

# PARSONS PILLS

will cure Biliousness, Constipation, all Liver complaints. They expel impurities from the blood, delicate women find sure relief from using them.

**To Cure Sick Headache**  
and remove impurities from the stomach and bowels. Put up in glass vials. Thirty in a bottle; one a dose. Recommended by many physicians every where, as the best Liver-Pill made. Sixty-four page book sent free by mail. Sold by all Druggists, or sent post-paid for 25 cents in stamps. L. S. JOHNSON & Co., Boston, Mass.

We Couldn't do Poor Work if We Wanted to—we Don't Know How We Learned Our Business the Other Way.

**Bruce Stewart and Co'y.**  
"THE MODERN"  
Founders Engineers & Machinists  
Steam Nav. Co'y's Wharf  
Ch'town, P. E. I.  
Phone 125

**Do Not Be Deceived**

**BEWARE of SUBSTITUTES**  
Or Teas named to sound like BRAHMIN.

**Haszard's Brahmin.**  
IS THE ONLY GENUINE.

**ASK FOR IT AND TAKE NO OTHER**

FOR SALE BY:—  
J. D. McLeod & Co.,  
Beer & Goff,  
Jenkins & Son,  
J. R. Warren,  
R. J. Wood,  
R. F. Maddigan, & Co.,  
Stewart & Gates,  
R. H. Mason,  
J. H. Myrick & Co.,  
Edward Cullen,  
Capt. T. White,  
W. M. Coffin,  
Sinclair & Stewart, S'side,  
**HORACE HASZARD,**  
Agent, For Canada

**REMOVAL**

**E. H. BEER**  
—HAS REMOVED HIS—  
Insurance Office  
—TO—  
Mark Wright & Co's Showrooms  
NORTH SIDE QUEEN ST. J. A. 13

All Kinds of Insurance.

Note—I am prepared to place all classes of FIRE INSURANCE at rates which defy competition. You can save money by calling on me.

**E. H. BEER,**  
General Insurance Agent.  
Feb 12.

**AT MASON'S STORE**

You can get the latest Canadian and American newspapers received by mail each night.

Drop in if you want paper or magazine or book to read. Fruit, Confectionery, Tobacco, Cigars etc. when you're passing this way.

**R. H. Mason**

**MOLASSES**

200 packages bright retailing Molasses. For sale by  
**N. J. RATTENBURY.**

# 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 XVI--(Continued.)**  
But, much to her surprise, the child clung close to Max's neck, crying out that she would not leave it.  
The matron was much surprised.  
"This little one is usually so shy of strangers," she said, "she cannot be induced to go near them. She seems to have taken an uncommon fancy to you, sir."  
"Not more of a fancy than I have taken to her," responded Mr. Forrester. "I have taken the greatest notion in the world to adopt her and take her home to my mother. Who are her parents?"  
"That I do not know," responded the matron; and she told him the story of the beautiful, dark eyed girl who brought the baby there one stormy night nearly two years before, saying she had found it on the doorstep of her home.

"I have always discredited that," she continued. "I firmly believe this child to be her own; yet there is not one feature of resemblance between them. She comes here quite often and looks at the child. Little Flora cannot be induced to go near her; when she sees her approaching she flies screaming out into the grounds in mortal terror; and the young woman seems to have as much of an aversion to the child as the child has to her. It is quite unaccountable, sir."  
"It is, indeed," assented Max. "Could you give me this woman's address?" he added. "I should like to have a talk with her about adopting this little one. If she is poor, I could make it an inducement to her to let me have the child."  
"She generally comes on the twentieth of the month," answered the matron; "if you could call then you would probably see her."  
"I shall do so," said Max.

It was one of the hardest of efforts to induce the child to leave his arms, and again Max Forrester bent his handsome head and kissed the little face; and that kiss thrilled him to the depths of his heart. And then it seemed strange, too, that this child, to whom he had taken such a yearning fancy, was named Flora.  
Leaving his card, and promising to call on the 20th, Max Forrester took his departure.  
As the matron had said, Inez Clavering whom she knew by the name

of Miss Grey, made regular visits to the Orphans' Home, to see Florabel's child. An uncontrollable magnet seemed to draw her thither.  
With jealous eyes she watched it as its little life expanded. "Ah, how fair this child was! How Max would have worshipped it!" she thought.  
She hated it for its fair, dainty loveliness—so like Florabel's.

