

SOLITARY ISLAND

A NOVEL. By REV. JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

"I see—I understand," he said, "I wish to do everything honorably. You will not blame me if anything should occur contrary to your wishes."

CHAPTER III.

Supper that evening in the Wallace dining-room was a dull and even threatening affair. The members of the family as they sat facing one another at the table presented an interesting appearance, since no one individual bore the slightest resemblance to any other. Mr. Wallace was a mite of a man, whose face was excessively wrinkled, whose hair had no special color, and who talked nervously, even spitefully, without beginning or finishing his sentences.

pects to get beyond the village line all her life. "If he takes the one report is giving him," Linda began. "There, there, no gossip," said Florian, with a warning look. "Is there talk of him marrying?" said the mother. "A little," Florian answered, "but how many times have people talked of it, and he is still a bachelor."

"Not till Mr. Buck is married," said Florian. The old man gave a snort of contempt, and began a brief description of the minister's errors, which the family cut gracefully short by rising from the table, and laughing as they went off at what Mr. Wallace thought a very laughable matter.

room, but he stood between her and the door, with so stern a face that she grew frightened again. "You must remember," he said, "that this is no child's play, and that until you satisfy me one way or another as to what you have done in this matter your life will be twice as unpleasant as you say it has been."

"I haven't been guilty of any folly. Mr. Buck was foolish enough to pay his addresses to me, but I never encouraged him, never responded even. And, since you don't wish it, I'll not look at him again."

BLOOD HUMORS

PIMPLES Many an otherwise beautiful and attractive face is sadly marred by unsightly eruptions, blotches, freckles, and various other blood diseases. Their presence is a source of embarrassment to those afflicted, as well as pain and regret to their friends.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

This remedy will drive out all the impurities from the blood and leave the complexion healthy and clear. Miss Annie Tobin, Madoc, Ont., writes: "I take great pleasure in recommending your Burdock Blood Bitters to any one who may be troubled with pimples on the face."

part, and can't. No one can. Her name is Sara, and she actually cries sometimes to think her name isn't Pearl or Gwendoline. She is as shallow as a mud-puddle; and as for her faith—well, she'll marry Rev. Mr. Buck and follow him through every shade of opinion to Mormonism."

"I am sorry to think I do not. But Pearl—Sara is not very truthful. While you are here it may do very well; when you are gone—"

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"Fruit-a-tives" cured her when Doctors failed.

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"Heart disease and Dyspepsia cured by Fruit-a-tives."

OTTAWA, July 14th, 1905.

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Gentlemen—

I never gave a testimonial to any medicine before but I like "Fruit-a-tives" so much I will gladly do so. I had every symptom of heart disease and I had a very nasty pain over my heart, I tried purgatives and consulted several physicians but nothing did me any good. After taking "Fruit-a-tives" I am entirely well again. My digestion was very



bad and I suffered from long standing constipation and now I am quite well from these complaints. I wish to say also that my complexion was very bad, sallow and muddy in the extreme but now after taking "Fruit-a-tives" it is as fresh as ever. To any one suffering from constipation and had digestion or liver complaint and to any one with a bad complexion, I can recommend "Fruit-a-tives" with every confidence.

(Signed) MRS. A. SUTHERLAND.

"Fruit-a-tives" CURE IRRITATED HEART because they cure stomach, bowels, kidneys and skin. "Fruit-a-tives" set the gastric juices flowing—clean and sweeten the stomach—insure the perfect digestion of every meal. They make the liver give up more bile, move the bowels regularly every day, and strengthen and heal the kidneys, as well as act directly on the skin.

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often, and—well, the thought doesn't come to me, I mean wouldn't it hurt you a little to give her up?"

"If she didn't become a Catholic after all? Yes, it would hurt me."

"They walked along in silence for a time.

"Ruth is so Quakerish, so thoughtful, and so determined," said Belinda. "If she couldn't feel convinced she wouldn't become a Catholic—not for twenty Florians."

"Her highest praise that I would never have given my heart otherwise. If my wife is to be a Catholic she must be a good one."

"But just think, Florian, if she didn't believe!"

"You are bound to think disagreeable things to-night," he said, laughing, "but let us work on the it."

"In that case Ruth and I would part and there would be an end of it."

"A cool description of a hot affair," she said.

"Well, what more would you have? Do you know, the Pere gave me a fright on this very matter not more than two hours past. He thinks Ruth will not become a Catholic."

"It has often occurred to me," she replied with spirit; "nor would I, were I a Protestant, for the sake of getting a husband."

The next minute she laughed at his indignant face, and made an apology. "No, no, Flory, you may be sure I did not mean that. Ruth has too good a heart, too strong a principle, to do such a silly thing. She's in trouble over her poor father. You ought to go and comfort her."

He was not very enthusiastic in taking the offer, but at all events he must know something definite about her change of religious convictions before that night had passed.

"I think I will go," he said. They were standing on the river shore, and his boat lay ready a few feet away. Linda pushed him into it.

"Try to make her promise to-night," she said, as he pushed off, "and here's good luck to you." With a sad heart she turned home.

CHAPTER IV. Squire Pendleton's comfortable dwelling stood a mile from the village.

"I wonder," she said, as they went down the hill to the bay, "that Sara did not think of throwing Ruth Pendleton at you in reproaching her for encouraging Mr. Buck."

"It is a wonder," replied Florian; "she is so—well, she knows I would not marry Ruth if there was not a prospect of her conversion."

"And wouldn't you?"

"Why do you ask that question, Linda?" he said, looking down at her serious face.

"I thought, you know—that is, I heard you extol the power of love so

large on the south side of the bay, and was the first and plainest object which he saw that afternoon from the little island. The mistress of the house, at the same moment that her father looked with moist eyes upon his home, was pacing sadly the veranda which ran along the east side of the building; while Florian was listening to the priest's painful remarks about her religious inclinations she was still restlessly walking there; and yet later when Linda urged her brother to visit her and he had put off from the shore, she had not left the veranda nor lost her nervousness. She had been in deep trouble for days, ever since her father had been involved in the unlucky rebellion. She knew there was a political punishment in store for him, and would have been relieved to see him in the hands of the law. His night-and-day journeying to escape the officers, the exposure which an old man must suffer from considerably, the accidents which might happen to him, kept her in a state of nervous dread quite impossible to conquer.

Miss Pendleton was a very womanly young creature, of an original turn of mind, and a very plain address. The best point of her character was that she thought very little of herself. While her father was hurried on by the devil of delusion and Florian was wracked at the thought of losing her, and Linda wept over the chance of her non-conversion, she alone thought of nothing but the foolish father taking risks of exposure and consequent sickness. She had a single eye for her duty, and the truth. The sleepless nights and her present nervousness she never thought of. Her own risks did not present themselves to her consideration. It was this one quality that won for Ruth the tender love of Linda, the distinguished regard of Pere Rougevir, and the devotion of Florian.

It happened at the same time that she was well-read and very clever, that her complexion was good and her eyes large and expressive, and that she had matronly ideas as to a young woman's dress, speech and behaviour. The habit of ruling the Squire, and looking after him had made her a responsible being, and she was in general more troubled about the Squire's dress than her own. The charm of a prudent frivolidy, which belongs to pretty kitchen-girls with shrewd and watchful mothers, did not belong to Ruth. She was the mother of her own household at sixteen, and could have ruled and guided many a one as old as herself.

(To be Continued.)

Man is truly rich when his mind is rich and life is full of joy when his heart is full of love.

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