CHAPTER XVI.-Continued.

Buck had tea on the table

en they returned, and was ready

with all sorts of questions about their drive and business, which Ruth

juded for an hour and which Mrs.

ering at all, while Mr. Buck was

stop to the flow of his wife's ques

ticular of the afternoon but for the

enexpected appearance of Billy from the whist party in a state of speech-

countenance as he opened the door

nevolence on every one about him

like mist before him and

speedily home, and Ruth felt

strange misgiving as to the total re-

She thought it best to return hom

foot, and did so in time to receive

command to start for New York

fate, as he was under the impression

governments were without thirsting

or his head, and were only prevent

ed from rushing in upon him by his

. 4-t 4-t 4-t

CHAPTER XVII.

Although Ruth began to talk of

her trip to the city in midwinter of

own wakefulness.

that the executioners of the rascally

mile lodged in every wrinkle of

delight. There was a beaming

Winifred laughed at without

E 5, 1906.

ECTORY

A. & B. 80he second Sun-in St. Patrick's ander street, at e hall on the ery month, at 8 Rev. Jas. Kil-H. Kelly; Rec.

DA, Branch 26 Vovember, 1888. t New Hall (In-1 St. Cathe r meetings for of busine and 3rd Frt. onth at eight cers : Spiritual Killoran: Chanedy; President, 2nd Vice-Prest e : Recordi Dolan, 16 Over-Rec. Sec., E. J. Secretary, St. Urbain at. Kelly ; Marshali. uard, J. A. Han W. A. Hodge

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> until midsummer. They had heard previously of Florian's election to legislature in the fall, and were all elated over the event, while the squire fretted a little over their separation because it would een such a pleasure to face the rascally governments as a father-in-law of one of its representatives. When Buth was finally ready to leave

Clayburg it was so early in the sea son that, instead of setting out at once to Mrs. Merrion's, they passed through Brooklyn and went to quiet resort on the ocean, where they stayed until late in September time the Merrion's had opened house for the fashionable seaon, and Ruth was received with open arms by the vivacious Barbara. "The first thing I shall do," said Mrs. Merrion-"and oh ! how fortunate you came along as you did, I was making my head ache with plans for something new and striking for my first event, and ouldn't find anything to suit—the irst thing I shall do is to have a nusic party and make it the earliest and best of the season. How

it be otherwise with such a star you, so unique and so new." Ruth looked at Mrs. Merrion to e if the lady was in earnest ing such language, and found at she was. In earlier days, when arbara Merrion was a girl at Clay-ing, she had been noted for her y, brilliancy and boldness. It possession of these qualiis which had won for her as a and a wealthy nonentity in the diffection for her of a lasting pa-diffection for her of a lasting pa-difference for her of a lasting pa-difference for a la of respectability and cor conduct t conduct could make up for it her eyes. And yet Mrs. Merrion a a model of behavior and very How any one could and to be the star of an assemblage th her petite figure and shining present Ruth could not underad. Barbara's features were small
of so fine and exquisite a type
it they seemed unreal at times,
delicate nose and dark eyes
delicate nose and reckless
and the seemed a high spirit and reckless
and the seemed and th and a high spirit and reckless we trained disposition. Beside Ruth felt like a slow, heavy bear a robin beside a humming-bird, felt, in looking at herself in the felt, in looking at herself in the state a plainer woman never med a ball-room. While preparated a ball-room. While preparated a ball-room, while preparated a ball-room is to act to look for Flower teams of the preparated a ball-room and a squainfied with him, the fed discovered to his own intense that and autonishment. She had

A NOVEL -BY REV. JOHN TALBOT SMITH

ans

SOLITARY ISLAND

she had never patronized, or sp to, simply because he was a boy of her own age and not "eligible." "Pshaw!" said the squire, "you

don't mean to tell me that you've lived ten years in Brooklyn and are unacquainted with the handsomest and smartest fellow in New York ng at all, while Mr. Buck was City? Now, I didn't think it of bed for endeavoring to put a you, I didn't."

