"Paul," said the old boy,-"Paul,

queezing and wringing the young

ss ache at the end of the poet's

And that was the only word which

he gentleman could speak for three

inutes. The memory of all he had

too much for the excitable Bohemian

"Let us go home to the famous

Peter shook his head and uttered

s groan of such agony as really

by," said Peter, when his voice ap-

eared; "but it's me own-yes, yes,

"You are not, then, at De Ponson-

"No. I've been kicked out of it

by me own hand, like the first Adam

out of paradise. Here I am, in me

old age, eating cabbage and pork

then roast fowl or lamb would suit

me better. Did ye order lamb, b'y

"Never mind the lamb," said Paul,

"but come on to your lodgings. I

ave much to say, and something to

dured since Paul's departure, and

boy's hand until it became a shape

rist, while the tears chased

the joy of seeing his favorite,

attic," said Paul, "and review

ched the poet's heart.

me own, and no other's."

by's ?" said Paul.

They do it well here."

"I'll take you to an attic,

ST 80, 1906.

ES, MONTREAL

"I hope it's what I need, then, Come along and hear the woes of a gentleman of rank elevated to the y-bad cess to it! I never knew how close it was till I lay next

give you."

A poky room was the philosopher's garret, tossed and tumbled out all semblance of order, ridiculously small and badly furnished. "That row of houses yonder has

a familiar look." said Paul, gazing thoughtfully at them, "and there is one-why, if it isn't De Ponsonby's, sure enough! And how came you to eave De Ponsonby ?"

"Put out, of course. What more ould an old fool expect ? Isn't it a shame to think an old gray head hasn't more sense than mine? It was Barbara began it-the sweet. entrancing Barbara. Ye didn't know I was Frances' father, did ye, Paul?' "No," said Paul, who understood

this only as the usual vagary. "Did ye ever hear them talk of old Lynch that was, b'v ?"

Somewhat. I believe he was disreputable bummer, and, though of ood family, had no instincts for a bar-room. De Ponsonby was well rid of him."

"Mea culpa, mea maxima culpa!" groaned uphappy Peter. "I am the n-Parker Charles Lynch, known to his journalistic brethren as Peter Carter, a gentleman once, and now a jolly old reprobate waiting for a ste of what you have in your pocket, me b'y. Come, out

"Not until I hear an explanation of those words," said Paul, across whose mind a thousand rememices flashed the truth which Peter had declared. "Are you in earnest what you say ?"

Tet us drink, Paul, to the reintement of a gentleman in his rights. I spent an estate on De and now she wouldn't and the tenth of the boarding-house es on her husband-me, Peter Carter, alias P.C.L."

Here Peter executed the inevitable the mystery explained, filled up a ss for him, which the journalist Based through with watery eye.

There was a vast change in him that distant night when in rian's rooms he had saluted the or as the tears of Erin.

"The sunlight never looks so warm when I see it through this color," and Peter huskily. "Here's joy to own Frances, and confusion to boarding-house mistresses!"

"Ye see," he began, without any tation, "I was bound the man ith a gizzard would never marry and so I let out on Ma I told Wallace, right to his and madame was present and ed. nk, that I was the only and orihal Lynch. Madame didn't deny and Frank-ah! she's the dear tle creature—threw her arms about and hugged me as if I was the aristocratic Lynch in

Ire

What did Merrion have to do the it?" said Paul shrewdly. "fasn't she after Florian' —Paul after her, the mean hound, taken her to operas and balls while

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—Continued. his promised wife was left

SOLITARY ISLAND

A NOVEL

BY REV. JOHN TALBOT SMITH

were

The shock of this information was very great to the poet, but it did not prevent him from observing how, in the flush of feeling, Peter's speech nother over the round checks—"O insensibly lost its oddities of brogue and expression.

赤

"I wasn't sorry to know he was anxious to be rid of the girl," Peter went on dryly, "and I made it up with Barbara to give him this excuse of leaving Frances. Of course he couldn't marry the daughter of a bummer. I tell ye, b'y, I never felt prouder of being disreputable than I did standin' beside the low fellow with Frances' arms around me. He felt his own meanness, and showed it.

