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**R. H. Mason**

**TENDERS!**

FOR—  
**Indian River Church.**

Tenders are asked for the construction and completion of St. Mary's Church, up to the 19th March, next, to be addressed to the undersigned and marked "Tender for Indian River Catholic Church."

Plans and specifications can be seen on Monday, 5th February, next, at the Bishop's Palace and at the office of Mr W. C. Harris, Architect, Charlotte, for ten days; afterwards they can be seen at the Parochial House, Summerside. A certified bank cheque of \$50.00 will be required to accompany each tender, which will be returned if tender be not accepted, and forfeited if tender fail to accept, if called upon.

The undersigned does not bind himself to accept the lowest or any tender.

D. J. GILLIS, P. P.  
Indian River, P. E. I., Jan 31st 1900.  
Herald.

**THE EXAMINER**

**COUPON.**

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**Glimpses of South Africa**  
In Peace and in War.

CUT out this coupon and bring or send it with 10c in silver to the Portfolio Department of "The Examiner," and get part No. 7 "Glimpses of South Africa in Peace and in War."

- Wants, Lost Found, &c**
- GIRLS WANTED**—To learn the millinery. Apply to Miss McEachern at Jas. Paton & Co's.
  - LOST**—A gentleman's Astrakhan glove under olea in laava at this office.
  - WANTED**—A good steady boy, age abt 15 or 16, who understands taking care of horses and cattle, also general work about a house. Country boy preferred. Apply at EXAMINER office.
  - FOUND**—A ladies umbrella, gold mounted stick. Apply at this office.
  - WANTED**—Several dining room girls are wanted at the Sydney Hotel, Sydney, C. B. Wages no object. Apply to E. LeBlond, Williams, Sydney Hotel.
  - SAFELY FOR SALE**—A large office safe. Apply at the city Hardware Store, R. B. Norton & Co, Ltd.
  - WANTED**—By an experienced laundress—washing to do at her home. Apply to Miss McEachern, Fitzroy Street, near Weymouth St. Feb 16, 41.
  - HAT FOUND**—On Prince Street on Wednesday night. Apply at THE EXAMINER office.
  - WANTED**—\$700 per day sure, gentlemen or ladies; special work; position permanent; reliable firm, with best references; experience unnecessary. Address, B. M. Fry, Field Manager, Hamilton, Ont.
  - LOST**—On Tuesday night near the B. I. Hall, Kent Street a fur mink. Finder will please leave at this office.
  - LOST**—In this city on the evening of the 1st inst, a dark green wallet with a sum of money. Finder will be suitably rewarded by leaving it at this office.
  - LOST**—A sum of money—bank notes. Folded one fold, with rubber band. Reward for recovery. Apply at EXAMINER office.
  - WANTED**—At once one of two stenographers to take dictation in the evening either in shorthand or on typewriter. Apply at this office.

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and  
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**R. H. Mason,**

**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 step-father, Squire Pemberton. His daughters had Florabel, and when the Squire dies, order her out of the old home. Max Pemberton 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 IX—(Continued.)**

"I will keep silent no longer," murmured Arthur Hurlhurst one day, as he passed restlessly up and down beneath the beeches. "I must see Florabel and tell her all."

Seeing Florabel was easier said than done; she avoided him so persistently. In sheer despair he thought himself of writing a note and slipping it to her unobserved, urging her to see him, for he had something of the greatest importance to say to her, and that no one must know, for his very life almost depended upon her observing the strictest secrecy in regard to this note; and his prayer that she should meet him in the drawing room that night, if but a few moments, just after tea.

He wrote the note, and watched his opportunity of giving it to her unobserved. At last his opportunity came.

She was searching through Lord Tennyson's poems for some particular quotation and missed it.

"Let me assist you in looking for it," said handsome, gallant Arthur Hurlhurst, stepping to her side. He laid the note between the pages.

"Do not refuse my request," he whispered. "I pray you, for your own sake as well as mine, see me again and give me time to explain."

As he turned away hastily, he saw her draw back with anger and dismay.

He had risked almost his life itself, as he had said, on a daring venture. Would she betray him? He dared not think.

Giving her the note was adroitly managed; but it happened, unfortunately, that Inez Clavering witnessed the little transaction. She saw Florabel read over the few lines, her hazel eyes darkening with anger; then contemptuously tear up the note and fling it to the winds.

Arthur Hurlhurst waited patiently in the drawing room quite an hour after tea; but Florabel did not come, and he grew desperate.

"I must see her," he said, as he paced nervously up and down. "How madly I have acted. I must see her and explain all."

Florabel longed to go directly to her husband and tell him of the note she had received, and its contents but the fear that he would laugh at her sealed her lips in silence.

