

The holy divil on top of it all;
And yet, be jabbers, no divil at all."

"By St. Andrew, you're right," muttered Alick, "and when the MacAlpine candle burns out, there'll never be another candle in God's world that can take its place."

"Mebbe not," echoed Pat, contemplatively. "I wasn't thinkin' of it in that way—but hadn't we better be movin'? Miss Marie'll be impatient for Andrew's coming."

And without more words they rowed rapidly in the direction of Fingal's Notch.