

SOLITARY ISLAND

A NOVEL.

By REV. JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

CHAPTER VII—Continued.

But it was too late. The boat capsized and threw the crew into the rough water. There being no danger, the squire raged and became profane. The girls both swam into shallow water and were helped ashore laughing and yet a little frightened, by Florian and the hermit. Florian was cast down with shame. "The house is open to ye," said Scott, "and your young ladies had better light a good fire and dry your clothes or you'll catch an almighty agin' cold. And when you go a-shakin' agin' look out who runs the boat."

men know about the lungs? Lungs indeed! Pains when you breathe, hey? Ah! where have you caught cold? Duck'd in this weather? Yacht upset? Who upset it? Never mind who? But I will mind, and I'll call him a donkey, an ass, a mule, to upset a yacht with a woman in it! Why not have drowned at once instead of coming home to take pain in the lungs, and get a fever and a pulse at one hundred and ten? Why go out on the water in stormy weather? "Why do anything naughty and nice?" says Linda between two frowns of pain. "There's Eve over again," says the doctor, writing out prescriptions with a laugh. Mrs. Winifred is laughing, and Billy also, and even Florian tries to persuade himself that the laugh is unprofessional. Directions are given, medicines are bought and administered; there is running and courting through the house for a long time; the night-lamp is brought to Linda's room and arrangements are made for watchers. "I'll call at two o'clock in the morning," says the physician. "I'm going out ten miles in the country, and I'll call coming back; have the door open for me. Good-night, Miss Linda. You had the 'nice' yesterday; you are having the 'naughty' today."

room, and she was unable to control her tears even under Florian's she-reproof. She remained a great part of the time in self-banishment, if he dwelt alone in the sacred sleep of a sick-room. Linda was fond of white and light colors, and her chamber was fitted up accordingly. The dim light it looked like a dream. Her pale forehead and flushed cheeks on the pillow were more an outlet than reality. It scared him when he thought how short the time was they might be on another pillow in the graveyard. "Linda!" he called suddenly in an overflow of anguish. She awoke with a start, and at the same instant he heard a carriage at the door. "The doctor has come again, dear," he said. "Did I frighten you?" "No," looking around in amazement, and then, with a sigh, realizing her sad position. Mrs. Winifred brought in the doctor, who was tired and grumbled very much, with healthy sense of slight discomfort which brought a new atmosphere into the sick-room, and certainly banished the presence of death. He was busy for a long time with remedial quite-exhausting Linda's patience, and even Mrs. Winifred's tears, but looked so hopeful while he announced his intention of calling in the morning that all were reassured. The marks outside the door were: "I can tell better later on whether she will recover or not."

When the news went out of her dangerous illness a number of friends called, but very few got farther than the parlor and Billy, whom Florian had established there as a guard. Ruth and Pere Rougevin alone were admitted along with the doctor, and, seeing them, Linda began to fear because of all the trouble in her behalf. Three visits from a doctor so short a time, one from the priest, and the distant sound of doors closed frequently, with many little circumstances to which she had hitherto paid no attention, were at least ominous; and even while they stood about her smiling cheerfully she eyed her eyes to keep back the bitter tears that would fall in spite of her determination to be brave and hopeful. They understood the reasons of the grief, and could say nothing. Even the doctor felt it beyond him to be gruffly hopeful and reassuring for if she were to die, that better than the knowledge should come to her in this manner than to have a formal pronouncement of her doom. He had promised to tell that morning if there were chances for her recovery. The promise was premature. There were no graver tokens, no nearer approach of the dread angel, and he could but vaguely say "tomorrow" as he went away. Sara, coming in as her sister's tears were falling, was impressed, as only her shallow soul could be impressed, with a wild fright that prompted her to scream. Fortunately she restrained the inclination, since it was purely personal, and a little thought convinced her that it was another's, not her own, death-bed she was attending. Pere Rougevin prevented a scene by banishing the whole company, herself included, from the room, leaving Ruth to attend the patient. "Wait," said Linda feebly. "If I am going to die I must get the sacraments."

"I can do nothing more than hear your confession," said the priest; "you are not in sufficient danger for the reception of the others." The look in Linda's eyes was a very pleasant one at this precise, official declaration, and it said clearly that she regarded Pere Rougevin, stout, flushed, and short though he was, as an angel. "I thought I was dying," she stammered. "Nonsense, child! But you may die, and it's well to be prepared," he said. "You must be ready to live or die, as God wills." "Alas!" murmured Linda, with a fresh flood of tears, "I am only too willing to live." "There is no sin in that," was the sententious remark, and she proceeded with her confession. "I must be very bad," she said to Ruth afterwards when they were alone. "I am terribly afraid of dying." "Who is not?" said Ruth. "And then it is so near us always, I have tried to get used to the thought of it, but I can't. I suppose it does indicate a lack of some good religious feeling that we all ought to have." "I must ask Florian when he wakes, Ruth. He knows everything, I wonder would he be afraid if he was called on suddenly to die?" "Perhaps not so much afraid as grieved to leave his dear ambitions," Ruth replied, with a tone of gentle irony that escaped Linda. "But no more talking, please. You have every chance to live, but there is no use in being prodigal. I shall read to you."



otherwise since sickness first struck her down, and his first sensation of real grief was gnawing at his heart as he thought of what he should lose in losing her. And unconsciously, too, he was studying the course of feeling in her bosom, the gradual ripening certainty of death which, amid doubts and fears, was already blooming in the girl's heart and soul. Ambitious as he was, death had always appeared to him as a great monster who might at any time destroy his ambitions. He had never yet come in contact with it. But now it had seized most surely on Linda, and he watched its process with a sort of fascination that sickened soul and body, and crowded his dreams with terrors. He must come to this one day. How soon?

