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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. 7 "Glimpses of South Africa in Peace and in War."

Wants, Lost Found, &c. LOST—A gentleman's Astrakan glove under please leave at this office. WANTED—A good steady boy, age about fifteen or sixteen, who understands taking care of horses and cattle, also general work about a house. Country boy preferred. Apply at EXAMINER office. FOUND—A ladies umbrella, gold mounted stick. Apply at this office. WANTED—Several dining room girls are wanted at the Sydney Hotel, Sydney, C. B. Wages no object. Apply to E. LeRoil 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 laundress—WANTED—By an experienced laundress—Wanted to do at her home. Apply to Miss McLean, Fitzroy Street, near Weymouth St. Feb 16, 41. 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. AGENTS—Prospectuses of War in South Africa by Castell Hopkins and Murat Howard, 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-GARRETTSON & CO. LIMITED Stratford. 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. FARM FOR SALE. 62 acres in a high state of cultivation good house and barn, only 3 1/2 miles from Charlottetown. PROWSE BROS.

FLORABEL'S LOVER By LAURA JEAN LIBBEY

Author of "When Lovely Maiden Stops to Folly," "A Broken Betrothal," "Parted by Fate," "Parted at the Altar," etc., etc.

Florabel was a dependent of her step-father, Squire Pemberton. His daughters had married, and when the Squire died, she was left out of the old home. Max Forrester, a rich young man, marries her and introduces her into his family. The mother-in-law disapproves of his marriage, but she wanted him to marry Miss Pemberton.

in-law and Inez, who were already seated at the table, the expected guest having failed to put in an appearance. Was it only her fancy, or did she hear a suppressed titter among the servants as she took her place at the table? There was amazement depicted upon old Mrs. Forrester's face; intense amusement on Inez Clavering's.

Florabel flushed a deep, burning red. It suddenly flashed across her that she had made a terrible mistake in choosing the pink satin dress. For a moment there was an awkward pause. Mrs. Forrester was looking at the gorgeous toilet with a black frown. "You are evidently expecting visitors," she said, coldly. "I am afraid you will be disappointed. We dine alone."

A moment later the door opened, and Max came in. Florabel raised her eyes, and read the same startled wonder on his face when he saw her, that his mother and Inez had exhibited. She grew awkward and confused and nervous. Then the luncheon began. Max noticed her pitiful confusion, and did his best, by kindly words and smiles, to put her at ease; but she knew, poor child, he was comparing her to Inez Clavering, who had, after her ride, donned a cool, plain muslin dress with a simple rose at her belt. His mother was dressed, as usual, in a robe of rich dark silk, severely plain.

No wonder, when he saw Inez Clavering's sharp, black eyes scrutinizing Florabel, he felt his face flush with annoyance, and he half wished Florabel understood better the manners, habits and customs of the class of people with whom, for the future, she had to live. He could see what a trying ordeal the luncheon was to his young wife. From the depths of his heart he thanked Heaven that the family was alone. "If any of my friends had been here, I should have been disgraced. My wife would have been the laugh and the talk of every club in town."

"You made a little mistake, my darling, about wearing satin and diamonds to-day, did you not?" Max asked, when they were alone. "His young wife looked up at him with tears in her eyes. "Oh, Max, I was so ashamed and so distressed," she cried. "What must they have thought of me; but you told me a recherche toilet, and thought you—you would think I looked best dressed as I was."

"Recherche does not always mean full dress, nor yet fine," he replied. "It means what Miss Clavering's dress was—distinguished, graceful, and so contrived to look beautiful without attracting attention." "When shall I ever learn to be a fine lady?" she cried out in despair. "I am so unhappy here. You must take me away. You must, Max, indeed."

"Nonsense. You ought to be contented here, darling," he declared, briskly. "There is so much enjoyment to be found here. Now, if you were more like Inez—"

CHAPTER VIII. With a pertinacity truly wonderful—if it had not been so pitiful—Inez Clavering, the spoiled beauty, persisted steadily in her purpose of outshining the timid little bride who had won handsome Max Forrester, heir to the Forrester millions.

Out of pure revenge upon Florabel, she made herself most attractive to him, and exercised all her powers of fascination when in his company. She directed against him the whole artillery of her charms, yet so adroitly he never once realized it.

Although never very strong at resisting the advances of a beautiful flirt, handsome Max never dreamed of a flirtation with brilliant, piquant Inez Clavering, his mother's guest. He met her smiles with smiles, repartee with repartee. In justice to him it must be said, he behaved in the same manner to her when Florabel was present as when she was absent.

He was rather amused that this beautiful, dark-eyed girl seemed to prefer his society to that of the marriageable young fellows who sought her so eagerly; it pleased his vanity, and there is nothing in this world more fatal than raising a man's vanity. In his heart, he cared nothing for her. He thought her brilliant and amusing; he admired her wit and accomplishments, but he was not the least in love with her. All the love in his heart was his darling Florabel's; at the same time, if a pretty girl admired him, could he be so ungracious as to treat her coldly because of that preference? Certainly not.

Almost insensibly he drifted into a sort of half-sentimental kind of flirtation, and Florabel, watching them, uttered no word—her pride kept her from that,—but there was danger in her brooding. Had the poor little child-bride known how it was to end, she would have drawn back in horror from the abyss toward which she was drifting. In the days that flew swift winged past them, Florabel found her power of self command rapidly waning.

How she watched them when they were together; and when she saw her handsome young husband linger by the beauty's side, her heart would beat so fiercely she nearly went mad with the pain of it. "I must not think of her," Florabel cried out to herself, one day; but her own heart answered: "Would to Heaven I could not! Her face, with its false, alluring, fatal beauty and winning smile, is before me night and day. Not think of her! Heaven help me! I believe when I am dead my heart will burn with hatred of her."

Picking up the morning paper she read one day of a young wife seeking the divorce court, to separate her from her husband. It was an old story—a beautiful woman had come between them, a happy home was broken up, a wife's heart broken; she had left him. "I could not leave Max," she muttered, with a dry, hard sob. "My curse is, that I love him so well I could not live without him."

Day by day the iron of jealousy entered deeper and deeper into the soul of the poor little bride, and one or two events happened which fanned it into a fatal flame. There had been a grand wedding in the neighborhood, and, as is quite customary in some places, each lady present received a portion of the bride cake as a souvenir of the happy event. "What a pity it is, Florabel, that your days of romance are over," said Inez, with a little, low laugh, as they parted for the night. "I intend to dream over mine," she added, "and if there is any truth in that quaint old superstitious belief, I shall behold in that mystic land of dreams my hero, my future husband. I will tell you in the morning whose face I see, providing I am not destined to be an old maid and see no one at all."

"Why shouldn't I dream over mine, too?" thought Florabel. "At eighteen the romance and love of one's life should be just beginning—not ended."

That night the curly golden head rested above the mystical souvenir, but Florabel did not see the face she had expected to see in her dreams. Instead, she saw a black, yawning abyss, upon whose very brink she stood. The sun had scarcely peeped into the eastern windows ere Inez Clavering came hurriedly into Florabel's boudoir.

(To be continued.)

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