

1906.
ARDS.
RISON,
ce,
BUILDING
in 433.
HELAN
ictor.
Cavler St.
L.
OMAS E. WALSH,
B.A., B.C.L.
WALSH
rs, Etc.
Montreal.
ain 218.
C. C.
LACOSTE, L.L.D.
OSTE,
MONTREAL
ois-Xavier Rog.
ROY,
s,
o.
Street.
JLLIN
rict Savings
James st.
IR DESSAULTES
AULLES,
St. James
1679.
GAN,
r Court
real.
ay & service
DS..
et.
Steamfitters
N.
nded To.
53.
aguire
S
ional In-
ndburgh,
rance Co.,
er Street.
4.
N,
ve Painter
TIVE
lers prompt
ice, 647 Dor-
Montreal.
05.
EY,
R.
ished in 1866.
Repairs of
Automotive Fur-
Charles.
CLUB
COME
Evening
The finest
nday.
evening.
m. to 10
o p.m.
ON STS.

SOLITARY ISLAND

A NOVEL.

BY REV. JOHN TALBOT SMITH

CHAPTER XXXIX—Continued.

"I had resolved long before to leave the convent," Ruth replied, but Barbara did not believe the assertion.

"We had arranged a match for you and Paul long ago," Barbara said, laughing, "and I assure you we were bitterly disappointed when our plans failed. The poet is not here now, and no one can tell where he is."

"Florian must know," said Ruth confidently. "Oh! dear no. They had a quarrel of some kind after you left, and have never since been intimate. Early in the spring Mr. Rossiter left his quarters and has not since been heard of."

"Not been heard of?" Ruth murmured tremulously.

"Oh! we can find him, no doubt." "If he is not in town I shall return at once to Clayburg."

"And have him seek you there? Love has a sure instinct, you know. You cannot escape so easily, however. Were you aware that about the poet's departure there was a mystery, that he was ill and poor and wretched when he went away, that Madame Lynch dismissed him because of a false story of Peter Carter's, that he left the house secretly, and that there is a suspicion of—shall I say it?"

"Suicide," said Ruth calmly, though her face was pale. "You may say it, but I do not, could not, believe it of him."

"Nor I," Barbara added with emphasis, "but the poor fellow left in such a sad plight and where he went no man knows."

"He was at my convent in the spring, and went northward, but how far or in what direction was not known."

"A little money will discover him, and when you have found him you may run home to Clayburg, and I shall send him after you."

"Barbara!" protested Ruth, hotly.

"That will do," said Mrs. Merriam sharply. "You know me, Ruth Pendleton, by this time, and whether you like it or not, the thing shall be done. You had no right to drag me into the affair, if you did not wish me to interfere with it. Now go to bed for a few hours, and when you come down I shall acquaint you with the news of two hemispheres—some of it interesting, I assure you."

Ruth obeyed in silence and shame. She had not mentioned to herself her object in visiting New York; she had only said: "I will go and see him once more, be satisfied that he is well, and then return to Clayburg." In making Barbara her confidant she did not seek more than that lady's advice, and was consequently much troubled in heart about Barbara's interference.

When she sought Mrs. Merriam later in the day, the vivacious sprite was carrying in both hands a large manual of prayer as she walked tirelessly through the long hall.

"You are piously engaged," said Ruth, smiling at the unusual sight.

"I must be, having an ex-nun here," replied Barbara smartly, "and then I am making preparations for my baptism."

"For your baptism?" repressing an inclination to laugh. "Are you going over to the Baptists?"

"No, to the Catholics," and her eyes fell. Ruth stood for a moment transfixed and actually suspicious.

"I congratulate you," she said at length, but there was little warmth in her good wishes. "When did this happiness come to you?"

"So long ago that I scarcely remember. It was not sudden. It grew within me. But let us talk of something more to your taste. Converts are suspicious of one another. You have heard, perhaps, that Florian is soon to be married."

"I have heard none of those things, but I supposed it would take place some time. Who is the happy lady?"

"You remember that Frances Lynch who—"

"What a good choice he has made!" Ruth exclaimed in delight. "I hardly expected it from Florian. It will save him surely it will save him."

"Save him from what?" said Barbara sharply, and crossly too.

"From himself and the temptations which surround him in his position. Florian needs a check of some kind. I think him apt to fly beyond limits."

