

That morning he had given his father a shock of surprise. In answer to an enquiry concerning his plans, he had declared his intention of going to Fas-Ghlac on the morrow, and also, when pressed, that he was more determined than ever to win Fiona M'Iver. Then he had abruptly broken off the conversation and left the room.

It was not, however, in accordance with his father's character to let a matter drop in which he was deeply interested.

He was one of those men in whom a strange conglomerate of faith and superstition covers a hard vein of worldly craft; men of whom there has never been any lack of shining examples since the days of the patriarch Jacob. Such men are usually remarkable for their adroitness and persistency, and for their skill in drawing the cloak of piety over the most sordid and unscrupulous schemes.

Mr. Fergus Duff knew that it would be useless to attempt to erect any final barrier against his son's wishes. Nial Mor might be led, but he was not one to be openly opposed.

Besides, until lately Mr. Duff had been even more desirous than Mr. M'Iver to see Nial and Fiona married. The two estates of Sruthan and Fas-Ghlac matched, and united would form one of the most considerable properties in that part of the Highlands.

The Fas-Ghlac lands had come down to Torquil M'Iver through an uncle, who had burdened and impoverished them by a long course of reckless extravagance. Fortunately the new owner was rich, and proud of the home of his ancestors, and he had lavishly expended his wealth in clearing off the accumulated burdens and in improving the property.

As Fergus Duff watched these proceedings it became one of the ambitions of his life to join his neighbour's lands to his own; and for a time he cherished the hope of realising his wish through the union of Nial and Fiona. From Torquil M'Iver's standpoint also the project appeared equally advantageous; and so the boy and girl were thrown often together. But very early Fiona had exhibited an independence of character and indifference to Nial which rendered the issue so doubtful that Mr. Duff began to despair of ever seeing his desire gratified unless his neighbour would exercise more authority over his daughter than he seemed willing to do.

Meanwhile the lawyer who managed M'Iver's affairs died, and another named Martin Brown—strongly recommended by Fergus Duff, with whom he had many business dealings—was appointed.

Soon after a great sorrow befell Torquil M'Iver and his daughter. Fiona's mother while helping to nurse a poor crofter family stricken with fever, took the complaint herself and died. The bereaved husband crushed with sorrow, put his affairs completely in his lawyer's hands, and went with Fiona to reside in Paris. Eventually he returned, the years passed, and then it was discovered—after Fiona's rejection of Nial Mor—that Martin Brown had managed by bad investments to involve Mr. M'Iver in losses and liabilities serious enough to greatly embarrass him.

Fergus Duff professed the utmost indignation against Martin Brown, by whom, he declared, he himself had also been misled and injured. And then, with many expressions of sympathy and assurances that Mr. M'Iver's difficulties were capable of adjustment, he offered to temporarily assist him with a considerable sum, which was accepted under

the stress of circumstances.

At first, Mr. Duff implied that he desired further security than an acknowledgment of the loan; but afterwards he suggested, as a matter of form, a wadset or heritable bond on the Fas-Ghlac lands, and this, Torquil M'Iver—a man of the highest integrity, with no gift for business—gave him.

Having so far secured the estate, and being confident that his neighbour's circumstances would not improve, he would now have preferred that his son should seek an alliance with one who would bring more solid advantages than personal charms and an honourable lineage. Besides he was piqued that Fiona had already given his son something of a rebuff.

'So you're going to Fas-Ghlac,' he began, when they had driven some distance in silence. He spoke in the jerky, grinding tones peculiar to him when annoyed.

'Yes,' replied Nial Mor sharply, 'and you appear to disapprove of it.'

'I haven't said so,' was the querulous answer, 'but I suppose you've heard of Torquil M'Iver's troubles?'

'I met him yesterday, and he told me about them.'

'Oh, you met him? And his daughter?'

'No; Fiona wasn't with him.'

'Then you haven't seen her?'

'Yes; but not spoken to her. I saw her the day I arrived, though she didn't see me. And by Jove! I'll say this, that in all my travels I haven't seen a girl like her. She rides like a princess.'

'A princess!' exclaimed Fergus Duff with a look of disdain, and bringing his jaws together with a snap like a steel trap, 'I can tell you, my boy, that M'Iver hasn't got to the end of his losses yet. I question whether she'll be left with a shilling.'

'Money isn't everything; so, at least, you once told the minister when he talked of applying for an augmentation of stipend.'

'Oh, no, by no means; but this world's gear mustn't be despised.'

'Have you anything else against her?'

'Her mother was an Englishwoman, and a Papist—'

'An Episcopalian,' interjected Nial hotly, 'and only up to her marriage.'

'There's not much difference, with their bishops, and altars, and crosses, and organs, and printed prayers. Even her father holds very loose Erastian views, and—'

'These are things too high for me,' interrupted Nial Mor ironically. His father's religious scruples did not impress him. 'But if you're going to throw obstacles in the way, I'll enter the army.'

He was not wholly dependent on his father, having money of his own derived from his mother's family; but he also knew that he had used the one argument which was sure to prevail. For in the heart of this hard, mean old man, love of his imperious and high-handed son remained the one sweet fountain which worldly scheming had not been able to seal.

'I haven't said I would oppose you,' whined Mr. Duff. 'I'm very sorry for M'Iver and his daughter. Still for my part I shouldn't care to seek a girl who'd already rejected me. But if you're resolved to marry Fiona, do so.' He added with a sneer, 'She'll not refuse you again.'

'I'm not so sure; I know her better than you do.'

'Why, boy, how should she?' he asked giving his son a cunning glance. 'Torquil M'Iver will never be able to redeem his bonds. They're in our power.'

A sudden flush passed over the young man's face, but, after a moment's pause, he

## A Little Tyrant,

### The Trouble Not Due to Original Sin.

There is no tyrant like a teething baby. His temper isn't due to original sin, however; the tyrant suffers more than the rest of the family. He don't know what is the matter. They do. The trouble is they do not always know what to do for his lordship. An Ontario mother writes to tell what is best to do. "When my baby was teething," she says, "he was so cross and restless that I hardly knew what to do with him. He had a poor appetite and ate but little, and was growing thin. I got a box of Baby's Own Tablets and they made a great change. He now rests well, has a splendid appetite, and gives me no trouble at all." This is the experience not only of Mrs. D. K. Schroeder, of Hanover, Ont., but also of thousands of mothers all over the Dominion. A baby teething is cross because his blood is heated and his little bowels constipated or unhealthily relaxed, and his system heated by the effort of getting the teeth through the gums. Baby's Own Tablets act like magic not only in this, but in all ailments of little ones. Sold by druggists or sent post paid at 25 cents a box by writing direct to the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., Scenectady, N. Y.

answered proudly: 'The greater reason why I should marry Fiona. We owe them some reparation; for it was you who advised him to entrust his affairs to that scoundrel, Martin Brown. There's something about that transaction I don't like.'

Mr. Duff's countenance fell, but he gave a mocking little laugh.

'Nor yet understand,' he said; 'but you can thank me for an irresistible argument when you speak to the young lady.'

'One I should be ashamed to employ,' replied Nial Mor angrily; for his father's callousness and cynicism disgusted him.

(To be continued.)

## The Day's Beginning.

Every morning we should say, "Into Thine hand I commit my spirit;" and the day cannot end in failure. Every morning when the merchant goes to his work he should say or sing, "Into Thine hand I commit my spirit" and when he comes back at night he will come back a wealthy man; yea, though his hands be empty there is treasure in his heart, an inexhaustible wealth.—Dr. Joseph Parker.

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