

THE KIND THAT CURES!

**PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND**

THE GREAT LIFE-GIVING MEDICINE FOR WEAK, AILING AND BROKEN-DOWN MEN AND WOMEN.

Recommended and Prescribed by The Best Physicians.



Every Genuine Package of Paine's Celery Compound, Should Bear Label As Above. Avoid Substitutes.

**THE DAILY EXAMINER**

Subscription \$4 a Year 35 cents a Month.

**THE WEEKLY EXAMINER**

Subscription, \$1 a Year.

Payable in Advance. Postpaid to any Address.

THE DAILY EXAMINER is on sale every day of publication at the following places:—

- Albion—G. S. Muttart.
- Bristol—E. Nicholson.
- Charlottetown—Mason's Newstand, Geo. Carter & Co., Queen St. Hazard & Moore, Grafton St. C. J. Mitchell, Queen St. W. M. Coffin, Grafton St. D. Chappell, Prince St. Johnson & Johnson, Kent St. Capt. F. White, Fowling St. F. J. Hornsby, Victoria Row.
- Georgetown—Heath Norton.
- Georgetown—H. D. Gordon.
- Kensington—F. Love.
- Little York—S. Brown.
- Mooreville—H. D. McEwen.
- Mt. Stewart—Douglas & Jardine.
- Summerside—J. K. Currie.
- Souris—Small & Bealato.
- Souris—Ferry Seaman.
- Souris—D. A. Anderson.
- Souris—C. B. Forrestal.

**Wants, Lost Found, &c**

- WANTED**—A servant girl for general housework. Apply to Mrs. C. R. Smallwood, Charlottetown.
- LOST**—Between St. Dunstan's Cathedral and Brighton Road, a set of prayer beads, silver mounted, in a leather case. Finder will please leave at this office.
- DOG LOST**—Lost Monday, a collie dog about six months old, black with white collar and breast, answers to the name of "Larry". Reward is offered for any information that will lead to his recovery. Apply at this office.
- LOST**—A gold chain bracelet, somewhere about the railway station. Finder please save at this office.
- GIRLS WANTED**—To learn the millinery. Apply to Miss McEachern at Jas. Paton & Co's.
- WANTED**—A good steady boy, age about fifteen or sixteen, who understands taking care of horses and cattle, also general work about a house. Country boy preferred. Apply at EXAMINER office.
- SAFE FOR SALE**—A large office safe. Apply at the city Hardware Store, R. B. Norton & Co.
- LOST**—On Tuesday evening, a purse containing a sum of money, finder will be rewarded by leaving same at this office.
- BOARDERS**—Two boarders can be comfortably accommodated, no children in the family. A good chance for students. Apply to P. O. Box 14.

**FLORABEL'S LOVER**

(Continued from page 6.)

"I will glance it over, then I will read it aloud," she said. As Isabel Carlisle read, her face grew ghastly in its white despair. The words seemed to stand out on the white page in letters of fire, her lips quivered, her hands trembled. "I—I cannot believe it!" she cried, with a terrible gasp. "My senses have played me false; my eyes have deceived me. If I thought he meant it I would never live to see another sunrise." She tried to rise, but her strength failed her. "Miss Vane—little Florabel!" she called, "come here; I want you. I want you to read how staunch my lover is; how true and faithful; how he has rewarded me for giving him the deepest, truest love that woman ever gave man."

Florabel crossed the room hurriedly, looking in alarm at the agitated face, the burning eyes, the white, trembling hands. "Miss Carlisle!" she cried, "oh, what has happened to you? What is the matter?"

"Nothing very material," replied the heiress, with a bitter smile, "only I have found out the truth by testing Gerald's love. He does not care for me. The man whom I have worshipped so madly, and whom I was to have wedded so soon, never loved me. He was intending to marry me for my wealth."

Greatly alarmed, Florabel took her trembling hands in hers, and tried to soothe her.

"Dearest Isabel, you must be composed. You will kill yourself with this agitation," she cried.