"You would make a Puritan of him. I think he was fortunate in marrying you."

"It was fortunate for both of us,"

Ruth answered, and dismissed the subject with a sigh. Barbara sat watching her secretly. She had improved very much during her absence, and the pale, spiritual light which shone about her face rendered its natural beauty more remarkable. The old aggressive firmness seemed gone from her manner, the old determination had found a different way of expressing itself; and, sweet and gentle as Ruth had ever been, these qualities were now intensified.

"If she beckoned Florian to her now," thought Barbara, with some bitterness, "an army of men and Frances would not keep him from her."

She was waiting impatiently for an answer to the note which she had sent to Florian. It pleased her malicious spirit to reflect on the storm its dubious suggestiveness would raise in his heart. He came that afternoon by accident, as she had recommended, and was intensely surprised to meet Ruth. There was no trace of agitation or painful feeling in his manner as he welcomed her to the world again.

"We are so accustomed to your coming and going," said he, not unkindly, "that we treat it as men treat the visits of angels—with respect and surprise, of course, but with resignation. If it is not too out of the way to ask, shall we see you here any length of time?"

"For a few days, and then I return to Clayburg. I am so glad to meet you, Florian, and to hear of the honors which the world is heaping on you. Are you spoiled by Fortune's favors?"

"Hardly yet. What I received from Fortune has made her my debtor, not me. I had to pull her gifts from her hands."

"And he prides himself," Barbara put in, "on the strength of his pull, as if Fortune could not have resisted him. There is an evidence of the rank disease of self-made men. And they tell me," she continued, "that we are soon to give you over to the majority—that you are to join the happy matrimonial circle. I wonder how true it was, and so did Ruth, she is so interested in you."

He looked from one to the other in perplexity. Was this a mere bit of Barbara's usual impertinence, or was she testing the strength of old relationship. He put himself down mentally as a fool, and looked at Ruth's calm face as he answered.

"I have never wondered, Barbara," Ruth began.

"I beg your pardon," said Florian, "but it is true. I have had the honor of obtaining Miss Lynch's hand."

"You are a fortunate man," said Ruth. "Everything succeeds with you."

"Most fortunate," said Barbara, with an irony he alone could feel. "If your engagement is publicly known we shall do ourselves the pleasure of calling on Miss Lynch tomorrow."

"It is publicly known," he answered. "Frances, I am sure, will be happy to receive your congratulations."

Ruth thought that Barbara spoke and acted a little queerly, and told her so when Florian had gone away down-hearted. Barbara had accompanied him to the door and apologized for nothing.

"Do not think me harsh," said she, "but I fear you were too hasty," with a glance towards Ruth. "And so you are really lost to us forever. Ah! believe me, no one regrets it more than I."

It was when she returned that Ruth spoke to her of her behavior.

"If you wait and see the continuation of my behaviour," said Mrs. Merriam sweetly, "you will have reason to lecture me. Now, to-morrow we go to see Miss Lynch, and you must look your best. Not a few know that you are the female who won the youthful heart of Florian Wallace and did not know enough to keep it."

"I could not go to a place where they knew me so. I shall go home as soon as possible."

But what of Paul Rossiter? "He will come in good time. Until he does I can wait. Meanwhile I shall not call on Miss Lynch."

"And Florian expecting it! My dear Ruth, you do not realize the gravity of the situation. What would people say to know that Florian's best friend left town without calling on his affianced? Again, you are the only friend that Paul Rossiter has. It will require skill and prompt action to find the errant poet and restore him to favor. What has become of him, what will become of him? O, Ruth! Do you



FATHER KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC

Perfect Brightness and Clearness.

KINKORA, P. E. Island. Mrs. Mary Jane Greenan who used Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic assures me that she has received wonderful benefits from it. She used to take his very frequently, but since using this remedy has not had an attack since early spring, and then not accompanied with its usual terrible effects. Perfect brightness and clearness of intellect returned after the use of the Tonic.

REV. J. J. MACDONALD.

135 Elizabeth St., Toronto, Ont.

I cannot sufficiently express my thanks to you for the good Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic has done me, only the fervent wish that you may continue in your humane work. I owe you a debt of gratitude that I shall always remember.

ALEXANDER MCLEOD.