She did not deign to notice the note, but avoided the sender more scrupulously than ever.

Then Arthur Hurlhurst wrote again. "I must see you," he said, as he thrust the note into her unwilling hand, "and alone. Let the prayer of a desperate man influence you. You will not regret having seen me. Come down to the rose arbor at dusk."

Again the watchful eyes of Inez Clavering observed the note; and she promised herself that she would find out the meaning of this secret correspondence—near the mystery.

When Florabel read the second note she was in despair. What could he have to tell her of such grave importance? she wondered. That night when the moon was shining on the flowers, a fate most pitiful drew Florabel to the rose arbor to keep the strange, unwilling appointment.

**CHAPTER XI.**

To the last day of her life every incident of that fatal night was engraven upon Florabel's memory. She remembered how the night wind moaned among the beeches, as though it would warn her to turn back. How white the moonlight was that shone on the sleeping flowers, and how her heart throbbed as she neared the rose arbor.

Arthur Hurlhurst was already there, pacing up and down. He turned when he saw her, and came forward eagerly.

"Thank Heaven, you did not refuse my prayer," he said. "You have come."

"It is sorely against my will that I am here," she began, nervously.

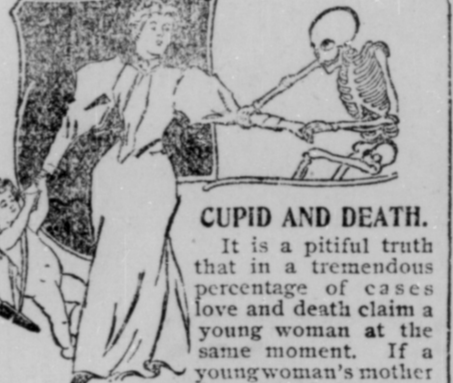
"Tell me why you have asked for this interview. What can you have

when I was very young," she replied. "He broke our mother's heart, Florabel, and wrecked my life," declared the young man, hoarsely. "Nothing but good should be spoken of the dead; but I repeat that it is quite true. He treated her so cruelly she was obliged to live apart from him; and I—ah! how grieved I am to say it—clung to my father. I was but a boy of ten; how could I discriminate between right and wrong?"

"I can remember how my fair young mother came to me, and pleaded with me on her knees, to leave father and come with her, for she feared his evil example; and I refused. Slowly she raised herself to her feet—Then from this hour you are as one dead to me," she said. She turned away, and I never looked upon her living face again.

"You could not understand, even if I were to picture to you, the life my father led and the influences which surrounded me. He was a gambler, and led a reckless, checkered life. On one day he feared as sumptuously as a lord; on the next we went supperless to bed. The wine cup, too, had a most terrible fascination for him. And, oh, Florabel, how can I find words to tell you this?—but it must be told. One night, at the gambling table, under the influence of drink, he took a fellow creature's life, and the sentence passed upon him by the law was a life for a life; but the gallows was cheated of its prey. They found him one morning in his cell—dead!"

A wild, bitter cry broke from the girl's lips. Her face was pallid with awful horror too pitiful for words. But if the young man heard he did not heed it. He continued, bitterly: "Thrown on the world as I was, and steeped at so young an age in pernicious associates, little Florabel, do not wonder that I went wrong. I have done more harm in the world than good. I followed in my father's footsteps. I was reckless. Evil companions led me into a great wrong. I forged my employer's name, Florabel; then fled, horror-stricken at my crime."



**CUPID AND DEATH.**

It is a pitiful truth that in a tremendous percentage of cases love and death claim a young woman at the same moment. If a young woman's mother does not feel competent to give her daughter the right advice about how to keep herself well and strong in a manly way, she should seek the advice of some physician of years of wide experience, and of substantial reputation. A young woman naturally does not like to be a subject of discussion, examination and the horrible local treatment of a home doctor. Moreover, obscure physicians make the mistake of attributing her ills to indigestion, or heart or liver trouble, when the real cause is weakness or disease of the delicate organs concerned in wifehood and motherhood.

The embarrassing examinations and local treatment upon which most doctors insist, are nine times in ten entirely unnecessary. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription acts directly on a woman's special organism and makes it strong and healthy, and competent to bear the strain of wifehood and motherhood. It allays inflammation, soothes pain, heals ulceration and stops debilitating drains. It banishes the sufferings of the period of expectancy, and makes baby's arrival in the world easy and almost painless. Good druggists recommend it. Letters addressed to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., are sacredly confidential.

"It has been nearly four years since I took Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription," writes Mrs. C. C. Clark, of New Rome, Floyd Co., Ga., "and there have been no signs of any return of female complaint. I am now fifty years old and can walk two miles and one-half, and to-day am as well as ever. I have used Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, and found them as good as recommended."

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