Why, Mr. Pendleton, qu'en voulez tions. Sara's perseverance would vous?" She had a silly habit, but have succeeded in eliciting every par- a very pretty one in her mouth very pretty one in her mouth, of using French phrases to any extent. "Kan vully-voo!" repeated

squire. "What nonsense! Don't be flying yer nasty French at me. say it's queer—don't you, Ruth?not to know Florian, the best, the smartest-"

and appeared among them, waving his hand as if to accompany unut-"How can I know them all?" said tered speech and looking oceans of Barbara plaintively. "There are so many clever, desirable people come Mrs. Buck and her family vanished and go, and these cities are so large. But if you will bring him to went lunch at three or dinner at six I shall be happy to know him."

"Of course you will," said the squire, with a loud sneer. "But I sults of the afternoon's council when a part of it was so speechlessly afwon't bring him; you won't know him, since you didn't look on him before. Why, he and Ruth were gothe squire's blessing and paternal ing to be married once." "Why, father !" said Ruth, with

that night and leave him to his an emphasis that startled the squire into such a consciousness of blunder that he got angry. "Are you ashamed of it?"

> "No; but then it's unnecessary to speak of such things to every one,' said Ruth disdainfully.

"Jest as you say," snapped "But I'll bring him over, squire. Barbery, and you can see jest what Ruth can make of herself once every five years."

"Not oftener ?" said Ruth me that year, she made no preparations liciously. "Now, if Barbara could

"What a fool I can make of self once a day, you want to say? Well, say it and be hanged," said the squire. "But I know a good man when I see nim, and I'd hang on to him if I was a woman. So

I'll bring him, Barbery, shall I?" "By all means," said Barbara sweetly; "and perhaps we may arrange matters so that Ruth may not be so hard-hearted another time."

Florian had long been aware Ruth's intention to visit Brooklyn, although he had not yet learned of her presence in the city. After Ruth had packed her trunks and stirred all Clayburg to its depths by her calm announcement of being absent a year or two, Mrs. Buck gave her reverend husband no peace until he had arranged a business trip to New York for himself and family. They had numerous invitations from clerical brethren there, and the bishop's wife in particular had urged Mr. Buck to bring Sara into the spiritual circles of New York because of the edifying effect a Catholic convert would have on the gene ral brethren. Mr. Buck, knowing the exact calibre of his convert, was not anxious that his friends should get too close a view, for Mrs. Buck was given to disclosing details of domestic life that reflected sadly on his rightful position in his household. However, he felt obliged to grant her this favor, and they transferred themselves in August to New York, and were domiciled at haps of Mr. Merrion, whose dull fa-cuties had been quickened under the spell of the girl's dashing presence. Although a marking the property of the girl's dashing presence. arrival, and was received so kindly and even tenderly, and was so delighted with his very fashionable boarding-house and madame and her daughter, that it went deeply to her

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heart not to be able to accept his invitation to remain. However, she dined there with her husband, and Florian found himself very high in and picturing out the details the estimation of certain of boarders when it was known that he had a sister an Episcopalian by conviction and the wife of a minister and that he seemed to think so his bright nephew. He felt a little pleasure in it, too. It gave the calmly just at that time, and when family the appearance of being liberal and added much to his popu-Then he dined in turn at arity. the bishop's and was treated with the highest distinction; and although it was nothing new to him to receive such treatment, it was at least new in that quarter. Sara was there a week before she thought of Ruth.

"Oh!" said she suddenly one day, 'have you seen Ruth since she came of her."

It was such a shock to Florian to know that she was in the city that his color came and went like school-boy's and he was unable to speak for a moment.

"She left Clayburg at the beginning of August to come to Mrs. Merrion's. She said she was to be gone a year or two. Ever since in the city and the Merrions had re-she got literary notions and wrote turned from a summer tour octy a a book or two nothing would do her but New York, it seems; the squire was willing to humor her, and didn't object himself, for he likes a good time and thinks of getting it here without having every ground on which he stood. It was soul in the town aware of it. "And so Ruth is here," said Flo-

rian meditatively. "Yes, yes," said Sara, "and she is to make her appearance in polite society, her debut; and I am sure she will create a sensation beside

that chit of a Barbara Merrion with her bold ways. Ruth's eyes were always grand, and she looked one through and through. Then she was so truthful, and it will be splendid to see those big, truthful eyes piercing some little liar of a flirt looking for a favor."