FREE A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases and a Sample Bottle to any address. Poor patients also get the medicine free. Prepared by the Rev. PASTOR KOENIG, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and now by the

KOENIG MED. CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

Sold by Druggists at \$1.00 per bottle, 6 for \$5.00. Agents in Canada—THE LYNAS BROS. & CO., LTD., TORONTO; THE WINGATE CHEMICAL CO., LTD., MONTREAL.

really care for him?"

"I owe him a debt," said Ruth.

"And you can pay it only by marrying him, he thinks. He is deeply religious indeed, or he would have taken you bodily from the convent. If he knew you were free he would not hesitate an instant to bind you to his allegiance."

Barbara had her way about it, and they called on Frances the next afternoon.

"It will be such a coincidence," whispered Barbara as they entered the hall, "to see together three great admirers of Florian."

"They were a distinguished-looking trio indeed as they sat in the parlor talking formally, with Florian among them. The sober staidness of Ruth and the florid elegance of Barbara found an admirable mean in the soft warm coloring of Frances. She was composed but timid, and quite unable to keep back the blushes aroused by Mrs. Merriam's unsparring innuendoes. Florian watched them with mingled feelings of pleasure and pain. How closely they had entwined themselves in the story of his life! He recalled how three women in his younger days had caused him his most bitter sorrows. In striving to retain all he had lost all at one blow. Would fate treat him so hardly again? His eyes turned longingly towards Ruth, as they turned to dying Linda, hopelessly. She was removed from him by an infinite distance, and Barbara was still farther away.

CHAPTER XXX.

"And so Ruth Pendleton is back!" was the cry in Clayburg two days after a tired and disappointed woman left the train at the station, and, unrecognized by her friends, walked in the direction of the squire's now lonely mansion. Yes, Ruth was back to the old scenes, a much sadder and much happier woman than when she left them; and if the tears filled her eyes at sight of the familiar objects, and a great pain pierced her heart, it was not more than the protest which Nature makes against change.

Coming home at a late hour that night, Pendleton felt his heart give an awful thump as he saw lights in the unused parlor windows, and heard the tinkling of the long-closed piano.

"It's Ruth," said he, stopping to catch his breath and rid himself of a fit of trembling. "It's Ruth come back again for good. Little girl," said he, as he stood nervously in the door and held out his arms to her. Ruth saw the tears in his eyes and the hopeful, expectant look on his big face.

"I've come back for good," she whispered, as he threw his arms about her. "I shall never leave you again, father."

And they both believed it; for it had been a pet theory of the squire's that if Ruth again returned it would be to never leave him, and in her hopelessness at that moment she felt a premonition that her stay in Clayburg was to be permanent.

"And where did you come from?" said the squire.

"From New York; and I have some astonishing news for you. Barbara Merriam has become a Catholic and Florian is going."

"Hold on!" said the squire, with a gasp, and may be an oath. "Barbara become a Catholic! Ruth, you'll have to don your old clothes. It isn't a religion for any one when she's in it."

"She is very much changed," said Ruth, in a tone that seemed to approve of the squire's sentiments. "You would not know her."

"H'm!" grunted Pendleton. "I'd know her if she put on the Pope's own rig. She's Barbara all the same. I'll wager any sum that she's up to some of her devilish tricks. She hasn't got her eye on Florian now, has she? It would be easy

enough to give old Merriam the slip, and she'd coax an angel into stealing, I swear."

"Florian is engaged to Frances Lynch."

"O Jerusalem!" said the squire, with a mighty roar of pain. "Then it's all over, Ruth—it's all over." And in an instant the tears were falling in a shower and a few sobs shook him fiercely. He had never given up his hope that Florian and Ruth would yet be reconciled.

"It was all over years ago," Ruth replied gently. "I did not think you expected it still, father."

"And I had no right to," said the squire, striding impatiently down the room. "You never held out a hope, though Florian thinks just as much of you to-day as he did ten years ago. Let it pass. I'm always making a fool of myself. Don't know when I cried before. And so Barbara is a Baptist, hey? I wonder how long she will remain one? And Florian's done it at last! Well, he's got a mighty nice girl, but it won't please Peter Carter much."

Ruth started at the name, while the squire shook with hearty laughter. The memory of Peter was a source of mirth to him.

"What about Mr. Carter?" she asked timidly.

