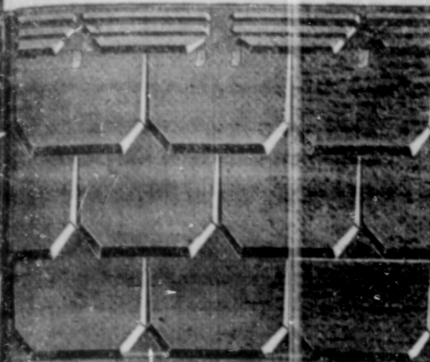


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To Contractors

Tenders addressed to Prowse Bros, Charlottetown, will be received up to the 19th March, for the erection of a brick store building 42x109 feet, three stories, in the town of Sydney, C. B. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted. Plans and specifications can be seen in Sydney at the Sydney Record Office, and here at the office of

C. B. CHAPPELL, Architect

Feb 16—eod

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 Penberton. 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 XI—(Continued.)

She uttered no word, no cry. She rose from her knees, turned slowly, and staggered from the room.

"I thought you were jealous of me," he cried out after her, with a harsh, bitter laugh. "Bah! With what consummate skill you played that little comedy. It is I who have every reason to be jealous of you."

She did not turn her head. She walked slowly down the corridor and up to her own room. She had barely strength to lock the door. She shook as in ague. She was cold. Her head reeled. Absolute pain and agony kept her from fainting. She lay down on her couch, with her face turned to the wall, trying to think, for now she had need of all her powers to know how to meet this terrible fate.

"I cannot betray poor Arthur, whom they are hunting down," she wailed. "If I told Max who he was, he would put the officers of the law on his track at once. Yet, how can I endure his suspicions? Oh, Heaven help me! I see a wrecked life either way!"

Suddenly it occurred to her to write to Arthur. He could tell her what to do. He could advise her.

She hurried to her writing desk and penned a short note, which, in her thoughtlessness, she gave to one of the servants to mail.

"Take it yourself, and quickly, to the village post-office, John," she said, nervously, "and find out if it is in time for the ten o'clock mail. You will have barely time to reach there."

The servant mailed the letter, then reported to Florabel that he had been successful in getting the letter in just before the mail closed, and by this time it was on its way.

It so happened, as the man left Florabel's door, he met young Mr. Forrester in the corridor. At any other time he would not have deigned to pry into his wife's affairs; now he waived aside these delicate feelings. Intense curiosity had mastered him.

"John," he asked, sharply, "what did my wife want?"

And he flushed uneasily as the man turned and looked at him, surprised at the question.

"She wanted me to take a letter in great haste to the post office, sir, and see if it would go out soon. I was telling her I was just in time to get it in the out-going mail."

"John," said Max Forrester, speak-



DEATH AT HIS ANVIL.

The blacksmith is usually looked upon as the ideal of robust health. This is frequently the case, but nevertheless he is subject to the same ills that afflict other men, and owing to the arduous nature of his daily toil, the results of bilious attacks or indigestion are likely to be even more serious and speedy than in the case of men who lead sedentary lives. The harder a man works, whether at the anvil, or bench or plow handle, the more important is the necessity for a careful watchfulness over health.

When a hardworking man finds that his liver is torpid or his digestion bad, he can save himself much discomfort, and possibly a serious sickness, by resorting at once to Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. The man who does this will always go to his work and come from it, whistling. A good wife or mother can be of great aid in this respect. Hard working men are prone to disregard little disorders and let them run on. The good wife should see to it that there is always a bottle of "Golden Medical Discovery" in the house, and that it is used when needed. An honest dealer won't advise a substitute.

"About four years ago I was greatly afflicted with torpid liver," writes Miss Nellie Doyle, of Potsdam, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y. "A half dozen bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery made me a new woman. I truly believe your remedy saved my life. I am having good health, and can do all my own housework."

For a paper-covered copy of Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser send 31 one-cent stamps, to cover cost of customs and mailing only, to the World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y. Cloth binding, 50 stamps.

Miss Rachel A. Jones, of Thomaston, Rankin Co., Miss., writes: "Your wonderful 'Medical Adviser' is worth more than its weight in gold. I do not see now you can give such a volume away. I have been offered \$2.50 for it, but I would not part with it for five dollars."

ing with difficulty, "you have been in the family long years, or I should not ask you the question I now ask; but I expect a straightforward answer. Did you see to whom that letter was addressed, and where it was going?"

"I could not help but notice, sir," the man answered, respectfully. "It was addressed to the gentleman who just left here—Mr. Arthur Hurlhurst, New York City. I cannot remember the street and number."

He saw Max Forrester's face turn white as death as he wheeled about and strode down the corridor towards his wife's apartments.

"Heaven help me! I hope I haven't said anything wrong," thought the old servant, in dismay. "There is a look on his face I don't like. Can there be any trouble between young master and his bride, I wonder? Her eyes were swollen, as though she had been weeping. I am afraid there is something wrong."

Max Forrester passed on with hurried footsteps to his wife's boudoir, and in answer to his impatient rap there was a faint—

"Come in."

He opened the door and strode into the room. Florabel was sitting by the window, her face buried in her hands. She sprang up as he entered, and looked piteously into his face.

