to the older folks who serenely nap or read in their hammocks, and to me, the writer of these notes, they keep singing, "Come again! Come again!" But what can an old body, who is nigh upon her three score years and ten, reply, but, "perhaps, dear pines, perhaps?"

H. A. B.

THE LEAVENWORTH CASE.

By A. K. Green.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—Continued.

No sooner had the thought matured than I hastened to act upon it. Locking myself up in my room, I wrote her a letter in printed characters, in which I played upon her ignorance, foolish fondness, and Irish superstition, by telling her that I dreamed of her every night and wondered if she did of me; was afraid she didn't, so enclosed her a little charm, which, if she would use according to directions (which were that she should first destroy my letter by burning it, next take in her hand the packet I was careful to enclose, swallow the powder accompanying it, and go to bed), would give her the most beautiful visions. The powder was a deadly dose of poison, and the packet was, as you know, a forged confession, falsely criminating Henry Clavering. Enclosing all these in an envelope, in the corner of which I had marked a cross, I directed it, according to agreement, to Mrs. Belden, and sent it.

Then followed the greatest period of suspense I had yet endured. I could not know the result of my scheme except through the newspapers. And when a few days since I read that paragraph in the paper which assured me that my efforts had produced the death of the woman I feared, do you think I experienced relief?

But of that why speak? In six hours had come the summons from Mr. Gryce, and—let this confession tell the rest. I am no longer capable of speech or action.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

The Outcome of a Great Crime.

"Oh, Eleanor!" cried I, "are you prepared for very good news? Tell me," said I, stooping over where she sat, for she looked ready to faint.

"I don't know," murmured she; "I fear that what you will consider good news, will not seem so to me."

But when with all the fervor of which I was capable, I showed her that her suspicions had been groundless, and that Trueman Harwell, not Mary, had been the perpetrator of this deed, her first words were a prayer to be taken to Mary—"Take me to her! Oh, take me to her! I cannot breathe or think till I have begged pardon of her on my knees. Oh, my unjust accusation!"

Seeing the state she was in, I deemed it the wisest thing I could do, so drove with her to her cousin's home.

"Mary will spurn me; and she will be right," cried she. "But God knows I thought myself justified. If you knew—"

"I do know," I interposed; Mary acknowledges that the circumstantial evidence against her was so overwhelming, she was almost staggered herself. But—"

"Wait, oh, wait, did Mary say that?"

"Yes, to-day."

"Mary must be changed."

I did not answer; I wanted her to see for herself to how great an extent! But when the carriage stopped and I hurried with her into the house which had been the scene of so much mystery, I was hardly prepared for the difference in her own countenance. Her eyes were bright, her cheeks were brilliant, her brow free from shadow; so quickly does the ice of despair melt in the sunshine of hope.

Thomas, who had opened the door, was glad to see his mistress again. "Miss Leavenworth is in the drawing-room," said he.

"I will go in at once; I cannot wait." And slipping from my grasp she crossed the hall and laid her hand upon the drawing-room curtain, when it was su-

(Continued on next page.)