

**CANADIAN PACIFIC**  
 FOR PASSENGER AND FREIGHT RATES  
 and STEAMER TARIFFS to the  
**Cape Nome Gold Fields,**  
 FOR PASSENGERS  
**TOURIST SLEEPER**  
 from MON. DEAL, every THURSDAY  
 at 9.15 a. m.  
 FOR ALL INFORMATION REGARDING  
**FARM LANDS**  
 IN THE CANADIAN NORTH WEST,  
 for opening for 6414 MIL. 1. HARD WOOD  
 SAW MILLS, LUMBER and BUTTER  
 FACTORIES, Presses and  
 Saws, send, write to  
 A. J. HEATH, D. P. A., C. P. R.  
 St. John, N. B.

**AT MASON'S STORE**  
 You can get the latest Canadian  
 and American newspapers received  
 by mail each night.  
 Drop in if you want a paper or  
 magazine or book to read. Fruit,  
 Confectionery, Tobacco, Cigars etc.,  
 when you're passing this way.  
**R. H. Mason**

**TENDERS!**  
 FOR—  
**Indian River Church.**  
 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  
 for 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'own, for ten  
 days; afterwards they can be seen at the  
 Parochial House, Summerdale. A certifi-  
 cated bank cheque of \$50.00 will be  
 required to accompany each tender,  
 which will be returned if tender be not  
 accepted, and forfeited if tenderer fail to  
 accept, it 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 1900.  
 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 Ex-  
 aminer," and get part No. 7  
 "Glimpses of South Africa  
 in Peace and in War."

**Wants, Lost Found, &c**  
 GIRLS WANTED—To learn the millinery.  
 Apply to Miss McEachern at Jas. Paton &  
 Co's.  
 LOST.—A gentleman's Astrakan glove  
 with crease leaves 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. 324  
 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. LeRoi Willis,  
 Sydney Hotel. 11  
 SAFE FOR SALE.—A large office safe.  
 Apply at the city Hardware Store, R. B.  
 Norton & Co., Ltd.  
 WANTED—By an experienced laundress—  
 wanting to do at her home. Apply to Miss  
 McLean, Fitzroy Street, near Weymouth St.  
 Feb 16, 41  
 HAT FOUND.—On Prince Street on Wed  
 nesday night. Apply at THE EXAMINER  
 office.  
 WANTED.—\$100 per day sure, gentleman  
 or lady, 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 324  
 AGENTS.—Prospectuses of War in South  
 Africa by Castell Hopkins and Murat Hea-  
 deland, and authentic Life of Moody by Dr.  
 Willard Chapman, Vice-President Moody  
 Institute are ready. Both sent for 25 cents.  
 Persons who never sold books making money  
 fast.—BRADLEY-GARRETTSON CO. 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. Fold-  
 ed in one fold, with rubber band. Reward for  
 recovery. Apply at EXAMINER office.  
 WANTED.—At once one or two stenogra-  
 phers to take dictation in the evening either  
 in shorthand or on typewriter. Apply at this  
 office. 218 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 mar-  
 riage, as they wanted him to marry Miss  
 Clavering, an heiress.

**CHAPTER IV—(Continued.)**  
 "Oh! I never was so provoked in  
 all my life!" she burst out, breath-  
 lessly, with girl-like abandon. "I  
 shall never believe in signs again! I  
 dreamed of some one, certainly. You  
 never could guess who it was, so I  
 might as well tell you, and you will  
 enjoy the joke with me. It was no  
 less a personage than Mr. Max For-  
 rester."

For a single instant a deathlike sil-  
 ence ensued. Florabel regained her  
 composure by a great effort. She  
 never remembered what reply she  
 made to Inez.

"Wasn't it provoking to think I  
 only saw Mr. Forrester?" laughed  
 Inez. "I shall never believe in peep-  
 ing into the veiled mysteries  
 again."

She glanced up quickly at Florabel,  
 but the beautiful young face had been  
 hurriedly turned toward the window.  
 Florabel was white with terror. Every  
 word Miss Clavering had uttered had  
 struck into her heart like a dagger's  
 thrust.

She was bitterly jealous before of  
 this beautiful, brilliant Southern girl;  
 now terror was mixed with the burn-  
 ing jealousy.

"Aren't we going out for a drive?"  
 asked Florabel, faintly, anxious to  
 change the unpleasant conversation.

