CHAPTER II.-(Continued.)

should occur contrary to your

"Certainly not. I am greatly obliged by your candor," said Flo-rian as he bowed him out; "but I'll

"If there were any other min-

4sters to call I might as well sur-

be attracted by eher was a bit of absurdity in itself. She was a plea-

sant-looking, tasteful, and imperious

girl, however, and Mr. Buck might

have been taken by the exterior ac-

No doubt she had encouraged him

and this made Florian angry. No

doubt, too, she intended to marry

him, and opposition would be vain.

But they owed it to their principles

to do what was possible to prevent

strode homeward, "a few talks will

end this wretched business one way

or the other, and there is no use bothering the brain with it."

Supper that evening in the Wallace

dividual bore the slightest resem-

wife was dark-skinned and smooth-

ty, lively, sharp, and fond of teasing.

Florian himself was of a judicial cast

when her eye rested on some cherish-

ed bit of jewelry did a pleasant ex-

and saw that his glance made he

him that day. It made him mood

of it. What does it amount to?"

than most of us imagine."

and went with you?"

in the funniest way."

"Seemingly, dear," said his wife,

Wrong, right, and boys."

"Isn't that natural," said Florian

with right and wrong all through her

"You are putting ideas into daddy's head," said Linda, "which confuse him. And they are sure to pop

out in his arguments with Mr. Buck

ier, and he scarcely answered

CHAPTER III.

"Anyway," said Florian, as

the unpreventable.

semplishments which she posse

render at once."

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GULATIONS. ed section of Doin Manitoba on inces, excepting served, may be

person who is

amily, or any

of age, to the

r section of 160 e personally at for the district situate, or if the he may, on apister of the Ineg, or the local ty for some one

n, required to perconnected there-following plans: onths' residence of the land in rears.

or mother, if the n in the vicinity for the requirece may be satis-esiding with the

ning land owned ty of his home-nts as to resi-fied by residence ice in writing he Commissioner at Ottawa of in-

Sara started at the mention of the minister and blushed when she saw all eyes turned upon her with suspicious looks

picloss looke.

"I wonder," said Florian, "he never thinks of marrying."

"So very few think of marrying him," said Linda.

"I am not so sure of that, Linda.

He is a desirable hustand for an ambitious village girl who never medical services.

pects to get beyond the village line all her life." "I see—I understand," he said,
"I wish to do everything honorably.
You will not blame me if anything

"If he takes the one report giving him," Linda began. "There, there, no gossip,"

Florian, with a warning look. "Is there talle of him marrying?" said the mother.

"A little," Florian answered, "but take good care that nothing occurs contrary to those wishes," he added how many times have people talked of it, and he is still a bachelor.

when his visitor was gone, leaving a faint scent of the perfume bottle in his first idea, "Claybungh is big "By George, but this is luck," was enough for any Wallace that ever

his first word when a few moments' thought had revealed the position to "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 But for the serious side of the story he might have laughed at Mr. by rising from the table, and laughing as they went off at what Mr. Buck's romance. Sara was about as Wallace thought a very laughaitle shallow a creature as ever breathed, and that any man of education could matter.

Linda went out on the veranda, while Sara at a sign from her brother followed him into the little room he called his study. It was filled with books, papers, and optical instruments. One window only admitted the light, and had painted on its narrow panes a water-view, with pine-fringed islands and the northwest sky for a background. Florian motioned his sister to a chair. She was pale but calm and obstinate looking. Her face had set itself in a cold and hard expression, and, although it did not daunt the youth, it rendered him uneasy "I was a little surprised to-day-

he began. "You always are," she retorted

bauntingly, but without looking at "To have a visit from Mr. Buck. It seemed to be understood that Mr. dining-room was a dull and even threatening affair. The members of and that before long matrimony the family as they sait facing one would make a convert to Protestant

ism where conviction could not." another at the table presented an in-"Well, what of it? Is Mr. Buck teresting appearance, since no one inless a gentleman because he is a minblance to any other. Mr. Wallace was ister-"

a mite of a man, whose face was excessively wrinkled, whose hair had point," her brother interrupted. "I no special color, and who talked ner- admit he is not, otherwise I would vously, even spitefully, without be have knocked down the man who ginning or finishing his sentences. His dared to mingle your names in my presence. Mr. Buck is a gentleman, mannered, and evidently anxious to though a little shallow and somekeep the waters around her as calm times silly. What I desire to know as oil richly poured out could make is, have you given any reason to

them. Linda was a dark-eyed beau- others to talk of you in this way? "And if I have, am I bound to tell you of it ?"