"I wish I could," she answered, dreadingly. "I do not want to live now that I know that Gerald does not love me. Read that letter, Miss Vane," she cried. "Ah me! I never realized that a man could be so base. I would have given up the whole world for his sake! Yes, Miss Vane, I could have died for him, and this is the end of it all."

While Florabel picked up the scattered sheets of paper and read, the heiress was pacing the floor, moaning out that of all women she was the most wretched.

Slowly Florabel read the letter through from beginning to end. Was there ever a letter more cruelly kind? It read as follows:

"My Dearest Isabel—I, like you, am greatly distressed at the turn affairs have taken. The contents of your letter have been a great shock to me. The loss of fortunes, swept away in a single day, is, alas! all too common in these days. I sympathize with you sincerely—more than words can express. You ask me if you shall fulfil now, under existing circumstances, your betrothal vows. "Long and earnestly I have thought over the matter, dear Isabel, and, although the words I am about to write cause me most bitter pain, feel it my duty to write them. I am willing to free you from those vows for the following reason, Isabel: I am not in a position just now, dear, to maintain a wife in the luxury to which you have been accustomed. It might be long years before I could surround you with such luxury, and I would never marry you unless I were able to do this. You would not care to wait for me long years, Isabel, nor could I expect it. Suppose, Isabel, I should declare that I would hold you to your promise; think what our future would be like. We are quite without money, both of us. We have no home; no prospect of getting one. How could we live you especially, who have never known want? The amount I have received from father since leav-

ing college barely suffices to keep me. Our marriage under these circumstances would be madness. I know it; you know it. The only feasible plan is to set you free, Isabel. "Philosophical resolution is best; so, Isabel, I release you from your betrothal vows; I release you from every promise you have ever made to me. I ask nothing but a place in your memory. "Rest assured of one thing, Isabel: ours is not the only romance of the kind to be found in the world. "Farewell, Isabel, since it must be so. I will not make the pain of parting with you harder to bear by coming to see you. I can say no more; my heart is too full of pain. I will sign myself, ever your friend, "Gerald."

"Oh, Florabel! Florabel!" sobbed the heiress, burying her face in her hands, "was ever pride brought so low as mine! I gave him all the deep, true love of my heart, and he can toss it aside as easily as a faded flower. My relatives were right. Gerald was a fortune hunter; and, oh! I loved him so!"

She turned away abruptly, saying in a low, hoarse voice to Florabel: "Come to my room in an hour from now; I—I shall want you."

"You are ill, Miss Carlisle," cried Florabel, noting the grayish pallor on her face. "Do lie down and rest."

"That is what I am going to do," said Isabel Carlisle, with a great dry sob; "I am going to rest."

**CHAPTER XX.**

Two hours later, with a face white as death, Florabel was hurrying rapidly toward the Windsor Hotel. As she was passing the park entrance, the very person whom she was going to see strolled leisurely out. "Miss Vane!" he cried, in surprise, tossing away his cigar and advancing eagerly toward her. She drew back, a strange gleam in her eyes. Handsome, debonaire Gerald Thorndyke was standing before her, smiling and bowing. "What an unexpected pleasure in meeting you," he declared. "It is the old adage realized—'Think of an angel, and you hear the rustle of her wings.' I was just thinking of you, and, raising my eyes, I half believed for a moment I was dreaming, to see you standing before me. Won't you walk a little way through the park?" he pleaded. "The morning is so fine. Or, if you permit me, I will call a cab and we will ride. I—I—have something to say to you, Miss Vane." To his great surprise, she acquiesced in this proposition. "You need not call a cab, Mr. Thorndyke. I will walk a little way with you," she answered, with forced calmness. He looked down curiously into the beautiful, dimpled face, crowned with its sheen of golden hair, and wondered if pretty Florabel was overcoming her aversion to him at last. It must certainly be so, he assured himself, smiling complacently. He had begun to talk with Florabel with great animation. Her strange, cold indifference piqued him. He was accustomed to smiles and blushes when he chose to devote himself to any fair lady. When they had walked a little way

**Healed of Her Heart Pangs!**

After doctors had said no cure---Acute heart disease had put Mrs. Fitzpatrick well nigh in the clutch of the "Grim Reaper." But Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart met her at the hospital door, offered her life, she accepted the great healer and to-day is well and strong.

