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SOLITARY ISLAND BY REV. JOHN TALBOT SMITH

CHAPTER XXXVI.-Continued.

needn't," acrim Flory don't want nothin' at all to do with that party. They've com-pletely busted the parnership. You might see him, though, about the other feller."

A burning flush rose to the roots

"He's the gentleman, I suspect that you were looking after. You see Ruth, the old man isn't dead yet. He's got eyes. I don't admire your taste. He looks like Flory with the starch and the color knocked out of him. Another washing would leave him like chalk. However, you're in the thirties, and I han't got nothing to say or do in the matter.

"In what matter, papa?"said Ruth, with recovered self-possession. "Oh! in this matter of-well, you know what. I don't care to-

"Keep right on. You dassent say it, you know you dassent," broke in, mimicking him. "There is no matter to be disturbed about, and your hints are all misplaced. you walk up with me to see the It is nearly dark, and we'll

"Don't care if I do. I'll shame you right to his face." But the hreat did not frighten her. They found the priest comfortably

reading

in his study, his easy-chair

between the table and the stove. "You haven't got any masculine furniture here, have you?" said the squire, after a glance around. "with which to furnish a young but rather stiff lady's parlor-something portable, père, and protective; something that will wash the dishes while she goes out visiting, and hold an umbrella over her when it rains, and something, above all, that's mascu line and warranted not to run away Ruth's looking for just such an article, and we heard you had one to sell cheap.'

"He's not in now," said the pere, "but you can see him later." 'Don't attend to his nonse

said Ruth calmly. "Have you heard anything from Florian !' 'He will be here to-night,

bably. I received a note from to that effect. He is coming him to learn what I know of his father." "Ah!" said the squire, "that must

be a good deal." "I am so glad that—well," stopped abruptly, "after all, I do not know that he is well."

"There is nothing to disturb him particularly," said the priest, with the faintest touch of scorn, which the squire took for praise. "He re-mained on the island partly to investigate the cabin where his father lived, and partly to enjoy quite reafter an arduous Sentiment does not enter largely into Florian's make-up."

"He's too much a Yankee for that," said the admiring squire. "There's nothing in this world can put Flory down, unless death. just dote on that boy."

The sharp ring of the doorbell sounded at the moment.

"This is he," said the pere. "I invite you both to remain and hear what I am to tell about this 80called Scott. It is a curious tory, and contains nothing that you

"If Florian does not object-" "Don't you fret," said the squire, cutting off Ruth's polite remarks, for he was eager to stay. "Don't you about him. In an obscure village fret, I say. Flory had no family miles east of here he went to Mass been a sanctuary into which angels

When Florian entered the squire saved any one the trouble of replying to his grave salutation by at once taking the position of chairman of the meeting. Ruth was satisfied to note in silence the changes which a few days had made in the polititician's face. It was paler than usual, and the eyes seemed sunken and weary. The evidences were that Florian had not passed as quiet a time at the island as the père believed, but in the hurry and excitean animated conversation the paleness and hollowness disappeared to a great degree.

'As you intend to return to-night," said Pere Rougevin by way of pre-

said Pere Rougevin by way of pre-face, "I suppose you are willing to have me begin my narration. I wish that Miss Ruth and her father should hear it, if you have no objections." Of course Florian had none, and the squire was delighted. The room was comfortable, curiosity was sharp, and the pere's story-telling powers were above the average. To-night he had no intention and no desire to do more than tell a brief tale.

on your father's part, through an accident. In the ordinary course of my parish business the prince found it necessary to confide in me. If he was more precise in his account of his life to me than to any other, it was because I insisted on knowing the whole story, every shade that time had cast upon

"You know the title which belong to him, and how he lost it. He was a Catholic and favored a poor rela tion, who, by intrigues quite possible in Russia, convinced the that his relative, your father, was conspiring against him. A friend laid before the unfortunate prince the state of affairs. He saw once that nothing short of a miracle could save him. He was young and practically friendless, for a Catholic noble of the blood royal was unique and stood alone. With his two children he hurried into France.

"The fate of his wife, the princess, was particularly sad. She was a woman of mind and will. When the prince spoke of exile she refused to leave her country. On good and reasonable grounds, however. Her family was powerful. She, at least, was safe, and she was bent on doing her utmost to save her husband's estates and name. But for safety's sake she urged the prince to depart with the children which he did, without misgivings, yet without hope. His brave wife returned to the home of her father, made many efforts to save the estates, and gained so many important favors from the emperor that the scheming relative saw plotting in danger of coming naught. In her father's house the

princess died suddenly, of poison. "There was no crime, it seems, at which this relative would stop. prince and his children-his name was Florian, like your own, sirshortly felt the sting of his unscrupulou Tracked to Paris, to Madrid, to Genoa, to London, they had many narrow escapes from death at the hands of his agents. The wilds of America offered him a refuge, and to them he fled. Hope was dead in him. Henceforth his one effort was to hide himself and his children from the assassin. He could not do it, as you have seen, but all that man could do he did, and if he fell himself, probably saved you. The rest you know."

