

SICKLY BABIES.

quite weel again, an' mair beautiful than ever. I will be richt glad to see her.'

'And the baby, doctor?'

'Ay, I maun see the baby; Ronald was tellin' me they ha'e ca'd him Torquil M'Iver. I'm glad o' that. I was feared the grandmother had want to ha'e him ca'd some fine English name; but Captain Waldegrave is a sensible man; I liked him weel frae the moment I first set een on him.'

The flags were up now, and all the preparations were completed. Ronald left a few final orders with the men, and then the three went off together.

Ronald Campbell was an important man now at Fas Ghlac. For more than a year he had been factor of the estate; a large, comfortable, new house had been built for him, and quite lately he had married Grace Armstrong. His mother lived with them, and a beautiful old Highland woman she looked that afternoon in her black gown and snowy white mutch; a gentle excitement kindling in her soft blue eyes at the thought of the near arrival of the 'Sea Swallow.'

'Weel, Morag, hoo are ye settlin' doon in your new name?' asked the kind old doctor, when they were left alone for a minute. 'Ye haena had far to shift; but ye'll tak' a look at the auld cottage gay, aften, I'll warrant.'

'Ay,' answered Morag, 'I love the old croft; it was the home o' my husband, and where all my sons were born; but it iss not the place, it iss love that makes the heart content. I am fery happy here; to himself be all the praise.'

'It's wonderfu' hoo things come round, Morag. Ye never dreamed that the day wad come when Ronald wad be the laird's factor, an' ha'e Grace Armstrong for his wife.'

'And how will ye be knowing what I hef dreamed?' asked Morag, as the light gathered in her eyes. 'Ye are a fery wise man Dr. Mackenzie; but I am thinkin' ye do not know all that iss in a mother's heart, nor what she dreams about for her lads.'

Before tea was finished Hector MacInnes called to say that the 'Sea Swallow' had been sighted coming through the Sound of Iona. All was now bustle and joyous excitement. The news spread like wild-fire through the glen, and every man, woman and child was on the alert. Dr. Mackenzie strolled to the cliffs above the Priest's Cave where he could view everything. It was a brilliant scene. Every cottage displayed a bit of bunting; every cliff and crag was occupied. Farmers and shepherds from the neighbouring glens were there. Fishermen from Iona and Ulva had sailed round. There had never before been such a gathering at Fas Ghlac.

For when Fiona was married it was the dead of winter; the echo of old troubles was still in the air, so everything was very quiet. But she was coming back in the glorious summer weather, with her husband and baby, and her father, coming back to live among her people. Things had taken a wonderful turn. Torquil M'Iver had come to muddled of his own again. The clouds had all rolled away, so every heart was glad.

Nearer and nearer came the beautiful yacht, sweeping gracefully and majestically over the blue waters, and all nature seemed in sympathy with the hour. The green slopes of Ulva laughed, and the sombre cliffs of Gribun were touched with gold.

The evening sun filled the whole of the valley with warmth and brightness. A golden light streamed full upon the triumphal arch, on the waving flags, on the brass canon in charge of David Anderson, who was an old artillery man; on the brand new Highland dresses of the pipers and the burnished silver of their pipes; and, above all, on the white sails of the 'Sea Swallow,' and the long line

of flags that fluttered from her bowsprit to her masts and then down again to her stern. As she came nearer and the little group on deck was seen waving to those on shore, the greeting was returned with cheers, and the next moment, as the anchor dropped, boom, boom, boom, rang out the welcome of the cannon, the pipers skirled forth their shrillest strains and all the people waved their handkerchiefs and shouted.

So Fiona came back to Fas Ghlac. Geoffrey was the first to spring from the boat and help out his mother and Fiona; then came Torquil M'Iver, and last of all, a nurse with a white robed baby in her arms.

What words of welcome there were, what greetings, what hand-shakings! Fiona had a word for all, and every one laughed and talked and shouted for joy. Geoffrey and the old laird shook hands with the doctor and Ronald, while Morag took the baby in her arms and blessed it, as tears of joy ran down her venerable face.

'A regular M'Iver,' exclaimed the doctor; 'he'll be a six-footer yet, like his father. Three cheers for the young heir.'

And then Geoffrey lifted his cap, and thanked them all for their kind welcome. He loved the Highlands, he said, and they would spend a good part of each year among them.

