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SOLITARY ISLAND
A NOVEL.
BY REV. JOHN TALBOT SMITH

CHAPTER XLIII.—Continued.

"I would take and hold it under protest," he replied confidently. "I value it no more than raw. I cannot disguise from myself that hereafter I can but despise it. O Ruth! is there no middle course? Yet why do I ask? I have set myself to do that which is hardest. Let me take the worst with joy."

Ruth's face kindled into enthusiasm. "Well, there is a middle course," she said triumphantly. "You can remain in your solitude and yet retain your interest in the world." Both gentlemen uttered exclamations of delight or rage, and turned upon her—the hermit hopefully, the squire in despair.

"Have you forgotten Frances?" she said. "No," and he drew away as if hurt. "She has justly forgotten me. I saw her. It is all over." "You saw her mother, Florian. If you had seen herself you would not have been in trouble so long. It is not all over. That dear girl is as faithful to you as if you never wronged her. She let her mother speak first, as obedience required; and she was silent, as became her modesty. But she has never lost her faith in you when we all trembled, and she loves you still." This picture of feminine devotion drew the tears to Ruth's eyes.

"Then, besides, you were half-glad the test of coming here to live was not to be laid before her. She would have followed you to a tent, you foolish fellow. Florian, where are your wits? See that hill yonder? Build there a pretty villa, and bring Frances to reside over it. There is no reason why a great politician should not live among the islands and rule from this solitude. You need not practice law. And so your temptations are minimized, your influence is preserved, and your solitude is saved to you."

It was a sight to see the squire's face glow as Ruth reached her climax, and when the last word was uttered he gave a cheer that rattled the loose articles in the room. "You can think over it," said she, seeing that the squire's emotion jarred upon him. "These things cannot be done hastily. If it be God's will that you stay here—"

"More Jesuitism!" growled the squire. "You must do so. If duty points another road to you, my advice will occur to you as an easy way out of the difficulty. You will not forget Frances?" she added wistfully. "I can never forget her," he replied. "I thank you for your visit, Ruth. In a little while I can decide, if I have not already decided. Squire, not another word, or I stay here forever."

Pendleton saw dimly that few words and a speedy departure were two important points in Ruth's programme, and for a wonder he tucked his daughter under his arm and, with a brief farewell, led her down to the boat.

CHAPTER XLIV.

"Clayburg was 'completely upset,' as a native expressed it, by the publication of the banns of marriage between Paul Rossiter and Ruth Pendleton. It had 'reckoned' on her remaining an old maid; it 'admired' what the squire would do now; it 'swowed' its astonishment over and over for two weeks, at the end of which time the fact was accomplished in white satin and tulle, and a great part of the town invited to assist in the festivities. Parker C. Lynch was ex-officio the master of the feast. In full morning-dress, gloved and collared to perfection, this erratic representative of the bluest blood of Ireland was a 'fine-looking gentleman on the model of an English squire, and when he posed or walked about under certain eyes of the assembly, showed that he had not forgotten his earlier training. The squire could not restrain his astonishment or refuse his admiration. In his suit of armor he was as stiff as a post, growled and swore secretly at intervals, and looked anxiously for the opportunity to steal away and disrobe himself."

"Where did you get the knack of wearing this confounded rig?" said he to Peter. "Can you see those tails of mine? I feel like a swallow; I don't know what minute I am going to fly."

"You're a ground-swallower," replied Peter, with a grin and a drinking gesture as if swallowing a hot liquid. "You're cavernous, squire. Faith ye look well for an old country buck that knows so little, and ye carry the odd garments neatly."

"How do you manage to do it?" said the squire, awe-stricken. "It was born there," Peter said—"the coat, I mean. I had it on when I was born. D'ye notice the shape of my legs? Ye can never wear a swallow-tail unless you are shaped so."

The squire looked down mournfully at a fearful waste of thighbone and flesh on his particular person. "I must look awful," said he, sadly. "Couldn't we get away, Peter, and get rid of these togs?" "There's a neat little room upstairs, with a red curtain across a bay-window and a bed-room opening off the other side, where I keep my private cellar—"

"Your midnight cellar you mean," Peter broke in, with a deep, silent laugh. "All right, me b'y; hang on to your guests for a little longer, and when I give the signal make for the room."