Had he come to make friends with her—to take her in his arms and kiss away her tears, whispering that no shadow must ever come between them?

But no. He strode up to her, seizing her white wrist with angry vehemence—with a force that would have shamed him if he had realized it.

"Florabel!" he cried, hoarsely.

"How dared you write to Hurlhurst? What was in that letter?"

She started back, quivering like a leaf. Then like a hunted fawn driven at bay, she turned and faced him.

The husband and wife looked at each other. Anger, temper, pride shot out from "eyes that had once looked love to eyes that spake again."

"You are silent!" he cried. "Answer me! I will get at the depths of this matter. Did you write him of that little scene down in the drawing room?"

"Yes!" answered the poor child, incoherently.

He had taken her so much by surprise she did not have the opportunity of thinking up a suitable reply.

"Will you tell me what else you wrote?"

His voice, in its low, hoarse intensity, might have warned her, but it did not.

"No," she replied, faintly: "I cannot."

At that instant the blotter on her writing desk, which she had so lately used, caught his eye.

By some strange fatality the blotter was a new one, used only on that occasion, drying the ink on the hastily written note she had penned to Arthur.

What did those warning lines mean? He snatched it in his hand, an old college trick recurring to him, and held it before the mirror.

Oh, God! the pity of it! There, standing out in bold relief, he read these words, and they convicted poor, innocent, hapless Florabel in his eyes:

"Dear Arthur—I am in great trouble. Come to me an comfort me. My heart is breaking. Max suspects—"

This was all that was legible, but it was quite enough. Max Forrester turned to her with a bitter cry, his face fairly livid with passion.

"No need for me to ask what this man is to you, after such a proof as this!" he cried, hoarsely. "Now listen to what I have to say. To-night—aye, this hour—I leave you forever. I pray Heaven I may never look on your fair, false face again!"

Ere she could call out to him he was gone.

CHAPTER XIV.

A moment later she heard the swift galloping of a horse going down the chestnut drive. Every clatter of the iron hoofs struck a death knell to her heart.

No cry came from her white, closed lips that looked as though they would never open again; no statue, carved from stone or marble, was ever more silent or motionless. Outside the wind stirred the leaves of the trees, dying away in a low moan over the

rose garden; but she never heard; she was deaf, dumb and blind under this great stroke of mortal anguish.

She was trying to realize that he was gone from her; that of his own free will he had left her—the lover who had wooed and wedded her; that she should never look upon his face again. It was utterly impossible—utterly absurd.

She heard the sound of a wild laugh, and was startled by it, not knowing that it was her own.

He had gone out of her life forever, to return no more, and he—her own husband—given to her before Heaven and man—how could he have left her forever?

Gradually the mist clears from her brain; her thoughts grow distinct, and she realizes the full horror of the awful sorrow that has fallen upon her.

There must have been a sense of something wrong in the household, for when John reached the servants' hall and saw Gregory, the maid, he said, hurriedly:

"I do not like the looks of matters about young master's apartments. It is a dreadful thing to say, but I am almost afraid that he has quarrelled with his young bride. I heard loud and angry words from their boudoir a little while since, then he rode away from the house like one mad. Make some excuse to go and speak to her. She will have little enough sympathy from his mother or Miss Clavering, poor thing! They have been trying to set him against her since he brought her here. It's a poor place for a bride in a mother-in-law's house."

"I will go down to her at once," said Gregory, with her kindly face full of sympathy.

She hurried through the long marble corridors to Florabel's room.

The door was ajar. She pushed it open and entered. Gregory was startled at the ghastly face turned toward her.

"Oh, my dear young lady, you are in trouble!" she cried, hastening toward her.

Florabel looked up with startled eyes.

(To be continued.)

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On and after TUESDAY, 26th, Dec., 1904 the trains of this Railway will run daily, (Sundays excepted,) as under

Trains Outward, Read down	STATIONS	Trains Inward, Read up
P. M. 7:15	lv Charlottetown	A. M. 9:45
3:30	Royalton	2:10
4:17	N. Wiltshire	8:20
4:31	Hunter River	8:25
5:13	Pimersid Junction	7:41
5:47	Kensington	7:09
6:20	S' side	6:35
P. M. 12:30	lv Charlottetown	A. M. 10:15
1:13	Wellington	9:27
1:51	Port Hill	8:49
3:00	O'Leary	7:40
4:05	Alberton	6:35
5:00	Tignish	5:40
P. M.		A. M.
2:10	lv Charlottetown	10:10
3:35	lv Mt. Stewart	8:45
3:50	lv Junction	8:30
4:02	Cardigan	7:15
4:25	lv Georgetown	6:50
P. M.		A. M.
8:15	lv St. Peter	8:25
4:20	Morell	7:57
8:25	St. Peter	7:28
8:45	Souris	6:00
P. M.		A. M.
5:25	lv E	8:30
6:15	ar	5
P. M.		A. M.

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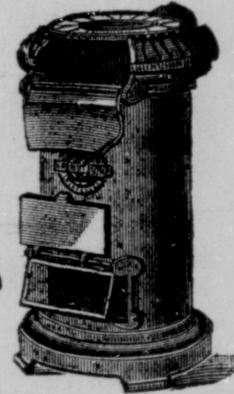


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