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last time at the priest's house five you, a Catholic, nights ago. I bade him good-bye wicked crime?" and urged him to remain with us a few days before leaving. He declined I have not seen him since.'

"He had not arrived in New York when I left, so that I must have passed him, or he may have stopped at Albany. How did he bear late defeat ?"

"It did not seem to trouble him much, but he was very sombre in his manner. I felt sorry for him." "Did he not say that he was go-

ing to New York direct?" "He left us that impression."

"I wonder if she knows anything," Barbara thought, "and suspecting my errand, is hiding it? Never mind; there are a hundred places to inquire."

She changed the subject to other matters, but it required all Ruth's watchfulness to avoid the traps which the cunning witch laid for her in the most unexpected places. But for her aid the squire could not have helped giving her the information she so eagerly sought, and it intensified Barbara's anger to how thoroughly she was kept in the

"I'll get even with Miss Prim, if I can," she said bitterly, "and I shall not spare her when my time

She went up to visit the pere the next afternoon towards evening, but owing to the squire's foresight, failed to get any information from him. In fact, no one knew anything concerning Florian, and the townspeople believed he had returned to New York the day after Scott's funeral. She had received letters from him later than that date, so that during the intervening time he was actually in hiding. Intense alarm now seized her, and she came to the determination to force the truth from the Pen-dletons by any means that came to hand. Sitting quietly in the parlor

that you are."

that you are."

"Well, Barbery," said the squire coolly, "Flory's high game, and I don't blame you, but you'll never get him west! get him; mark my words you'll ne ver get him."

You know where he's hiding, both of you. Why do you not tell me what I want to know?" she snapped, and all her evil self was dis-

ped, and all her coarse manner.

"Tisn't fair, my dear. Flory must
have a show," the squire said with much gravity; "and as he's some-much gravity; "and as he's some-what cast down now, it wouldn't do to let you go cooling around him. You'd have him married to you in a wink. Your cooling doesn't suit as well after marriage as before, and I'm going to save him from you, if I can." I can "

"At least you might have gratitude." turning suddenly Ruth. "When your love affair hanging fire I assisted you."

"Without any wish or said gentle Rush, flushis"
"Your interference was harm than benefit. I you were what you is self to be."
"You didn't?"

SOLITARY ISLAND - A NOVEL -亦 BY REV. JOHN TALBOT SMITH

CHAPTER XXXVII.-Continued. since you were born, girl. You didn't know Barbery? She isn't one bit "And so Fiorian Wallace was here again." said Barbara, with an arch look at Ruth. "Oh, Ruth dear! was there ever a man more faithful to the love of his youth? And tell me, tell me truly, did you refuse him a tell me truly, did you refuse him a said even what you have a third time, say, and even what you think a your said even what you think a way. In a say, and even what you think and even what you think a way.

say, and even what you think, or are

econd time why, no, a third time, it not?"
"Barbara," said Ruth sternly, soft-headed old idiot!" "Jes' as you say," murmured the squire, for lack of words to express his feelings, while Ruth listened in

your question. Florian has long gard to me, and is engaged to a noble woman in the city. You do him wrong in talking thus of him and me."

"Yes, indeed, a great wrong," said

"You might as well know," she said, with heightened color, "that I am Florian's promised wife. Will you tell me now where he is?"

"Yes, indeed, a great wrong," said

"The Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and KOENIG MED. CO., CHICAGO, ILL.
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"You might as well know," she said, with heightened color, "that I am Florian's promised wife. Will you tell me now where he is?"

"Yes, indeed, a great wrong," said
"Yes, indeed, a great wrong," said
Barbara scornfully, "to him in parthe squire. "It's quite likely she's

If you said 'Come' to-morrow, no woman, no honor could hold him from you, and you know it. That say, Barbara Merrion, what has beis just what Florian Wallace amounts come of Frances Lynch?"

"Thrown aside like a toy. What "I would be sorry to know that did Florian want with her-a dainty

any one could say that of him with the appearance even of truth."

"Well, have patience and you will woman, Barbara," said Ruth, with nlied evasively. 'I saw him for the at your instigation. How could you, a Catholic, think of such a

> catch Flory, as I said at the time," said the angry squire. "You did, the fear of such an event had chilled Barbara. Your face confesses it." Barbara's confident heart, but she

he has written to me every day since he came here, and I know that he is here, and that is all."

"You'll find him yourself, then," said the squire; "and, as we don't care to mix ourselves up in your doings, perhaps you wouldn't mind going to stay with your friends in the town."

