

NOTICE.

Applications for the position of General Agent for Province of Prince Edward Island for the Great-West Life Assurance Company will be received until the first day of April next. This is a very desirable opening for a man of energy and ability. The Company have made rapid and solid progress, having over ten millions in business in force with an annual income of over three hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars.

The Great-West Life has a higher interest earning power than any other Company doing business in Canada. Its rates for insurance are lower and guarantees higher than any other Company, therefore, it is easy to do business for the Great-West Life. A very desirable contract to the right party. Apply by letter with references to **ENEAS A. MACDONALD,** Barrister, etc. Charlottetown, P. E. I. dy 5ins eod.

Emersonian Recital!

Under the direction of Miss Isobel Macmillan in the

KINDERGARTEN HALL

—ON—
Thursday Evening, April 5th

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

BEST.... QUALITY

Five plated knives, forks and spoons, at a liberal discount till end of month.

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"THE MODERN"
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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.

SYNOPSIS.

Florabel was a dependent of her step-father, Squire Pemberton. His daughter, 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, members of which disapprove of his marriage, as they wanted him to marry Miss Clavering, an heiress.

CHAPTER XXX—(Continued.)

"You are to be shown right up, sir," said the man; "follow me, if you please."

Within the sick room the silence of death reigned.

The doctor sat upon one side of the couch, Florabel on the other, each holding a hand of the little sufferer. Did some subtle instinct warn Florabel who the child was that lay there? It must have been so, for her agony was pitiful to behold. Not even the doctor knew, as she sat there, rigid and motionless, how she was wearying Heaven with agonized petitions for the child's life. They heard the sound of voices in the corridor without, and this brought Florabel to a sense of her position.

She started up with a gasping cry. It was Max's step. One moment more and he would be in the room. He must not find her there. No, no; a thousand times no.

She had sprung to her feet in sudden terror, but the child's hand clung to hers.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Little Flo's hands relax their grasp, and she holds out her arms toward Max Forrester with a little, feeble cry. For the instant the beautiful, golden-haired stranger who is bending over her is forgotten, and in that instant Florabel turns quickly and glides from the room and out of the house.

"I have saved the child's life," she murmured, "she will live. There is no longer need for my presence." Her heart beat with a strange, yearning thrill as she thought of little Flo.

"I love the child because she thinks so much of Max," she told herself, raising her weeping eyes to the star-gemmed sky.

There had always been in her heart the seeds of jealousy—strong as life itself; but somehow she was not jealous of this lovely child's great, deep love for Max.

How her heart had bounded with pleasure so keen it was almost pain when she saw the two little white arms outstretched so feebly toward him.

When she was quitting the room she had turned back, and saw Max sprung forward with a mighty cry, and the next instant the little golden head was pillowed on his breast and the white arms twined about his neck.

How Max loved this little strange child; and yet she was not jealous—no, she was not.

"I have seen Max's dear face," she murmured, "now for the second time, and I have heard the music of his voice. Now I can go quietly away. To-morrow I shall leave New York—it may be for years, and it may be forever."

But, ah, it was not so easy tearing herself away after having seen him again. How her heart yearned for him with a yearning that was not to be appeased.

Then her pride rose to her assistance. He had cast her off without cause or provocation. She must never let him know how weak she was in craving his love still.

The steamer *Servia* set sail on the morrow; it must bear her with it to foreign shores. She had looked her last on Max Forrester's face.

But to return to Max. As the door was flung open by the obsequious servant, and he saw his child for whom he had been searching so desperately and so fruitlessly, the wild cry of joy that sprang to his lips died away, leaving no sound. In his terrible excitement all else seemed to fade from his view.

He never remembered how he crossed the room and reached the couch where the little one lay.

It was some time afterward before he could control himself sufficiently to tell the wondering doctor his story.

And when he made a clean breast of the whole thing from beginning to end, the doctor's surprise knew no bounds. At first it was almost impossible for him to believe that Inez Clavering, whom he had believed to be little less than angel, could lend herself to such a dastardly scheme.

