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R. H. Mason

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Tenders are asked for the construction and completion of St. Mary's Church, up to the 19th March, next, to be addressed to the undersigned and marked "Tender of Indian River Catholic Church."
Plans and specifications can be seen on Monday, 5th February, next, at the Bishop's Palace and at the office of Mr. W. C. Harris, Architect, Ch'town, for ten days; afterwards they can be seen at the Parochial House, Summerside. A certified bank cheque of \$50.00 will be required to accompany each tender, which will be returned if tender be not accepted, and forfeited if tender fail to accept, if called upon.
The undersigned does not bind himself to accept the lowest or any tender.
D. J. GILLIS, P. P.
Indian River, P. E. I., Jan 31st 1906.
Herald.

THE EXAMINER COUPON.

PORTFOLIO OF Glimpses of South Africa In Peace and In War.

CUT out this coupon and bring or send it with 10c in silver to the Portfolio Department of "The Examiner," and get part No. 1 "Glimpses of South Africa in Peace and in War."

Wants, Lost Found, &c

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- LOST.—A gentleman's Astrakhan glove (under glass) leaves at this office.
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- HAT FOUND.—On Prince Street on Wednesday night. Apply at THE EXAMINER office.
- WANTED.—\$200 per day sure, gentlemen or ladies; special work; position permanent; reliable firm, with best references; experience unnecessary. Address, S. M. Fry, Field Manager, Hamilton, Ont.
- LOST.—On Tuesday night near the B.I.S. Hall, Kent Street a fur mink. Finder will please leave at this office. 525.
- AGENTS.—Prospectuses of War in South Africa by Castell Hopkins and Murray Headland, and authentic Life of Mordy Dr. Williams. Chapman, Vice-President. Moody Persons who never sold books making money fast.—BEADLEY-GARRETTSONCO. LIMITED, Bradford.
- LOST.—In this city on the evening of the 1st inst, a dark green wallet with a sum of money. Finder will be suitably rewarded by leaving it at this office.
- LOST.—A sum of money—bank notes. Folded one fold, with rubber band. Reward for recovery. Apply at EXAMINER office.
- WANTED.—At once one or two stenographers to take dictation in the evening either in shorthand or on typewriter. Apply at this office. 2nd pd.

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

CHAPTER IX—(Continued.)

With bitter resentment in his heart, he turned and strode away, leaving Florabel standing there among the pitying roses. Surely, the saddest sight the golden sunshine ever shone on, for the bitter prayer was falling from her lips that angels up in heaven must have heard and wept over. She was praying to be shown which way to die, for the horrible fear that overshadowed her life—the sword which had hung so long over her—had fallen at last on her hapless head.

CHAPTER X.

From the hour poor Florabel had confessed her jealousy of beautiful Inez Clavering a coolness had sprung up between Max and herself. He was greatly annoyed. He showed it by words and looks of stern displeasure that were far harder to bear than any amount of angry words would have been.

He was one of the proudest of men, and certainly one of the most sensitive. That his young wife should have shown a feeling so paltry as jealousy of his mother's lovely guest amazed him. He was more incensed than words could express.

So the clouds deepened, and the bitter end drew near day by day, and day by day they drifted further apart.

Florabel would have given up her life—poor foolish child—if he would have taken her into his arms and forgiven her and kissed her tears away.

But Max was polite, cold and courteous. No gleam of love or tenderness ever escaped him, and her love turned upon itself and ate her heart as the canker eats the heart of the fairest bud all unnoticed.

She no longer pleaded with Max to take her away, and the resigned, desolate expression of her face annoyed him still more than words.

"My life cannot go on like this," she would cry out to herself.

When early fall set in Mrs. Forrester announced her intention of going to her winter home in Southern Virginia, declaring how pleased she was that Miss Clavering had been induced to accompany her.

"Are we to remain here, Max, or is the house to be closed?" asked Florabel of her husband, when they met alone together that evening.

"We go with them," answered Max. "I hope the arrangement will suit you," he added, impatiently, as the arrangements were all concluded. We all start next week."

"You made this arrangement, and without consulting me?" she asked, slowly, and with a gasp of dismay.