Not the least distinguished of the guests was Mrs. Buck and her minister, as faultless in costume as of old. The good lady had been somewhat left in the shade since the discovery of Florian's real parentage, and her vanity had received a deep wound in being cut off so roughly from her famous brother. Mr. Buck alone could have told her severe disappointment at not having been the Princess Linda, and her ravings over the possibility of Mrs. Winifred having put Linda in her place. These weaknesses Sara kept from the world prudently. She was now quite a mother in Israel. Five blooming and clever children clung on occasions to her voluminous skirts, and her matronly figure, with its still coquettish movements, was almost charming. Her faith was wholly dead. She never was troubled with a single longing for the truths on which she had been fed, nor with a single scruple as to her apostasy. In being liberal enough to consider Catholics on a par with Episcopalians and in despising the sects she considered herself doctrinally safe. Poor Sara! The day was not far distant when the conscience so peacefully slumbering would rouse itself to make her careless life most miserable! She seized upon the squire at a most critical moment. Peter had just winked at him knowingly and then disappeared into the upper rooms.

"Aren't you happy, squire?" buzzed Sara in his ears. "Who would have thought, knowing, as we do, all that has happened, that this day would ever have come? Who is Mr. Rossiter? Such a fascinating man! How is it that he wasn't gobbled up by a handsomer woman than our Ruth?"

"Because in New York, where there aren't any women," said the sarcastic squire, "he didn't see any one handsomer. If he had come to Clayburg first, where the women are as thick as sardines, Ruth wouldn't have had a chance. Will you excuse me, Mrs. Buck? I see—"

"No, I won't excuse you," said Sara. "I must tell you something about Dunsie."

The squire never heard a word of the tale, for his eyes were fastened on Peter, who had returned to the parlor with a sheepish look on his face, and shook his head sadly to signify that he could not enter the room above.

"Wasn't it ridiculous of Dunsie?" said the wife of Rev. Mr. Buck. "He's an idiot," replied the squire, referring to Peter's pantomime. "I beg your pardon, Sara. I referred to Mr. Lynch. You must excuse me now, for really, I am wanted in another part of the house."

The squire sought out Peter, and heard his report of the room with the private cellar.

"I couldn't get beyond the door," said he. "What was to hinder?" growled the squire. "The door, of course. I'm not immaterial," said Peter, with high indignation. "If the door was locked, the squire had a key, and he was about to toss the door on its hinges, when Ruth had him by the arm."

"Now, papa," said she—Peter chuckled in the distance—"this room is closed for to-day. If you want a nice, quiet room, go into the room over the kitchen."

"There's nothing to drink there," said he. "I move we hold our ground, then," said Peter. But the old gentlemen were forced to yield, and finally made themselves comfortable in the kitchen over the attic, as became barbarians fond of undress uniforms, cards, and punch. Once the squire felt a suspicion of mystery in the air, and he expostulated with Ruth.

"Why isn't Flory here?" he asked. "The man with the gizzard," said Peter. "Give him time," replied Ruth. "These great men don't come and go as we common people do."

"Common people! I'm sheriff of the county!" "And I represent the Tribunal," said Peter. "Don't be quarrelsome. When Florian comes you shall see and hear him."

"What's all this running about for?" "Now, papa, go away and be reasonable or I shall punish you. I have a secret which is to be mine all day. At night you shall all know it."

"Gimme my punishment now," urged the squire, and, after pulling his whiskers, she dismissed him with a kiss. At twilight the guests were gone, and the squire and Peter were peacefully sleeping off the effects of the day's excitement. The poet and his bride stood together on the veranda, facing the calm waters of the river, her head resting on his shoulder and her deep eyes watching the stars in the cool, far-reaching sky.

"It is all over," she sighed occasionally—"all over. One effect of a steady life in these old villages is peculiar. The years seem as days. I am not ten days older in thought than when Linda used to come down that road—O my dear little princess!—waving her hands and singing to me a long way off. All the nights like these seem as one, there have been so many of them."

"And there are to be so many of them," said the poet. "Let us hope so, dear," said she. "With all the suffering and uncertainty in the past there has been more beauty in it than ugliness, more good than evil. Even poor Florian will find certain and unexpected rest to-night."

"There are two figures coming down the road, Ruth. It is time for Florian to be here."

"Do you meet them, and then send Florian up to the parlor," said she. "Tell him I would like to see him." Pere Rougevin and Florian came up the steps together, and the politician congratulated the poet where he stood. The three gentlemen seemed to be in perfect accord, and at ease with one another. Florian proceeded alone to the apartment where Ruth, all aglow with delight, awaited him.

"Accept my best wishes for your future happiness," said he: "the present is all my own."