It was rather an uncomfortable surprise to her, when she paid her next visit, to hear that a young gentleman had taken such a fancy to little Flora that he wished to adopt her.  
"He left his card; but I have either lost or misplaced it," added the matron, ruefully.  
"Why didn't you let him take the child?" replied Inez, indifferently.  
"I would had I thought you would have been willing."  
Inez raised her eyebrows surprisedly.  
"What could I have to do with it?" she queried, sharply. "The child is nothing to me."  
"Ah, here is the gentleman driving up the carriage walk now!" exclaimed the matron. "Be good enough to be seated, Miss Grey. I will go out to the porch and invite him to come into the reception room."

She passed out of the room, leaving Inez and the child together.  
Inez rose from her seat to cross to the window to take a look at the gentleman. As she approached the child, little Flora screamed aloud, covering back in her chair.  
"You needn't be afraid; I'm not coming near you, you little fool!" muttered Inez, angrily, as she swept past her.  
One glance from the lace-draped window at the gentleman who was alighting from the victoria, and Inez Clavering fell back with a wild, hoarse cry.  
"Max Forrester! Great God! am I mad or dreaming, or do my eyes deceive me?"

In a flash she recalled every word of the matron's story; how he had seen the child by chance and become so interested in her he wanted to adopt her. Ah! no wonder! no wonder!  
A laugh, horrible to hear, fell from Inez's lips.  
"Fate would bring Max and his child together!" she cried, hoarsely; "but I will outwit fate. It must not, and shall not be. Nor must Max Forrester find me here. There would be a most horrible exposure."  
Catching up her shawl, she sprang toward the child, and before it could utter a cry, she had thrown the thick folds of the wrap about its head, and darted through the rear door with it.

She met no one as she ran hastily down the lilac path to where her cab was waiting.  
"Drive me to the depot at once," she panted, as she sprang into the vehicle. "If you are in time for the New York going-out express, I will give you double your fare."  
The man touched his whip to the horses, and away they flew with the speed of the wind.  
Meanwhile, Max Forrester had entered the reception room with the matron.  
"Why, Miss Grey is not here!" she exclaimed. "Neither is the child!"  
The chair she sat down on was upturned, as was also a footstool, and the door which led to the rear garden, and which was always kept locked, stood wide open.  
She turned quite pale. A terrible suspicion had flashed across her mind. "I am afraid Miss Grey has fled with the child," she cried, hoarsely.  
Investigations were set on foot at once.  
Every part of the grounds, and every nook in and about the "Home," were thoroughly searched.  
At last one of the men returned with a tiny shoe, which the matron recognized at once as baby Flora's.  
"We found this lying in the main road," he said, "and near it a woman's glove. In the distance we could see a cab, drawn by a pair of bay horses, dashing away like mad, and the driver was still plying the whip. If I might make so bold as to say it, I think the child has been abducted, ma'am, and by the black eyed woman admitted less than half an hour ago."  
"That is certainly Miss Grey's glove," declared the matron, distressedly.  
Max Forrester had sunk down into

the nearest seat, covering his face with his hands.  
A great wave of sorrow and desolation swept over him.  
"I could have loved that child as though it had been my own," he said, hoarsely. "Of course, the mother has the best right to her child; still she need never have carried the little one off in that fashion. I should have taken it only by her consent. I would have surrounded it by every comfort. I—I could have idolized that little child, my heart is so empty."  
"I am sorry, sir," returned the matron, with tears in her eyes, as she looked at the handsome young man before her, whose face held so sad a story. "Perhaps you have lost just such a little one?"  
"No, I have never had a little child," replied Max. "I cannot tell why I have such a yearning love for that one."

**CHAPTER XXVIII.**  
Poor, hapless Florabel's life, from the night she had drifted so cruelly apart from Max for the second time, had been one of sad events.  
Only those who have known what it is to be thrown on the world, dependent upon themselves, can realize how hard her struggle was for existence.  
Florabel had obtained the position of governess to two little children in a wealthy family, and life would not have been so unpleasant to her if her mistress had been more kind.

(To be continued.)

# ITCHING PILES...

Positively and permanently cured by Dr. A. W. Chase's Ointment.

Dr. A. W. Chase's Ointment is an absolute cure for piles, and has never been known to fail to cure the worst forms of this disease which has baffled medical skill for ages.  
This statement may sound rather strong to persons who do not know the superior merits of Dr. A. W. Chase's Ointment, but it is perfectly true, and heartily endorsed by the grateful testimony of thousands of men and women who have been cured by it after years of suffering, and after trying many preparations and consulting the best doctors.  
Mr. H. Bull, Belleville, Ont., says: "I take pleasure in stating that after thirty years of suffering with Itching Piles, Dr. Chase's Ointment has completely cured me. I tried every remedy that was advertised, with little or no benefit, but as I have told different persons affected as I was, Dr. Chase's Ointment made a perfect cure."  
Dr. Chase's Ointment has a record of cures unparalleled in the history of medicine. It is guaranteed to cure any case of piles. For sale by all dealers, or Edmansons, Bates & Co., Toronto.

