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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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FOUND—A ladies umbrella, gold mounted stick. Apply at this office.

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

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WANTED.—$2.00 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.

FOUND.—Between the Queen's Arms and Charlottetown a heavy ulster coat. In the pocket is a grocery bill from Driscoll & Hornsby. Owner can have the same by paying for this advertisement. James Henderson, V. S. North River.

LOST.—On Tuesday night near the B I S Hall, Kent Street a fur mink. Finder will please leave at this office. 3ins.

AGENTS—Prospectuses of War in South Africa by Castell Hopkins and Murat Halstead, and authentic Life of Moody by Dr. Wilbur Chapman, Vice-President Moody Institute are ready. Both sent for 25 cents. Persons who never sold books making money fast.—BRADLEY-GARRETSON CO. LIMITED Brantford.

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 IV—(Continued.)

She waited a little longer; five, ten, fifteen minutes passed; then she rose from her seat and re-entered the ball room in search of him.

One rapid glance, then she saw him. He was waltzing with Inez Clavering. As she watched them floating through the mazes of the dance so gracefully together, the words she had so lately heard came back to her like the keen, sharp thrust of a dagger—"they are so well suited to each other." She turned away sick with jealous pain.

And happening to glance toward the conservatory just as the waltz ended, Max saw her, and excusing himself from Inez, came hastily toward her, with a flush on his handsome face.

"I beg your pardon, Florabel," he said. "I am at quite a loss how to apologize. As I was returning to the conservatory I met Miss Clavering, and stopped to speak to her, the moments slipped away unheeded, and—"

She interrupted him with a little cry. He might have seen the dawn of a great tragedy in her face, but he did not. He did not even see that her face was pale with passion and wounded love.

"Did you forget me?" she asked, quickly. "Never mind any apologies or excuses. Say—did you — forget me?"

He was taken too much by surprise to think of his reply, or of framing a diplomatic answer to appease her, or excuse himself.

"Yes," he said, simply, "I did."

"You forget me; and that, too, on the very night of all others when you should have had cause to remember me most—at our wedding reception."

"I did, Florabel."

"I was not in your mind or your thoughts; you had completely and entirely forgotten me?"

"I am afraid it was so," he admitted, frankly, "but the very moment I remembered, I came to you."

She clutched at the branch of a blooming lemon tree close by, as though she were afraid of falling. The iron had entered her soul. She could have forgiven him anything and everything except that he had forgotten her. There could be no balsam for such a wound as that.

As she moved among the guests again, a strange sensation seemed to take possession of her. It seemed to her every one was remarking, in quiet whispers, that she was not fitted to be handsome Max Forrester's wife—Miss Clavering would have been better suited to him.

Oh, how she wished the grand affair over—her heart was so heavy, and she was so wretched.

Of course she was the center of attention—the attraction of the evening—this beautiful, hapless, shy little bride; but she would have given anything in the world to be alone by herself, to have that luxury so dear to the feminine heart—a good cry.

Twice, during the half hour that followed, Mrs. Forrester made her way to Florabel's side.

"I hope you will contrive to look a little more happy, Florabel," she said, sharply. "People are beginning to speculate, from the looks of your face, whether my son's marriage is a happy one or not."

She looked up piteously into the cold, hard face, with the startled glance of a child.

"I am trying to do my best," she faltered. "I am frightened."

"Women of the world know no such fear," said Mrs. Forrester, with a frown dark as night.

"I wish to Heaven I were not forced to be brought into contact with women of the world," was Florabel's passionate cry. "To-morrow I shall ask Max to take me away."

Without deigning a reply, Mrs. Forrester turned away.

"If I had to live under this roof long, I should surely die," murmured Florabel to herself, bravely choking back a sob. "Max's mother hates me, I can see it in her face; and I—ah, yes, I may as well own the truth—I cannot endure her."

Over the crashing of the dance music—over the sound of the voices of the people talking to her—Florabel heard but these words:

"The guests are speculating whether my son's marriage is a happy one or not."

Was her handsome young husband, whom she loved so well, ridiculed for having married her?

The thought preyed upon her, until she could not keep up appearances an instant longer, and her grand reception ended by Florabel falling to the floor in a dead faint—body and mind alike exhausted.

This event created dire confusion, causing the guests to disperse sooner than they would have done, and leaving Max Forrester with a tingling sensation of discomfiture and failure.

CHAPTER VI.

"It is all my own fault," said Florabel to herself the next day, as she stood alone by the lace-draped window. "I knew that my world and his were different when he told me he was Max Forrester. I knew then that I could never be all his wife ought to be, and I should not have married him; it is my own fault."

It was a fortnight after the ball, and matters were going from bad to worse. It was no secret in the house that Mrs. Forrester and Max's young bride did not agree. She made no attempt to conceal her bitter disappointment with regard to her son's marriage; she never lost an opportunity of lamenting the ruin of his prospects—the utter spoiling of his life.

In every little fracas that took place between Florabel and his mother Max tried to make peace. His mother was hurt, thinking he ought to take her side; his young wife was angry, feeling quite sure that he ought to fight her battles. He would have taken Florabel away, but his father persuaded him to remain, for he liked his son's young wife, and he had great hopes that, by seeing more of each other, the two ladies would be sure to learn to like each other better.

That was the reasoning of a man. He had yet to learn when women dislike each other at first sight, the feeling never grows less.

Florabel had long ceased to complain, and gradually a shadow fell between herself and young husband—a coldness that was far more fatal than a lover's quarrel.

Poor Florabel could have borne all this better if a greater cause for unhappiness had not clouded her existence; and that was the preference her young husband seemed to have for the society of beautiful Inez Clavering, the girl who every one had said "was so suited to him." Florabel wished from the bottom of her heart that this beautiful Southern girl had gone away before they arrived home.

Looking into the dark, sparkling face one day, Florabel wondered if he would ever have learned to care for Inez if he had never met her. Unfortunately, she put her thoughts into words when she found herself alone with Max one evening.

The young husband drew Florabel toward him, caressing her curls with a hearty laugh.

"I hope you are not going to get jealous of Miss Clavering, my darling," he said. "There is nothing on earth I detest so much as a jealous woman. Jealousy is worse than a scourge. I have never known an instance of deep, passionate jealousy but what it ended in a tragedy."

"But she cares for you, and—and you ought not to encourage it," declared the unsophisticated little bride.

If Florabel had been older and wiser, she would never have made the remark. She would have carefully hidden such a knowledge from her handsome young husband.

As it was Max threw back his head with a merry laugh.

"Nonsense, my darling. That is merely your imagination," he said; but, nevertheless, manlike, he was rather pleased at the idea that he still had power to make the dark eyes of a beautiful girl grow brighter when he was near, or bring a flush of pleasure to her cheeks at the sound of his footsteps.

He watched Miss Clavering curiously that evening., and, as the hours wore on, he came to the conclusion that Florabel had not been very far wrong, after all.

Up to the time they had come here Max had been accustomed to think of, smile on, talk to only her, his bride. Now all his thoughts, his smiles and conversation were divided with another. It was more than that. His attention was wholly absorbed by that other—so it seemed to poor, beautiful, hapless Florabel. . . . .

(To be continued.)

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