


**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 contrast to the right party. Apply by letter with references to **GENEAS A. MACDONALD,** Barrister, etc.

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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 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 XXX.—(Continued.)**

"I will go to the child," she said. "If there is one thing that touches my heart more than another, it is to hear of the prospective death of a little child."

"You love children, then, Miss Dean?" said the landlady, looking down into the beautiful face.

"I worship them," said Florabel, huskily, and she thought of the little grave under the daisies on the sloping hillside, which was not marked by even a stone, as Inez had described it to her.

"You have a kind heart," said the landlady, "but," she added, "you ought not to place yourself in great danger of that kind. Your life is too precious."

"I would gladly give my life in exchange for that little child's," exclaimed Florabel, with feeling. "Life is a burden to me; it is wrong to say so, I know; but ah, many and many a time I have wished I were dead."

"And you so young and so wondrously fair," cried the landlady, aghast.

"If the one you love best does not think you fair, the praise of the world is a mockery," sighed Florabel, tears filling her lovely eyes.

In vain the landlady tried to dissuade her from her purpose; Florabel was firm.

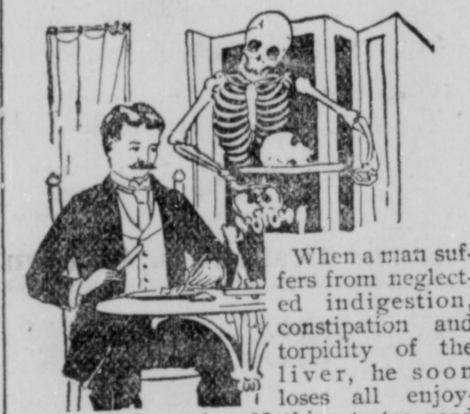
"It is my duty to go and offer my services there," she declared.

Young Dr. Carrisford was surprised when he was called down into the parlor, and saw his lovely visitor and learned her errand.

"You are kind of heart, madam, in making this offer," he said, "but I really can't permit it; it might be too dangerous a generosity. You would not knowingly and willingly peril your life, I feel sure."

"I would do so most gladly, in such a case as this," declared Florabel, earnestly. "I beg you will have no hesitation on my account."

"Since you really desire it, I will comply with your request," returned the doctor, leading the way to the little patient's room. "I have been watching by her for the last three days without relief, and I am quite worn out," he said, drawing back the white folds of the curtains that were drawn close about the couch, and motioning Florabel forward.



When a man suffers from neglected indigestion, constipation and torpidity of the liver, he soon loses all enjoyment of his meals. Nothing tastes good or looks appetizing. He grumbles at his wife, or the cook, or the landlady, or the landlady, or the waiter, as the case may be. People say that he has "a finicky appetite" and let it go at that. The fact is that the man is in a precarious condition and, if he continues to neglect his health, is a candidate for consumption or some equally terrible malady.

If a man doesn't wish to "dine with death for a waiter" he should take the right remedy for "little ills" as they arise, and thus ward off the "big ones." When a man's appetite is "finicky," when his liver is torpid, when he feels "headache," dull, listless and generally out of sorts, he should take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It makes the appetite keen, the liver active, the blood pure, the brain clear and the whole body alert and energetic. If the bowels are constipated Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets will cure that. The "Golden Medical Discovery" cures 98 per cent. of all cases of consumption, weak lungs, catarrhal, bronchial and throat troubles.

"Twenty-five years ago eight different doctors told me that I would live but a short time—that I had consumption and must die," writes Geo. E. Kane, Esq., of Myers Valley, Pottawatomie Co., Kans. "I finally commenced taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and am still in the land and among the living. I have faith to believe that it has lengthened my life for the last twenty-five years, and I have so much faith in all of Dr. Pierce's medicines that I want his 'Common Sense Medical Adviser'."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. One little "Pellet" is a dose.

One glance at the little flushed face, crowned in a halo of crinkled golden curls that floated over the pillow, and Florabel started back with a hushed cry and a gasp of horror.

In the first glance she had recognized the little waif whom Max, her husband, had taken from the streets. What brought her here?

**CHAPTER XXXIII.**

One moment Florabel gazed, with her heart in her eyes. What caused the swift, horrible, stifling pain at her heart, and the sudden impulse to fling herself down by the white couch and cry out to Heaven—if a life must be taken—to take her's and spare the child's? But she controlled herself, knowing the doctor's eyes were upon her.

He turned to her slowly. "The child is delirious," he said, "and seems worse to-night. I don't like that muttering."

"Mr. Max," cried the child, in a high, shrill voice that wavered down to piteous entreaty. "Why doesn't he come? I want him so much."

Florabel gave a violent start, but the doctor did not notice it. "That is the burden of her cry day and night," he said, turning to leave the room.

Once alone with the child, the yearning impulse came over her to take the little one in her arms, come what might, she could not control.

She pillowed the golden head on her breast, she kissed the flushed face and burning lips—kissed them with a passion of love that seemed as though it could never be satisfied.

How peacefully the little one nestled down in her arms, but she never ceased her piteous whispers for "Mr. Max."

