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and purify impurities from the stomach, liver and bowels, by the use of U.S. best blood purifier known. Put up in glass vials. Thirty in a bottle; use a dose. Recommended by many physicians.

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"BEST LIVER PILL MADE." Positively cure biliousness and all liver and bowel complaints. Sold by Druggists, or sent post-paid, for 25 cts. Book free. L. S. JOHNSON & Co., Boston, Mass.

## City Sewerage System.

Sealed Tenders addressed to the undersigned will be received at this office until noon on

**Monday, April 23rd 1900**

for furnishing certain materials and performing the work necessary for construction of a portion of the Charlottetown Sewerage System, according to conditions, specifications and plan to be seen at this office and also at the office of the Engineer Mr. F. C. Coffin, 53 State St., Boston, Mass.

Proposals must be on form supplied from this office, and each tender must be accompanied by a certified cheque for \$500, payable to the order of the Commissioners of Sewers and Water Supply. This cheque will be forfeited if the party decline the contract or fail to complete the work contracted for, but will be returned in case of non acceptance of tender.

The Commissioners do not bind themselves to accept the lowest or any tender.

HENRY SMITH, Chairman.  
Office of Commissioners of Sewers and Water Supply.  
City Hall, Charlottetown, P. E. I.  
March 27, 1900 - 2awtd.



The cook is handicapped and good food spoiled unless the best kitchen utensils are available. In every respect the

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Steel Agate Ware

is superior. Our label is our guarantee to this effect.

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All Kinds of Insurance.

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E. H. BEER,  
General Insurance Agent.

Feb 12.

## CITY BOARD OF TRADE

Quarterly Meeting.

The General Quarterly Meeting of this corporation will be held at their room, McEachern's Building Queen St. on Wednesday evening, 11th of April at 8 o'clock.

W. W. CLARK,  
Secretary.

Charlottetown, April 6th, 1900.

## Wants, Lost Found, &c

WANTED.—A young man to look after horses and row and for general work. Apply at this office.

WANTED.—At once a smart boy to attend in an office. Apply at EXAMINER office.

TO LET.—A three story dwelling house on Prince Street, Modern improvements can be put in if required. Apply to W. W. Wellner, dy 4 ins.

EGGS FOR HATCHING.—Silver-laced Wyandottes from pure bred stock. Male bird took second prize at Halifax. Apply to David W. Brown, Little York. 1aw 4 ins.

LOST.—Between Railway Depot and Market a pickin purse containing a large sum of money. Finder will be rewarded by returning it to Hotel Davies, Charlottetown.

FOR SALE.—Desirable residence, pleasantly situated at the head of Prince Street. Heated by hot water, electric lighting, large out stables, etc. intending purchasers can inspect the premises every Thursday afternoon. Full particulars on application to Mrs. Unsworth. 3 wks Tues & Sat.

# FLORABEL'S LOVER

By LAURA JEAN LIBBEY

Author of "When Lovely Maiden Stoops to Folly," "A Broken Betrothal," "Parted by Fate," "Parted at the Altar," etc., etc.

### SYNOPSIS.

Florabel was a dependent of her stepfather, Squire Pemberton. His daughters hate Florabel, and when the Squire dies, order her out of the old home. Max Forrester a rich young man marries her and introduces her into his family the members of which disapprove of his marriage, as they wanted him to marry Miss Clavering, an heiress.

### CHAPTER XXXV.—(Continued.)

He started back with a terrible imprecation, and attempted to spring through the open window out on to the balcony, but the hand held him fast.

In grappling with his adversary he found, to his amazement, it was a woman; and when the cry broke from her lips, he had instantly recognized Inez Clavering's voice.

"So it is you who have betrayed me, is it?" he cried, furiously, attempting to wrench himself from her grasp.

He heard hurried footsteps approaching, and then a terrible struggle began.

"Hold me at the peril of your life!" he hissed, drawing her frantically by main force to the open window, and vowing that he would fling her through it.