"I tried hard to make a match between you and the dear girl, but I see I can't. She will never love any one but him, and you are claimed in another quarter. I was commissioned to look for you by Pendleton, the foolish squire's daughter. I bothered her some in doing it, but I hope she'll forgive me and invite me to your wedding."

"And how does Frances bear it?" "Poorly, poorly," said Peter moodily; "her heart was so set on the man. And then madame would have me in the house no longer, and that grieved her; and threatened to get a public divorce if I made myself known, which grieved her more. So you mustn't speak of me other than Peter to her when you go to

"I don't know that I will go to

"Oh, you must, because she is sorry to think of the wrong she did you and I rather think she wouldn't object to you for a son-in-law, now that she's lost her great politician. Oh! Maria has a heart in the right place for all the style she puts on." "And are you not allowed in the house at all?"

"Not allowed in the house! Indeed I am-once a month to see Frances; and sure I see her every day, for that matter. Oh! God God help me. Peter-"

"No, P.C." interrupted the poet laughing.

"The old name'll stick to me, you may be certain," Peter growled. with a fond recollection of his right to the family cognomen. "What's the use, though, of bothering one's brain about it ? "

"I'll go over and see Frances and her mother," said Paul. "Have you any message to send to either?" Peter waived him off loftily and

in silence, and with only light intimation that he would call again, the poet went away

Madame De Ponsonby Lynch gave the poet a generous welcome. She was still madame, reserved, exclusive, and good-hearted, and very handsomely apologized for her treatment of him, nor did the faintest trace of feeling appear on her smooth face at the mention of an incident which brought her exiled lord to her mind. Frances, she said, was probably about the house somewheremost likely in the famous attic which he had so queerly deserted-and she begged him not to be surprised at anything in the young lady's manner or appearance, for she had with a severe disappointment. The disappointment he had probably stairs to look for Frances. There

an insult on a woman so gentle and good as his promised wife. "For promised wife she is yet," thought the poet, "and not at all deprived of her rights by his treachery. It would be a deserved punishment to have him suffer at Merrion's hands what she has suffered

was a burning indignation in his

the man who could inflict so cruel

breast against the heartlessness

She came to the door in answer to his knock, and for a few seconds there was a hush of astonishment to his ears, to his eyes, to

"And the substantial Miss Lynch," | said he, offering his hand. "I have engaged the garret for a long term, and am not likely to lose it by any

"How can I ever-" "Your mother has done it; don't

say a word."

"And my poor father, that made all the disturbance—"

"I just came from him," said Paul smilling, "so do not let bygones amiling, "so do not let trouble you. I know you



A Wonder of the Universe. 12

HAMILTON, Ont. July 12, 62.

My nerves were very weak and at times I build be afficied in melancholy spells, all is being the effect of miscarriage. I took to bottles of Pastor Kenig's Nerve Tonic and had every desired effect. The Tonic is one of the control of

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enough of unhappiness."

Her lip trembled and she could not trust herself to speak. While talking the poet took a quick inventory of the changes sorrow had made in her. She was still the gentle, sprightly girl of a year past, but his practised eye noted the trembling lip, the melancholy shadows around the mouth and eyes, and the nervousness of her manner.

"I have seen him so late as vesterday," Paul said, "and I thought you ought to know. There have been so many things happening in his life. Who has a better right than you to know?"

"I gave up all my rights to him," of his shame brought a flush to her cheek and an angry sparkle to the poet's eye.

"But he had no-well, never mind. I was in Clayburg, and he was there. He discovered his father in the person of an old fisherman that he had known for years. Think of it—a prince of the royal blood, with a Yankee dialect and a Yankee look, leading a solitary life on an island of the St. Lawrence!"

"I am so glad," said Frances, "his happiness will now be complete."

'I suppose," the poet said cynically, but recollected himself in time. ('Alas! Frank, there never was a more unhappy meeting of father and son. The father was dead, shot it was only a corpse which death handed to Florian."

"Oh!" she murmured, with clasped hands, and the tears began fall.