Miss Clavering yawned.  
 "I'm not half awake so early in the  
 morning. If you will excuse me and  
 go by yourself I shall be delighted. I  
 feel wonderfully inclined to take my  
 ease today, so don't be surprised to  
 find me still in my dressing gown  
 and slippers upon your return."

"I think I shall be obliged to go  
 by myself, then," said Florabel; "for  
 when Max went down town this  
 morning he remarked that he would  
 not return before noon."

A little later Florabel was bowling  
 along the avenue to the park. The sun  
 shone upon her from the blue sky, the  
 green trees waved above her; school  
 children gazed admiringly at the  
 pretty, golden-haired young lady in  
 the natty phaeton, as she passed them  
 by; but Florabel never saw them. Her  
 heart was full of but one thought:

"Will Heaven take my love from  
 me and give him to her?"

Her morning drive wearied her,  
 and she determined to return home  
 again at once, even though she had  
 been out but half an hour.

She would go quietly up to her bou-  
 doir, and have time to think and re-  
 move the traces of the tears that had  
 gathered in her eyes. Inez Clavering  
 would not intrude upon her there, be-  
 lieving she would not return from  
 her drive for several hours, and Max  
 had said he would not be home before  
 noon.

As she ascended the broad stone  
 steps she was surprised to hear Miss  
 Clavering's voice singing, in the di-  
 rection of the parlor.

"She must have changed her mind  
 pretty quickly about changing her  
 morning dress and coming down to  
 the parlor," thought Florabel with a  
 smile.

Suddenly the sound of Miss Clav-  
 ering's rich, musical laughter floated  
 out to her, mingled with a rich, mas-  
 culine voice she knew but too well.

Florabel stood quite still in the  
 marble vestibule, her hands pressed  
 tightly over her heart, her face white  
 as death, and listened.

It flashed over her distorted mind  
 how Max had urged her to go and  
 take a ride, declaring she was grow-  
 ing pale. Was this a pre-concerted  
 plan between him and Miss Clavering  
 to get her out of the way? The pain  
 of death, passing from this world to  
 eternity, could never be bitterer than  
 the torturing pain that burned the  
 poor child bride's heart as she stood  
 there.

She opened the door with her latch  
 key, and silently closed it. Many a  
 woman would have crept up to the  
 door and listened to what they were  
 saying. Not so Florabel. She would  
 have shrunk in horror from the bare  
 idea.

She hurried down the corridor and  
 up to her own room, throwing herself

downward upon the lilies of the  
 velvet carpet, crying out she knew  
 not what world end. Miss Clavering  
 was smiling him from her!

Alas! that so many innocent occur-  
 rences in this life have all the color-  
 ing of intrigue about them.

The affair which appeared so mon-  
 strous, so cruel in Florabel's eyes had  
 simply come about in this way:

Florabel had scarcely quitted her  
 room ere Miss Clavering regretted not  
 having accompanied her; the park  
 would be so full of equipages; and,  
 flying quickly to her own apartments,  
 donned one of her prettiest costumes  
 and flew out to the steps; but Flor-  
 abel had driven away a moment before.

She returned to the parlor, threw  
 off her hat and gloves, and, for want  
 of better amusement, sat down at the  
 piano to try the latest song Max For-  
 rester had brought her.

As for Max, his business arrange-  
 ments being concluded early in the  
 morning, he had come home, thinking  
 he might be in time to drive Florabel  
 out. Finding her gone, he had step-  
 ped into the parlor, attracted there by  
 Miss Clavering's singing.

It was only natural they should  
 practice the new music, he had  
 brought the day before, over to-  
 gether.

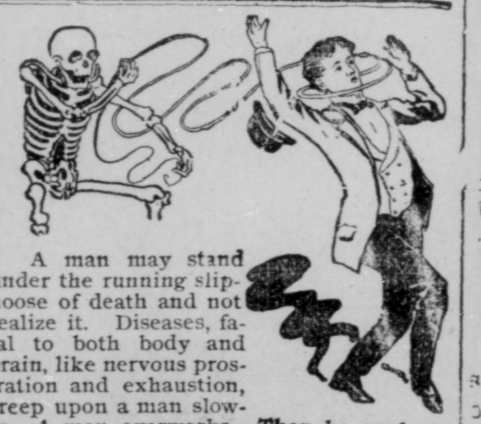
And perhaps it was only natural,  
 when Max admired the great cluster  
 of roses she wore at her belt, for Inez  
 to laughingly offer him the sweetest  
 and fairest, and for him to gallantly  
 kiss the white jeweled hand that had  
 given him the rose.

