

there was something of pathos in his voice; he almost believed his own words.

'But I cannot, Nial; not in the sense you mean,' she replied greatly agitated.

'You would now if another had not come between us,' he answered bitterly, and with a sudden kindling of the eyes. 'But he—he does not care for you as I do. All my life has been full of you. There is nothing, no, not anything, I would not do to win you, Fiona. I have thought of no one else; loved no one else; and if you would give me hope, I would make myself worthy of you, and the future should more than atone for the wrongs of the past.'

Fiona was too deeply affected to consider the full meaning of his words, or she might have wondered what these repeated reference to something to be atoned for and forgiven signified. She resented the reference to Geoffrey Waldegrave, but without anger. It was impossible for her at that moment to feel anything save pity.

'You deserve to be happy, Nial,' she almost sobbed—'far happier than I could ever make you; yet I wish you had not spoken like this. Do let us go into the house.'

He saw, however, her look of sorrow and perplexity, and grasping her hand, he proceeded:—

'But there is another consideration you must listen to first—your father. What is making him look so ill? What is snapping away his strength, and bringing down his grey hairs with sorrow to the grave? It is anxiety; it is the burden of obligations he cannot meet. Unless he is relieved, and relieved very soon, they will kill him. Consent to be my wife, and there is an end to all these troubles. What is mine is thine. Those terrible bonds that haunt his thoughts like a nightmare continually will be thrown into the fire. The evening of your father's life will grow calm and bright. Think of the light that would come into his eyes if you would now go with me to him, and say: "Father, I've promised to be Nial's wife."

This appeal was intended to be irresistible, but it was not. There was something in his tone and manner that annoyed her. She had turned very pale, but withdrew her hand from his grasp, and answered with a touch of her old hauteur: 'You are quite wrong, Nial. Troubled as my dear father is just now through misfortune and the wickedness of scheming men, it would only throw a deeper sorrow into his life if he thought that I—to save him from worldly loss—had given my hand to you while my heart belonged to another. He would sooner face the loss of everything else than agree to that.'

For all his professions of love a flash of hate rose, as Nial heard those words, but he controlled it. Nothing more, he thought, could be done, until Fiona's faith in Waldegrave was utterly destroyed. He would take immediate steps to accomplish that, and then if she should again refuse, she and her father should—but no, she would yield when it came to that.

Aloud he answered:

'Forgive me, Fiona; I'll not say another word about it to-day. You may change. You understand me better than you once did. I can wait, and will wait, and by-and-bye you will find out who really cares for you. I will go and see your father.'

Torquil M'Iver welcomed him with a pathetic smile. He knew that he had been with Fiona in the garden for the last hour, and concluded from his clouded brow and his daughter's unwonted pallor that the interview had not been satisfactory. The hope he had been cherishing began to dis-

solve.

'I am glad the good weather has come at last,' he said, breaking the rather painful silence when Fiona left them.

'So am I,' replied Nial absently; 'there's a chance now of a tolerably good harvest, though it will be a very late one.'

Mr. M'Iver raised his eyebrows.

'No, no, Nial; there cannot be a really good harvest now—even though the fine weather holds until everything is got in. Why, the hay is nearly spoilt, and disease has already appeared among the potatoes, and the corn for a week past has been sprouting in the stooks.'

'You must not be so despondent, Mr. M'Iver,' he replied, rousing himself. 'You must not let your own misfortunes darken everything. There is always a sun behind the clouds. You shall take no harm. You know what I offered.'

'Oh, yes; it is most generous of you. It is far more than I could think of accepting; but that heavy loss at Bronach Water will seriously embarrass me. I have a hope that very soon my affairs will take a favourable turn; but as you are so kind, I will avail myself of your indulgence for a little while.'

And then he went on to speak of various retrenchments which he and Fiona had planned; more particularly of the delaying of an extensive scheme of improvements on the estate which had been begun before the crisis in his fortunes had occurred.

Nial threw cold water on everything. He foresaw the likelihood that Fiona would not be secured without a threat that would be overwhelming. It must include complete overthrow and disaster. The loss not merely of the estate, but of everything; better still, if it could include the threat of the imprisonment of her old father for debt and breach of contract. For this end he had already got the contractor, Gordon, into his power.

'All these plans are unnecessary,' he exclaimed; 'and you will find that some of them are quite impracticable. I told you that I would tide you over your crisis. Leave everything to me; I'll arrange them for you. You must reconsider my offer. What does Fiona think of it?'

(To be Continued.)

Fancy Work.

BY CORA A. MATSON, DOLSON.

Your Battenberg and knitted lace
To me are mysteries;
Instead, a rosy, laughing face
Comes up for me to kiss.

There is a call for help to send
A wayward kite aloft,
And now a jagged rent to mend,
Or sail a wooden boat.

My hand must give the ball a toss,
The painted top it twirls,
Or straightens out the tangled floss
Of little Dorcas' curls.

'Tis Dorcas dear and boyish Phil
From dawn till even-fall;
And in my dreams I keep them still,
To heed their lightest call.

I envy not your dollies rare,
Your brodered curtains fine;
Far richer are the joys I share
With these dear hearts of mine.

Lifting the Rock.

A very accurate picture of many of the troubles and obstacles which we see athwart our pathway is given by an exchange in the following sentences:

"I had plowed round a rock in one of my fields for five years," said a farmer, "and I had broken a mowing-machine knife against

A WARNING TO MOTHERS.

Ask any doctor and he will tell you that the "soothing" medicines contain opiates and narcotics dangerous to the health of infants and children. Every mother should shun these so called medicine as she would deadly poison. Baby's Own Tablets is the only medicine specially prepared for children sold under an absolute guarantee to contain no opiate or harmful drug. Every dose helps little ones and cannot possibly do harm.

No other medicine has been so warmly praised by mothers everywhere. Mrs. J. R. Standen Weyburn, N. W. T., says:—"Baby's Own Tablets are valuable in cases of diarrhoea, constipation, hives, or when teething. I have never used a medicine that gives such good satisfaction."

These Tablets will promptly relieve and cure all minor ailments of children, and may be safely given to a new born baby. Try them for your children and we know you will use no other medicine. Sold by druggists at 25 cents a box or sent by mail on receipt of price by writing direct to the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

it, besides losing the use of the ground in which it lay, all because I supposed it was such a large rock that it would take too much time and labor to remove it. But today, when I began to plow for corn, I thought that, by and by, I might break my cultivator against the rock; so I took a crowbar, intending to poke around it and find out its size once for all; and it was one of the surprises of my life to find that it was little more than two feet long. It was standing on its edge, and was so light that I could lift it into the wagon without help. The first time I really faced my trouble I conquered it."

By the Power of a Poem.

The following pretty story is told of Will Carleton, the popular poet.

In a hotel some years ago, Mr. Carleton asked for his bill.

"There is no charge to you, Mr. Carleton," said the proprietor.

The author naturally inquired the reason for such unusual treatment, and asked again for his bill, but was again refused.

"But," protested Mr. Carleton, "I don't know you."

"Mr. Carleton," said the landlord, "some years ago my wife and I had serious differences, and we finally decided to separate. We had been married a good many years. I sent for a lawyer, and he drew up an agreement about our property and how it would be divided. Just about that time I read your poems, 'Betsy and I are Out' and 'How Betsy and I made up.' I was struck hard by the poems, and I took them to my wife and read them to her. She cried, and—well, we've been together ever since, and there'll never be a bill for you in this house, Mr. Carleton."

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, before going to bed, will break it up if taken in time.

There is only one Painkiller, "PERRY DAVIS'."