In these days of hurry and bustle, nervous strain, poor digestion, the struggle of the humble classes for an existence and the everlasting joys of the married man

for more money, the heart, the human engine, is wrought upon for double the duty that Providence originally assigned it. Thus it is that we may pick up any newspaper any day and read of the sudden taking off of this, that and the other person, here, there and yonder—the cause assigned, heart failure, strain too great, and no assistance offered nature to help her carry her load.

Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart is a peerless remedy. Thousands of cases where sure and sudden death seemed imminent, its wonderful curative powers have been demonstrated, and in most acute forms of heart disease relief has come inside of 30 minutes after the first dose has been taken. Some of the most pronounced symptoms of heart disorders are: Palpitation, shortness of breath, weak and irregular pulse, smothering spells, swelling of the feet and ankles, tenderness and pain in the left side, chilly sensations, uneasiness if sleeping on the left side, fainting spells, hunger and exhaustion. Anyone of these symptoms is enough to convince of the seating of heart disease—and any one of them, if neglected may mean sudden death to the patient. Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart not only gives almost instant relief, but in the most stubborn cases it will effect a rapid and permanent cure. It is not an un-

tried nostrum. It is a heart restorant, leaves no bad after effects or depression. It acts directly on the nerve centres. It induces nervous energy, dispels all weakness and generally tones the system. Mrs. John Fitzpatrick, of Gananoque, Ont., was a great sufferer from heart disease. Hers was a stubborn case of over five years standing. She was treated by several eminent physicians and heart specialists without any permanent relief. She became so bad that she went to the hospital, and was in a short while discharged from there as a hopeless incurable; but, to use her own words, "As a last resort, I bought a bottle of Dr. Agnew's cure for the heart. One dose gave me almost instant relief from a very acute spasm. I felt encouraged, and persisted in its use. It just took three bottles to cure me completely, and I gladly bear my testimony to this wonderful remedy as a life saver."

What it has done for Mrs. Fitzpatrick it can do for any sufferer of heart disease. Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder relieved cold in the head in ten minutes, and has cured catarrh cases of fifty years' standing. Dr. Agnew's Ointment will cure blind, bleeding or itching piles in from three to five nights. One application relieves the most irritating skin diseases; 35 cents. Dr. Agnew's Pills, for constipation, sick headache, biliousness and stomach troubles generally. Only 20 cents a vial.

down the shady path Florabel stopped short. "You had something to say to me, Mr. Thorndyke, I believe," she said, quietly. "I am ready to listen. What is it?" He came a step nearer to her, flushing hotly, as he answered, with a gay laugh: "I was just trying to find expressive words in which to broach the subject; but I may as well plunge in to it boldly. If we were not in a crowded park I would kneel at your feet and pray my prayer. "Oh, Florabel, have you not seen from the first that I love you? When I first gazed into those beautiful eyes I knew that you were intended for me by fate."

He saw her recoil with horror. Her amazement and anger held her spell-bound. The words she would have uttered died away on her lips in an inarticulate murmur. Her silence gave him heart of grace. He thought he heard her murmur something about "Miss Carlisle's lover," and he answered, hastily: (To be continued.)

**DON'T THROW YOUR FADED THINGS AWAY.**

**Diamond Dyes Gives New Life to Old Garments.**

The faded and rusty dress, skirt, blouse, cape, jacket, cloak, or your lace and ribbons that you are thinking of consigning to the rag tag can be made as good as new if dyed with any of the fashionable and seasonable colors that Diamond Dyes produce. Your husband's, son's, or brother's dignity and faded overcoat or suit can be renewed for another season's wear by the Diamond Dyes at a trifling cost. Diamond Dyes work wonders and save scores of dollars annually for thousands of homes on this continent. All well managed homes use the Diamond Dyes and extol their beauty and usefulness. Guard against imitations and substitutes. See that your dealer gives you the Diamond Dyes when you ask for them.

