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We have just received a lot of "Brahmin" Tea from Horace Haszard Esq., (Wholesale Agent) who has decided to go out of the retail business. We will handle this Pure India Tea in the future and our price is

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This Tea has made a name for itself by its peculiar flavor and quality second to none, and is well known all over both town and country.

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Wants, Lost Found, &c

WANTED.—Several dining room girls are wanted at the Sydney Hotel, Sydney, N. B. Wages no object. Apply to E. LaRoi Willis, Sydney Hotel.

SAFE FOR SALE.—A large office safe. Apply at the City Hardware Store, R. B. Norton & Co. Ltd.

WANTED.—By an experienced business woman to do at her home only to Miss McLean, Fitzroy Street, near Weymouth St. Feb 16, 01.

FOUND.—On Prince Street on Wednesday night. Apply at THE EXAMINER office.

TO LET

The north end of a house situated on Prince Street, containing nine rooms, suitable for a boarding house or private residence. Apply to

THOMAS McQUINN
Queen St.

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 III.—(Continued.)

"Is this young girl pretty, Max?" asked Florabel, in a low voice.

"Rather, judging from the portrait," he answered, lightly. "You see, their hopes have been set upon my marrying Miss Clavering, and their surprise will be great when I bring home a wife. They will soon learn to love you for your own sake as well as mine, dear," he added quickly.

Then he talked to her of the glowing future they should spend together, and how happy life was to be for them; but through it all, Florabel's heart was strangely heavy. But, then, it does take a great deal of nerve for a shy young bride to meet her husband's critical relatives, especially when she knows they had set their hearts on her young husband's marriage to another.

That same morning Max telegraphed his father that he would be home the following day, and that they might get up an appropriate reception, if they liked, for he was bringing home a bride.

But Maud Pemberton's letter had already been received, falling like a bombshell into the peace and quiet of the old merchant prince's household.

It must certainly have been a very malicious, cruel letter, for Mrs. Forrester went into hysterics long before she had read the half of it.

"To think that my son, of all the young men in the world, should contract a low marriage!" she groaned; "and I have always had such a bitter horror of anything of the kind;" and the proud old lady wrung her jeweled hands, crying out the greatest sorrow of her life had fallen upon her, and she did not know how to meet it. If she had heard that her only son—her handsome, idolized Max—had committed a forgery or a murder, Mrs. Forrester could not have been more affected.

"Did you read the last line of Miss Pemberton's letter?" she cried, turning to the old merchant prince, who still held the letter in his hand. "She says the girl is uneducated, a regular little barbarian, who has nothing to recommend her but a pretty, gypsyish face; and this is the girl my son is bringing home to us. Of course he has fallen desperately in love with her, after the fashion of young men nowadays; and, being in love, is blind to her faults," she added, with another groan. "I was so sure he would take a fancy to Inez Clavering when he came to see her, and that it would end in a marriage."

"One can never make much dependence upon the future of one's children," replied Mrs. Forrester, pacing up and down the luxurious room, white to the lips.

"The boy will soon tire of her pretty face, if she is all that this letter indicates; but the price of his folly must rest upon his own rash head. Many a young man has wrecked his life upon just such a rock, and lived to rue it while his life lasted. With such a marriage, regret and disappointment are sure to follow. "If she has married Max for his money, money will release him. I would give her half my fortune to give him back his freedom," Mrs. Forrester answered, bitterly.

Inez Clavering, their lovely guest, heard of Max Forrester's marriage with a stifled cry of dismay, and that same evening she wrote a hurried letter to her parents in Virginia, breaking at once into the subject uppermost in her mind.

"I might as well come home at once, mamma," she wrote. "My visit here is useless—worse than useless. Mrs. Forrester has just received a telegram from her son that he is married, and is bringing home a bride. That means ruin for us; yet nobody shall know how we are trembling on the verge of bankruptcy, and had hoped that I might win handsome Max Forrester to retrieve our crumbling fortunes. Taking the money to come here, and the strain to keep up appearances, have cost us dear. I may as well stay here until the end of the season, though, despite the torture and bitterness I shall experience in being brought into daily contact with the girl who has won the heir from me. I feel sure I could have won him if he had seen me first, for my beauty is fatal, you have always declared.

"Yours in great haste.

"Inez Clavering.

Despite Mrs. Forrester's repug-

nance to the bride Max was bringing home, it was decided that a reception must be given in their honor, or society would gossip.

It might as well be gotten over first as last. But, oh, how Mrs. Forrester trembled at the thought, of introducing the uncultured creature, Maud Pemberton's letter had pictured as her son's wife, to her aristocratic guests. As she thought of it, she almost hated her son; and she hated with a double bitterness the girl he had married.

"I do not know how I shall meet them," murmured Mrs. Forrester, nervously, when the propitious hour drew nigh, and she had stolen away from her guests to her own room to regain something like composure. "I have never felt that it was impossible to be civil before," she said, plaintively, to her husband. "What shall I do? My sense, and tact fail me. Hark! There is the sound of carriage wheels now."

"May I come in?" asked a voice from the door. And Inez Clavering stood on the threshold.

Mrs. Forrester was glad of her presence. She felt that some one must be near her in this dreadful ordeal.

