

grown, indeed; and you will hardly know him when you see him, Fiona.'

She looked wistfully into his face, and noted how sad and wan he appeared.

'Well, I must go,' she said softly; 'good-bye, father, I'll not be long. Come, Luath; you must be quiet now, and carry my basket.'

Luath ceased his play with the other dogs, took the handle in his mouth, and trotted forward with a new sense of importance and dignity.

Torquil M'Iver watched them until they disappeared down the path to the sea; then he turned homewards with a sigh.

'Ah,' he mused, 'it is a pity. She cares no more for him now than she did before he left home. And it is no use trying to force a young lass to marry against her will, and it is all a chance whom she may like. Still it is a pity Fiona does not care for Nial Mor. He is very fond of her, more than she will believe. It is a great pity, but it cannot be helped.'

Fiona descended to a rough stone quay, where Ronald Campbell was impatiently waiting for her. The 'Fionnaghal,' a trim little craft with a single sail, lay in readiness and Fiona had no sooner taken her seat than Ronald pulled out of the bay.

He was a big, strong-limbed young crofter, with reddish-brown hair and blue eyes. His father was dead, but he and his mother remained on the old croft, and were strongly attached to Mr. M'Iver and his daughter.

In addition to working his croft—which was near the shore, a mile or so from 'Tigh-an-Fhasaich'—Ronald was an expert lobster fisher, owned a boat, and had so far improved his opportunity as to think of taking to himself a wife.

This morning he was clean-shaven, dressed in his best suit of homespun, with a bright coloured handkerchief round his neck, and was anticipating his visit to the post-office with an interest that the pretty face of Sybil Grant could better explain than any expectations regarding letters.

A few strokes of the oars took them out of the bay, and then Ronald ran up the sail, and the 'Fionnaghal' swept swan-like over the shining waters.

But as the young crofter sat amidships, even his thoughts about Sybil Grant could not keep back the wonder why Miss Fiona was so grave and silent.

And Luath, also, seemed to feel that something was wrong; for he crept to the stern, and laid his head gently in her lap, and looked up into her thoughtful face with an expression in his large eyes of dumb sympathy, as though he would fain share the trouble of his mistress if he only knew how.

Fiona, however, only patted him in a half-conscious way, and continued to steer the boat with a pre-occupied air.

The news about Nial Duff troubled her. She had known him all her life, but when two years previously he had asked her to be his wife, she had refused, saying that she did not love him sufficiently to marry him.

Had she been an enlightened society girl of to-day, possibly she would have acted otherwise. For he was from the social standpoint an extremely eligible suitor.

But Fiona had not enjoyed the blessing of our advanced ideas. Her life was lonely. Her mother was dead, and she had no brothers or sisters. At Fas-Ghlac there was no society beyond a few crofters and fisher-folk. Mr. Fergus Duff lived in Sruthan Castle on the other side of a lofty range of hills, and was their nearest neighbour.

And in the great solitude of her Highland home she had selected for company

hood, thinking her own thoughts, and silently untolding a character romantic, and remarkable for its reserve of concentrated strength and passion. Above all, she had cherished a belief that love was a sacred reality without which there could be no true marriage. Hence her dismissal of Nial Duff.

And yet it grieved her to go against a wish which she knew her father had cherished for years. He was a gentle-hearted and sorrow-stricken old man, and she clung to him with beautiful reverence and affection. And now quite lately he had suffered losses, the extent of which he had not divulged to her, but they had greatly shattered his strength, and re-awakened his regret about Nial in so poignant a form that Fiona was led to think that he had some reason for desiring their union beyond any he had disclosed.

So she sat perplexed and silent. There are no situations in life so tragic as those which involve a struggle between our nobler instincts and interests. Fiona feared she might have to face such a dilemma. What was she to do if Nial was returning to Fas-Ghlac only to renew his suit? Ought she to remain true to herself and her ideals? Ought she to yield to the filial instinct, and comply with her father's wish? Was it her duty to suppress herself, sacrifice herself, if by so doing she could smooth and brighten her parent's closing years? There were no limits in her devotion to her father; she could do anything to make him happy. But were there not sacrifices that ought not to be made even for our nearest and dearest?

But there was a practical as well as a romantic vein in Fiona's character, and at last she put the subject from her. After all she might escape the dilemma. Much had happened during the two years Nial had been away. He had changed; so much so, that her father said she would hardly know him. She herself was no longer the same. Above all, there had been the great reversal in her father's fortunes. Nial might no longer want her or care for her. Life was never exactly what we hoped, and still less what we feared. The unexpected was always happening. When Nial came she would meet him with an open mind, put aside old prejudices, and endeavour to start on a new footing.

Having reached that reflection, she brightened and began to chat with Ronald, and speedily led him into conversation about Sybil Grant, during which he confessed that so far the young postmistress had shown herself very coy and indifferent to his wooing.

Fiona had expected as much, and considered whether she could not further his interests. She knew that Sybil was particularly fond of jewellery, and she now drew from her pocket a little leather case containing a silver brooch.

'You must give this to Sybil,' she said, handing it to Ronald, 'and thank her for the careful way in which she always attends to our letters.'

Ronald was delighted, gazed at the shining bit of jewellery with admiration, and expressed his thanks in a few manly words.

They had now reached the spot where Fiona wished to land; so she ran the boat beside a jutting rock, and jumped out, preceded by Luath. She told Ronald to return in two hours, and then handing her basket to the dog, went on her visit to her old nurse.

'You are a clever, grand daughter, Luath,' she said, as the dog sprang up and

WAKE UP BABY!

A New Game for Mothers.

Baby's awakening ought to be looked forward to as a pleasure, not dreaded as a scourge. He should awaken bright, merry, and full of fun, refreshed by sleep, ready for a good time.

How many mothers dread his awakening howls, knowing that he will keep everyone miserable until he goes to sleep again or gets his food. These crying fits are the terror of every inexperienced mother. Mrs. Gabriel Barnes, Six Mile Lake, Ont., is a mother who has learned how this trouble can be best met, and writes us as follows: "My baby suffered much from indigestion, and was cross and restless. I gave him several medicines, but they did not help him. I then got a box of Baby's Own Tablets and they helped him almost at once, and have done him so much good that I would not now be without them. I can recommend Baby's Own Tablets to all mothers as the best medicine I have ever used for children." These Tablets are guaranteed to contain no opiate or harmful drug and can be given with absolute safety to the youngest weakest infant. Sold by all druggists or sent by mail, post paid, at 25 cents a box by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y.

'And when we return you shall have a glorious scamper over the hills.'

(To be continued.)

Seek to cultivate a buoyant, joyous sense of the crowded kindnesses of God in your daily life.—Alexander Maclaren.

George L. Mackay toiled for twenty-three long years in the great island of Formosa. He visited village after village where not a soul would listen to him. Still he kept on, because he believed that one with God is a majority. He did not stop to count converts or measure results or balance encouragements and discouragements. And at last, after years of this persistent striving, he won a glorious reward. His testimony was a remarkable one. He declared that in all this work he never saw anything to discourage him.

My life and my faith are of no consequence; but an infinite importance is attached to the effects and action of my life.—Fichte.

"The D.L." Emulsion
Trade-mark.

**Prevents Emaciation
Increases the Weight
Builds up Solid Flesh
Sweet and Palatable as Cream
Does not Demand Digestion.**

**A POSITIVE CURE FOR
Nervous Exhaustion,
La Grippe, Anaemia,
General Debility and
Pulmonary Diseases.**