"I think it was a punishment on him," said Paul calmly. "No. don't look at me so. We only buried the prince two weeks ago, and in telling you all about him I must say some hard things of Florian. You know I met him, Florian's father, by a mere accident. He took me into his cabin, made a favorite of me, and some light not only on his own life but on mine. Frank, he was a saint. I never believed our country could produce such a miracle of holiness and penance. rian was unworthy of him. He deserved to lose him, and to lose him as he did, for he died as much from a broken heart as from a bullet-wound. I wanted Florian know that, but he suspected me and kept away."

"Paul," said she, through her sym-"what has he ever pathetic tears, done to you that you should talk

"Nothing more than he has done to any true man in his treatment of heard of, since it was, in a quiet you. God sent him one punishment, way, the talk of metropolitan so-ciety. The poet, after engaging his and he got no sense or grace from old attic from madame, climbed the gain anything from another. So you all thought I had committed cide ?"

> That remark brought the smiles to of her face.

"Well, you know what a despairing poet is apt to do," she replied. "But we hoped you had merely changed your residence. not drive a good Catholic to suicide It makes him better. But let me ask you, Did you meet in Clayburg that lovely Ruth Pendleton?"

It was more than the poet could do to keep the blood from his fair It rose to his collar, over it, as the two met face to face. "Mr. roots of his hair, nor could his glib Rossiter, or his ghost!" she exclaim- chatter hide it from her eyes.

CHAPTER XXXIX

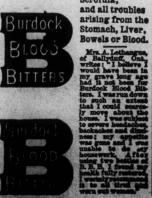
Florian resumed professional la bors with a zest somewhat keen after his long and odd confinement on Solitary Island. It had been a trying time for him, out he felt that he had come out of those hard cir-cumstances a victor. They had left "

little trace, on him, and he had put
m him," said Paul
not let bygones
where had shelved the death of his sister.

the loss of Ruth, and the late election. Life's busy round was gone over as evenly and as hopefully as if these tragedies had never been. Yet he could not deny that his real self had been held up to him in the quiet of his late retreat more minutely than at any time in the last years. He had even come close to admitting the truth of the portrait which nature's mirror presented to him. But it was a little too ghastly for truth, he thought, and he put off an inspection of it until such time as his discerning mind had re-My case, I believe, came from hard work and covered its nice balance. When that twent to the control of the covered its nice balance. When that twent was the cold of the covered its nice balance. When that twent was the control of the covered its nice balance. When that twent was the covered its nice balance. When that twent time came he had forgotten it. And, besides, he had to admit to himself relief, but Pastor Konig nice it hand the court-of-way events threw that these out-of-way events threw a shadow long enough to reach the pleasantest of his days. They were shelved, indeed, but not annihilated. He was human, after all, he said, when a protracted period of restlessness troubled him. With another man it would have been the "blues" or lonesomeness; with him it was an indigestion, or a phenomenon independent of the will. He bore it as evenly and placidly as he bore a rainy day or a vexatious lawsuit. There would be an end to it some A calm, steady glance on the time. road ahead was enough to neutralize the effect of depression. It could not be said that he had a habit of dreaming in the daylight. In studying a political or legal problem he occasionally wandered into unpractical speculations on the incidents or personages of a suit. Not often. Nowadays he fell into a habit of reviewing events connected with his something more than mere jealousy, father's mournful history, and of studying those points at which his own and Linda's life had come contact with the life of the solitary she said bravely, while the memory prince. These reveries had always one unvarying conclusion. Over his was too clever to be caught by such face passed that spasm of anguish which twisted the body like the rack, and which had attacked him