A closed carriage dashed quickly up the drive that led to the side porch. A white, frightened face peered out at the palatial home, all ablaze with light from the lace-draped, rose-embowered windows.

"Oh, Max!" cried Florabel, tremulously, as she clung to her young husband's arm. "How I dread the ordeal of meeting your relatives. Do you think they will like me? Oh! there is a party or something going on; let us go back and wait until to-morrow. I never feel comfortable among strangers," she added, piteously. Max Forrester laughed lightly. "Don't be so much of a child, Florabel," he retorted, more sharply than he really meant. "Not meet the guests! Why, they are invited here for the sole purpose of welcoming us home. This is our wedding reception." Max knew how she would cling to him like a frightened school girl when they entered the spacious drawing room. It would be a little embarrassing; and at that moment he really wished that this sweet little bride had more dignity and self-possession. A moment later Max raps on his mother's boudoir door. "Come in," she answers; and her voice sounds like no other voice he ever heard, it is so chilling, strained and unnatural. The door is flung open, and on the threshold stands Max and his bride. "Mother," cries Max, springing forward and clasping his arms about her in the old, impulsive, boyish fashion, "have you no welcome for your son, no welcome for Florabel, my bride and your daughter?" And unclasping his arms from about her he led Florabel forward.

His mother raised her eyes, and saw a lovely, dimpled young face framed in a mass of crinkled, tawny, curling hair; a pair of brown, startled, hazel eyes, and a red, quivering mouth. With a sudden impulse, Florabel stepped forward, shyly lifting her eyes to that cold, hard face.

"I hope you will love me," she murmured, softly; "if not for my own sake, for Max's. I have never known a mother's love since I was a very little child, and I have yearned

of yours so much." And the next instant two soft white arms were around Mrs. Forrester's neck and two sweet rose-bud lips sought hers in a timid kiss.

The heart of the old merchant prince wept out to Florabel on the spot, but his wife was prejudiced against her. She groaned out in spirit:

"A pretty face—that much I grant. But, oh! how unsuited to my handsome Max! I shall not like her. Would to Heaven he had married Inez Clavering instead!"

Meanwhile Inez Clavering was being presented to Max and his bride.

Max Forrester bowed low before the queenly girl, and Florabel, looking into her face, read startled admiration there, and a fierce pang of jealous pain shot through her undisciplined little heart. Max was thinking as he gazed on the wondrous beauty of that fatally lovely face, that this was the most beautiful young girl whom he had ever beheld.

She held out her white, jeweled hand to Max with the charming smile peculiar to her, and kissed Florabel's red mouth sweetly. And Florabel, looking into that dark, sparkling, wondrous face, wondered vaguely why Max had ever chosen her when he might have wedded this peerless, dark-eyed beauty.

How beautifully she was dressed, too! How was Florabel to know that the mad idea had taken possession of Inez to outshine the little bride's fair loveliness—to outrival her—that she might pale into insignificance when contrasted with her own dark, dazzling splendor. Then Max Forrester would see what he had lost, and regret, perhaps, that he had not chosen her.

When Florabel found herself alone in her room a few moments later, she could not repress the flood of tears that welled up to her eyes.

The Danger of PILES

Too frequently overlooked, Dr. Chase's Ointment a Prompt and Positive Cure.

The suffering caused by the intense itching and burning sensations of piles is only one of the horrors of this disease, for there is always great danger of piles developing into fistula, one of the most disgusting diseases imaginable.

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But there is no necessity for a surgical operation for piles. Dr. Chase's Ointment is guaranteed to cure any case of piles, no matter of how long standing, or how aggravated the case may be, so long as piles have not become fistula.

It is only by rare chance that internal treatment will cure piles. But it matters not from what cause they arise, Dr. Chase's Ointment will at once stop the itching and burning, and soon effect a perfect cure.

You can use Dr. Chase's Ointment with fullest assurance that what has cured scores of thousands of cases of piles will cure you. For sale by all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

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(To be continued.)

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Cannot Be Cured in a Day, but Griffiths' Menthol Liniment Will Be Found to Give Your Child Instant Relief. You Will Find it Superior to Anything Else for Croup or Whooping Cough.

When your children have Whooping Cough it is not desirable to stop the coughing entirely, but relief should be sought. Griffiths' Menthol Liniment is pronounced by hundreds of mothers to be the best remedy ever tried for Whooping Cough. Used internally and externally, it goes direct to the spot and gives ease and comfort to the child. There will be no constant Whooping and Coughing all night if you give them Griffiths' Menthol Liniment. It is pleasant to take and clean to apply.

Your druggist, 25 cents.

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Our celery will only hold out about one month. Some of the wise ones are ordering a quantity to be kept in reserve for them. We have held on to the best for the last (the famous English Red Celery.) In this respect we resemble children who keep the most dainty part of their lunch to be last and at the rate it is going the time will soon come when there will not even a last. The moral to the above is quite plain; no need to read between the lines it is enjoy it while it lasts.

We also have Hubbard Squash, Capod and Island Cranberries, Spanish & Canadian onions, Brussels sprouts, red & white cabbage, carrots, beets, parsnips, turnips, beans, peas, parsley, etc.

Lettuce and mushroom in a few days at Jays Stalls Market.

J. J. GAY & SON,

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