of mind and of a sober bearing, while "You misunderstand me, Sara," he Sara showed the irritability of her said, gently. "I am not your mastemper by a continual snarl at every-thing that came in her way. Only ter but your brother, and I ask the question, not because you are bound to answer it, bue because it will be better for you to do so."

pression light up her rather pale "Well, people will talk," she re face. Florian watched her silently, plied lightly. "I have never given him the slightest encouragement." uneasy. She must know, then, that "Why, then, should he come to her reverend lover had spoken to me ?" Florian persisted. "Are you sure that you have not even thought the of encouraging him? May not some questions which his mother put to of your actions which you thought light and unmeaning have given him reason to think—"

"It's going away that does it," said Mr. Wallace suddenly, in winding up a thinking spell which had fallem upon him. "Won't have it. Going "I won't answer any more," said, bridling. "Why, one would think I was in the witness box, sworm to tell my very thoughts to you. It's away indeed ! Let me hear no more worse than the Inquisition !"

"Than the Inquisition!" repeated whom long experience had taught the Florian in astonishment. "Perhaps deviousness of Mr. Wallace's think- it might be worse than that, if the whom long experience had taught the Florian in astonishment. ing methods, "it amounts to more matter comes to father's ears."

Sara's lips quivered at this implied Oh, of course," blazed he, "side threat, and the tears niled her ey always with the boys, that's you- They were tears of spite, not grief. "You are mean enough to tell him," and her voice trembled despite

with the boys always, wrong or not.
Wrong with the boys, right with the her pride. "I am persecuted every where. No one seems to care with a smile, which at once calmed me."

the old gentleman. "Wasm't it because of siding with a boy whert she
was young that she left her family

much. Is it no pain to us that you
much. Is it no pain to us that you dwent with you?"

"Right, Flory, always right. I'll and be lost to the faith?" tell that to Pere Rougevin. Siding

She broke into fitful sobbing. Flo-rian walked to the window and looked gloomily out on the scene. Sara dried her tears at length, and from

dried her tears at length, and from tears proceeded to frowns. She became suddenly vindictive.
"I won't stand this persecution any longer," she said, rising. "You may tell every one, you may tell the wrinkled old bore yonder"—she alluded to ber father—"you may tell this I have at least one refug

as unpleasant as you say it has been. Your father shall know of it at once, the priest shall hear of it as soon as may be, and Mr. Buck shall receive such a warning from me as to make a union with you me as to make a union with you so a gentle emotion."

"How you wanted used to there!"

"Then you see I speak the truth. I have no patience with her. She hasn't one soft spot in her heart that responds to a gentle emotion." undesirable. Now you can take "Wouldn't it benefit some of us," your choice—make a clean breast of said he gently, "if we could count what you know or prepare to suf- our own faults as readily as we coun

She walked over to the window 'I co

"It is true." he thought, "and, o Florian!, it's simply horrible."

And straightway the tears were There was a long stlence until Sara her eyes, and she turned away as

"You make me suffer for nothing," again. she said.

"I suffer myself much more," he cheeks and pinched her arms. replied, taking the olive branch and hanging his stern mood to one of tender appeal. "You are tool dear to me that I should look on you "And you not throwing yourself into an abyss, and thing." not feel troubled. Have you no pity for us who love you? Do you not more, and studied and read less. But know that our grief would be less hopeless, less keen, to see you dead than to see you the wife of this Dead, you would still be man? ours; living and his wife, our separation would be eternal. Sara, think for a moment and you will see your folly.'

"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 re-

sponded even. And, since you don't wish it, I'll not look at him again."

"Thams you," said Florian, but he But Pear—Sara is not very truthful. was not at all satisfied. Sara may While you are here it may do very was exceedingly frank, and truthful enough in appearance to deceive her brother, but her face was not reassuring. He saw no sincerity there, but only the assumption of sincerity, and went away, sad, to join Linda outside, while Sara, after making a face at him, as he retired, hurried away to her own room and a new novel.

Linda was standing where the sun of green leaves, and peering down on the river.

"Well, you got little satisfaction from Pearl, I see," were her first

"How do you know?" he replied, tartly. "My face doesn't show it." 'I didn't look at your face, but 1 know my sweet sister to a dot. No that I do look, your face is clearer than a map. Don't flatter yourself that it can hide your thoughts so easily. It is ridiculous to see how vain you are on that point."