"You are very good to me," she faltered, in babyish accents, that filled poor Florabel's heart with a strange pain. "I love you, but I love Mr. Max too, oh! so much. Tell him I want him here," she pleaded.

Why had Max sent the little one here? Florabel wondered, vaguely. Perhaps Mrs. Forrester had ordered that it must be so, when she found the child was stricken down with a fatal malady.

Toward midnight she grew so alarmingly worse the doctor was quickly summoned to her bedside again.

"I fear it will be all over with the poor little thing ere the day dawns," he said, huskily. "I cannot tell where her friends are, or I should send for them at once."

"I only want Mr. Max," sobbed the little sufferer, during her momentary gleams of consciousness. "Oh, if he would but come; little Flo is so sick—so sick."

"You do not know her friends?" exclaimed Florabel, echoing in amazement the doctor's words. "Who, then, brought her here?"

His answer nearly took her breath away.

"Miss Clavering, a very charitable young lady," he replied, "brought her here. She was ill, neglected by both friends and relatives, she explained. I was too tender hearted to refuse to receive the little one and do what I could for her."

Florabel was too mystified for words. Why had Inez, her bosom friend, not mentioned this to her? she wondered, vaguely.

"I know who she is calling for," she said, in a low voice. "Mr. Max Forrester, of No.—, this street. I—I have seen him with this child."

"Mr. Forrester! Oh, it is quite impossible that it is he for whom she is calling," declared Dr. Carrisford. "What could that aristocratic millionaire have had in common with this poor waif of the street?"

"Mr. Max—Mr. Forrester," moaned the child, "come to little Flo—she is so sick."

This settled all doubt. "It is indeed Mr. Forrester for whom she is calling," said the doctor. "He shall be sent for at once. He is kind of heart; he will not refuse to come."

And a messenger was dispatched to him without delay.

Although the hour was late, Max Forrester still sat in his library; but his thoughts were not on the open book which lay before him.

He was thinking of his strange fate: of Florabel and his child. Life had gone all wrong with them from beginning to end.

Other men had married the women

they loved and had lived happy lives of it. What had he ever done that Heaven should afflict him so cruelly? he wondered.

How he mourned for beautiful, hapless Florabel and their child! He had expended a small fortune in searching for them; but it had been useless—quite useless.

Should he never behold them again? The thought was more than he could bear, and he groaned aloud from the bitterness of his soul.

A peal at the bell aroused him. A moment later a servant thrust his head in at the door.

"A messenger, sir," he said.

Max took the envelope with trembling hand, he could not tell why.

The message contained but these few words:

"Mr. Forrester:—Please come immediately on receipt of this to Dr. Carrisford's, this block, where a friend of yours lies ill and is calling repeatedly for you.

(Signed)

"Dr. Carrisford." "I will go at once," concluded Max, reaching for his hat and cane.

He had been charitable to a fault; many a one had benefited by his bounty and generous heart; he believed it was one of those who had sent for him now.

Some ten minutes later he reached the doctor's residence. A servant who was awaiting him admitted him.

(To be continued.)

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It is not claimed that they will cure Bright's Disease in its last stages. They are an absolute cure for kidney disease, and so long as the kidneys are not entirely wasted away they will give new strength and vigor and enable them to resume their duties of filtering the blood.

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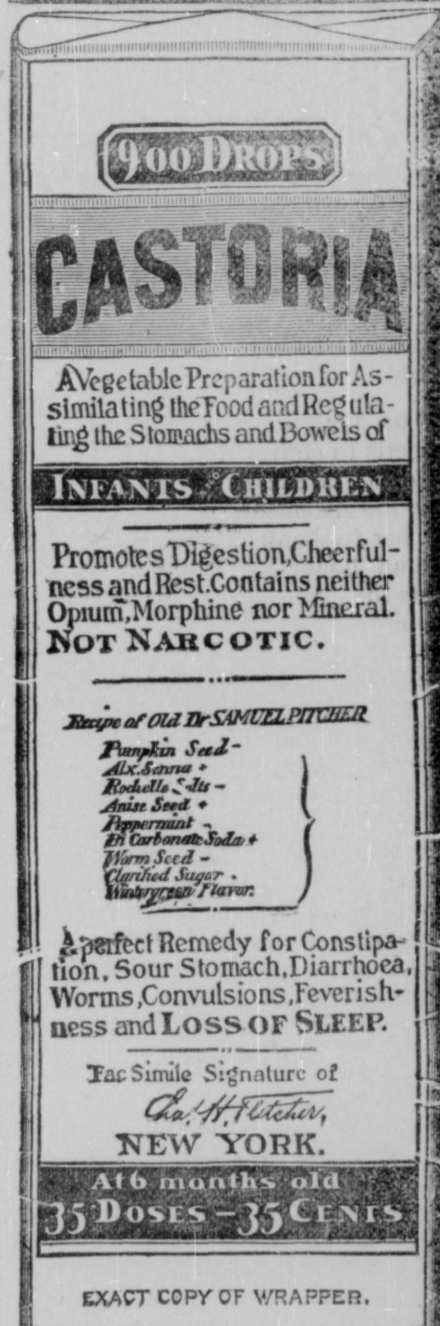
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