many times on the island. He blamed the pictures and mementoes in his room for this weakness. There was the painting of the yacht, on Ruth's portrait, and a score of pretty things belonging to that former time. A glimpse of any one them disturbed him, but he had not used to win from the count the sethe heart to put them away. He was cret of his broken relations with Flocontent to wait the time when all these things would stand in his but amused and revenged himself inmemory like distant mountains wrapped in a heavenly mist. He had wild longings for the title and granlost none of his political standing by deur to which Florian had so lately his defeat, and the Senate was open fatally by a sneaking assassin, and to him. He had resolved to accept the office. It would be a very quiet affair, and its dulness would be safe refuge for a vessel without any sian court, made the life of a senadefinite harbor. His love affairs tor's wife in Washington appear by were not going smoothly, which did contrast a tedious bore. The astute not surprise or ruffle him. Barbara was acting oddly. He had said to her a few short, polite words on the general character of her Clayburg visit which were certain to put an end to escapades of that sort. She had a stock of other annoyances, however, and dealt them out carclessly. At an assembly she had chatted much with Rossiter and the count in turn. When he gave her his impressive reasons why she should do these things no more she had laughed at him and done them again. Finally the climax was capped when he encountered the insidious Russian in Barbara's reception-room. It was certainly an odd thing for Florian to showhis feeling strongly, but he did so on this occasion. His face paled slightly and a slight sweat burst out on his forehead, while the hands hanging at his side shook as if with an ague. He stood in the more than the widow Merrion. The doorway, unable to move for an in- prince of the blood would be stant, his eyes fixed on the count with an expression which frightened Barbara into a faint scream. Vladi- a pretty sigh. "Florian, I have a mir smiled with deep satisfaction, secret to reveal to you. and, bowing politely to the lady,

to his senses, and Barbara's pretty his voice. She pouted. and anxious inquiries were met with CURES Burdock Dyspepsia, Boils, Pimples, Headaches, BLOOD Sep. Constipation, BITTLES Loss of Appetite. Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, and all troubles





his usual self-possession.

"My dear," said he-and the little lady recognized the tone very well; it always reminded her of the late visit to Clayburg-"the count is obnoxious to me for the very best of reasons. I do not wish to see you and him together again on any occasion. As for coming to house, it must be his last visit."

"And you were such friends," pout ed she. "But I don't care two pins for him, and I think it annoys him so to see us together. You are just a little, a very little, hard, Flory Confess, now, are you not?"

"Not hard enough for him," great man said savagely, "there

so much of the devil in him." Barbara was both curious venturesome. What was the secret of their mutual dislike? It was and she would like to know it. Until she found out the cause her inin tentions were to keep on terms with the count. It would require caution and secrecy. What of that? a mass of dignity as her beloved Florian, who was unacquainted with short cuts in life's path, would not take them if he was, and fancied his promised wife fashioned after his ideas. Barbara and the count became quite friendly once more the understanding that he was keep out of Florian's way. of art known to the fair widow Was rian-which he never told, of course, stead by filling Barbara's mind with resigned the right. He made her believe it quite possible that things could yet be obtained, and. by picturing the glories of the Rus-Barbara was caught fast in the trap and from that moment Florian was beset with artifices and entreadies.

She began by pretended delight in Washington life. "To move in elegant costume at the most select entertainments, leaning on your arm, Florian, will raise me to the topmost height of my ambition. I will be the star of society, the bright political shrine before which the little men and womenlittle because of my greatness-will fall and adore. And I shall affect the title of princess, you know, in a quiet way, of course, until people will talk of me by no other name. O Florian! after all, how very tawdry our Washington court must be to that gorgeous one where by right you should be."

"And if I were there," said he. smiling, "you would still be nothing ton far above you to think of marriage.

"How very true!" she said, with

"I thought you kept your jectty bade her good morning and with-drew. The scream brought Florian there wgs a faint touch of scorn in what then?"

"That odious man! It is no long-"That odious man: It is no who | "You are playing with life, usar er he, but Father Simplicius who | "You are playing with life, usar er he, but Father Simplicius who | "You are playing with life, usar er he, but Father Simplicius who | "You are playing with life, usar er he, but Father Simplicius who | "You are playing with life, usar er he, but Father Simplicius who | "You are playing with life, usar er he, but Father Simplicius who | "You are playing with life, usar er he, but Father Simplicius who | "You are playing with life, usar er he, but Father Simplicius who | "You are playing with life, usar er he, but Father Simplicius who | "You are playing with life, usar er he, but Father Simplicius who | "You are playing with life, usar er he, but Father Simplicius who | "You are playing with life, usar er he, but Father Simplicius who | "You are playing with life, usar er he, but Father Simplicius who | "You are playing with life, usar er he, but Father Simplicius who | "You are playing with life, usar er he, but Father Simplicius who | "You are playing with life, usar er he, but Father Simplicius who | "You are playing with life, usar er he, but Father Simplicius who | "You are playing with life, usar er he, but Father Simplicius who | "You are playing with life, usar er he, but Father Simplicius who | "You are playing with life, usar er he, but Father Simplicius who | "You are playing with life, usar er he, but Father Simplicius who | "You are playing with life, usar er he, but Father Simplicius who | "You are playing with life, usar er he, but Father Simplicius who | "You are playing with life, usar er he, but Father Simplicius who | "You are playing with life, usar er he, but Father Simplicius who | "You are playing with life, usar er he, but Father Simplicius who | "You are playing with life, usar er he, but Father Simplicius who | "You are playing with life, usar er he, but Father Simplicius who | "You are playing with life, usar er he, but Father Simplicius who | "You are playing with life, usar er he, b