She looked at him with satisfaction. His dress was the usual neat-fitting citizen's costume, his hair had been cut and his beard trimmed. Florian, subdued and pale, was very much himself again.

"I conclude from your appearance," said Ruth, "that conscience has again decided against a solitary life for you."

"It is settled," he said. "that I am still to remain in the political world—most of the time here; as it may need in New York."

"You are very sad over it. Have The End.

you forgotten my via media? I flattered myself you would act on that immediately."

"How gladly would I, if it rested with myself! But, Ruth, put yourself in my place. You know the motive I had in deserting Frances. I have no courage that would send me to the feet of one I have so wronged to ask a great favor."

"How is it ever to be done?" said Ruth. "Frances has forgiven you, will have no other but you, waits for you, weeps for you. She is not bold enough, and you are excessively humble. This will never do. There should be no go-to-be, yet I cannot see how it is to be avoided—if you will not speak for yourself."

He was silent for a few moments. "It would be a great happiness to me," he said, "to have the support and sympathy of one so tenderly loved. Yet you know her bringing-up. You see the life that awaits me and those who attach themselves to my fortunes. How can I ask her to banish herself on Solitary Island?"

"It might be hard enough, but heartache and luxury are not always preferable to a handsome villa and content on the island."

"You leave me no way to escape," "I am trying a snare for you. Do you know that I have been over-bold? I wrote to your Frances. I told her everything as I knew it. I asked her if the past could not be mended in the only way that it could be. She wrote to me a very brief letter! What do you think it said?"

He waited for her to answer her own question. "Read it," she said placing it in his hands. It contained but a single sentence. "Tell him he may come."

"Thank God," said Florian with a sigh. "You are a happy man, Florian." "And I owe so much of it to you, Ruth," he replied gratefully.

"They went out on the veranda, where the priest and Paul sat talking. Both gentlemen shook hands with him in silence, and the conversation drifted into commonplace matters. The marble shaft bearing Linda's name was visible from the house. The calm waters of the river lay placid in the moonlight. It was an hour of great rest for these four persons, whose saddest memories were connected with the scene before them. Although they were full of joy at the happy ending of so many difficulties, the remembrance of what had happened chastened that joy severely, and if they saw before them a pleasant future it was made so only by the hope, that no later what fortune befell them, God would never permit them to wander from His fold. Life is hard enough, and death bitter, but when sin takes hold of both there is no sorrow can surpass them."

The story is ended. Florian went to New York under the protection of the amiable Peter, and made his peace with madame, and Frances returned with him to the semi-solitude of Solitary Island, which soon ceased to be a solitude. For in the course of time houses and bridges became common enough to destroy the roughest part of their isolation, and the quiet political career which began in the Senate, of his country brought visitors enough to Florian at all seasons of the year to make a lonelier place endurable. He cared little for the excitement. The best endeavor of human life had become known to him, the steady perfecting of himself in the way of life, and he followed that noble pursuit the remainder of his days.

The End.

HIS WIFE'S LUNGS BOTH AFFECTED

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"Our doctor said there was no cure for my wife as both her lungs were affected," says Mr. L. H. Walter, of Pearl Street, Brockville, Ont. "It was a sad disappointment to us both, just starting out in life, only married a short time. But before she had finished the first bottle of Psychine the pain in her lungs quickly went away, and after taking six bottles Mrs. Walter was a new creature and perfectly well again."

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Cecil Rhodes' Tribute to Jesuits

Cecil Rhodes, the great "empire maker," paid a handsome tribute to the Jesuits in a posthumous document. This great exploiter died broken-hearted because he could not fulfil his ideals. Money was no object to him, for in material worth he was one of the foremost men of the world, but he found that without a religion, without a sublime faith in God, all is vanity. He helped somewhat to bring mankind closer together by establishing scholarships, and in the crucible of time his name will be forgotten except for this act of humanity.

For centuries the Jesuits have kept the torch of knowledge burning. These saintly men by dint of great self-sacrifice, infinite patience and sometimes great physical suffering, have won the highest niche in the world's pantheon for the tremendous amount of good they have done for mankind.

The recent election of a new general for the Jesuits in Rome provided a bountiful occasion for the spreading of newspaper light upon the re-



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ligious field at large. The secular press, without a single exception, paid glowing tributes to the Jesuits.

