

the near departure, dreaming of the distant return.

Waldegrave was the first to speak.

'It's strange how one's life seems to hang on accidents,' he remarked musingly.

Then he stopped, and threw two or three stones absently into a deep pool below.

'Very frequently,' he proceeded—having turned the thought over again—the things on which one has spent infinite pains come to nothing, while a chance word or accidental meeting turns one's whole life into new channels. And so, looking back on one's career, it's the accidents that appear designed and all important.'

'The same thought has often occurred to me,' said Fiona, wondering what had suggested this train of reflection.

'Another sign that we're kindred spirits, my Fiona; born and sent into the world for one another,' he answered brightly. 'And that brings me to my point. I was thinking: What could look more like a pure accident than the way we were thrown together? But yet we believe that we were always intended to meet. It was so written in the Book of Fate.'

'What!' she exclaimed archly, 'has your new love for the Highlands led you to embrace even our fatalism? You must say nothing against our superstitions again.'

'Ah, you know what I mean, you clairvoyant—you that can read a man's soul through his eyes,' he replied, laying his hand gently on hers, and speaking slowly. 'These are deep subjects—not often to be spoken about—and when they are mentioned one is inclined to hide his thoughts under vague phrases. I am no fatalist; but what does impress me is the strange way in which the All Wise and Beneficent Will works out His designs for us by means that look so much like mere accidents.'

'Yes,' she said sweetly, 'though we've not talked about it, I've been sure that on the greatest of all subjects we thought and felt alike; and I'm so glad.' She gazed with glistening eyes far away over the sea, and then added in a whisper: 'It will help me to feel you near—when you're gone.'

Waldegrave bent over and kissed her. He said least when he was most moved.

Just then Ronald appeared, coming close upon them from behind the cliffs, and Waldegrave released Fiona's hand, rose to his feet, and pursued the aimless occupation of throwing stones into the sea.

A bird flew into the air with a shrill scream.

'I'm afraid I've disturbed a gull and frightened it off its nest.'

'It's a starnag,' said Fiona and Ronald simultaneously.

And while the former explained that the bird was rare, and made some remark about its habits, the latter examined the rock from which it had flown, to see if there was any way by which it could be reached and scaled. It was a rugged mass, rising forty or fifty feet straight out of the sea, and through the dark chasm dividing it from the cliffs the water boiled and raged incessantly.

'Well, Ronald,' called Waldegrave, 'that crag will beat you. No man in his senses would try to leap across that chasm.'

'It is true, the thing ye say, lieutenant,' replied the young crofter, 'but I hef a plan.'

He unstrapped his basket, and without deigning further explanations hurried off across the island.

'I'm curious to see what he'll do; for I don't see how he can reach that crag,' said Waldegrave.

'He's an expert cragsman,' replied Fiona; 'but he'll run no foolish risks.'

It was fully half an-hour before he returned, and then he bore a long plank on his shoulder. It was, in fact, a piece of the wreck of the 'Montreal,' that had been carried out to sea by the winds and tides, and then flung upon the shore of this lonely island. Ronald had noticed it in his ramble among the cliffs, and as soon as the difficulty of reaching the crag had arisen, he recalled it as the means by which he could effect his purpose.

'You'll be careful, Ronald,' laughed Waldegrave; 'for if you fall over into that boiling cauldron, I may not make so good a hand at fetching you out alive as you did me.'

'Ay, sir, I will tak' care,' said Ronald; 'but there was once a Skyeman who tried to cross to a crag this way, and the wind caught the plank when he was laying it across, and he lost his foothold, and he fell over, and he was neffer seen no more.'

'Then I'll see how you do it,' said Fiona gaily; 'so that I may know when I come poaching over your secret haunts.'

Ronald carefully selected his position opposite to a shelf on the crag, and then raising the plank, let it fall forward so as to form a narrow bridge across the chasm. Over this he passed, to secure the starnag's eggs and whatever other treasures he might find.

Fiona watched him for a few moments, and then, moved by curiosity, or by a foolhardy pride in showing off her daring spirit, stepped on the plank and walked quietly across.

Waldegrave, brave soldier though he was, felt his heart stop. He dare not utter a word until she was safely over. Then he cried out in real distress.—

'Oh, Fiona, you ought not to have done that.'

(To be Continued)

### Love is Love Still.

Out of the sorrow I waft you a song  
Over the valley and mist-shadowed hill;  
What of the right, dear, and what of the wrong?  
Love is love still!

Out of the sorrow a song, like the light—  
Song that shall seek you, to soothe and to thrill;  
What of the barriers, deep as the Night?—  
Love is love still.

Out of the sorrow—the tempest's far sweep,  
Song that is sweet with God's wonder and will;  
Dark Night is over us; deep calls to deep;  
Love is love still!

Out of the sorrow God speaks to us best;  
Love's every mission His Angels fulfill;  
Here, on Love's breast, is your refuge and rest;  
Love is love still!

Stevenson's way of putting value on an income is instructive, and may be helpful. "The price we have to pay for money," he says, "is paid in liberty. Do you want a thousand dollar income or a five thousand or a ten thousand, and can you afford the one you want?" In other words, it is better to deny one's self the luxuries for which one must slave. Extravagance is another name for slavish toil, and economy is a virtue that may mean the getting the very most out of life.

"Say, I've had an offer to go to work for a Chicago wholesale house. What would you do if you were in my shoes?"

Friend (after a careful inspection)—"I think I would black 'em."

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### The Minister's Collie.

In the old church of Crathie one of the most regular attendants was the minister's collie, whose practice was to "follow Mr. Anderson up the pulpit steps and quietly lie down at the top." "He was always a most decorous, though possibly somnolent, listener, but he was also an excellent time-keeper, for if the sermon was a few minutes longer than usual Towser got up and stretched himself, yawning audibly. When the Queen first came Mr. Anderson feared she might object to such an unorthodox addition to the congregation, and shut up Towser on Sunday. Her Majesty next day sent an equerry to the manse to enquire if anything had happened to the dog, as she had a sketch of the interior of the church in which he appeared lying beside the pulpit, and if he were alive and well she would like to see him in his old place. Greatly to Towser's delight he was thus by Royal command restored to Church privileges."

"Johnny, get up! Aren't you ashamed to lie abed so long?"

"Y-e-e-s, mother, I'm ashamed; but I'd rather be ashamed than get up."

Strive to correct your own faults and study to make the other happy, and be exceedingly careful that you never reverse this rule.

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