

NOTICE.

Applications for the position of General Agent for Province of Prince Edward Island for the Great-West Life Assurance Company will be received until the first day of April next. This is a very desirable opening for a man of energy and ability. The Company have made rapid and solid progress, having over ten millions in business in force with an annual income of over three hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars.

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Emersonian Recital!

Under the direction of Miss Isobel Macmillan in the

KINDERGARTEN HALL

—ON—

Thursday Evening, April 5th

- Orchestra
- Physical Culture—Emerson Exercises to Musical Accompaniment.....
Gentlemen: Messrs R C Macpherson, G R Macmillan, J E F Cahill.
Ladies: Misses Edith Stewart, Eva Hyde, Fannie Macmillan.
Director: Miss Isobel Macmillan.
Piano: Miss Smallwood.
Cornet: Miss Gwendoline Welsh.
 - Reading—"How Da' Heard the Messiah"
Miss Flo Mackenzie.
 - Violin Solo (selected).....
Prof. Vannicombe.
 - Reading—"In a Sleeping Car".....
(a farce).....
Miss Josie Stentford.
 - Vocal Solo—"Odi Tu".....
Mr F J Stashev.
 - Reading—"Scene from Quo Vadis"—
"Rescue of Lydia"
Miss Ruby Rattray.
- PART II.**
- Orchestra.....
- Reading—(a) "The Two Runaways"
(b) "The Last Shot".....
Mr Kenneth Macpherson.
 - Piano Trio.....
The Misses Carroll & Kelly.
 - Amateur Ladies' Drama—"The Champion of Her Sex" (cast).....
Mrs Duff, a widow with money and a Mission, Isobel Macmillan.
Mrs Deborah Hartshorn, her Mother, Ruby Rattray.
Florence Duplex, her Daughter, Eva Hyde.
Carolina Duplex, her Step-daughter, Bessie Burke.
Rhoda Dendron, Friends.....
Pollie Nay.
Miss Flo Mackenzie.
Katie O'Neill, Maids.....
Maggie Donovan.
 - Edith Stewart and Josie Stentford
 - Vocal Solo (selected).....
Miss Florrie Earle.
 - Reading—(a) "The Bells".....
(b) "Shandon Bells".....
Mr J J Macgowan.
- MR SAVE THE QUEEN.**
Doors open at 7.30. Recital at 8 o'clock. Admission 35c.

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 XXX--(Continued.)

When the spires of the city and the last outline of the Statue of Liberty faded from her sight, Florabel bowed her golden head and wept like a child, murmuring, below her breath: "This is a cold and cruel world, and it is best to live and learn to forget."

But forgetting was easier said than done. In every gleam of the sunlight on the waves she could see Max's smiling, bonny face; in the sighing of the breeze he could hear the voice of the handsome lover who had wooed and won her among the pine hills.

Try hard as she might, she could not forget the memory of the little child who loved Max so well.

She promised herself that just as soon as she was settled she would write to good Doctor Carrisford and ask him if the little one were better, and if Mr. Forrester still visited the child. And she must not forget to send her address to Inez Clavering, who had requested it particularly.

"I am going to London soon," Inez had said, "and if you are not far away I will run up to see you, Florabel."

It will be time enough to ask her how she happened to remove that little child from the Forrester mansion to Dr. Carrisford's, and it so dangerously ill," she told herself.

Squire Pemberton had not left an immense fortune to Florabel; but, such as it was, the interest of it supported her handsomely.

She could have taken handsome quarters in the city, but she preferred the home comforts of a modest little villa in the suburbs; and here, for the first time, she indulged her yearning heart sufficiently to call herself by her own name—Florabel Forrester.

"A widow, ma'am?" queried the curious landlady, glancing furtively at the slim, girlish figure in the plain black dress and hat.

"I have lost the one dearest on earth to me long ago," she answered, simply, turning away.

"Poor lady!" ejaculated the lady, sympathizingly. "I know what it is to be left to do as I did—get married again."

Florabel recoiled with a sharp cry. The very idea was hateful to her. She would as soon thought of killing

herself, even had she been free as marrying—putting any one in handsome Max's place.

"You will have a fine opportunity," laughed the landlady. "It is rumored that the great Hall on the hill is to be occupied soon by a gentleman and his little daughter. As there is no mention of a wife, it is safe to presume that he is a widower."