Among the editorial references to the subject The Montreal Gazette perhaps discloses an acquaintance with wide reading. It says, in part:

"The year in which the company of Jesus had its birth was a year memorable forever to Canada, through Jacques Cartier's first voyage. It was on the 15th of August in that year, the very day on which Cartier set sail from Blanc Sablon on his return to Saint Malo, that Inigo and his young companions took their solemn vows in the crypt of Notre Dame de Montmartre. The little company consisted of men whose names are deeply inscribed in the pages of the world's religious history of ardent aspiration, of heroic achievement.

"Loyola himself was in his 44th year—20 years older than the most mature of his chosen co-workers. He was the son of an old house of Guisacoan noblesse, who after some years of military service, had been wounded at the siege of Barcelona. During the confinement of recovery he was converted, and, resolving on a religious life, set out in pilgrim's garb for Manresa. There he is said to have drafted the Spiritual Exercises that were destined to prove so fruitful. Thence, by way of Italy, he visited Jerusalem, whence, after some disappointment, he returned to Spain, and after some harsh experiences at Barcelona, Salamanca and Alcalá, he sought refuge in Paris, early in 1528. First at the College of Montaigu, then at Ste. Barbe, in the university he was a student.

"Not without opposition, which in men less sure of their vocation would have aroused bitterness and disgust, did he reach the goal already mentioned, which was to be the starting point of his great work.

"Among his colleagues, Pierre Le-fevre (Faber), though still under 25 years, was a man of learning. At the time of the primary organization in N. D. de Montmartre, Faber was the only priest in the little company.

"François Xavier (a name even more familiar in Canada than that of the founder) was by origin a fellow-countryman of Loyola. His life is one of the most devoted in the biography of modern times. One follows him to the East to India, to Japan, to the bourne from which he never shrank, passing away in his seeming desolation with the words of hope—In Te, Domine, speravi—upon his lips.

"There were three other Spaniards—Diego Laznez, Nic. Alfonso de Bobadilla, and Alfonso Salmeron. Laznez and Salmeron (as well as Lefevre) were among the theologians of the Council of Trent. When the letter summoning Lefevre to the Tridentine assembly reached him, he was in the throes of a fever. His pupils besought him to spare and excuse himself, as otherwise he would risk his life, but he replied that, whereas it was not necessary to live, obedience was essential.

"Rodriguez, who was a Portuguese, had been destined for the heathen mission field before the society was formed, but found other employment. The first addition to the seven consisted of Claude de Jay, Jean Codure, and Paschase Brouet. In 1541 Loyola became first general of the Company—his repeated refusals having finally been overruled. He died in 1556.

"By that time the importance of his company had been recognized in missionary zeal and energy, in eloquence, in learning, in controversy, in higher education. In 1548 the company received an addition that increased its strength not a little—Francisco Borgia, Duke of Candia. "It is vain to attempt to sketch the work done, even in the lifetime of the founder. It was only to be expected that much of the society's activity should be directed against the aggressive growth of Protestant-

ism. Salmeron and Paschase Brouet found a task of restoration and consolation in England, Scotland and Ireland. While others found plenty to do in Germany, Bohemia and Hungary, the universities of Coimbra, the German college for poor nobles' children, and the Collegio Romano, instanced what was effected in other ways. Besides the Far East, Abyssinia and Brazil became the scenes of missionary labors.

"On Loyola's death, Laznez took his place at the head of the company, and Borgia followed. After Borgia's death no Spaniard was general until Gonzalez (1687-1705). Ten generals have been Italians; two Germans; four Belgians and Netherlanders. During the Russian exile, the vicars-general were Poles. Neither France nor our other motherland has yet been honored by the post of general."

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LACK OF FAITH

The great trouble to-day is a lack of strong faith that at once moves the will to act. There is no use in a faith that does not do anything. No one has ever yet conformed his life to God's will without receiving the happiness He promises. Many a person wonders that he does not get on better in the world—that is, does not get contentment and happiness—but the real wonder is that they get on at all. It is certain that every good thing comes from God. What, then, does a person expect who stands aloof and takes no pains to do God's will? Is he trying to see just how long God will go on giving him life and health and food, while he neglects the plainest duties of a Christian? No, I do not think so. I believe it is a lack of real faith to spur him on.

But, oh, that that realization and faith may come before it is too late! Oh, that there may be some fruit of good works before the world goes forth. Cut it down why cannot it be the ground? Oh, for the obedient spirit that realizes that godliness is great gain! Let us search our hearts and cast out the spirit of pride chat says, I will not. And let us learn to say humbly, Nevertheless, notwithstanding the effort, the humiliation it may cost me, at Thy word I will.—Theodore C. Foote.