"Your language-" said Mr. Buck eprovingly.

"Oh! nonsense, Dunse." Mr. Buck was christened Dunstan, and Sara thus abbreviated it. "We are in New York now, and the warden's are miles away. I do envy her. Oh! to come out once, to make a debut in pink silk, lace, roses and dia Clayburg ! I thought to get out of it by marrying, but Mr. Buck will ed, more cultivated, influential, look-die there, and I too, I supose." ed up to and flattered. These things

"And so Ruth is really here," said Florian, with a heavy sigh. He was face to face with his destiny, and it was not inviting. He ings, how true to the old love, how

yes." said the minister's wife, "she's here, though why the squire has not been over is a mystery. He thinks so much of you And he has the idea that this trip is to bring about your marriage with Ruth."

"Pshaw!" said Florian, smiling, and oh, so pleased. "That matter is dead and buried, and monumented

ong ago. "But this is a world of resurred tions," said Mr. Buck cheerfully.
"You are not such a bad fellow

after all," thought Florian.
"And you're not the same Florian. ian," said Sara. "Oh! you can't lmagine how you've changed for the etter. But Ruth has changed, too nd when she has society running after her, the great and the some and the rich, you will find it hard to overtake her. Lose no time, Florian, at the start, and look

time, Florian, at the start, and look and act and speak your best." At which advice Florian smiled.

"She isn't such a match for a great man like you, Florian, after all," she said, "when you can have your pick, as Madame Lynch told me, of the greatest and finest is dies; and then you're not rich, and women mostly take the rich men

and leave the poor ones for tight corners. I wouldn't be a tight-corner husband for the whole world."

And she looked vindictively at Mr. Buck, who cowered and trembled at her refined personality.

"But every one knows how much you did think of her, Flory,' continued Sara, as she prepared leave; "and it wouldn't be any surprise to know that you married her. Indeed, some think she came down on purpose to arrange the matter, but I know better. You wouldn't mind her religion now, of course You've got over that, as I always old Dunse you would when you got older and saw more of religions that weren't your own."

Florian felt that this chatter was cutting him deeply somewhere bringing blood, but he said nothing and he was glad when his visitors were gone and he could think over the matter alone. Ruth was in Brooklyn, then? What was he go ing to do about it, and why should his heart beat faster with a feeling of dread and delight mingled? Her coming had no meaning for him, as he had long ago determined. he could not help thinking of her, the their first meeting, and weaving visions of days to come. What a new thing his life would be if the persuasions of the old days should prevail with her and their lives go highly of her and her husband and as he had dreamed, together! He was not able to reason the matter he happened to meet Frances in the sitting-room on his return he more gracious to her than he had been since the production of Paul's drama a year ago. This was because of his own exaltation of soul. There was a subdued brilliancy in his manner and his conversation, and he felt like the opium eater, just raised above the common things of the world, and yet seeing sil through so rare and beautiful a me I haven't, and never thought dium. Ruth was the medium, and because of her this young woman of delicate feature and common mind hey, b'y?" seemed exalted into an angel. He remembered, too, that she Ruth's alternate. If Ruth failed him -and was it not likely ?-he would make an effort for this girl's heart and hand Inquiry showed that Ruth was not

turned from a summer tour octy a day or two before. He could not and hope to see her for a month yet, and in the press of business he began to recover his old calculation and was soon roaming over the not safe. What did Ruth care for him now? And how could he with any consistency think of a marriage with her, a Protestant, whom he had rejected once because of her Protestantism? The latter question he did not discuss with himself because it depended so much on the first, and really he did not think it a matter of as much importance as formerly. It was done every day among his fellow-Catholics. It was a sort of local necessity, so few were his co-religionists and so many tle stiff and severe in these matters when in the backwoods under Pere Rougevin's direction, and Ruth herself had been no better. He really thought the question beyond discussion. Custom had already tled the matter. The real difficulty was Ruth's own feelings. Did she any longer care for him? He was monds! I hate the humdrum life of a different man from the young fellow of three years ago, more polish ed up to and flattered. These things might have an effect on Ruth, and then she would see how faithful he had been in spite of his surroundopeful; and love begets love. poet says.

