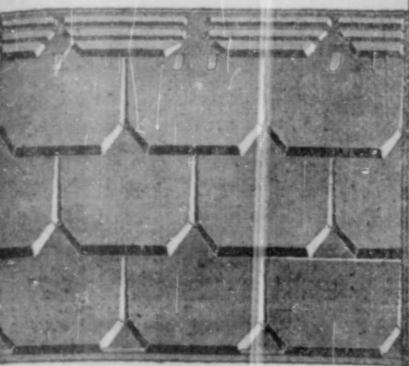


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TORONTO.

Ch'town Sewerage System.

Sealed Tenders addressed to the under signed will be received at this office until noon on

Monday, April 23rd 1900

for furnishing certain materials and performing the work necessary for construction of a portion of the Charlottetown Sewerage System, according to conditions, specifications and plan to be seen at this office and also at the office of the Engineers Mr. F. C. Coffin, 53 State St., Boston, Mass.

Proposals must be in form supplied from this office, and each tender must be accompanied by a certified cheque for \$500, payable to the order of the Commissioners of Sewers and Water Supply. This cheque will be forfeited if the party decline the contract or fail to complete the work contracted for, but will be returned in case of non acceptance of tender.

The Commissioners do not bind themselves to accept the lowest or any tender.
HENRY SMITH, Chairman.
Office of Commissioners of Sewers and Water Supply.
City Hall, Charlottetown, P. E. I.
March 27, 1900 - 2411.

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General Insurance Agent.

Feb 12.

CH'TOWN BOARD OF TRADE

Quarterly Meeting.

The General Quarterly Meeting of this corporation will be held at their room, McEachern's Building Queen St. on Wednesday evening, 11th of April at 8 o'clock.

W. W. CLARKE,
Secretary.

Ch'town, April 6th, 1900. td.

Wants, Lost Found, &c

WANTED.—At once a smart boy to attend in an office. Apply at EXAMINER office.

TO LET.—A three story dwelling house on Prince Street. Modern improvements can be put in if required. Apply to W. W. Wellner, 46 1/2 Ins.

EGGS FOR HATCHING.—Silver-laced Wyandottes from pure bred stock. Male bird took second prize at Halifax. Apply to David W. Brown, Little York. 1 saw 4 ins.

LOST.—Between Railway Depot and Market, a pigskin purse containing a large sum of money. Finder will be rewarded by returning it to Hotel Davies, Charlottetown. 3 ins.

FOR SALE.—Furnished residence, pleasantly situated at the head of Prince Street. Heated by hot water, electric lighting, large out stables, etc. etc. intending purchasers can inspect the premises every Thursday afternoon. Full particulars on application to Mrs. Unsworth. 3 wks Tues & Sat.



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 members of which disapprove of his marriage, as they wanted him to marry Miss Clavering, an heiress.

CHAPTER XXXV.—(Continued.)

"No, no," said Florabel, gently; "we will go to her room, dear. She must not be awakened; there will be a to-morrow, and many a happy to-morrow for us."

Together they went to the child's room; and once there all Florabel's fortitude forsook her as she gazed at the lovely, childish face, with its floating, golden hair lying against the snowy pillow.

Her child—her very own—the little child she had believed so long to be lying in its little daisy-studded grave on the sloping hill side!

No wonder she flung herself on her knees, weeping for joy as she had never wept in all her life before.

But loving arms twined themselves about her.

"Nay, nay, my darling," said Max, softly; "this is an occasion for smiles, not tears, my Florabel. Remember the old proverb—'All's well that ends well.'"

CHAPTER XXXIX.

There was a hurried summons to the sick room, and, with arms entwined, they hastily followed to the room where poor Inez was fighting back the dark shadows of death.

A pitiful light broke over the death-white face as she saw them. They advanced quickly and knelt by the couch.

"You both—forgive—" she gasped. "Yes, as we hope to be forgiven, Inez," murmured Florabel, solemnly. "The past is past, my poor girl."

"You will have a happy future," sobbed Inez, "and 'midst all your pleasures now do not forget me—pray for a soul in dire distress. My life has gone all wrong," she wailed. "I am not sorry to go and end it all. Listen to my last prayer, Florabel. It is this: That when the dark shadows are closing in around me, my eyes shall rest upon the face I have loved best in life." And here she held out her hands piteously toward Max.

It was Florabel who took his trembling hand and placed the little, death-cold hand in it.

"Be kind to her, Max," she whispered. "See, she is dying, and she has loved you with a love surpassing the love of a woman—with a love



Every woman who hopes and expects to be a mother should know that if she is in a state of unnatural weakness or disease at the time the baby is born, this unhealthy condition will be transmitted to the baby and will just as surely and remorselessly destroy its future health and happiness as a locomotive engine would crush out its tender little life if it were playing on the track. This is the great law of heredity which never gets off the track for anybody.

The prospective mother who is sustained through the period of anticipation by the strengthening health-giving aid of Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription, will find all the dangers of motherhood completely overcome and a large portion of its pain and discomforts banished. This wonderful restorative "Prescription" gives health to the special organs and nerve-centers. It makes the mother capable and cheerful; protects her against relapse and imparts increased constitutional vigor to the child.

It cures all weaknesses and diseases of the female organism. It is the only medicine scientifically prepared for this express purpose by a skillful physician and expert in this class of difficulties. Over ninety thousand women have written letters telling what this extraordinary remedy has done for them. Some of these letters are printed in one chapter of Dr. Pierce's great thousand-page illustrated book the "People's Common Sense Medical Adviser" which will be sent free on receipt of 31 one-cent stamps, to pay the cost of customs and mailing only. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y. For a handsome cloth-bound copy send 50 stamps.