He laughed good-naturedly. "I am beginning to think we don't

treat Sara fairly-"

"Sararann," she interrupted.
"There it is," he said, "You call her names and tease her. Her father scolds her, her mother quarrels with

her, and I-well, I-" "Well, you would like to take her

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coom, but he stood between her and part, and can't. No one can. Her the door, with so stern a face that name is Sara, and she actually cries she 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 shade of opinion to Mormonism."

"How you women describe one another as to what you have done in this matter your life will be twice shade of opinion to Mormonism."

"How you women describe one an

for a moment and burst out crying gayly, "and it doesn't make me one again. Her brother, stern as he looked, felt a sudden pang, and sigh-"I can count mine," she replied out when she becomes Mrs. Buck

had dried her tears once more and indignant with herself. He watched was calm enough to speak. Her first her with affectionate admiration, and words showed that she had become then started suddenly and loolex

"Come here," he said, and whe she came, laughing, he pulled her

"You have been losing flesh," "And you never noticed it ! What

"And you noticed it and said no "No, but I did very much. I ate

tell me, what did Lady Gwendoline

Vere-de-Vere-"I would rather-"

"Well, Sara, then-what did she say ?' "Nothing; neither admitted no

denied, but fussed a good deal, wept and defied me, and wound up by declaring that she was innocenand would never do it again."

"I wish we could believe her." "And don't you?" he said re

proachfully.

well; when you are gone-' "I am not gone yet," he said when

she hesitated. "This incident may hinder going. I hope it will. I would be tempted to favor Mr. Buck if it

would." "Be reasonable, child. We must all part one day, and why not now, when health and youth belong to us? Separation is to be expected, and has could fall on her face through a veil happened to so many families that we for twenty Florians." should not wonder if it happens to

> "No one wonders; one only grieves I know just what thoughts actuate you, Florian, and they astonish me.

You are too ambitious.' "It is 'the failing of great minds,' "

he quoted, smiling. She shook her head saidly and turned her eyes on the river, now shrinking behind night's shadow.

"Look at it," she said. "What a fine spot to live and die in !"

"Sometimes I have thought it, too," he replied, musingly. "I know every feature of the place so well and the idea of living sixty quiet years among the same scenes is pleasing. What a placid face, what an untroubled heart an old man would have after six such decades ! He would naturally graduate into eternity then. But pshaw! what a dream. Impossibled The soul was made for action. I couldn't think of

He jumped up in his cagerness, and noticed that his sister had burst into tears. The next moment she laughed.

"That is the end of it, Florian. You have pronounced the separation Many an otherwise beautiful and attractive face is sadly

will find that such changes, though bitter, leave a honey in their wound. Come, get your cloak and hat, and we shall walk "

Linda was glad to hide her com fusion at his last words, and ran away to prepare herself, while he remained on the veranda and allowed his thoughts to drift away into space,

Belinda, in a gypsy hat and cloak felt better able to withstand the an-noyances which brought the tell-tale colors to her cheek, and looked un usually pretty and bewitching be side her tall brother.

"I wonder," she said, as they went down the hill to the bay, "that Sar did not think of throwing Ruth Pendiction 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

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

Mrs. Sutherland thought she had

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often, and-well, the thought doesn't lage on the south side of the bay, come to me, I mean wouldn't it hurt and was the first and plainest object

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 listening to the priest's painful reshe wouldn't become a Catholic-not

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 if."
"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 lusion and Florian was wracked at 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."

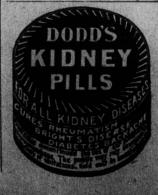
taking the offer, but at all events he her duty, and the truth. The sleepmust know something definite about less nights and her present nervou er change of religious convictions before that night had passed.
"I think I will go," he said. They

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 vil-



you a little to give her up—'? which he saw that afternoon from 'If she didn't become a Catholic 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 randa which ran along the east side of the building; while Florian was marks about her religious inclinations she was still restlessly walking "Her highest praise that. I would there; and yot 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 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 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 nervous dread quite impossible to

conquer. Miss Pendleton was a very manly young creature, of an original turn of mind, and a very plain address. The best point of her racter was that she thought very little of herself. While her father was hurried on by the devil of dethe thought of losing her, and Linda wept over the chance of her in conversion, she alone thought of nothing but the foolish father taking risks of exposure and consequent He was not very enthusiastic in sickness. She had a single eye for ness she never thought of. 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 Rougevin, 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 behavious. The habit of ruling the Squire, and looking after him nade her a responsible being. she was in general more troubled about the Squire's dress than cwn. The charm of a prudent fri-volity which helongs to pretty kit-tenish girls with shrewd and watchful mothers, did not belong to Ruth. was the mother of her own house hold at sixteen, and could have rule and guided many a one as old

(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.