So they moved up to Tigh an-Fhasaich, the pipers leading the way, Torquil M'Iver following with Mrs. Waldegrave senior on his arm. He walked like a true chief who loved his people and was loved by them. And Mrs. Waldegrave, who once thought her son too high for a daughter of a Highland laird, was proud now of Fiona and glad to see her in her old home, where her father was deemed a king and she a princess.

It was a happy gathering in the old ancestral home that night. Fiona was delighted with the additions made to the place and the splendid order of everything. As the night drew on every lamp was kindled, the blinds were all drawn up, and from every window the light flashed down the glen, over the cliffs and far away out to sea.

Then the moon rose clear and full and shone upon the whole land. It peeped into a cottage window at Sruthan where Colin Grant faithfully nursed his paralytic wife. It sent a beam into a dirty street in Leith where Lachlan M'Cuaig and Sybil kept a noisy drinking-bar. The owls hooted to it from the ruins of the old castle in the silent woods of Sruthan. It smiled serenely over the graveyard at the foot of Ben Ruadh, where a white cross marked the last resting-place of Nancy Bell; while out on the Atlantic it flooded the lonely shores of Eilean Dubh, and silvered the waves that roll forever over the unknown grave of Nial Duff.

Later on in the night, Fiona and Geoffrey walked in the garden with clasped hands. The lights were withdrawn from the windows. The bonfires had burnt out. The voices of the children had died away. All the people had retired to their homes; but still there remained the long, low wail of the waves on the iron shore below, and the full moon, serene and beautiful, above.

(THE END)

Capitalists Decide To Battle with Consumption.

An event recently occurred in Toronto which is of deep interest to thousands of people in Canada: a long established and very progressive concern, the T.A. Slocum Co., has been reorganized by well-known capitalists, the stock of the company having been increased to \$100,000. In future it will be known as the Dr. Slocum Com-

pany, Limited, but will be continued under the same able management as heretofore. Weak sickly babies are a great trial to mothers. They need constant care both night and day and soon wear the mother out. Baby's little stomach is the cause of most of the trouble; it is very weak, and in consequence very easily upset. Baby's Own Tablets will cure all baby troubles. They are mildly laxative and give prompt relief. Concerning them Mrs. R. J. Balfour, Omeamee, Ont., says: 'I have used Baby's Own Tablets for stomach troubles and constipation from which my little girl suffered and they entirely cured her. They produced sound, refreshing sleep, and I regard them as indispensable in any home where there are little ones.'

Mothers from all parts of Canada write in favor of Baby's Own Tablets, proving the claim that they are the very best medicine for all the minor ills of infants and young children. Guaranteed to contain no opiate. Price 25 cents a box at all druggists or direct from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

pany, Limited, but will be continued under the same able management as heretofore.

The history of this concern has been one of continual and substantial progress, and to day its products are found in almost every drug store in Canada, being known as the Dr. Slocum System of Remedies for the cure of consumption and allied diseases, consisting of four valuable preparations: Psychine (pronounced Sikeen), a general remedy for consumption, throat and lung troubles; Slocum's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil, a wonderful flesh and strength producer; Oxojell, the greatest of catarrh antiseptics, and Coltsfoote Expectorant, a positive cure for coughs, colds, sore throat, etc.—a most worthy and specific series of remedies.

No remedy of modern times has conferred more lasting benefit upon sufferers from throat and lung troubles than Dr. Slocum's System of Treatment. An eminent specialist's prescription of medicinal and tonic food treatment—a complete system of rapid germ destruction and body-building—it has been the means of curing thousands of cases—positively permanent cures after skilful doctors had given up all hope.

This is attested by thousands of unsolicited testimonials which are on file and are being received daily at the office of the company; everlasting and enduring testimony from all classes of society.

The generous dealings with the public of the T. A. Slocum Co. have gone far in placing the Dr. Slocum remedies in the prominent position they now occupy. This policy is to be continued, and if any of our readers are suffering with coughs, sore throat, pains in the lungs or chest, loss of flesh, etc., symptoms of consumption, and will send their names, post and express office addresses to 179 King St. West, Toronto, they will receive Dr. Slocum's Free Trial Treatment, consisting of four large packages, one dollar and twenty-five cents (\$1.25) worth of medicine, absolutely free. This goes to show the great faith the company have in the Dr. Slocum System of Treatment.

The directors of the Dr. Slocum Company, Limited, are to be congratulated upon this important step forward in furnishing the means whereby a more vigorous and successful crusade may be waged against one of the greatest plagues the world has ever known—consumption.