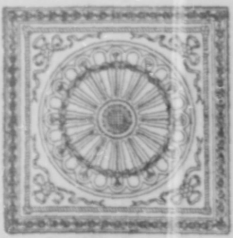


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TORONTO.

### 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 **GENEAS A MACDONALD,** Barrister, etc.

Charlottetown, P. E. I.  
dy 5ins eod.

### City of Charlottetown.

### TENDERS

Sealed Tenders addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Plank," will be received at this office until noon on **MONDAY, APRIL 9th, 1900,** from any person or persons willing to supply the City of Charlottetown with:

- 15,000 feet 2 inch Merchantable Hemlock Plank.
- 20,000 feet 3 inch Merchantable Hemlock Plank.
- 30,000 Spruce Batens, 2 1/2 inches thick, in 12, 14 or 16 feet lengths, in equal quantities of 7, 8 or 9 inches wide.
- 8,000 feet Juniper 3x6 inch, in 6, 8 or 12 feet lengths.

One half of each description of plank to be delivered on any of the wharves in Charlottetown, on or before the 10th day of May next; and the balance on or before the 2nd day of July next, (free of all charges, including wharfage and survey.)

Surveyor to be accepted by the Council. Tenders must specify price per thousand feet, plank measurement.

The council do not bind themselves to accept the lowest or any tender.  
By order,  
**H. M. DAVISON,**  
City Clerk's Office, City Clerk  
City Hall, March 27th, 1900

### Wants, Lost Found, &c

**WANTED.**—A young man to look after horses and cow and for general work. Apply at this office. dy 2ins.

**LOST.**—I lost or mis-laid two pairs spectacles. Finder will please leave them at this office.

**WANTED.**—At once a smart boy to attend in an office. Apply at EXAMINER'S office.

**HOUSE TO LET.**—On Grafton St. east containing 4 rooms, stable. Apply to Mrs. A. W. Newbery on the premises.

**LOST.**—Two keys attached to a chain fender will please leave at this office.

**TO LET.**—A three story dwelling house on Prince Street. Modern improvements can be put in if required. Apply to W. W. Wellner, dy 6ins.

**EGGS FOR HATCHING.**—Silver-laced Wyandottes from pure bred stock. Male bird took second prize at Halifax. Apply to David W. Brown, Little York. 1aw 4ins.

**LOST.**—Between Railway Depot and Market, a pigskin purse containing a large sum of money. Finder will be rewarded by returning it to Hotel Davies, Charlottetown. 2ins.

**FOR SALE.**—Desirable residence, pleasantly situated at the head of Prince Street. Heated by hot water, electric lighting, large out stables, etc. etc. intending purchasers can inspect the premises every Thursday afternoon. Full particulars on application to Mrs. Unsworth. 5wks Tues & sat.

## 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 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 members of which disapprove of his marriage, as they wanted him to marry Miss Clavering, an heiress.

### CHAPTER XXXV.—(Continued.)

"She is not here," he muttered, with a fierce imprecation. "By that I am to understand she will not aid me in this scheme. Would she dare betray me to Forrester?" he mused, with darkening brow. "There is no trusting a woman in an affair of this kind. But it's a golden bit of luck that occurs to a fellow only once in a lifetime. No one shall stand between me and the contents of that safe."

Again he turned on his heel, and cautiously approached the house.

All was silent within. Without there was only the sound of the night wind stirring the leaves, and the distant chiming of some far off clock striking the hour of eleven.

There was a light in Max Forrester's room. He must wait a little.

It was quite an hour before the house was wrapped in a mantle of darkness, and quiet reigned. Then Livingston, the trusted servant, took a latch key from his pocket, inserted it in the lock, and the outer door swung noiselessly back on its hinges.

Stealthily he crossed the dark, shadowy corridors, until he stood before the door of the small parlor connected with Mr. Forrester's sleeping apartment, and in which was the iron safe.

It was securely fastened from the inside, and very deliberately the midnight marauder set to work to unfasten it.

At last he stood within the room. Heavy velvet curtains shut out the gleam of the dark lantern he carried from the sleeping occupant of the chamber beyond.

It was a long and laborious work opening the iron safe, for the combination of the lock, as he had understood it, seemed incorrect. Other means had to be resorted to, and great caution exercised. The clock in an adjacent tower struck one just as the heavy iron door flew back noiselessly on its hinges.

The first drawer, which was rifled in a single moment, contained only a broken flower, a small kid glove, a woman's picture set in a superb pearl and ebony frame, and a lock of golden hair.

Livingston tossed them aside and opened the next. A quantity of papers and other documents were there, of value to the owner only.

Patiently, one by one, each recep-

tacle was gone through; but the large package of bank notes, the bag of gold and the Forrester diamonds, which were known to be kept here, were not to be found; a muttered imprecation burst from his lips. Had Inez Clavering betrayed him? And had they been removed? If so, how did he know who might be watching him from the dark, shadowy corners?