In his amazement at the events which were happening, he had not missed the beautiful, golden-haired stranger who had volunteered her services to nurse the child until she had

occurred to him to associate her in any way with Mr. Forrester's thrilling narrative.

"If I could but find my poor lost Florabel now," sighed Max, heavily, "my joy would be complete. I have done all that mortal man could do—moved heaven and earth almost—but it is useless. I often fear that she is dead."

"Take courage, my dear sir," said Dr. Carrisford, shaking his hand warmly. "The darkest beginnings often have the brightest endings; so may we trust that yours shall have."

Max shook his head sadly. "It is five long years since I lost my Florabel," he said. "To me it seems the length of eternity. I fear I shall never look upon her fair young face again. If Heaven has so willed it, my greatest happiness will be to devote my life to her child—my poor, beautiful, hapless Florabel's child. It is almost a miracle that the poor little darling has lived, considering all that she has passed through."

"She will not only live, but when health is again restored, the spine trouble will gradually disappear, and with it the lameness."

Max Forrester wrung the doctor's hand in gratitude too deep for words.

It was many a long day before little Flo could be removed from the doctor's residence to the Forrester mansion again, and during that interim we will follow the fortunes of Florabel.

According to her arrangements, she set sail on the next day in the *Servia*, telling herself she was never to see her native land again. The world was wide, and she was to be separated the whole width of that world from Max, never to see him again. But she must not complain against her fate, even though it broke her heart.

(To be continued.)

RAILROAD.....

KIDNEY

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

Did it ever occur to you that most railroad men die of kidney disease?

Such is the fact, however, and the disease is known among railroaders as "railroad kidney."

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Mr. Geo. Cummings, for over 20 years engineer on the Grand Trunk running between Toronto and Allandale, says: "The constant duty with my work gave me excessive pains in my back, racking my kidneys. I tried several remedies until I was recommended by my friend, Mr. Dave Conley, to try Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. Two boxes have completely cured me and I feel to-day a better man than ever. I recommend them to all my friends."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, six a box, at all dealers, or Edmansson, Baird & Co., Toronto.

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100 pairs men's boots in faced and congress in sizes 6, 7, 8.

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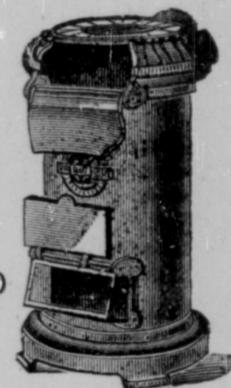
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A woman need not go to a fortune teller to learn the story of her fate. She need only look in the mirror. A woman who suffers from weakness and disease of her womanly self will soon show the lines of suffering in her face. She will become weak, sickly, nervous, fretful and despondent. Her duties as a wife, mother and house-keeper will become an unbearable burden. Tens of thousands of women suffer in this way in silence. The average obscure physician will attribute their suffering to stomach, liver, lung or heart trouble. If they are fortunate enough to consult a physician who gives them a correct diagnosis, the chances are that he will insist upon the embarrassing examinations and local treatment so disgusting to a sensitive woman. Dr. R. V. Pierce, for thirty years chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute at Buffalo, N. Y., is probably the most eminent and skillful specialist in woman's diseases in the world. With the assistance of a staff of able physicians he has prescribed for many thousands of ailing women. He has discovered a medicine that does away with the necessity for local examinations and local treatment in these cases. It is known as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It acts directly upon the delicate and important feminine organs concerned and makes them strong and healthy. It allays inflammation, heals ulceration, soothes pain and tones the nerves. Thousands of women have testified to its marvelous merits. All good druggists sell it.

"For a number of years I suffered with a complication of female troubles," writes Mrs. Rosie Niece, of 126 1/2 St. Louisville, Ky. "I tried various remedies, but nothing seemed to do me any good. About a year ago I had an attack of nervous prostration. Words fail to express what I endured at that time. Only those who have passed through a similar experience can imagine the distressing symptoms. Accompanying this disease, everything I ate would sour on my stomach. I could do none of my housework. I heard of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and began to take it. After I had taken one bottle I felt like a new woman. I took eight bottles in all, and I feel as well as I ever did."