The squire, coming round in late September, found him in the midst a cloud of unsatisfactory thoughts.

"How do, boy?" said he, poking through the half-open door his red, jovial face, and speaking as unconcernedly as if he had seen Florian an hour past. Florian jumped as if shot, and paled, while the squire roared and squeezed his hands again and again, and turned him around to look at him, and was full of delight and surprise at the changes he saw. The noise the old man made attracted another red jovial face to

the door.
"Friends, b'y?" said Peter, re gnizing some affinity in the squire. 'May I come in ?"

"Certainly," said the Friend of yours, Flory?"

"Yes." said Florian, vexed, but rlad of the intrusion, too. "This is Peter Carter, journalist, a great nan in his way.

"Not at all, man," said Peter, wringing the squire's hand flercely, while Pendleton said:

"You've heard of old Pendleton, if ou're a journalist—got mixed up

SURPRISE APURE SOAP.

with the two governments in Macenzie's rebellion."

"Didn't I report the whole thing?" said Peter with enthusiasm-"the pursuit, the capture. Why, man

your life hung on a thread."
"Hough? yes," cried the delighted squire, hugging his thick throat with both hands; "but here was the thread my boy-here was the thread."

"Right ye are, my hearty!" roared Peter in return, "an' I'll warrant there's a throat inside that won't stand drought long-hey, b'y?"

"Right!" said the squire, seizing Peter's hard hand agein; "you're the right sort, I see. But then I am temperate, you know-strictly." "And one would say so to see ye,"

said Peter, "and the same o' me. Would ye mind taking a drink Florian's expense ?" "Jes' as you say, sir." And Florian placed the bottles on the table, rejoicing to hear the fearful coughing in which the two old men

with their brandy. "Here's to ould Ireland," said Peter, raising his glass. "May her blood never get thinner than her

potheen." "Good !" answered the squire with a roar; "and here's to old England and be damned to her !"

"Better yet, Florian, this is quite an Irishman ye have for a friend, if I might judge from his sentiments-

"Irishman !" said the squire. "More Irish than he is with his cool, political blood that'll stand anything and smile, I've known that boy Carter, since he was born, almost, and he was jes' as cool then as he is now. Not enough blood in him to like anything weaker than liquid fire, and that only heated him. tried to marry him to a daughter

of mine once, but she wouldn't stand it-no, sir, wouldn't stand it." "'Twas a great pity, now," said Peter seriously, for it struck him as being a handy way of getting rid of Florian's pretensions to Frances. "He might be raising a family for the services of the state by time, and in securing votes for himself when he runs for the Presidency in twenty years or so. Ye missed

it, b'y, didn't ye now?" "Rather," said Florian with inward groan. "Let me fill your glass again."

"But never mind, Carter," the squire, with a knowing wink of the highest confidence-"never you mind; I can arrange matters when the other side. He had been a lit- I take 'em in hand, an' I'm going to take 'em."

"As Mr. Pendleton has but just arrived," said Florian in despair, "and I have some matters to discuss with him, would you mind leaving us alone for a while?"

"Nonsense, b'y !" said Peter gay-"Never leave the bottle halffull."

As there was no help for it, Florian put away the brandy with smile, and with the remark that at any time they would be pleased to see Peter, and Mr. Pendleton would be happy to improve his acquaintance.