"Drop the money," she gasped; "then I will let go my hold—never until then, even though you kill me!"

"You fool, you will have your death upon your own head!" he cried, striking the white arms a terrible blow; "but you will have it so!"

By main force he had dragged her to the open window in a trice; but in that instant the velvet curtains of the inner apartment were hurled back, and Max Forrester, headed by an army of servants, who had heard the terrible cries and the struggles, sprang into the room. In less than a second a flood of light from the gas jet illumined the scene, and Livingston found himself in the grasp of stalwart men.

Max Forrester had sprung forward. "Is this you, Mrs. Thorne?" he cried, incredulously.

Then she turned her face toward him. Max recoiled with a shocked cry.

"Inez Clavering!" he gasped. "In Heaven's name, is this you, or am I mad, or dreaming? How came you here?"

She tried to answer him. "I—I—am here to save you and yours," she murmured, so faintly that he had to bend his ear to catch the words that were whispered with such difficulty. She would have sunk to the floor had he not reached out his arm suddenly and caught her.

Then, to his sorrow, he saw the terrible wound on her temple which had

Every thoughtful man whether he be an artist or a business man, a mechanic or farmer, feels that he has a certain work to do in this world, and he wants to complete it. A brave man's principal fear of death is because it compels him to leave his life-work unfinished.

He fears sickness for the same reason. He feels that he might as well break his neck and done with, as to have his best working powers hampered and wasted away by disease.

To have the brain dulled and the body enfeebled by impure bile-poisoned blood, is no better than a living death, with all its horrible accompaniments of dyspepsia, nervousness and melancholy.

The best thing in the world to restore clear-headed energetic vitality and working power is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It acts directly upon the liver and digestive organs, giving them power to manufacture rich, healthy blood free from bilious poisons and morbid impurities.

It fills the blood with the red life-giving elements which nourish every organ and tissue. It replaces wasted strength with healthy flesh and solid muscular strength. By feeding the brain and nerves with vital energy, it banishes neuralgia and nervous weakness and sleeplessness.

It is better than malt extracts or oily emulsions. It is not a mere temporary stimulant but a genuine and lasting nutrient, easily assimilated by the weakest stomachs.

Ralph Green, Esq., of Williamsburg, Callaway Co., Mo., writes: "Before I commenced your treatment I could not take a drink of water without great suffering in my stomach. I could not eat. I was fast sinking. I had five different doctors examine me, and each one treated me with bottles of your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and to-day am in better health than I have been for five years. I weigh 157. Whenever I see any of my friends suffering I tell them of your medicine and advise them to write to you."

Dr. Pierce's Pellets cure constipation.

been made by the sharp stones on which she had fallen, and from which the blood was flowing copiously.

Strong hands had already pinioned Livingston, and had taken from him the package of bills and the black case containing the Forrester diamonds.

"You think you have the best of me this time, Forrester," he said, defiantly; "but I have one more card to play ere this little game is decided."

So saying, quick as flash, his right hand traversed to his breast pocket. There was a bright gleam of steel, a sudden report, and Maximilian Forrester's life would have ended then and there if it had not been that Inez, seeing the motion, had sprung before Max with a wild cry, receiving in her own breast the bullet that was intended for his.

In an instant the greatest confusion reigned. They were not quick enough to prevent the second shot which was fired, and which ended, then and there, Guy Livingston's misguided life.

A physician was summoned in all haste. In answer to Max Forrester's eager question if the lady's injuries would prove fatal, he said:

"I have every reason to fear so. Still, while there's life there's hope." "She risked her life to save mine," returned Max, hoarsely. "Do everything to save her that money and skill can suggest and accomplish, Doctor. She must not die."

"She is in the hands of a power higher than ours," replied the doctor, quietly. "I will do everything that can be done for her, certainly. In an hour's time I shall be able to tell you whether it will be life or death."