There was not much in the action,  
 but it shot with the bitterest pain  
 through the heart of Florabel, who  
 had just come down, and was about  
 to enter the parlor. It smote her with  
 the bitterness of death; her face grew  
 pale to the lips; she looked like one  
 whose heart had suddenly been trans-  
 fixed with a sharp sword.

She gazed with bated breath upon  
 the scene, the memory of which never  
 left her while her life lasted.

The long, dim parlor with its rich  
 adornings of pale gold and creamery  
 white; the lovely girl seated at the  
 piano, toying with the crimson roses  
 at her belt, and Max—her Max—  
 bending over her with a look on his  
 face that made her heart throb with  
 the bitterest jealous pain. Inez was  
 looking up into his face with those  
 wondrous, dark Southern eyes, and  
 a smile on her crimson lips. It was  
 more than human nature could bear.  
 She turned and fled through the long  
 corridor out into the rose garden.

Over the brightness of the summer  
 day a cloud had fallen; a funeral pall  
 lay over the gold of the laburnum,  
 and the purple of the lilacs; a dark  
 mist hid the budding roses and the  
 lily leaves. What was this fiery, hor-  
 rible pain that made her heart bleed?



A man may stand  
 under the running slip-  
 noose of death and not  
 realize it. Diseases, fatal  
 to both body and  
 brain, like nervous pro-  
 stration and exhaustion,  
 creep upon a man slowly.  
 A man overworks. Then he neglects  
 his meals, and pays no attention to his di-  
 gestion. His liver gets sluggish. His ap-  
 petite falls off. The blood is improperly  
 nourished and becomes impure. The brain  
 and nerve tissues do not receive proper  
 nutriment and are befogged with the poisons  
 in the blood. The man cannot sleep or eat.  
 Then comes nervous prostration, and ex-  
 haustion. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery  
 makes the appetite hearty, the dig-  
 estion perfect, the liver active, the blood  
 pure, the brain clear and the nerves steady.  
 It makes pure blood and healthy flesh, mus-  
 cle, brain and nerve tissue. It cures nerv-  
 ous diseases. No honest dealer will urge an  
 inferior substitute for the little extra profit  
 there is in it.

"About fourteen years ago," writes C. P. Wil-  
 liams, Esq., of Petrows, Campbell Co., Va., "I  
 had a severe attack of sickness. I became very  
 despondent about my situation. I thought I was  
 going to starve to death. I could not rest at night  
 and could not describe my feelings. I employed  
 three or four doctors and they pronounced me  
 diseased to be Nervous Prostration. I was weak-  
 ened down almost to a skeleton, and every body  
 thought I was going to die. I procured two bot-  
 tles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery  
 and they made a perfect cure of me. My system  
 built up rapidly. From a living skeleton I be-  
 came robust and healthy. I am 67 years of age  
 and am enjoying good health."

A good wife should be a good nurse and  
 something of a doctor. Send thirty-one  
 one-cent stamps, to cover customs and  
 mailing only, to World's Dispensary Medi-  
 cal Association, No. 663 Main Street, Buf-  
 falo, N. Y., for a paper-covered copy of  
 Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Ad-  
 viser. Cloth binding, 50 stamps. One  
 thousand and eight pages, over three hun-  
 dred illustrations, some of them in colors.  
 The best doctor-book extant.

"He is mine," she murmured, pite-  
 ously, raising her eyes to the sunlit  
 sky. "Why should she try to take  
 him from me? He is mine!"

**CHAPTER IX.**

The memory of that kiss was a  
 burning pain to Florabel. It tortured  
 her. How was she to bear it?

Was his love so light that a few  
 glances from a pair of dark, brilliant  
 eyes, and a few smiles from rosy lips,  
 could take his heart from her?

When she returned to the house she  
 found Max reading the morning paper  
 in her boudoir.

She made up her mind that Miss  
 Clavering should never know how  
 bitterly jealous she was. She should  
 not triumph over her. She would  
 meet her with a smile on her lips,  
 though the bitterness of death lay in  
 her heart.