It was abrupt, concise, unsympathetic, this recital of an unfortunate man's life, and it left as many points unsettled as if it had not been told. Florian, however, was prepared with a bristling array of questions. He burned to discover the spirit of his father's strange life, and could not be content with these dry bones.

"Much of this information was con

tained in the letters and documents held by Mrs. Wallace," said Florian. "I do not know," replied the priest "I never saw the letters. Your father fondly preserved them as me-mentoes of a time forever gone. Mrs. Wallace removed them to her secret

closet without his permission." "I thought my father of no religion," said Florian. "I had never seen about him in all the time that I knew him a single evidence of his faith. Was he a—"

"No," said the père, with a touch of generous feeling, "he was a fervent Catholic, such a Catholic as misfortune makes; but it was a part

and confession." "Yet his whole speech had a certain coloring," Ruth said earnestly - "a spirituality which only a Catholic could feel and show. thought it was philosophy-back-

woods philosophy." "He was a great philosopher, too," said the père. "His education had been thorough. He was a finished

scholar." "Then the Izaak Walton was blind," blurted out the half-indig- tive comfort. ernments meant more'n I thought."

"It was his deep and sincere and ful." simple piety that thrilled me most," Ruth said, with glowing eyes. ould not hide that, and I loved him or it. He was like a child.

"Of that there is no doubt. Sufdering of the severest sort had chastering of the severest sort had chastering of the severest sort had chastering thick package, and rose as if to end a rather distasteful interview. ossed about and so brought up as e, his simplicity was as sweet as mexpected," the priest said feeling-

To this compliment Florian gave happy to have you stop with us a no apparent heed.

"Before Linda died," he said, "I "And now that the cold weather is here," said the squire, who felt



Gladly Tells About It.

began to take Paster Koenig's Nerver Tonic and grew steadily better. Am now in good health and spirits. My soon knows that Mr. J. Cullea of West Point was also cured by the Tonic of Vertigo, to which he was very much subject. I will be to the tonic of the tonic of the tonic of the Scotia, being cured of St. Vitus Dance by the Tonic.

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time, he told her his secret."

"On the very day of her death he told her. He found it hard to make her see the wisdom of keeping it a secret still, from you at least; but with my aid he succeeded."
"Poor Linda! poor child!"

Ruth glanced from the priest to the politician regretfully. There was very little in the manner of either to warrant a suspicion of mutual dislike, but the pere's deliberate mention of his connection with the task of keeping Linda silent was a simple declaration of war. Passing over the hermit's visit to New York, he came to the events immediately preceding the late tragedy.

"The letter which I received from an unknown friend warning me of the Russian's designs against me was probably penned by my father?" The père shrugged his shoulders. He did not know of the letter, nor had the hermit told him of it.

"Was he apprehensive, after visit of the spy, that trouble coming upon him?

"Well, yes," said the priest, slowly; "yes, he was. But he had so much confidence in his disguise that he feared only for you. When he heard how you arranged the matter he was thoroughly satisfied, and said, 'Now the danger is over.' "Did he have any occasion to lose

this confidence afterwards?" "Not until two weeks ago, when a heavy sadness disturbed him which he could not shake off. At that time he was not aware of the presence of his murderer. He must have discovered it suddenly and frightfully,

for his usual prudence and sagacity seem to have deserted him at the critical moment. His end is wrapped in mystery, as was his life, and I believe he preferred to have it so.' There was for a short space a little solemn thinking.

"And there is nothing further known of his hidden life; no letters. no scraps, no familiar insights, no thing to show what the man was under all his misfortunes, to make one feel that he was-a-father."

The last words came hesitatingly and were answered by a curt from the père.

"I have his last letter," he plied, "it was written for you read in the event of his death. And Paul Rossiter may tell you things which he has not told me. than that-"

A shrug of the shoulders finished the sentence.

"Linda had some idea of it," continued the père, "and it made her very happy in dying. Perhaps his old confessor might be able to give you a glimpse of his interior life doubt it, however. It seems to have only could enter.'

"You have, then, so high an opinion of his life," said Ruth grateful-The pere bowed and said nothing for a few minutes, but, as if regretting his moroseness, he went on to say:

"He was a martyr to his religious convictions, of course. He could have easily won the favor of his emperor by embracing the Greek reli gion, and, had he been a less tender father, might have lived in comparanant squire, "and his talk about gov- upon his children the sufferings he The fear of bringing had endured made him self-forget-

"If you will let me have the letter you spoke of," said Florian. who had been indulging in a reverie, "I will be going. The hour is late, and the island is a good distance off."