Florabel turned away with a gesture of impatience. The subject had little enough interest for her. Ah! had she known who it was who was to occupy the great stone house on the hill she would not have been so indifferent.

For days after the gentleman arrived Florabel heard nothing but praises spoken of the stranger—how noble and handsome he was, and how devoted he was to the child. Still she had not the least curiosity to see him. She had not even heard his name. What was the whole world of men to her? Less than nothing.

Thus it happened, without knowing how near she had been to happiness, Florabel made her preparations to leave.

A vague unrest had seized her; and, added to this, she had received a telegram from Inez Clavering, begging her to lose no time in joining her in a little village a day's journey distant, for she must see her.

Inez had followed on to London at once, and her telegram—which was but a ruse to draw Florabel away—succeeded admirably.

Inez had given a very satisfactory account to Florabel as to how she had happened to remove the child from the Forrester mansion, declaring this course had been insisted upon by Mrs. Forrester herself, and Florabel never thought of doubting her.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Max Forrester had taken the physician's advice in taking his little daughter to London as soon as she was sufficiently recovered to make the trip, and he had the satisfaction soon of seeing the roses blooming in those pale cheeks, and the hue of health on the pouting lips.

It was inexpressibly touching to see how Max idolized her, for each day she was growing more and more like Florabel.

She was by far too young to hear the dark story of the past, and of the fair young mother she had lost so cruelly.

"When she is older I will tell her all," he promised himself.

Little Flora realized, in some vague way, that she belonged to Mr. Max. She quite believed it was as she was told—that he had adopted her; and she loved him with all the strength of her childish heart.

But she never quite forgot the beautiful, golden-haired lady who had bent over her on the night of her terrible sickness.

"She was but a stranger," Max would say in answer to the child's questions. "It was simply sweet, womanly pity that brought her to you. In all probability you will never see her again."

"I am sure I will," declared Flora. "Oh, how she wept over me, and,"—here she crept nearer to him—"I have often wondered if my own mamma did not look like that—with just such hair, and great, dark starry eyes."

"Hush, child!" cried Max, starting up, and pacing up and down the room; "you stab my heart with every word you utter."

Two soft, white, childish arms were soon clinging about his neck, and a little tearful face pressed close against his, and little Flora declared she would never mention the subject again if it made him feel bad.

"I am selfish," thought Max. "Of course it is only natural the child would long to speak with some one about her mother. I should not forbid it. I must bear it."

Max loved the child so dearly that he would not have her sent to school, but provided a governess to instruct her under his own supervision.

In response to his advertisement, a widow lady responded, and as Mrs.

Thorne's references were quite sufficient, she was engaged at once.

Better an elderly woman than a young one in the house, Max thought, gazing thoughtfully at the face beneath the widow's cap, and half hidden by the dark glasses she wore.

The idle thought flashed across his mind that there was something strangely familiar in the suppressed, low voice of Mrs. Thorne. He was rather perplexed, that little Flora did not take to her more kindly.

When Mrs. Thorne reached her room, and had locked herself in, being free from intruders, she threw off the dark glasses and the wig, which had disfigured her, and turned to the glass with a triumphant smile.

"Ah! Inez Clavering," she murmured, "you are more clever than I even imagined. I should have been an actress," she went on, with a hard, bitter laugh. "I can play a part consummately. I ought never to have come to this house, where he is; but I am like the fabled moth. I hover about the flame until my wings are singed," she sighed, bitterly.

Inez's presence here had come about in this way:

Although she had followed Florabel to London, the stock of funds she had managed to scrape together was ebbing exceedingly low, and now, for the first time in her life, she began to realize she must soon depend upon her own exertions for support.

"I have spent the best part of my youth over a useless love dream," she murmured, "and it has brought me nothing but woe."

She had left Florabel safely domiciled in the little village to which she had enticed her, and had returned to London to seek a position as governess or companion, and in looking over the papers the first advertisement that greeted her eye was that of Max Forrester for a governess for his little daughter.

(To be continued.)

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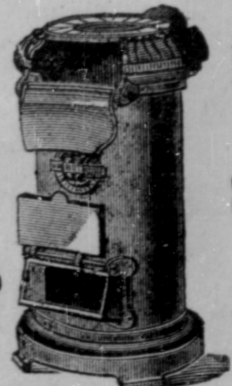
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