During the hour that followed, Max Forrester paced the corridor in the greatest excitement.

Surely Heaven would not let the poor girl die for so nobly standing between him and the terrible fate that menaced him!

At length he was summoned to her bedside.

"It will be all over with me soon, Max," she whispered. "Take my hands in yours, and hold them as a token that you forgive me for all the past. I—I wrecked your life and— and Florabel's; but I have atoned for it at last by giving my life to save yours."

He took the ice-cold hands in his, his tears falling like rain upon them. "I forgive you for all, Inez," he said. "Do not think of it. Forget the past as I do. As Heaven hears me, I declare to you that you are fully and freely forgiven."

"I have brought shadows into your life, Max," she murmured, speaking with difficulty; "but it is in my power to bring back the sunshine soon now, very soon."

She did not tell him how she had revealed, in broken gasps, all of the pitiful past to the astonished old doctor. And he himself had undertaken the task of going for Florabel, and bringing her back to the Hall without delay.

It was certainly a strange hour to arouse the inmates of the neighboring villa and call for Mrs. Forrester; but, of course, hearing it was a case of life and death, Florabel came down at once.

Faithfully the doctor repeated, word for word, Inez Clavering's words. And who shall describe Florabel's intense emotion as she listened?

The doctor quite believed she would faint outright when he broke to her by degrees that the little child she had mourned long years as dead was alive, and had been restored by the hand of fate to its own father, and was at that moment beneath his roof in the person of little Flora.

Tears fell like rain down her face when she listened to the eloquent recital of how poor Inez had atoned so heroically for the terrible past by giving her life to save Max.

Florabel never remembered how she reached the Hall, with the old doctor by her side. It all seemed to her like a confused dream.

The doctor pushed open the door of the drawing room and bade her enter. Some one was standing at the further end of the room, his elbows leaning against the marble mantel.

Florabel stood at the threshold like a bashful school girl, the color coming and going on her pretty dimpled cheeks in crimson blushes.

It was Max who stood at the further end of the room—Max, the handsome, gay, debonair young lover, who had wooed and won her among the blossoming wild flowers in the pretty dell; who she had wedded, and loved with all the strength of her young heart.

Did he really love her still? How her heart beat as she took a step, or two timidly forward, then paused, holding out her hands toward him in a piteous, uncertain way.

"Max!" she murmured; but he did not hear her, he was engrossed so deeply in his own thoughts.

She approached him timidly, slowly, as though fearful that the promise of complete reconciliation was too good to be true.

She was standing so near him now that her dark robes touched him. It was strange that the perfume of pale roses she wore on her breast did not reach him.

"Florabel—I shall see you soon now, my darling," he murmured, stretching out his arms involuntarily. With a quick motion she glided into them.

"Max!—my husband!" she sobbed, and the next instant two soft, white arms were clinging round his neck, and a curly, golden head was buried on his breast.

Who shall describe the happiness of the reconciliation that followed?

To Florabel it seemed like being wooed and won all over again by this handsome lover husband.

Despite the hour, little Flora's maid was summoned to the drawing room at once, and requested to bring down her little charge.

(To be continued.)

## THIN GIRLS GET PLUMP

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There comes a critical time in the life of every woman when the bud of girlhood is unfolding into the full blown flower of womanhood. Mothers at this time should carefully guard their daughters' health, for this is a time when many a girl falls victim to insidious diseases which make life a misery.

Loss of flesh, headaches, pains in back and side, nervousness, irritability, dull eyes and a pale, sallow complexion, these are the symptoms that warn you to use Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food.

The blood is impoverished and the nerves require nutrition. Nature must have assistance and there is no better way to help nature than by using Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food. It is a food for blood and nerves, and creates rich, red blood, solid flesh and new nerve tissue. The color will return to the cheek, the brightness to the eye, and increase in weight will tell of solid advance in health.

Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food, 50c. a box. At all dealers, or Edmansson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

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