"I hope." said Ruth, "that you are not going to bury yourself in that dreary solitude. Before you return to New York we would be happy to have you stop with us a

himself on familiar ground for first time that evening, "you'll apt to stick there if the ice came on too thin to bear ye and too thick for a boat. So you had better make a move on the double-quick. And now see here, Flory, you ain't doing the right thing by the party and by yourself. You ought to be in New York making cover for what is left of your hay. Your father was a good man, but the best man that ever died wasnt' worth quite half the fuss made over him."

Florian received this lecture pleasant badinage, nor did he make any reply to Ruth's kindly invita-tion, but, wishing them all good night, politely withdrew. The squire morted as the door closed after him, and looked severely at nobody.

"The idea of a dead man having such influence over a living one!" he said angrily. "I believe you're all o blame for it, too. He'll die on that island, poking over the remains of that red-headed prince, and persuading himself of nonsense all sorts. And if he doesn't his affairs in the city will all go smash. Now, Ruth, see here. We can't stand this sort of thing any longer, and to-morrow-to-morrow I swear it and I vow it-we'll go over in a body; we'll advance that island like an army, and we'll forcibly remove him to the village. Come on home. There's no talking to the pere. I suspect he would be glad if Florry took a dose of poison.

'It might not do him as much harm as he has done hundreds of people since he came into the world, said the père with some heat. "Do you know what he sat in front of the whole evening, Ruth? A framed copy of his famous letter sent out in the campaign."

"Go it, you infernal papists!" said the squire fiercely; "the whole American people defies you, the Constitution of these United States—" "Papa," said Ruth gently, "you're

not on the stump now. You're in the priest's study, and I think we had better go." "Jes' as you say," the squire mur-

mured, as his voice sank out hearing under this reproof. "I for got, Ruth. But how about young Mr. Ross ?" Ruth arose with some haste

bustled the squire through the door, promising the priest to callgain, and fighting down her father's voice until she had forced him into the street.

Florian made his way across the river in a dreamy, unsettled way, as if he had started for no place forgotten the harbor he had left. He was very eager to know something of the real life of his father, and somewhat bitter at finding himself left out so regularly in the cold. This one knew and that one knew some him that he was no more, after all trait or incident of the hermit, and Linda had received a full measure of knowledge at the last moment. He alone knew nothing. His thirstand it increased every day-was always unsatisfied. His father spoke to him only through cold, unsympathetic channels of dead letters or of outsiders who cared little for him. It was a hard condition. He accepted it in his usual matter-of-fact vay, but it hurt him nevertheless. When the island was reached and the door closed on all the worldon all his cares and disappointments, on all his ambitions—he pulled the

curtain over the window, replenished

IF WOMEN

ONLY KNEW

Thousands of women suffer untold mises-ies every day with aching backs that really have no business to ache. A weman's back wasn't made to ache. Under ordinary

conditions it ought to be strong and ready to help her bear the burdens of life,

It is hard to do housework with an aching back. Hours of misery at leisure or at work. If women only knew the cause. Backache comes from sick kidneys, and what a lot of trouble sick kidneys cause in the world.

But they can't help it. If more work is put on them than they can stand it's net to be wandered that they get out of order. Backache is simply their cry for help.

DOAN'S

KIDNEY

PILLS



his elbow, sat down to read his father's last communication to him. Just as his father had sat often during the nights of twenty years ! The old charm of the place was not yet lost to him; it had increased rather, because of its pathetic asso ciations. Here he had slept and dreamed that his father kissed him; here the hermit had made a last attempt to keep him in Clayburg; here he had tried to discover, without much if any help from God, what his vocation in life might be. The warning which the prince had given him still haunted his memory, but he had not gotten over his old scepticism on that point, and recalled it with a smile. By the light of the ing up the walk to the house proold tallow candle he opened his father's letter and read it reverently;

My son, my most dear son: I have little time to speak to you. I fear, I am sure, our enemy is on my track. I thought you had forever averted the danger. It is not so. These These people will not be satisfied until they have killed me. God's will be done! When you read this I shall be dead. Much obscurity hangs over my life It will never be removed in this world. It will pain you, but was ordered so for your good. Believe me, your father, every moment of my life was a study to save you from what will befall me, every word that I have said to you dic- frank. tated by the strongest love. Be content with what you may learn of me from strangers. I give you my you, and you let him go so easily! you, according to promise, a well- ored friends of so charming a man!" known document. My most dear your father hopes and prays to meet you in heaven.