He gave a guilty start, glancing fearfully around him, but no form sprang out from the dark shadows; reassured, he began his search anew, thinking that he had probably overlooked it in his haste.

This happened to be the case. In one of the small compartments to the left he found the coveted prize.

In an instant he grasped the large package of bank notes.

Hark! What was that sound? Still clutching his booty, he leaned breathlessly forward, peering into the darkness beyond; then cautiously drew the slide from the dark lantern, flashing its rays on the velvet curtains that separated Max Forrester's sleeping apartment. No face peered forth from them. He was safe enough from that quarter. None of the servants were likely to be prowling about at that hour.

Very intently he listened. Was it only his fancy, or was the sound repeated again? So like a hushed moan of terrible pain, and a soft, rustling swish, as of something being dragged over the velvet carpet—nearer, nearer.

"What a fool I am to imagine such nonsense!" he muttered, turning to the window to throw it open with one hand, holding the package of bills in the other; but again he paused, listening intently.

The strange sound was more distinct. He could feel, intuitively, another's presence in the room.

Leaving the midnight intruder in this position for a few moments, he will return to Inez Clavering, whom we left lying unconscious in the dim shadow of the trees.

For long hours she lay there, with the night dew falling on her face and on her long dark curling hair.

Then slowly the bewildered eyes opened.

"Where am I?" she murmured, struggling up to a sitting posture, but a terrible pain in her ankle caused her to cry aloud, and from a wound on her temple, caused by falling against the sharp stones, the blood was flowing profusely.

The widow's cap, and the dark spectacles which had concealed her identity so well, had fallen off, but she never heeded, never missed them.

"Where am I? How came I here? And what is the matter with me?" she moaned, pressing her hands to her throbbing temples.

Like a flash, suspended memory returned to her, and all that had happened forced its way through her bewildered brain.

How long had she been there unconscious? Was it midnight yet? Had Livingston come, and, not finding her there, put his terrible threat into execution?

As these thoughts flashed through her brain the clock in the adjacent steeple struck "one."

With a desperate cry, she tried to raise herself to her feet, but the excruciating pain of the effort almost made her swoon.

"I will retrieve the past by at least one good action," she murmured, trying to drag herself toward the house. Only Heaven knew how she accomplished it, the pain was so intense. Only the suppressed moans that came from the white lips now and then revealed her terrible agony.

With bated breath she crept past the library, across the long, dim corridors, to the room where little Flo lay, dreaming in all her childish innocence upon her little white bed.

Striving with mighty effort to overcome the swooning dizziness that threatened to overcome her, step by step she made her way through the dim moonlight, to the door of the little parlor beyond which communicated with Max Forrester's apartments.

She meant to knock upon it, arouse him, and warm him of the attempt at robbery which was to be made that night. As she touched the door, to her terror and dismay it yielded to the slight pressure. He must have been there before her. Great God!

**Minard's Lintment Relieves Neuralgia.**

had the robbery already taken place?

As she crossed the threshold a sight met her gaze that froze the blood in her veins, and made her heart almost stop beating.

She saw the safe door standing open and the figure of a man kneeling before it.

The light from a chink in the dark lantern fell upon his hands, and in one of them she saw a large package of bank notes Max Forrester had but that day drawn from the Bank of England.

She tried to scream out—to utter a wild, piercing cry, but the sound died away in her throat.

She clung to the casement, her strangling breath coming and going in fitful gasps.

A desperate resolution came to her.

The power of speech seemed to have left her, but she would make her way to where the man stood and grapple with him. The noise of the scuffle would arouse Max Forrester, and she might prevent the robbery at the last moment, perhaps.

Slowly she dropped on her knees, dragging herself slowly, softly, despite her horrible pain, toward the man kneeling before the safe. One moment more, and she would be so near him she could clutch the hand that held the bills; then nothing but death should break her hold.

### CHAPTER XXXVIII.

"It must have been only fancy," muttered Livingston, hoarsely. "There is no one here."

The words were scarcely uttered ere a hand, cold as death, grasped him, and a piercing cry echoed through the room.

(To be continued.)

## Screamed ... WITH.. Agony

From the Terrible Itching, Burning

Tortures of ...

### Eczema on the Scalp

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Mr. James Scott, 136 Wright Ave., Toronto, states: "My boy Tom, aged ten, was for nearly three years afflicted with a bad form of Eczema of the scalp, which was very unsightly and resisted all kinds of remedies and doctor's treatment. His head was in a terrible state. We had to keep him from school, and at times his head would bleed, and the child would scream with agony. For two and a half years we battled with it in vain, but at last found a cure in Dr. Chase's Ointment. About five boxes were used. The original sores dried up, leaving the skin in its normal condition. To say it is a pleasure to testify to the wonderful merits of Dr. Chase's Ointment is putting it very mildly."

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It IS not a mere temporary relief.  
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