"Oh! you knew him—the greatest fool that ever lived; and I dunno," added the squire dubiously, "but that I was a greater fool, for I actually thought that man a genius. He had an idea that Florian was no match for that Lynch girl, and was anxious to help me in matching you and Florian. He did, but he helped me the wrong way. I'm inclined to invite him up here this summer, and let him make an ass of himself through the town."

Ruth grew alarmed. "It would not be becoming," said she, "he is too—too—"

"Too much of a talker," supplemented her father. "Yes, he gives one away every five minutes when a secret is entrusted to him. Well, Ruth, you're back, and I'm consoled for all my waiting. I'll have to stand a pile of chaff, though, from the boys when they see you going up to the Catholic Church. It's better, though, than to see you at Buck's establishment. How does that man live with his eternal polishing? He ought to have been polished out of existence long ago, by all rules of calculation; but he's just the same as ever. I've got the drop on the boys there. I have the tongue, you know. I'm a match for them. How will you stand the women, though?"

"I am not afraid," said Ruth, cheerfully, "for I am a sort of balance for Sara Wallace's defection."

"That's a good argument," said the squire in delight. "I'm glad you mentioned it, for I'll give it to 'em first thing. I hope you're contented, Ruth, with your new clothes. Do they fit easy?"

"So contented," said Ruth, with a happy smile. "And, oh! if I could but persuade you—"

"There, there!" he interrupted hastily. "It's all right if you are happy, but don't try to rope me into any of these religions. They're good enough for women, but they're beyond me. I thought more of Catholics, though, before Barbara joined them."

With a sigh Ruth relinquished the appeal which she had intended to make to him.

"I must warn you," continued the squire, "that if you try to convert

... FOR ...

Diarrhoea, Dysentery,

Stomach Cramps

and all

Summer Complaints

take

DR. FOWLER'S

EXT. OF WILD

STRAWBERRY

Don't experiment with new and untried remedies, but procure that which has stood the test of time.

Dr. Fowler has stood the test for 60 years, and has never failed to give satisfaction. It is rapid, reliable and effectual in its action and does not leave the bowels constipated. REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES. THEY ARE DANGEROUS.

Mrs. Estlin, Lynn, Ayleson, Que., writes: "I have used Dr. Fowler's Ext. of Wild Strawberry for Diarrhoea for several years past and I find it to be the only medicine which brings relief in so short a time."



SURPRISE SOAP.

A PURE HARD SOAP.

me I'll take to drink, upon my honor. I'll get too stupid to understand an argument. So just let up on ideas of that kind. Go to bed now, and sleep off convent notions."

During the next few days the greater portion of the town paid its respects to Ruth. Among her visitors were the worthy elders of the various congregations, curious to know by what process of reasoning this young lady had gone over to the enemy, and many were the amusing questions put to her. Her great defence was the perversion of Mrs. Buck, and the right of private judgment. With these weapons she triumphed easily, and Clayburg accepted the position with the easy-going, matter-of-fact slowness which is an inheritance from Manhattan ancestors and does not prevail in bitter, unforgiving New England.

Mrs. Wallace had not yet called, much to Ruth's surprise, and at the first opportunity she went over to see her. Time had dealt hardly with that placid lady. The Mrs. Winifred who feebly grasped Ruth's hand was an insignificant shadow of the stout, timid lady of three years ago. She tried to smile and chat with the old-time manner, but had not breath enough for so large a word as "seemingly," and Ruth sorrowfully recognized the fact that Mrs. Winifred's days were numbered. Billy was full of anxiety. He questioned every one eagerly for their opinion of her condition, and brought doctors from Albany to assist her. There was something mysterious in her complaint. She had begun to decline slowly and almost unnoticed a year ago. Without suffering any pain or making any trouble, her flesh began to disappear and the wrinkles made themselves visible in her face. In vain they questioned her. She knew not why her appetite should fail, or her hands tremble violently, or her sight and strength give way. Nor could Ruth's sympathetic inquiries elicit any information. Her chief anxiety was for Florian. She hoped he was well.

"Oh! very well," Ruth said, "and getting so rich and famous, and moving in the very highest society."

"I suppose," said Mrs. Winifred, "that he is a great friend of the count that was here some time ago."

"I believe they spoke of a nobleman to whom he was attached, but I never saw him."

"Did he look troubled or anxious?" said the mother earnestly. "He has not written in so long a time."