"I have already decided on that, you funny old man, for it would be too much to accept of your hospitality farther."

Ruth rose and left the room without a word, hurt beyond measure at the vulgarity and wickedness of Bar-bara's character. That it was light and insincere she well knew, but she had always given her credit for a certain refinement and natural pride sufficiently strong to prevent such behavior as she had just shown. It was bitter for her to recall that she had confided the tenderest secret of her heart to this woman, and that nothing might hinder her from publishing it to the world. Barbara looked after her with light scorn, and the expression in her face stung the squire into a rage.

"You've done enough for one day," he said, purpling, "to give you a chance at a ten years' penance. That good girl sees what you are to the core, and if she doesn't make it

known I will."
"That good girl!" said Barbara, with a sneering laugh. "She was always so good. Yet she encouraged Florian into offering her marriage, and then threw him off. She went to hand. Sitting quietly in the pariod after dinner with the squire and Ruth, she flung down her gage of battle to them with disconcerting a convent in a streak of gushing suddenness. found him, would have proposed to him and married him. That modest girl! I'll make her modesty known

> COOCH SEC LI MENTO SPECIE SET
> ARRIGEA, DYSENTERY,
> APS. PAIN IN THE STOMCOLIC (ROLERA MORCHOLERA INFANTUM,
> EICEVESS, and all SUMare marvellone, ad Harmiese to take, able and Effectual in it



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through this town!"

"And if you do," roared the squire, "I'll publish your character to Flory in all the colors of the rainblow. How will he like to know that the woman he's going to marry came up to Clayburg and made a circus of herself and him to everybody, runany one could say that of him with the appearance even of truth."

"I think—I fear you are a bad ning here and there with a story of woman, Barbara," said Ruth, with the courage peculiar to her on such occasions. "If he has wronged that spite of your dainty ways and your perfumed trickery."

The dainty one burst suddenly into a fit of sobbing, and left the squire land still," said the thoughtless poet. with his anger suddenly congealed "She donned the Catholic rig to in his swollen veins. The last threat had struck home. More than once "I have nothing to do with these had persuaded herself that if it came things. Can you, will you tell me to Florian's ears a few charming where is Florian?" "If you're engaged to him," the squire remarked wickedly, "you ought to know where he is."

"I have a batch of letters which the enormity of her conduct burst upon her like a storm. There was continuous to do but propitiate the great dragon into silence, and this was her method. Pendleton was disarmed instantly. He looked at her suspiciously, coughed, twisted, and finally began to implore.

"I can't help it," said Barbara with a sob for every word. "I know I've made a fool of myself, but who could help it? I was dying to see him, and you would not tell me, and I grew angry and impertinent. And now you threaten me, to calumniate me-you, my father's relative, and to do such dreadful things.

wouldn't I cry?"

"Jes' so, Barbery; you have a right to. I don't blame you. But let up now, and let us call bygones bygones. You haven't done anything awful, not any more than I would expect from you, and I've been rather hard in looking for you to act like my Ruth. There, now, do stop and I swear you can marry Flory twenty times over before I open my mouth. Oh! tarnation, this is terrible. See here, Barbery, jes' hear me one minute, will you?" But Barbara would not hear, and

her sobs increased in violence until the squire was temporarily insane. Peeping out of her handkerchief she saw that she had brought him to the proper point. "I'm going," she said, rising, "dis-

honorably rejected from the house of my own father's relative-" "No, no!" moaned the squire.

"Threatened with disgrace

"O Lord, no !" moaned the squire. "I suppose you are both aware of came running down to New York afthe object of my visit here," she ter a dandy little poet upon whom squire?" turning suddenly upon him that do you propose to do, squire?" turning suddenly upon him that heart was set, and if she had with her target implementations. with her tearful, imploring face.

"I propose to do nothing, say no-thing, think nothing, see and hear nothing in your connection now and

"You dear old fellow! is it po fke a good girl until Florian comes

"That's sensible, Barbery. You're not a bad girl, after all.

not a bad girl, after all."

"And you're the sweetest, dearest old man," putting her lips to his rough cheek and patting his shaggy head. "Good-bye, squire. Be at the depot to see me off. Now I'll go and make peace with Ruth."

The squire sat in his chair a long-time thinking profoundly. There was the coming or going of light 'feet all around him for a long time, and the banging of many doors, but he never moved from his thoughtful position until Billy came to bring him out for his usual constitutional. Then the squire arose with a solemn disgust written indelibly on his face and looked first at himself, then at his crony.

