

chance. But yon sodger chap—gin he ever had a thocht o' her, whilk is doubtu'—has lang since drapped wi' her; an' I ken richt weel the young laird hates the very sight o' her. Ye are wrang, Lachlan, far, far wrang; an' wha pit sic like notions into yer heid, I canna think. Losh, man! it's maist astoundin' an' ridic'ulous!

'Ah, well,' replied M'Cuag, with an air of indifference, which implied that he knew a great deal more than he cared to tell; 'we will be seein' who iss wrang soon, whatever. The young laird may hef his bit o' play wi' the other bonnie lassies—young men will sow their wild oats—but it iss only play. I ken what I ken. But, Mistress Grant, ye must on no account speak to any living soul about what I hef told ye—no, not to Sybil herself'. For Mr. Nial iss a fery angry man now, whatever may be the reason, and a fery little will put him into a trefle of a temper.'

The keeper's parchment features crumpled up into a smile of unusual satisfaction as he left the post-office. He had accomplished his mission. He had learned that Sybil was going to the Castle on the morrow—which he knew meant the den—but he was especially well pleased with how he had contrived to drop the hints regarding Nial and Fiona. Mrs. Grant had professed to treat them with contempt, but he knew that they would be communicated to Sybil without delay, and he was now eager to find out what effect they would have on her relations with his master.

So far he had been content to merely watch their movements. Sybil was a shrewd lass who could be trusted to take care of herself, and meanwhile this flirtation would loosen the tie that bound her to Ronald Campbell. It was already rumoured that something of a crisis has arisen in their relations. Sybil wanted to put off their marriage till the next year, and Ronald would not consent to the delay.

The keeper knew quite well that whatever Mrs. Grant might wish, Sybil would never give up her sweetheart for him. Money could do many things, but it could not make him twenty years younger, nor remove his physical deformities. But he saw that the girl was trifling with Ronald, under the foolish delusion—which her mother now shared—that she might win the laird. Lachlan laughed at that idea. The day could not be far off when Sybil would find that she had lost Ronald, and also that her hope of becoming mistress of the Castle was an idle dream. Then his chance would come. Not that he made any pretences to affection, or supposed that Sybil would fall in love with him; but he had money, was tired of his situation, and meant to buy or rent a public-house in Glasgow or Greenock. When he did that he must also secure a wife, and Sybil, with her personal charms and coquetry, would be the very one to preside at the bar. Still, though not an over-scrupulous man, Lachlan had sufficient curiosity to wish to know what these private assignations between the young post-mistress and his master signified. There must be something more in them than a little foolish flirtation; the girl must have some secret hold over the young laird, and he was determined to find out what it was.

Now it has been already explained that Nial Mor's den was an apartment of an ancient ruin situated on a rocky knoll in the depths of a thick pine forest. Above the den there was another room, dark and dilapidated, which in former times communicated with the one below by means of a trap door and ladder. Long before Nial's day the ladder had been removed, and the door

nailed down and covered with plaster and wall paper. Lachlan had often been in this upper room. Many a time he had hidden there when he was watching for poachers. On the first occasion that Sybil had gone to the den with Nial he had tried to reach it so as to observe their movements. He had been frustrated in that attempt through disturbing the grey owls, and had been glad to hide beneath the stairs to escape detection. Since then he had never been able to summon up courage to repeat the attempt. Now, however, his curiosity triumphed over his fears.

An hour or so before the time when Sybil and Nial usually met he hid himself in this room and made his preparations. He took off his boots so as to insure greater silence in the event of any chance movement. Then he made a small hole in the rotten wood of the trap-door, and a slight incision in the plaster and wall paper. He would now be able not merely to hear, but to see all that was going on in the apartment below. These arrangements completed, he waited until he heard approaching steps along the path. Then he quietly stretched himself on the floor, and applied the one eye with which he could see to the hole.

