

flung?' he asked Fiona, laying his hand with a nervous clasp on hers.

She pointed it out, and also, when pressed, where she herself had stood, and briefly described the rescue, emphasising what the fishermen had done.

But Ronald interposed, and in broken graphic speech proclaimed the heroism of her own deed, and boldly declared that but for her example none of them would have ventured to attempt to save him. Waldegrave had heard that before, and needed no words to impress him with the courage and nobility of a girl, who, to save a stranger, dared to leap down amid that awful confusion of rocks, when they were swept by roaring and surging waves, and clouds of blinding spray.

And had anything been required to deepen his feelings for his deliverer, to convince him that she was a woman to win whom he could gladly renounce every worldly advantage and distinction, he found it in that moment when he turned from the scene of his rescue to gaze upon her.

She had crossed the planks while Ronald was speaking, and now stood poised on a narrow ledge near the grim entrance to the cave. In one hand she held her Tam o' Shanter—it had slipped off—and with the other she steadied herself as she surveyed the face of this gigantic pile of rock, which nature had reared like a rude gateway to some vast, underground sanctuary. Her lithe, graceful figure was partly in shadow, but the sunbeams dimpled her cheek, and, playing among her hair, brought out the hidden gold.

As Waldegrave came towards her, walking cautiously, and still somewhat feeble in his movements, she leaped down and asked with charming naiveté: 'Will you lean on me, or shall Ronald go with us?'

'Oh, if you don't mind,' he replied, slipping his arm through hers; 'just in case of a chance stumble or false step in the darkness.'

Ronald was a fine lad, and pleasant enough company under ordinary circumstances; but the best fellow in the world would not have been welcome then.

So they passed under the mighty arch alone, and a strange twilight fell upon them, and they felt the chill of the cold, damp air.

'What a region of ghostly shadows and unearthly silence!' Waldegrave exclaimed, stopping to light the candle, which Ronald had been careful to provide.

'Yes,' said Fiona; 'but: do you hear nothing?'

She bent forward in a listening attitude.

'No; do you?'

'Listen! do you not hear a low suspiring sobbing, like a soul in pain?'

'I do now; I heard it often while I was lying here; but it is only the echo of the water's swish among the rocks; or there may be some hidden subterranean passage into which the sea is drawn.'

'Ronald would tell you that it is the sobbing and crying of imprisoned souls. There is a legend that once upon a time some men lost their way in this cave and perished. Only their dog escaped, and he found his way through a secret passage into Loch Scridain. But the souls of the men are ever crying to be set free.'

'The sound is weird enough to suggest anything.'

'In some moods I like to listen to it,' said Fiona pensively. 'It seems to me symbolical. It sets me thinking of the cry of the souls of the martyrs beneath the altar; of the groaning and travailing of the whole creation for deliverance.'

'But are not such thoughts grather grue-

some and fearful in a place like this?' he asked, drawing her gently a little closer to his side. 'Do they not almost terrify you here? I know Highland people delight in stories of ghosts and wandering souls, and imprisoned spirits; but I thought it was only by the warm fireside.'

'I suppose I am what you would call a bit superstitious. At least, I'm convinced that there's more in heaven and earth than is dreamt of in man's philosophy. It may come from being so much alone, or because I'm half a Celt. I confess I could sooner face actual physical danger than grope my way through this dark cave and listen to its vague, wandering voices all alone—though I have forced myself to it more than once.'

'Perhaps you would prefer not to go any further,' he suggested. 'I should rather like to revisit the place where I returned to consciousness and was told who had saved me. But we'll not go on if you would rather not.'

'Oh, let us go on,' Fiona replied cheerfully. 'There is not a cave along the shore I've not explored in spite of stories that make the flesh creep. It's one thing to feel fear and another to be conquered by it. But indeed I'm not a bit afraid.'

Fiona spoke truly. The black, formless cavern did not appear at all fearful that day. The candle Waldegrave carried burnt like a feeble star; it shed but a faint light on the utter gloom, and that only for a few paces. But what were darkness, silence and solitude with that strong arm linking hers? What though she was far below the surface of the earth, wandering through a vast, yawning, spirit haunted cave; could she fear anything with such a man by her side?

Fiona was a true woman, with all a woman's faith, a woman's cravings, and, above all, with a woman's capacity for love and hero worship. A strange fatality had thrown her and her companion together. What the sequel would be she did not know. But she could no longer hide from herself that Geoffrey Waldegrave had secured a place in her life which no one else had ever won. And she knew that were the future to be as dark as that cave, she would rather tread it with him than a path of sunshine and flowers with a less worthy man.

(To be Continued.)

The Flight of Birds.

Many of the smaller and weaker birds, like the fly-catchers, virgos, wrens, kinglets and bluebirds, in order to avoid their enemies, the hawks, make their long flights by night, stopping for rest and food in the daytime. The larger and bolder ones, like the hawks and crows, and those of extremely rapid flight, like the swallows and humming-birds, migrate fearlessly by day, and there are some, like the Canada geese, which travel just when they choose, by day or night. Migrating birds usually fly at a height of from one to three miles, and this enables them to see the rivers, the mountain ranges and the coast line. By these they direct their course, the old birds remembering the way they came before, and the young ones following.—April Woman's Home Companion.

Young people ought to be warned against the misuse of toilet powders. A girl in Vermont is threatened with blindness as a result of face powder being washed into her eyes while weeping at a funeral. The acid in the powder destroys the ball of the eye.

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The Dog and the New Testament.

Dr. Moffat, the celebrated South African missionary, tells a humorous story of a shepherd lad who had been converted by reading the New Testament. He had been very wayward, but the teachings of Jesus had made him quite a new boy. One day he came to Dr. Moffat in much distress, telling him their big watchdog had got hold of the Book and had torn a page out of it. Dr. Moffat comforted him by saying it was no matter, for he could get another Testament.

But the boy was not at all comforted. "Think of the dog," he said. Dr. Moffat laughed, and said, "If your dog can crunch an ox bone, he is not going to be hurt by a bit of paper." Dr. Moffat supposed that the boy thought that the paper would hurt the dog's teeth, but that was not it.

"Oh Papa Moffat," he cried, "I was once a bad boy. If I had an enemy I hated him, and everything in me wanted to kill him. Then I got the New Testament in my heart, and began to love everybody and forgive all my enemies, and now the dog, the great big hunting dog, has got the blessed Book in him, and will begin to love the lions and the tigers, and let them help themselves to the sheep and the oxen."

What a beautiful tribute this African boy, out of the simplicity of his heart, paid to the power of the Bible!

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