"A woman, old boy. She kissed me and petted me, and I caved in. A woman, and, I may add it, a widow."

of mind, although forced to laugh often over her supreme conquest of the squire. She had gotten herself into a difficulty, and saw no easy way of escape as long as she held to her determination to discover Florian. To it she was bound hold in spite of fate, confident that her old luck would not desert her. But matters had a gloomy look, and her orders to the landlord that she be taken to the depot for the night train was a sort of submission to fate which might not come amiss later, Sitting in the shabby hotel parlor idly touching the keys of the consumptive piano, to her entered Paul Rossiter. He was not aware of her presence, A wild, glad spar-kle lit up her eyes at sight of him. Here was a chance to attain her the mind of sensitive Paul Received in object; here was an opportunity to stab Ruth Pendleton to the heart. a daze of happiness. Ruth loved him as Lady Teazle would at Sir Peter, and the amazed poet, astonished first at such behavior in a stranger, was next overcome with sudden delight.

"Mr. Rossiter-O Mr. Rossiter! is it really you?"
"It is, Mrs. Merrion, and I am

lace? Why are you in the same

'He spends most of his time there and rarely comes to the village. And may I ask what fate has cast you at this unhappy season on the shores of the St. Lawrence ?"

"My native place receives me at

"I return to New York in a week, Mrs. Merrion "

you have drowned yourself. And is

What has Ruth to do with me? Do you mean Miss Pendleton ? I have not addressed her twice since I came to the town. For a long time I was not aware she had left the con- grieved at his absence. He did not vent.

your sake."

He flushed a little, ignorant as table, with the squire at the other, he was of the motive of her bold-ness. She had, as she thought, an its repose as if the nun's veil hung opportunity for belittling Ruth, and about it. if the poet could not suspect it he

tol-board," she continued, "scribbled upon by you in the convent-grounds last year ?"

He did remember something of the

"It was found and given to Ruth. Romantic, wasn't it? They could no longer hold her in the convent. 'She went by hill, she went by dale, until she came to me in the city showed me the card, and implored me to aid her in finding you. When you were not to be found she was nearly frantic, and fled to the seclusion of Clayburg to hide her grief. Worse than a convent, isn't it? And I thought you had settled the matter, and would take Ruth with you to the city! Well, there's bashfulness for you! And so Flo-Mr. Wallace is on the island. Which island,

it," said Paul absently, his whole glad she did not, for he had taken a cheap even for that time, but the

shame and delight.
"Mr. Rossiter," she said, suddenly, sible you will be so kind? And I'll night. The last train leaves at ten, go home this very night, and wait and I must be on that train. Will you take me to Solitary Island?"

you may come with me."

"Thank you—thank you a hundred times!" so earnestly that Paul had a sudden misgiving as to the prudence of granting the favor.

"And now, Mr. Rossiter," plead-ingly, with sweet confidence, "you her veil and held out her hand.

and yourself to pine—"
"Thank you," said Paul, hastily.
"Please do not say any more about that. I will call for you at seven o'clock. Three hours will be more than sufficient to take us to the island and back again. With your permission I will go now, as I have some business to attend to."

The look of triumph, of delight on Barbara's countenance as he left the room was spoiled by the baser feeling of satisfied revenge. She had,

"What! kick you, you divil?" said Billy. "I can do that, tall or short. What's the cause of it all?"

Barbara transferred her effects and herself to the hotel in much distress

delighted to meet you."

"And where is Florian-Mr. Waltown and not together?"

any time."
"Ah! your native place?"

"You, I suppose, are soon to make your home here ?"

"Where you are hopelessly un-known by this time, as people think

Ruth to go with you?"
"Ruth!" stammered stammered the poet.

"And yet she left the convent for house just after twilight, and saw

"you must do me a favor. I want stealing carefully in to her moor-quantity was served to each to see Florian, I must see him to-

"I have to go there myself," said the poet, somewhat surprised, "and He led her to the yacht, and they

"And now, Mr. Rossiter," pleadingly, with sweet confidence, "you her veil and held out her hand. "Is it you, Mrs. Merrion?" said Ruth? You would not leave her the great man indifferently, not able to refuse the offered hand. "I am

