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Special Notice

Having purchased from Mr. F. J. Hornsby the stock and good will of his Book and Stationery Business in the Morris Block, we will continue the business in its various branches, selling at lowest prices for cash only. Miss B. Hornsby, who has managed the business in the past, will be in charge of the store, and will be pleased to attend to all old customers and many new ones.

A choice new stock of Wall Papers will be at once put on sale, and all departments of the business will be kept well stocked. A well supplied news stand will be a special feature of the business. The store will be known as 'The Bazaar Bookstore.'

THE Bazaar Company Successors to F. J. HORNBY. MORRIS BLOCK. . . Ch'town, March 15, 1900.

REMOVAL E. H. BEER HAS REMOVED HIS Insurance Office TO Mark Wright & Co's Showrooms NORTH SIDE QUEEN ST. J. A. Y. All Kinds of Insurance.

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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.

CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued.) A basket of small wares was beside her, and ever and anon the child imperturbed the passersby to purchase her wares, for she was lame. Oh, how the words smote upon Florabel's heart. The words had attracted the attention of a lady and gentleman who were passing. One glance at them, and Florabel recoiled with a cry. They were Max Forrester and his mother.

CHAPTER XXIX. Little dreaming whose eyes were upon him, Max Forrester called the attention of his mother, who was walking with him, to the little one, turned suddenly, and impulsively laid his hand on her curly head. "Won't you buy some of my pencils from me, because I am lame?" imperturbed the child. "I haven't sold any to-day. And, oh! Granny will be so cross! so cross!"

"Who is Granny?" said Max. "The old lady who just turned away from you as we came up?" "Yes, sir," faltered the little one, tremulously. "And, oh! she is so cruel to me if I don't sell any pencils! Please buy one."



When a man has overworked himself, and neglected his health, until he finally realizes that he is a sick man, he too frequently goes to some obscure physician who has had very little experience or practice; the result is a wrong diagnosis and the wrong treatment. A man in this condition, if he continues to work and takes the wrong medicine, is really making himself a saddle-horse for death.

Forrester, slowly. "I think I can tell you why. She bears such a striking resemblance to—Florabel." The veiled figure standing so near them that she could have put out her hand and touched them, gave a great start, scanning eagerly and more attentively the face of the little one.

"Yes, indeed," she answered, holding out her emaciated arms to him. "You look kind. And, oh! Granny beats me so hard when I haven't sold many pencils!"

"Heaven help us!" murmured Mrs. Forrester. "Such word from the lips of a little child!" "May Heaven pardon the mother and father who could desert their own child!" muttered Max, with a strong imprecation.

At that moment a hard-faced woman broke unconsciously into the group. "Why ain't ye sellin' yer pencils?" she cried, in a rasping voice, as she grasped the child by the shoulder. "Do you hear me, I say? Why ain't ye cryin' out yer wares? I have a good notion to beat ye on the spot."

No wonder Max and Mrs. Forrester did not recognize her voice; it was so hoarse and strange. A contemptuous laugh broke from the woman's lips. At this juncture Max Forrester stepped forward. What he said to the woman Florabel was too dazed to know.

There was a long, earnest conversation, a roll of bank notes but in the greedy hand; then she saw Max turn to the child, and heard him say: "You are to come with me, little one. Shall you like that?" The child held out her hands to him with a cry of delight, and Florabel saw him lift her in his strong arms and bear her to their carriage, which was close at hand, followed by his mother.

casual remarks; "but contingencies have arisen which make it imperative." "Say no more, madam," said Florabel, rising proudly and facing her with a death-white face. "I see that the same cruel fate which has followed me for five long years has tracked me here. I am fond of little Belle and Lida; they drew my heart toward them; I am sorry to part with them."

"Tell me this, Miss Dean," she said: "Has your past been such that little children should be committed to your care? I am a plain spoken woman; I ask the question plainly; I hope for a straightforward answer." "I answer you in all sincerity that my life has been blameless," returned Florabel, solemnly.

"It is strange," thought Mrs. Kensington, looking into the fair, earnest face; "but I must either believe Mand Pemberton or her. Now which shall it be? I am half tempted to ignore what Miss Pemberton has told me; she is so fond of the children, and the children are so very fond of her." (To be continued.)

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