"I hope, Florabel, you are not going to raise a scene about it," he retorted, coldly. "The project suited me."

She turned away without one word, her heart heavy and cold as death.

"I could be happy there if Miss Clavering were not going," she thought, brushing away the bitter tears from her long lashes. "Her presence will make me hate the place, though it were an Eden."

Forrester Villa was almost an Eden, Florabel saw, when the party arrived there. It was a grand old stone house, all turrets and gables, in the midst of a beautiful model park glowing with gorgeous blooms.

A party of young folks had been invited to the villa to meet Max's young wife and Miss Clavering.

Among the guests was Arthur Hurlhurst, a young man who had been for some time past a devoted admirer of Miss Clavering's. Many people wondered why he had been asked to the villa, for he had that worst of all reputations—a male flirt. He was never known to withstand a pretty face.

Of his antecedents little was known. He had a remarkable way of turning the conversation when anything relating to this subject was broached.

His acquaintance with Inez Clavering had come about in a very romantic way.

She was visiting a school friend the winter before in a little village where he was sojourning. A moon-

light skating party had been organized by the village maidens, and the handsome stranger from the hotel had accompanied them. No one ever knew how it happened, it was all so sudden, but from their midst rose a terrible cry, the ice parted, and in a flash, Inez Clavering had disappeared from their very midst into the water below.

In an instant the daring young stranger had sprung to the rescue, and, at the peril of his own life, saved Inez Clavering's.

From that moment he had no trouble in gaining an entry into the exclusive society in which Miss Clavering moved.

He was a gay, handsome young fellow, who had gone through all the different stages of love's sweet dream unscathed. Mothers were sure to say to their daughters when speaking of him:

"You must not believe him when he talks nonsense and poetry to you. He means nothing."

This was the young man who was invited to Forrester Villa.

Those who witnessed the young man's presentation to Florabel laughed.

"If she were not already married, I should say she had certainly made a conquest," they said.

One glance at that lovely face, and he turned deadly pale.

"What do you think of Max's wife?" asked Inez Clavering, as she stood with Arthur Hurlhurst on the terrace a little later.

"She is perfection," he answered, adding, with suppressed eagerness: "Who do you say she was before her marriage?"

"A mere nobody," laughed Inez, derisively. "I have really forgotten her name."

During the fortnight that followed, Arthur Hurlhurst hovered about Florabel like a veritable shadow. Of course he meant nothing by it, and no one laughed more at it than Max Forrester.

Max's mother was by no means pleased, and Inez Clavering was bitterly angry at the thought that a young man who had hitherto been her devoted admirer should find another face equally as fair, and above all, the sweet, dimpled face of Florabel.

It was no laughing matter to Florabel. She, in the small world of her narrow experience, had never met or even heard of a male flirt like Arthur Hurlhurst. She did not, could not, understand him. A woman of the world would have laughed at him, as all worldly women did. It simply frightened Florabel. She took all his compliments and idle sighs seriously, and at last she grew miserable over what, to every one else, was an idle jest, and studiously avoided him on every possible occasion.

jest, and studiously avoided him on every possible occasion.

"He sees I am not fitted for my husband's rank of society and takes advantage of it," she told herself, with hot, bitter indignation. "How dare he speak to me, and look at me as he does!"

Once she appealed to Max against his friend, but he only looked annoyed, assuring her Arthur Hurlhurst's attentions meant simply nothing.

"I shall never allow any man to forget that I am a married lady, and not to be made love to!" declared Florabel, with hot pride.

Max's face grew dark.

"How can you mistake me so, Florabel?" he cried, angrily. "If any man dared attempt to make love to you I would lash him. You simply make a mistake. You do not see the difference between this merely fashionable, nonsensical trifling and reality," and he added, slowly and thoughtfully:

"The poor fellow is as much in love with Inez Clavering as it is in his power to be with any one save himself."

"Oh, how I wish from the bottom of my heart she would marry him, then, and that he would take her," Florabel burst out, turning away.

Florabel watched their guest closely the next day, but she could not see that he was the least in love with Inez Clavering. Instead of watching Inez he always appeared to be watching herself, and with a look in his eyes she could not understand.

(To be continued.)

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