# Emersonian Recital!

Under the direction of Miss Isobel Macmillan in the  
**KINDERGARTEN HALL**  
—ON—  
Friday Evening, March 30th.

- Orchestra.....
  - 1. Physical Culture—Emerson Exercises to Musical Accompaniment.....  
Gentlemen: Messrs R C Macpherson, G R Macmillan, J E F Cahill.  
Ladies: Misses Edith Stewart, Eva Hyde, Fannie Macmillan.  
Director: Miss Isobel Macmillan.  
Piano: Miss Smallwood.  
Cornet: Miss Gwendoline Welsh.
  - 2. Reading—"How Doth Heard the Messiah"  
Miss Flo Mackenzie.
  - 3. Violin Solo (selected).....  
Prof. Vinnicombe.
  - 4. Reading—"In a Sleeping Car"  
(a farce).....Howells  
Miss Josie Stentiford.
  - 5. Vocal Solo—"Gai Tu"  
Mr F J Stauley.
  - 6. Reading—Scene from Quo Vadis—"Rescue of Lydia"  
Miss Ruby Rattray.
  - PART II.
  - Orchestra.....
  - 7. Reading—"The Last Shot"  
Mr Kenneth Macpherson.
  - 8. Piano Trio.....
  - 9. Amateur Ladies' Drama—"The Champion of Her Sex" (cast).....  
Mrs Duplex, a widow with money and a Mission, Isobel Macmillan.  
Mrs Deborah Hartsorn, her Mother, Ruby Rattray.  
Florence Duplex, her Daughter, Eva Hyde.  
Carolina Duplex, her Step-daughter, Bessie Burke.  
Rhoda Dendron } Friends.....  
Pollie Nay }  
Miss Flo Mackenzie.  
Katie O'Neill } Maids.....  
Maggie Donovan }  
Edith Stewart and Josie Stentiford
  - 10. Vocal Solo (selected).....  
Miss Florrie Earle.
  - 11. Reading—(a) "Shandon Bells"  
(b) "The Bells"...E A Poe  
Mr J J Macgowan.
- GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.**  
Doors open at 7.30. Recital at 8 o'clock. Admission 35c.

**SEE THAT THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE OF—OF—**

**CASTORIA**

Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of

**INFANTS CHILDREN**

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. **NOT NARCOTIC.**

Fac-Simile Signature of **Chas. H. Fletcher** NEW YORK.

AT 6 months old **35 Doses - 35 CENTS**

**CASTORIA**

Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." See that you get C-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

The fac-simile signature of **Chas. H. Fletcher** is on every wrapper.



# To Give Persons in the Country an Chance Or SPECTACLE SALE

Is Continued Till Saturday, March 24th

SPECTACLES, Steel or Nickled Frames, fitted with first quality Lenses case included, 75c to \$1.50.  
Best Gold Filled Frames with Solid Gold ends, warranted 10 years and fitted with first quality Lenses; price complete \$2.50.  
NOTE.—We do not keep common Gold Filled Frames.  
Cheap Solid Gold Frames of a poor quality not kept in stock, as a good Gold Filled Frame is in every way preferable, but for 10 days we will give 25 per cent off all our good Solid Gold Spectacles and Eye Glasses.  
Anyone whose eyes we have examined and fitted with glasses in the last 12 months can have another examination made if they wish and the lenses exchanged free—unless a special lenses has to be made to order.  
By arrangement, anyone can have their eyes examined evenings but we consider daylight the best time.

You may have time for part payment if you wish.

**E. W. Taylor**  
OPTICIAN  
Cameron Block, Charlottetown.

# STILL ON HAND

\*\*\*\*\*

A lot of our finest overcoatings and suitings in Scotch we of E. W. Taylor and German manufacture—at very fine prices to the balance of the season.  
All new fresh goods this season.

**JOHN M'LEOD & CO**

**Fine Photography**

In all the Latest Designs  
Our Carbon portraits are unrivaled. Our customers are all delighted.  
Be sure and visit the leading studio.

**G. H. COOK**  
Queen and Grafton Sts, Ch'town.