"What! Back so soon?" exclaimed  
 Max, as she advanced towards him.  
 "Why, I did not expect you to return  
 before noon."

"I suppose not," replied Florabel.  
 And she could not hide the sarcasm  
 that crept into her voice.

"You should have stayed out  
 longer," declared Max. "The morn-  
 ing air has flushed those cheeks, and  
 lent a wonderful brightness to those  
 hazel eyes. I shall insist upon your  
 driving out for an hour or two every  
 morning after this."

How little he dreamed that it was  
 suppressed emotion that flushed those  
 cheeks and gleamed from her eyes.

A strange, angry smile curved Flor-  
 abel's crimson lips, and the unnatural  
 sparkle deepened into a lurid flame in  
 her hazel eyes.

The angry retort sprang to her lips:  
 "No doubt you would like to have  
 me away that you might make love  
 to Miss Clavering."

But she checked the words just in  
 time. Prudence restrained her.

(To be continued.)

**WEAK AND... PUNY CHILDREN**

Become Strong and Healthy  
 by using Dr. A. W.  
 Chase's Nerve Food.

Children are frequently left weak and sickly  
 as a result of measles, scarlet fever, etc.,  
 and in this state are easy prey to nervous  
 disorders, rickets, spinal disease, or consump-  
 tion, diseases which do not affect robust,  
 healthy children.

The blood is weak and watery and the nerves  
 improperly nourished. Feed the blood and  
 nerves with Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food,  
 and the pale, pinched faces will soon become  
 rosy and plump, and tiredness and weakness  
 will give way to strength and animation.

Mr. E. W. Day, 62 Close Avenue, Toronto,  
 writes: "My eldest daughter, aged eight, be-  
 came very much run down. Her fretful, nerv-  
 ous, sleepless condition greatly alarmed her  
 parents. She was taken from school, and in  
 spite of the best nursing, the thin, weakened,  
 bloodless face grew painfully worse. Fortu-  
 nately we used Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. An  
 improvement became apparent in a few days,  
 it continued, and in a few weeks she returned  
 to school built up anew, and greatly to our joy  
 fully restored to health."

Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food, 50c. a box,  
 at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co.,  
 Toronto.

**"Brahmin" Tea**

We have just received a lot of  
 "Brahmin" Tea from Horace Hazard  
 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

**25 cents per pound.**

This Tea has made a name for itself  
 by its peculiar flavor and quality  
 and is well known all  
 over both town and country.

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Queen & King Square Grocers.

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**War Pictures**

Call at our office and see a series  
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 with South Africa and the war.

These pictures are issued in weekly  
 parts price ten cents each part.

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 able book when bound.

Explanatory reading matter ac-  
 companies each picture.

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 BOVRIL is infinitely more  
 nourishing than Extract of  
 Meat or Home Made Beef  
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 CONVALESCENTS, it is  
 absolutely needful.

**Slaughter Prices**  
**Still Continue**

**Great Fire Sale**  
 And Until Everything is Sold

The rush since the sale opened has been tremendous and  
 we have been unable to wait on half the people who throng  
 our store, and everyone is delighted with the bargains they get

If you have not visited us, COME  
 now and get your share of the snaps  
 from 25 to 50 p. c. on everything.

Ready-made Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Gents' Furnishings,  
 Rubbers and Overstoes, Tweeds and Flannels, Hats and Caps  
 Underclothing, Shirts, Collars, Cuffs, Neckwear, Blankets,  
 Trunks, Valises and Wraps.

Everything Must Go, and Go at Once.

Come and share the bargains at the Great Fire Sale. Will  
 be open till 8 every evening.

**R. H. Ramsay & Co**

**CORSETS**  
 Forty pairs Black and Colored one dollar  
 goods tonight  
**Fifty Cents**  
**T. J. Harris, LONDON HOUSE**

**THE WORLD'S GREATEST COMPANY**  
**The Mutual Life Insurance Co. of New York**  
 RICHARD A. McCURDY, President  
 ASSETS—\$277,517,325.36.  
 ANNUAL INCOME—\$55,006,629.43  
 INSURANCE IN FORCE—\$971,711,997.79  
 All Canadian Policies payable in gold  
 Before placing your insurance please call or write for  
 estimates.  
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 27—Sat & Mon 1mo—