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in spite of her enemies, discovered Florian, and, at the least, wounded the mind of sensitive Paul Rossiter. him; his fate was no longer uncer-tain, but he was very sorry that her tender secret had found a restingplace in Barbara's bosom. He could not see the motives of the latter's coarse revelation of it to him. He was sure, however, that malice prompted both the coarseness and the revelation, and he had a dim suspicion that something might have happened since Barbara's arrival in town to bring it to pass. Perhaps Ruth knew and dreaded that Barbara would do something of the kind. How would she ever look in his face again, suspecting that Barbara had so ruthlessly exposed her? The more the poet looked at the matter the stronger his suspicions grew, and alongside of them grew the determination to leave Clayburgh that night as quietly as he had entered it months before. Ruth would then feel easier in the belief that her shame had not beem made public, or even whispered to him. In time he could come himself press the suit in which he had altogether despaired; and if it was hard to forbear flying to her then and soliciting a surrender of the secreat which rightfully belonged to him, its compensation was that the delicacy of his wife-to-be would not be so cruelly injured. She loved

After all, revenge is not so sweet. could feel an uneasiness at her frank communications.

Barbara began to have misgivings directly the first glow of triumph faded. What if her behavior should reach Florian's ears? And how would he take her appearance on the island? She had confidence in her ability to do many things, and one of them was not to wind him about her finger. She might wind occasionally, but not always. One thing was ertain as death; that if she made but one misstep the lost point could never be recovered. Still, she set her face against all obstacles. When seven o'clock came she stood shivering, not from cold, on the veranda. It was a sharp and gusty November night, but the wind was not strong and the bay was quiet. "One hour to go, one to come, one

want more; but he walked near the

her sitting at one side of the parlor

to stay is the programme," said

She did not speek body hot with mingled feelings of natural disgust to her. At the dock eatables were good, with a country instant.

"What are you waiting for ?" she nalf-way through it whensaid impatiently.

if he wished none to recognize him.

"Here is a lady to see you, sir," from weakness and fright—even in said Paul, simply.

"Yes," said Barbara feebly, and strive as she would, she could not

speak.

"If you are going away," said
Paul then, "I have something connected with the island which you

might like to know." The great man waved his hand impatiently.

"Thank you. I can save you any trouble. I know all I need to know, and were I looking for information I would scarcely apply to you. Are you going to the hotel, Mrs. Merrion, or are you at Miss Pendle ton's ?"

Paul did not hear the mumbled reply, having retired modestly out of range of the great man's heavy guns.

Two villagers passing along the sidewalk some distance off shouted at by the pilot for the Juan-

"I say, Sam, what are you in for to-night ?"

"Inquest," returned Sam lightly, over the murder of old Scott. It's goin' to be at the hotel. Twelve of us air goin' to sit on the body."

"Keep Squire Pen'l'ton off," plied the pilot, "or he'll not leave any corpse for the rest o' you to sit There was a laugh from both par-

ties, and Paul saw the two he had just left stop suddenly and turn away in the opposite direction. "Warnings everywhere," he said aloud, "and all unheeded. God help

him, for man can't." him and had sought for him and was All three took train a few hours later for New York

** ** **

CHAPTER XXXVIII

its repose as if the nun's veil hung In the whirlpool of city life again! Paul realized it with a sense of delight as unexpected as it was pleasant; for he had never a great love towards the metropolis, and his many sorrows there had embittered him against it forever. Not quite forever, as he now felt. He had the secret of his misfortunes in his grasp and nevermore could Russian spies go about whispering slanders and bribing the managers of theatres be-cause of his likeness to the Prince of Cracow. There was a fair field before him. He would haunt his old dens of misery where his poor lived, without being compelled to live in hem, and the aristocratic seclusion of the famous boarding-house would open to him again. A few months' absence had banished the mists that once hung round him. One manager was glad to have him back, and Paul, as, with her on his arm, he madehis way to the wharf; "but that the poet with inordinate vanity; allows no time for unforeseen de- and it was with a light head that he entered a restaurant to have an the Juanita was bobbing on the water, all steam up. A yacht was potatoes and butter. An immense ings, at the stern of the steamer, tomer. Paul was intoxicated enough and drew Paul's attention for an to have withstood a weightier meal than was set before him, and was

"It's his ghost! Lord be merciful to me that sees it!" cried a stout came face to face with Florian just but shaking voice at a distant table; stepping from it in a secret way, as and, looking up, Paul saw the rubifrom weakness and fright-even physicals Peter was contrary-staring at him, fascinated and groan-

ing deeply.
"I am real flesh and blood, Peter." said he: "drop your nonsense, and shake hands in memory of old friendship."

(To be continued.)

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