"So you really do believe in what. you practice," said Florian in a cold, him. My mother's prayers have most killed Linda to see.

"You will never believe in my sincerity," she replied reproachfully. "When you dropped the pharisaical sentiment I thought you would

drop the religion too. Well, you are a great improvement on Ruth-" Ho could not quite bring himself to utter in cold blood that other name which he had covered with so much shame. Barbara did it for him maliciously "And the secret," said she, "was

connected with your great title, my prince. I dreamed for a time that I might induce you to give up this tawdry, muddy life in a backwoods country and go back to Russia. I did so long to be a real princess! But I am sorry for it, and 1 beg your pardon for it a hundred times."
'I have felt it a pity myself,' he said, to her intense astonishment,

'that the thing could not be done. I am tired of the republic, worn out with disgust-moth-eaten, Before I resigned my rights the matter was a dangerous possibility; now it is absurd to think of it. Yet do dream of it sometimes," he added meditatively, "and there is a legal quibble which, apart from justice, renders it feasible. Yet it is absurd."

Her whole body trembled with agerness.

"What is the quibble?" she said. with assumed indifference

"Oh! you would not understand it, perhaps, if I told you." "Try me, Florian-oh! do try me.

I love quibbles." "As you love sweets, without exactly knowing what they are."

"Florian," she said as her cagerness burst bonds, "do take advantage of that quibble and try to win your title. We were not made for this horrid, home-spun American life. shall just die thinking of what might have been, if you do not make the attempt at least."

He mistook her eagerness for tire and showed her a case-knife.

"Take that," said he, "and stab me to the heart. It is as well to do it now as to wait for a Russian spy to do it for you."

She looked at him and the knife for a few moments, until the meaning broke upon her mind, and with it the full malice of the count's late suggestions.

"Do you suppose, my dear," said, amused at her astonishment, "that if there were a chance of obtaining my title and estates I would hesitate? I got what was possible, and with that we must be atisfied. An American prince is an oddity. Let us enjoy what glory we may from it."

"Hard fortune, my prince," replied, with a bitter sob. He was troubled no more with these long-

Barbara did not, however, gree up her pleasant dealings with the count. She enjoyed a petty revenge upon him by allowing him to continue his lectures of the glories of the Russian court, and in return described to him imaginary scenes with Florian in which the latter, for patriotic reasons, refused to leave America. It did not take the shrewd Russian long to discover that she was playing with him. Has he always to be the sport of this woman and the politician?

"You are a clever inventor," he said one evening, "and I see you have discovered me. You are bound to remain in politics, Yankee politics, when it lies in your power to enjoy the refined pleasures of a civilized court. There is no accounting for tastes."

"Is Florian any the less a prince in America ?" she asked. "According to your doctrines his blood is blue and his title as good as any in Europe. With that I am satisfied." "Always Florian," he said, unable

to hide his fiery jealousy. "If you "If!" And she laughed in her

exasperating way.

hears my stories about you and lady. You do not know me. I hears my stories about you and not given you up. I never will. can destroy him in a breath, and if you do not take care I will destroy kept me from nothing so far, and I do not suppose they are yet more powerful."

"You are charming, count, when you talk and look like that. How many times have you made the same protestations ?

"Believe me, never before. Barbara, Barbara, you are—'

"There, there, count, do not be unfair. I know all that you would tell me and sincerely believe it. Let us talk of something-well, interest-

He ground his teeth in silence and asked himself how much longer he would be the scorn of this butterfly. "If the door opened now to adm your Florian-"

(To be continued.)

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