Nial Mor entered, looking unusually disturbed and excited. Lachlan saw him fling himself into a chair, and then almost immediately start from it again and pace to and fro. He looked the picture of a man suffering from some inward torture. 'I cannot bear it,' he murmured, wiping heavy beads of sweat from his brow. But after drinking off two or three glasses of wine and lighting a cigar, his mood seemed to change. The fit of depression passed off, he laughed a careless laugh, and left the den.

In a few minutes he returned with Sybil clinging to him. Lachlan saw that she was beautifully dressed. Fiona M'Iver could not afford to wear such clothes, still less could Colin Grant buy them for his daughter. There was no doubt in the mind of the keeper as to who had provided them. And he saw that the girl was very fond of his master. She gazed up into his face with her wide-open blue eyes, in which there was a look of affectionate pleading and anxiety that would have touched a much stronger-minded man than Nial Mor.

(To be Continued)

April.

BY VALENTINE MARCH.

April is a silly lassie,
April laughs and cries,
While with many sunny smiles she woos you
Tears stand in her eyes.

Clad in sunshine she will greet you—
Laughing, happy, gay,
And you almost think you love her,
When she comes your way.

Yet you cannot trust this lassie,
Though she friendly be;
And she smiles upon me sweetly,
For—she's fooling thee.

Still, we'll love her just a little
E'er she goes away,
For the tears of April always
Bring the flowers of May.

Wild Animals in New York.

The greatest surprise I ever experienced in the unexpected appearance of a wild creature in the heart of the metropolis, was one day in the spring of 1901, when I saw a 'possum crossing Broadway near Chambers Street.

SAVE THE BABY.

I can truly say that had it not been for Baby's Own Tablets, I do not believe my baby would have been alive to day." So writes Mrs. Albert Luddington, of St. Mary's River, N.S., and she adds:—"He is now growing nicely; is good natured and is getting fat." It is gratifying to know that in all parts of Canada, Baby's Own Tablets are proving a real blessing to children and a boon to mothers. These Tablets are a speedy relief and prompt cure for constipation, sour stomach, wind colic, diarrhoea, worms, and simple fevers. They break up cold, prevent croup and allay the irritation accompanying the cutting of teeth. Baby's Own Tablets are good for children of all ages from birth upwards, and are guaranteed to contain no opiate or harmful drug. Sold by medicine dealers or sent by mail, post paid, at 25 cents a box, by writing direct to the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The creature had no chance; I think it was a truck that killed it; and a great crowd gathered, stopping traffic, excitedly discussing the tragedy. The majority declared the animal to be a rat, the minority maintained that it was a guinea-pig. Then, as the police interrupted discussion by clearing the car tracks, a large negro dropped from the back of a truck, seized the animal, and mounting the cart-tail once more, held his prize aloft, grinning from ear to ear. 'Dasser 'possum,' he said, and pocketed the future *piece de resistance*. I have never learned where that 'possum came from; but there's no doubt where he went. Wild creatures in New York are sometimes seen. Ducks, geese, snipe, and gulls pass over in their migrations, and it is not uncommon to catch a glimpse of hawks hanging high above the city smoke.

He Remembered His Promise.

A twelve year old boy was invited on a camping trip, says an exchange. His timid mother gave permission on the condition that he would not get into a canoe while away, as she was afraid of its upsetting.

The boy promised, though reluctantly. At the end of ten days came the following letter:

Dear Mother,—I'm having the best kind of a time; and I don't mind a bit about the canoe. Yesterday was the only day I've really wanted to try one, for we were going across a little lake to another camp. But they've been teaching me how to swim and Ned said he and I could swim across, and let the other four take to two canoes; and so we did and swam back again, too. Wasn't that great? And I knew you'd be pleased to think I remembered my promise. Your affectionate son.

GEORGE.

**HEAD
BACK
LEGS** **ACHE**

Ache all over. Throat sore, Eyes
and Nose running, slight cough
with chills; this is La Grippe.

Painkiller

taken in hot water, sweetened, be-
fore going to bed, will break it up
if taken in time.

There is only one Painkiller, "PENNY DAVIS"