

for and better, better as well as solutions; imagine nothing more. She could only sit and exhale her pain into those vast, silent spaces, and reach out after that Infinite Presence, so near and yet so far away, of whose touch and sympathy she felt the utmost need. And it was not until a cold, chilly wind swept by, that she rose with a shudder and went within doors.

The next day there was a change in the weather. The wind went round into another quarter, and the sea looked dark and choppy. Clouds were gathering up and there would soon be rain. Fiona did not go out that afternoon, but settled herself down for a good long spell of work within doors.

While she was thus engaged one of the maids brought her a bit of folded paper.

'Lachlan M'Cuaig has just brought this to the door,' she said.

Fiona took the note with nervous fingers. She had not seen Nial Mor since the day he came to Fas-Ghlac and asked her to give him a rose as a token of renewed friendship. She had been especially glad that he had not returned during her father's absence. She could, of course, give him no hope and no encouragement, and on the other hand, she was anxious neither to awaken his hostility nor increase his unhappiness by another refusal. She knew that he was not staying continuously at Ellean Dubh, for one of the fishermen had chanced to tell her that he had seen him crossing the mouth of the loch that very morning in his boat. Beyond that she had heard nothing of his movements.

Nial Mor had written hastily on a leaf torn from his pocket-book, that Fiona's old nurse, Elspeth Fraser, desired to see her, for she was dying. The old woman could only last a few hours. He had heard of her wish while out shooting near her cottage, had come off immediately, and was now waiting for Fiona at the Quay.

'Elspeth dying!' exclaimed Fiona in much distress, deepened by the thought that, occupied with her own anxieties, she had been somewhat inattentive and irregular in her visits to one for whom she had a true love. 'Poor old soul! I must go and see her. I could not disappoint her last wish. She has ever been kind to me.'

Very quickly she hurried on some thicker and warmer clothing, and having left word that she would not return that night, nor possibly the next day, if Elspeth should linger so long, she hastened down to the shore.

'This is a sudden call,' said Nial, helping her into his boat, 'I hope you will be in time.'

'Oh, I do hope so,' replied Fiona, taking her seat at the stern.

And even while she spoke, Nial cleared the quay, and was pulling vigorously out of the bay.

'But where is Lachlan M'Cuaig?' she asked, becoming suddenly conscious of his absence.

'He has been drinking, and because I reprimanded him, he answered me rudely, and left in a huff. I'll discharge the old fellow at the term.'

'We must go back again,' said Fiona, thrusting round the tiller. 'I'll go for Hector MacInnes. The wind is rising, and you'll need help.'

'Put her round again,' cried Nial, with a touch of his old imperiousness. 'Hector is away carting peats. I saw him leave half-an-hour ago. There's not a minute to lose if you would see Elspeth alive.'

Fiona yielded, a little ashamed of her momentary agitation.

'It was very kind of him to come round

for me,' she thought. 'Had he not come, poor old Elspeth would have died, and I should have known nothing about it till it was too late. He is much more considerate of others than he used to be.'

And then when Nial drew in the oars and began to run up the sail, and she could watch him more closely without drawing observation to herself, she was painfully startled by his changed appearance.

'Poor Elspeth! how very ill he looks,' she mused. 'He is very unhappy, and what a strange unquiet look in his eyes. I do hope he will say nothing which will compel me to give him more pain.'

The boat was now cutting through the water like a knife. Nial came and sat by her side, and took charge of both tiller and main sheet. The evening was not improving. Sea and sky were rapidly growing dark, and a stiff breeze, steadily increasing in strength, was blowing right out into the Atlantic. Away through the mist the line of the Mull shore already loomed faint and distant, while the black rocks of Uiva and Colonsay momentarily disappeared beneath successive torrents of white foam. There was no other sail in sight.