**For Lenten Season**

- We have some very good Boneless Codfish. It is much nicer than the ordinary Boneless Fish.
- Also—Shredded Codfish in tins.
- Kipperd Herring in Tomato Sauce.
- Canned Finnan Haddies.
- Canned Lobsters in 1/2 and 1 lb tins.
- Canned Scallops and Clams.
- Canned Shrimps (from Gulf of Mexico.)
- Canned Salmon (British Columbia.)
- Canned Salmon (New Brunswick.)
- French Sardines.
- Domestic Sardines.

**BEER & GOFF**

Queen & King Square Grocers.

**TORTOISE HEATER**

Tortoise Heaters



- Island Crown \$17.50
  - Sampson Cook, No. 8 \$13.50
- FROM \$7.50 UP
- This price for 2 weeks

Simon W. Crabbe STOVES & HARDWARE

**MOLASSES**

200 packages bright retailing Molasses. For sale by N RATENBURY.

**For FIRE... INSURANCE**

Apply to **HYNDMAN & CO** AGENTS

North British and Mercantile Co. Union Assurance Society. Phoenix of London

**MASON'S STORE**

You can get the latest Canadian and American newspapers received by mail each night. Drop in if you want a paper or magazine or book to read. Fruit, Confectionery, Tobacco, Cigars etc. when you're passing this way. **R. H. Mason**

To Cheese and Butter Makers

Sealed Tenders for the manufacture of Cheese and Butter in Winsloe Factory during the coming season will be received up to noon, Wednesday, 21st inst. Parties tendering are requested to state their price per 100 lbs of cheese also their monthly salary per year for both cheese and butter, they finding their own help and company supplies in both cases. **HENRY HORNE, Secretary.**

**Mill Property and Farm For Sale**

Wheatley River. The subscriber offers by private sale his valuable mill property situated at Wheatley River, a good new grist mill and kiln and other buildings thereon, and a never failing stream of water. Also fifty acres of excellent land. This property is 14 miles from Charlottetown, 3 miles from Railway Station, within three miles of the new bridge where there is shipping, lumber yards and coal. Convenient to churches, schools, store, blacksmith shop and hall. Apply to **JOHN WHITE, Owner** wksly lmo pd Wheatley River.

**Farm For Sale at Fairfield, LOT 47.**

The undersigned are authorized by Marie S. McIntyre to sell the farm formerly owned by late Father Gabriel McIntyre, containing about 90 acres, situated at Fairfield, Lot 47 bounded on the East by the property of the heirs of Angus J. McIntyre, and on the West by land of Alexander McKenzie. This property is about half cleared, and will be sold at a reasonable figure. Persons wishing to purchase can communicate with the undersigned, stating what amount they are willing to offer for the property. **MCLEOD, MORSON & McQUARRIE, Solicitors, Charlottetown**

**THE Prince Edward Island Magazine**

...NOW ON SALE... At all the Bookstores and at **R. H. Mason's News Stand.**

CONTENTS FOR MARCH.

"The Idle Hour"—Frontispiece. A Reverie, by May Carroll. First Settlers of Three Rivers, by Prof. John Caven. A Prince County Ghost Story, by J. Mollison. Remnants of Acadian Dykes, by W. H. Warren. Rise, Sons of the Empire! M. W. M. Scottish Associations in P. E. Island, by Hon. Senator Macdonald. Tenant League Results, by John Ross. The Early Settlers of St. Eleanors, by Hubert G. Compton. To a Wounded Tern, by Jeremiah S. Clarke. English Meanings of Irish Names, by W. J. K. "Our Boys," by May Carroll. **5c a copy—Send for sample. The P. E. Island Magazine.** P. O. BOX 698, Charlottetown, P. E. I.