

best social circles, and though she had a grand air, her heart was warm and motherly.

All her hopes and interests centred in her son, for whose future she cherished lofty ambitions; and this naturally awakened in her the liveliest gratitude to one who had restored him to her, as it were, from the very jaws of death. Unconsciously her haughty reserve melted away, and dreaming of no complications, she took the lonely Highland girl to her heart at once.

It was just the sympathy Fiona's mystic and romantic nature craved. Since her mother's death she had remained imprisoned among the wild mountains, well nigh cut off from her own sex; but here was a lady whose refinement and culture were equal to her own, and whose knowledge of the world was far beyond hers; and when the first brief shyness was overcome, their intercourse became happy and unconstrained.

Although Waldegrave improved steadily, he was not able to get away so early as had been expected. A severe bruise on his unbroken leg healed slowly. He was able to leave his bed, but found it difficult and unadvisable to move about much, even with the help of crutches. But the apartment adjoining his own was turned into a cosy sitting-room, and speedily became the centre of life for the whole house.

There most of the evenings were passed. Fiona's harp was carried thither, and as her fingers touched its trembling strings, and the wild, passionate, Highland melodies echoed through the grey old house, Mr. M'Iver seemed to grow visibly younger. For his sake, if for no other, Fiona was glad.

But now for a week this had suddenly ceased. Her father was restless and wondered at the change, but to Fiona the explanation was perfectly plain.

She remembered one afternoon when she and Mrs. Waldegrave were out walking, and having been drawn by that lady into an unusually confidential mood, she spoke freely about Nial Mor, and let it be clearly seen that she was not engaged to him, nor ever likely to be. She recalled now that Mrs. Waldegrave had immediately become grave and silent, and her manner constrained. The next day the portraits of Lord Perceval and his family were produced, and the hint about Lady Laura—not lost on Fiona—was dropped.

'I understand it all now,' she thought bitterly. 'Mrs. Waldegrave has set her heart on her son making a brilliant match. So long as she thought I was pledged to Nial, she was delightful; but now that she has heard that I am free, she has become reserved, and holds me off, lest I should cast a spell over her dear boy. I wonder what he thinks of it?'

Waldegrave had spoken truly when he told his mother that he had striven to hide his feelings; but in little unconscious ways he had revealed himself. Fiona had seen how his face brightened when she entered the room, and she knew in her own heart that her regard for this bright, manly young soldier had deepened day by day. Never before had she met with such a kindred spirit. She felt stronger, happier, more hopeful in his company. It had seemed so easy and natural for them to talk to one another about life and books, and all that makes the world interesting. And so the golden threads had been silently woven that drew these lives together.

'And now it is all over,' thought Fiona, with a sigh of anger and bitterness. 'If Mr. Waldegrave has begun to care for me, his mother, no doubt, will soon bring him to

reason. I cannot compete with "my dear Lady Laura." What chance has a poor Highland girl with an empty purse, against a rich titled lady moving in brilliant society?'

She rose from her seat in great bitterness and hurried upstairs. But the angry tears were quickly wiped away, and she entered her room with proud, defiant, sparkling eyes.

'Ah, my dear,' she said, glancing in the mirror, 'people say you're beautiful; but good looks can't be turned into gold, and it's gold that makes the world go round—so, at least, I've heard.'

She tried to brush the whole matter aside with lofty scorn. Her Highland pride was roused, and her Highland blood too. She hated and despised a social system which under the sanction of religion and piety sacrificed the most sacred emotions to worldly ostentation and gain. The world was full of vulgar mammon worship, and false standards, and gilded insincerity.

But the wound she had received was too deep for scorn and anger to heal, and she buried her face in her pillow with a bitter cry.

CHAPTER X.

WALDEGRAVE AND FIONA IN THE PRIEST'S CAVE.

But Fiona was not the only one in the house of Fàsach who had little sleep that night.

Geoffrey Waldegrave was restless, his mother unhappy, and the grey dawn had appeared before they closed their eyes.

(To be Continued)

Mistakes Women Make.

One of the mistakes of womankind is in not knowing how to eat. If a man is not to be fed when she is, she thinks a cup of tea or anything handy good enough. If she needs to save money, she does it at the butcher's cost. If she is busy, she will not waste time in eating. If she is unhappy, she goes without food. A man eats if the broker's man is at the door, if his work drives, if the undertaker interrupts; and he is right.

A woman will choose ice cream instead of beefsteak, and a man will not. Another of her mistakes is in not knowing how to rest. If she is tired, she may sit down, but she will darn stockings, crochet shawls, embroider doilies. She doesn't know that hard work tires. If she is exhausted, she will write letters, or figure her accounts. She would laugh at you if you hinted that reading or writing could fail to rest her. All over the country women's hospitals flourish because women do not know how to rest. Another mistake on the list is their constant worrying. Worry and hurry are their enemies, and yet they hug them to their bosom.

What the Bee Does.

Great indeed is the amount of work which a busy bee will do a day. Every head of clover consists of about sixty flower tubes, each of which contains a very small quantity of sugar. Bees will often visit a hundred heads of clover before returning to the hive, and in order to obtain the sugar necessary for a load must therefore thrust their tongues into 6,000 different flowers. A bee will make twenty trips a day when the clover patch is convenient to the hive, and thus will draw the sugar, from 120,000 different flowers in the course of a single day's work.

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Bashfulness may sometimes exclude pleasure, but seldom opens any avenue to sorrow or remorse.—Johnson.

Home Sunshine.

Very few housewives know the real value of a smile. If they did they would indulge in this inexpensive nerve tonic more frequently. How easy and harmonious the days would go by if instead of a frown, the busy wives took a more hopeful view of everything and wore a smile on their faces. In overcoming household worries the smile is a doughty warrior, and seeming difficulties, when met with a cheerful smile, often melt away.

Children should be encouraged to smile, for it helps to cultivate a cheerful and amiable temperament, and does much to keep their young bodies in good order. In the sick-room, therefore, amusing and entertaining books only should be allowed, and less physic will be needed. During meals talking of a light nature should be allowed, for ten smiles during dinner will do a great deal to aid a weak stomach in digesting food.

No matter how irritable and tired your husband is after a hard day's work, if he is greeted with a smile at home it will act like a stimulant to his flagging spirits.

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