He read it over three, four, ten times, with a more vivid picture each time of the circumstances under which it was written, until the longsuffering of his father's life and the condensed agony of that farewell was tearing his own heart into shreds. until sobs and tears came to show than a son of man. He felt humilfated, but only before himself. When self-possession returned he glanced idly at the other document—a bit of writing, signed, as his father's letter was, "Florian"; but the handwriting was his own, and a more careful scrutiny discovered the manuscript to be that famous declaration of his views on everything which the hermit had received from him ten years ago. He read it with a sad yet tender curiosity. His father had preserved it so carefully, had read it many times, no doubt, and pondered as a father would over the workings of the young soul which God had given to him; had kissed it many times, and wept and prayed over it for him, and besought a daily measure of blessings on his son. Therefore he read it considerately, smiling at the boyish enthusiasm which every line displayed, and frowning at the declaration of beliefs and practices some time discarded. The contrasts which it showed to exist between the boy and the man he did not see, or seeing, did not take heed, but put town that you're fishing for brought Izaak Walton and gave himself up to hours of profitless thought. In these moments of meditation that fully. peculiar twisting of the features took place, which had been noticed durng the funeral, as if his very vitals had been seized by the grasp of in tolerable pain. With his strong will he reasoned its cause down, but still the shadow haunted him night and 44 44 44

CHAPTER XXXVII.

After a defeat the vanquished na turally hides his head for a short time, the quicker to restore his bruiswill help you. They're helping sick, overworked kidneys—all over the world—making them strong, healthy and vigorous. Mrs. P. Byan, Douglas, Ont., writes: "For over five months I was troubled with lame back and was unable to move without help. I tried all kinds of plasters and liniments but they were no use. At last I heard tell of Doan's Kidney Pills and after I had used three-quarters of the hox my back was as strong and well as ever." ed features to their natural shape and color. This very just reflection did not at all soothe the anxiety of Barbara over her dear, devoted Flo ian's absence. Twenty times a day rian's absence. Twenty times a day she tried to read between the lines of the passionate letters he sent her from Clayburg, and because she found nothing her anxieties increased tenfold. Buth was there, and who could tell what would happen?

the fire, and, with Izaac Walton at He had deserted one woman. a man was not to be trusted; if the old love were still strong after ten years of absence from its ject, what would it not be in her presence, what might it not dare Ruth said, I am willing? Finally Barbara packed her trunk and started for Clayburg to pay her old friends a visit. She was a little fearful of the effect of her appearance upon Florian, but trusted luck and her own charms to allay his anger.

No one in Clayburg knew of her engagement to Florian, but the sight of her stepping from the train sent a cold chill along the squire's spine, and Ruth's first glimpse of her comduced a serious misgiving in that lady's heart. She was going to stay with them, of course. The city was so dull that she could no longer endure it, and it was so long since she had been to Clayburg. she was removing her bonnet and preparing to make herself comfortable the squire found opportunity to whisper to Ruth:

"Not one word about Flory. That is who she's after."

And Ruth, now that her obtuse father shared her suspicion, became more than ever certain of the object of Barbara's visit. Barbara was unusually entertaining and very

"And you have had that god among men, Mr. Wallace, with love and bid you adieu. I return to What happy mortals, to be the fav-

"Barbery," said the squire solemnson, a stranger to me all my life, ly, as he sat down before her, "don't you attempt to tell me you came all the way from New York jest to see your old friends. You don't care two coppers for us. You've got an object in coming here, and I want to know it. Because if you're after me I may as well give in at once and save you the trouble of a long courtship. If you're not, then I can rest satisfied and you can stay here

as long as you wish to." "The vanity of an old fellow," said Barbara, "is as violent as it is curious. Now, what could I possibly

want with an antique like you?" "An antique!" said the squire, dazed. "Ruth, can you sit by and hear your father called an antique by a mere strip of a widow? If you can you have no more notion of your duty than any other woma

"Well, papa, you are the sheriffput Barbara in jail."

"I wish I could," said he gloomily. "She's not safe even in jail, though; she'd bewitch the jailer, the chief of police, lawyers, judge. There ain't nothing, in fact, to hold her. Barbery, speak right out. Are you after me?'

And the squire groaned in mock anguish of spirit

"No, I'm not after you, you poor man; I have nothing to do with you, except to eat your dinners and make myself expensive and troublesome for a few days."

"The hull house is yours, my girl, the word you can have any man in right here into the parlor, and I'll help you do the courting. I will, by Jupiter !" shouted the squire joy-

"Thank you; but I am engaged already, squire." "Jes' so," said Pendleton dubious-

ly; "but you're not safe, engaged or married. "Don't be too hard on me, please;

and do go away, like a good man, until I have a chat with Ruth. You need not fear any trouble from me. As far as I am concerned, you will die unbound by matrimony.

"I'm really obliged to you," said the squire, going out, with a warning look at his daughter.

(To be continued.)

Dont "Grin and Bear It"
when your feet sweat and
ache, burn and smart. Just
Try "Foot Eim".

Foot Elm never disappoints-it