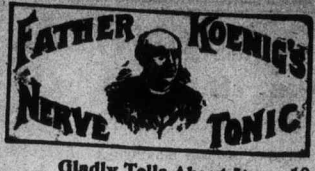


SOLITARY ISLAND A NOVEL BY REV. JOHN TALBOT SMITH

CHAPTER XXXVI.—Continued.

"You needn't," acrimoniously: "Flory don't want nothin' at all to do with that party. They've completely busted the partnership. You might see him, though, about the other feller."

favor on your father's part, but 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, with every shade that time had cast upon it.



Glady Tells About It. I am glad you have an agent in this city. I have seen several instances where Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic has been used with great benefit.

While recovering from a broken leg, I was attacked by nervous prostration, presumably due to the shock of the fall. After twelve months I was still in the same condition, had poor appetite, could not sleep or work, not even see or hear.

FREE A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases and a Sample Bottle to any address. Free patients also get the medicine free.

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."

"The idea of a dead man having such influence over a living one!" he said angrily. "I believe you're all to blame for it, too. He'll die on that island, poking over the remains of that red-headed prince, and persuading himself of nonsense of all sorts."

himself on familiar ground for the first time that evening, "you'll be 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 wasn't worth quite half the fuss made over him."

Florian received this lecture as pleasant badinage, nor did he make any reply to Ruth's kindly invitation, but, wishing them all good-night, politely withdrew. The squire snorted 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 to blame for it, too. He'll die on that island, poking over the remains of that red-headed prince, and persuading himself of nonsense of all sorts."

Florian made his way across the river in a dreamy, unsettled way, as if he had started for no place and 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.

IF WOMEN ONLY KNEW

Thousands of women suffer untold miseries every day with aching backs that really have no business to ache. A woman'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.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

will help you. They're helping sick, overworked kidneys—all over the world—making them strong, healthy and vigorous. Mrs. F. Ryan, 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 plaster 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 box my back was as strong and well as ever."



Makes Child's Play of Wash Day. SURPRISE SOAP A PURE HARD SOAP

He had deserted one woman. Such a man was not to be trusted; and if the old love were still strong after ten years of absence from its object, what would it not be in her presence, what might it not dare if Ruth said, I am willing? Finally Barbara packed her trunk and started for Clayburg to pay her old friends a visit.

Florian. 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 long-suffering of his father's life and the condensed agony of that farewell was tearing his own heart into shreds.

CHAPTER XXXVII. After a defeat the vanquished naturally hides his head for a short time, the quicker to restore his bruised features to their natural shape and color. This very just reflection did not at all soothe the anxiety of Barbara over her dear, devoted Florian'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.

Don't "Grin and Bear It" when your feet sweat and ache, burn and smart. Just Try "Foot Elm". Foot Elm never disappoints—it makes feet healthy.