It filled his heart with a disgust for life and its ambitions that all his days he must walk under the threatening shadow of that greatest misfortune. Why live and work at all when death might shatter the handiwork of years at one blow? The reasoning was poor and foolish, but his melancholy had to find vent. When he started one mild afternoon—mild for that northern climate—to visit Scott he met Ruth on her way to call on Linda. "I am going," said he, "and I want to speak with you. You know why I am going." "To fish and hunt, I believe," she answered absently. Linda's failing health was a drag on every one, and quiet Ruth was too saddened to feel interested in anything just then. "And to think," he added impressively, "matters are becoming muddled considerably, and I feel like one in a tempest. I must think. Sara's conduct annoys me. Linda—well, well, I won't speak about her. The angels are urging me towards New York, and you and I, Ruth, you and I, will need to talk calmly very soon." A deeper shade settled on Ruth's quiet face. "I am going on retreat, in fact," he continued, "and the hermit unconsciously must be my director. Pray a little until I return, for yourself and me. Good-bye, dear." She gave him her hand, and he held it thoughtfully. He was not given much to romance or sentiment. His ambition toned every feeling in him, but he thought as he looked at the fair fingers lying in his own how very near he stood to losing the right to clasp them so, and of the two other women whom different fates were snatching from him—apostasy and the grave.

A WOMAN'S BACK IS THE MAINSPRING OF HER PHYSICAL SYSTEM.

The Slightest Back-ache, if Neglected, is Liable to Cause Years of Terrible Suffering.

No woman can be strong and healthy unless the kidneys are well, and regular in their action. When the kidneys are ill, the whole body is ill, for the poisons which the kidneys ought to have filtered out of the blood are left in the system. The female constitution is naturally more subject to kidney disease than a man's; and what is more, a woman's work is never done—her whole life is one continuous strain. How many women have you heard say: "My, how my back aches!" Do you know that backache is one of the first signs of kidney trouble? It is, and should be attended to immediately. Other symptoms are frequent thirst, scanty, thick, cloudy or highly colored urine, burning sensation when urinating, frequent urination, puffing under the eyes, swelling of the feet and ankles, floating specks before the eyes, etc. These symptoms if not taken in time and cured at once, will cause years of terrible kidney suffering. All these symptoms, and in fact, these diseases may be cured by the use of

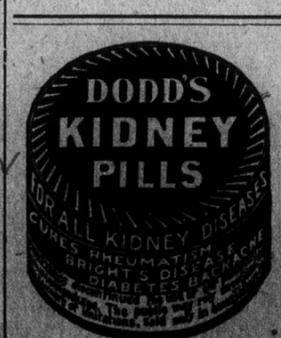
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

They act directly on the kidneys, and make them strong and healthy. Mrs. Mary Galley, Auburn, N.E., writes: "For over four months I was troubled with a lame back and was unable to turn in bed without help. I was induced by a friend to try Doan's Kidney Pills. After using two-thirds of a box my back was as well as ever. Price 50 cents per box or three boxes for \$1.25 at all druggists, or sent direct on receipt of price. The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont."

The next day was a very pleasant one for the whole family. At ten o'clock the doctor announced that Linda would recover from the present attack, and therefore the timid ventured to approach the sick-room with smiling faces. Billy himself came in advance of a distinguished and unexpected visitor, the hermit. In his solitude Scott looked picturesque with his rough ways and dress, and curly red hair; but in the dreary sick-room he was as much out of place as an Indian in full war-paint. All were startled, and Mrs. Winifred so much so as to lose her senses. Old habits are strong, however, and she offered him a foot-stool instead of a chair, vainly feeling for its absent back while her eyes stared rudely but helplessly on the apparition. "No, thank ye. I'll not come in," said the hermit, with his eyes fixed on Linda. "I jest heard the little girl was sick, and I thought it might have been the duckin'. I'm glad you're better, miss. Take care of yourself. Good morning."

He was off in an instant, but Florian seized him almost rudely and pushed him into his study. "You are very kind," said he, "and you must not go until you are thanked and hear all about Linda." "She's gettin' well," said the hermit. "I reckoned so from her eyes."

CHAPTER IX. Linda during the next two weeks slowly continued to improve, and by the middle of October was sitting cheerfully in the warm parlor, with every soul in the house and many more out of it her devoted slaves. Choice flowers came from Mr. Buck, through Sara, to call back the summer to her room and have it live again in their sweet perfumes and gay colors. Squire Pendleton brought his fearful voice daily to her court, and related over again the new and old phases of his political exile. Mrs. Winifred was profuse with seemingly, and Billy quarrelsome for the sake of the smile his ragged utterances brought to play upon her cheeks, like sunlight over snow. Ruth's gentle touch and sweet eyes were there most frequent, and most welcomed; and Pere Rougevin and Florian made up a background of spiritual and physical lights that were very dear to the sick girl. When she arrived at this stage of returning health, Florian made ready to visit the hermit for a week's hunting and fishing, as he had long intended to do, and was anxious to do before the bad weather came. "More for the purpose of studying the hermit," he explained to Linda, "and learning the secret of his happiness, if there is any."



(To be Continued.)

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I have seldom seen a sky without some bit of rainbow in it. Sometimes I can make others see it, sometimes not, but I always like to try, and if I harbor no worse thought of them than that they have not had their eyes examined and fitted with glasses which would at least have helped their vision.

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W. CORY. the Interior.