Nial was unusually silent, and Fiona tried to engage him in conversation, but he only answered in monosyllables. When she glanced at his face, a sudden fear seized her. His features were more drawn and haggard than at the start. She had never seen him look like that before. Then she cast her eye along the shore in the direction of Elspeth's cottage, and wished that they were there. They were well out into the open sea now—much too far out, it struck her immediately, considering the strength and direction of the wind. They could not hug the shore very closely because there were so many sunken rocks about, but Nial was going too far.

'You're going too far out, Nial,' she said quickly.

He started, glanced round, and altered their course. Then followed another pause. Fiona tried to think of something to say which would relieve the tension of silence, but only felt the more embarrassed. Very bitterly now she regretted that she had not insisted on their putting back for one of the fishermen.

At last he spoke.

'Fiona,' he whispered hoarsely, 'I was coming to see you yesterday evening, but was prevented. The last time we met, I told you again that I loved you; but you said your heart belonged to Lieutenant Waldegrave. Surely you will not say that now. You will have heard that he is to be married to another. And now you will give me hope. You have a better answer for me than the one I have already heard?'

Fiona shook her head sadly, for she was very sorry for him, and resolved not to discuss Geoffrey Waldegrave.

The lines deepened about his face. All his carefully arranged plans had been upset by the fiasco in his den. But during the night, as he tossed about in madness and desperation, he had hit upon a new plan, a last move, a final throw of the dice, which might win the game; and in any case could leave him in no worse plight. For as things now stood, a few days must complete his discomfiture and ruin.

'You would relent,' he went on, 'yes, you would relent if you only knew how much I care for you. You would not drive me to despair. You little know how much I've sacrificed in the hope of winning you. It is not a little love I have for you. No; it is a great love.'

BABY'S HEALTH.

Mothers all over the Dominion will be spared many an anxious hour if they will keep always at hand a box of Baby's Own Tablets and give them to their little ones as occasion may require. These Tablets have saved thousands of little baby lives and grateful mothers everywhere acknowledge the good they have done their little ones. Mrs. E. J. McParland, Wylie, Ont., writes: 'I cannot praise Baby's Own Tablets enough. When I got them my baby girl was very bad with whooping cough, and cutting her teeth besides. With both these troubles at the same time she was in a bad way and slept but little either day or night. After the second dose of the Tablets I found there was already a change for the better. She slept well through the day and nearly all night, and this was a great relief to me, as I was nearly worn out losing so much rest at night. She cried almost incessantly before I began giving her the Tablets, but in a short time the cough ceased, she cut six teeth, grew cheerful and began to gain wonderfully. In fact I believe I owe her life to Baby's Own Tablets, as I do not think she would have pulled through had it not been for them. I can recommend the Tablets to any mother who has a cross, fretful, sickly child.'

These Tablets will cure all the minor ailments of little ones; they are guaranteed to contain no opiate, and can be given with advantage to the youngest and most delicate child. Sold by all druggists or sent by mail, at 25c. a box, by writing to the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A Beautiful Resolution.

It makes no kind of difference who said it, but some sensible man or woman wrote:

'Let us resolve, first, to cultivate the grace of silence; second, to deem all fault-finding that does no good a sin, and to resolve, when we are ourselves happy, not to poison the atmosphere of our neighbors by calling upon them to remark every painful and disagreeable feature in their daily life; third, to practice the grace and virtue of praise.' Did we ever read anything more appropriate for these times? But we will forget it if we don't take care.

The Little Brown Seed.

A little brown seed was down in the ground
Was sleeping so hard he heard not a sound
Till the robin called in a voice so shrill.
He sleepily said, 'Oh, robin, be still!'

'Wake!' said the robin. 'Oh, Johnnie, jump up!
You're late. It's most time for sweet buttercup.
You must come first, dear violet, you know,
Johnnie, jump up, jump up and grow!'

So Johnnie awoke and pushed out of bed,
First his green leaves, then yellow head,
It made him so happy to see the sunlight
He bowed to the robin and said, 'You were right!'

—Child Garden.

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