"Florian never shows much of his inward thought or feeling, but to me he seemed full of happiness. Why should he not be? He is about to marry a handsome and good woman. He is fortunate."

"Not as fortunate as he might have been," protested Mrs. Winifred; "but I am glad he is happy. I do have such terrible dreams about him, and I dreaded some of them might come true."

Ruth looked at her with great pity and a suspicion that all was not right in her mind. And this suspicion took deeper root after a few more visits. Florian was the theme of every conversation, and her chief anxiety was whether her boy was easy in mind and haunted by no apprehensions.

"Because if he is," she said very plainly to Ruth in Sara's presence, "I can help him, and I will in spite of every one."

It was the most determined expression Mrs. Winifred had ever been known to use, and only her extreme weakness accounted for and excused it. Sara shook her head sadly. It was plain that her mother's mind was giving way.

"I have no patience with you," said Sara. "You were always the queerest woman. Why can't you tell us what you think is the trouble with you or Florian, so that we can do something for you?"

"When you've done all that I ask for," replied her mother, "your duty is done. Don't trouble yourself any more. I think death is the matter with me. You were always a great reader, and you married a minister; can you tell me a cure for that?"

Ruth smiled at Sara's discomfiture. The lady did not reply to her mother's sarcasm, for even her defective taste could see how utterly shameful it would be to bandy words with an invalid.

"I think it will not last much longer," said Mrs. Winifred, after a few moments of silence. "I wish it had ended long ago. But no matter. Ruth, let me tell you something—Sara had gone—this trouble is all about Florian and Linda, and I feel it here," laying her hand on her breast, "gnawing always. In a few days I shall send for you, may be, to do me a favor. You will come, won't you? Promise me, Ruth."

"Oh! certainly," said Ruth assuringly, for the sick woman began to get dangerously eager.

"Ah! but you must promise, dear," she cried, catching Ruth's dress with feverish hands. "Seemingly, you must promise that you will come no matter what stands in the way."

"I promise," answered Ruth. After scanning her features for a moment in an invalid's pitiful way she lay back satisfied.

"What do you think of her?" said Billy when next he met her. "What can you think of a dying woman? You will not have her long. Why not send for Florian? She is always speaking of him."

"The père wouldn't hear of it," said Billy tremulously. "No, no, he wouldn't hear of it. I couldn't permit it. It was that Russian, the devil! that did it all. Ever since he came here we got no good of her. It's awful!"

Ruth wondered at the père's interference in the matter, but said nothing, as she wished to speak to the priest later.

"It seems reasonable," she remarked to her father, "that if the poor woman would like to see her son she ought to see him."

"Why, of course," shouted Pendleton, "and so she shall. I'll send for him—no, I'll go for him myself."

"And do all sorts of harm," Ruth interposed. "No, no, father; but you might find out from Billy what his reason is for not informing Florian of his mother's condition. Then we would the better know what to do."

"Jes' so," said the squire, with a blush for his own stupidity.

"And to-morrow," said Ruth, "you must get out the boat and take me over to the islands. I have not seen the hermit since my return."

"There isn't much about him to see," said her father in disgusted tones. "He's had a doctor running over there for some time seeing a patient who lives with him or near him, and not one of us can find out who the sick man is."

"Trust a woman to do that," said Ruth. "I shall know what is to be known about him by this time to-morrow night."

Since the day she had bidden him good-by in the cabin previous to her departure for New York she had not set eyes on Scott, and she was curious to learn what changes time had made in his looks, habits and opinions. All that had taken place during the years of her absence she knew that he was informed of, and his views on these subjects were sure to be interesting. They went over the next day, and were a long time getting to their destination owing to the scanty wind; but the scenes—the old scenes, were so very beautiful that Ruth could have lingered even longer among them. A soft haze rested like a veil on distant objects, and the river was dotted with the boats of fishing-parties whose songs and merry-making floated pleasantly to the ear. Every spot was a memory to Ruth, and Linda's bright face seemed ready to peep coquettishly from behind rock and tree. Eel Bay glittered, as usual, with deceitful radiance in the afternoon sun. How many times Linda had wept for the unfortunates buried so deeply in its treacherous waters! "It keeps up its reputation, I suppose?" Ruth said.

Ruth smiled at Sara's discomfiture. (To be Continued.)