"Happy!" said the squire, "Happy!" said the squire, "de-lighted! Haven't met your equal, Carter, since I came to New York! You shall have an introduction to Ruth and his ears drinking in her my daughter, and an invitation Mrs. Merrion's music parky! We'11

"Your heart's in the right place, my b'y." said Peter, "and y throat, too, an' both guide y head. Same way with Peter. I you your cept; I'll go if a thousand stood in the way and I'll help ye mend matters, an' give ye the benefit o' my experience in the town; an' if ye want a hand in the little matter—"

"Good-morning," said Florian abruptly, almost pushing Peter out-side the door, where he stood for some time indignant, and thought of going back to fling defiance in Florian's face; but as that might imperil his chances of improving the squire's acquaintance, he refrained and withdrew.

and withdrew.

"A first-class character," said the squire, "a real server'se. Where did you pick him up? A sort of Irish axile, hey?"

"Yes but rather a spongy sort," said Florian, who was not at all as patient with Peter as the poet was.

"Spongy-that is, receptive. Ah ! I understand. I'm glad to hear it. But then you're to come over lunch, Mrs. Merrion said, and you must be introduced to get a bid to the musicale, you know. Ruth's just dying to see you, and so is Barbery, because she's surprised to know the is a famous man in New York that doesn't bow down to her and attend her parties. Skittish creature you recall her when she married Merrion before she got into long dresses but almighty nice if she wants to be. And now, Flory, I just ache to see you use your points well. Ruth's tired of things generally, and you try rightly you are going to win this time, if you want to. Why, I swear I never thought of asking you that, but then of course you do -of course you do.'

"It's not well to think of it," said Florian, who did not wish to give the garrulous squire even a hint of his own feelings. "I am a polidulged before scorching their throats tician; love does not enter into my calculations of marriage as it once did."

"No, I s'pose not," said the squire dubiously and grief-stricken; "but then I might have known you'd be changed, and more particlar, now that you're famous.'

"It isn't that," said Florian-"oh, no, not that. I think very much of Ruth, but then I would not trouble her over again with a suit that would not be to her liking."

"If that's all we'll arrange it to her liking. my boy."

But for all his cheerfulness the squire felt more doubtful about his pet project than he had at any time since its conception. They went at once to Brooklyn, and arrived time for lunch, and the meeting, which in Florian's mind was to have been a masterpiece of subdued emotion and passion, turned out as ordinary as could be desired.

"How do you do, Ruth," said the handsome politician, with some relief in seeing how little changed Ruth was.

"I am very well, Florian, but I find it hard to recognize you," was the frank reply as she pressed his cold hands with her warm ones and gazed so calmly into his twitching face. "It is Florian," she said, again, "but oh! how changed. Barbara, let me introduce you to my friend Mr. Wallace. Florian, Mrs. Merrion.

He hardly saw the beautiful fairy that bowed to him, but the fairy saw him with all her eyes and pronounced him a perfect man; saw, too, what simple Ruth did not, that he was agitated at the meeting, and judged, from the squire's beaming delight and Ruth's ordinary manner, that the romance blurted out by the squire was long ago ended much against the wishes of these two men. But Ruth was susceptible, and Florian was society's ideal of a model man-cold, impassioned, beautiful, and polished, perhaps with a great destiny. What might not come of a new understanding, and the newlives that both had entered on? Never was a m ing of old friends so ordinary. words, although he did not fail get in some quiet room and play which habit gives to the true soing. What do you say?"

We'll pay that attention to Mrs. Merrion which habit gives to the true society man. It piqued Barbara little and gave her the usual resolution which the disappointed. quette makes on such occasions, that Florian should pay with interest at some future time for his neglect, of When he was going he received his invitation to the musical party:

"And there is a poet-dramatist in the same house with you," said Barbara, "that you must invite also. We leave out no celebrities."

"Paul Rossiter," said Florian. "Do you know him ?"

"No," said Barbara archly; "I depend on you for an introduction."

"And there's Mr. Carter in the same house." said the squire—"a noted journalist. I must have an

nvitation for him." "By all means." said Berbara,
"Madane Lynch has a faculty of
getting around her the most unigetting around her she most que people. I wish I had it."