Mrs. W. Robinson, of Springhill, Nova Scotia, writes: "I was confined and I was only sick about thirty minutes in all. I can truthfully say that your 'Favorite Prescription' worked wonders in my case. I am going around doing my own work and before I had to keep a girl till I was able to do my work."

which was her doom. She gave her young life that yours might be spared."

Max always liked to remember that he bent over and pressed his lips to the cold forehead on which the damp dew of death was fast gathering.

A glory like a halo lit up the white face. She had loved him so well—so well—and she was leaving him forever, to meet never again on earth—never again.

"Would that I could cry out with a voice of warning to young girls that would reach the four corners of the earth. I would warn them against the utter folly of loving one who never will return their love—whose heart is given to another. I would warn them to take an example of my unhappy life and its pitiful ending to not try to take vengeance against their successful rival, for it is written 'Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord.' I have sinned, but I have suffered. Heaven alone knows how much. The fear, the suspense that the hand of fate would undo all that I plotted kept me in a fever of terror as horrible to endure as the pangs of death itself. I am glad it is all over, and the wasted life of Inez Clavering is drawing nearer each moment to the end. Ah me! it has been such a mis-spent life! How sadly I wasted the beauty and talents God gave me!"

Suddenly she grasped the hands that held her own still closer.

"You will stay until the dark water, which is creeping nearer and nearer, engulfs me, Max," she whispered.

And then they knew that her mind was wandering. Still, the great, dark, burning eyes, so terrible in their intense gaze, never for an instant left his face; and so she died as she had prayed to die—looking upon the face she had loved best on earth.

Two days later, when the sun was shining and the laburnum blossoms nodding in the breeze, they laid to rest all that was mortal of beautiful, hapless Inez Clavering.

Max and Florabel, with little Flo, who was delighted to have found both her real mamma and her own papa, soon set sail for home, dear old America, on the other side of the blue Atlantic.

Arthur, Florabel's erring brother, who had in the dark past caused her so much woe, was delighted when he received a cablegram from Max (with whom he had been in communication), informing him he had found Florabel at last, and was coming home.

Straightway he carried the cablegram to old Mrs. Forrester.

"We must give them a royal welcome home," she said; and the proud old lady thanked God her handsome son was re-united at last with the young girl she had hated so profoundly when he had first brought her there a timid, childish little bride.

Heaven chose wisely when Max's heart went out to Florabel instead of the beautiful, faulty Inez.

And the truth of the old adage came home to her: "When parents interfere in the judicious love affairs of their children, the day comes when they will rue it."

Mrs. Forrester had been surprised, one day, by a visit from Squire Pemberton's daughters—Evelyn and Maud.

"We have come to atone as best we can for a letter we once wrote you in regard to Florabel," said Maud, flushing with shame and speaking with an effort. "After all these years, I must humbly own, in all truth, that it was written in malice, and with the hope of injuring her in your esteem; for we all know from what a little seed dislike, aye, even hatred that lasts a lifetime, is sown."

"Once again, not so very long ago, we injured her; but, with the patience of an angel, she forgave us, and, while the sting was yet upon her, the opportunity came to her to crush us. It transpired that all our wealth was in reality Florabel's. Then, indeed, the true nobility of her life shone out in all its grandeur. She refused to take from us that which we had enjoyed, believing it to be ours so long, and would take but a modest third. She has heaped coals of fire on our guilty heads; and now with our latest breath we shall bless her. We shall never forget her kindness—never."

No one spoke of Florabel save with warmest praise; and it made Mrs. Forrester's heart feel young again to hear it.

Max's father had from the first to the last maintained unshaken faith in Florabel.

How eagerly they looked forward to their home coming, and how anxious they were to see little Flo, who, Max had written them, was "a hearty, romping child now, who disdained alike the use of crutch or stick, and was plump and rosy as they could wish."

Great were the preparations made at the Forrester county seat, and again, as on that other home coming, guests were gathered to receive them.

At last the carriage which was sent to the city to meet the steamer was sighted, and Mrs. Forrester's heart beat high as she heard the welcome news.

With what delight and affection she received them, and how proud she was of lovely Florabel, as she led her down among the assembled guests!

She had gone through fiery ordeals. She had known every depth of human woe; but the bright hazel eyes showed no signs of the burning tears they had shed. The lovely face was not furrowed by lines of care. She was the same Florabel as of old—a trifle graver, perhaps, but all the sweeter and more womanly for that gravity.

Five years have passed since that memorable night of Max and Florabel's home coming. There have been great changes. Max's father and mother have long since passed away, and Max and Florabel live now at Forrester Villa.

Two lovely children gambol on the lawn—Flora, a pert, saucy miss of nearly ten years now, the idol of her father and mother; and a little dark eyed sister.

If you should ask her her name, she would turn her dark, velvety eyes upon you, and, tossing back her raven ringlets, answer:

"Papa calls me Little Sunshine, but mamma calls me 'Inez.' I am named after the dark-eyed lady whose portrait hangs in the picture gallery."

It is, indeed, a happy household, and Florabel often roguishly declares, although she now is six-and-twenty, Max is mere her lover than in those old days when she was sweet sixteen, and when he, the heir of the Forrester millions, wooed her under the guise of a gardener, and she wedded him for love and not for gold.

There is little to add, dear reader, when our heroine and her handsome husband are re-united and happy at last. Those who know them smile and call them "married lovers," for Max fairly worships his beautiful wife and adores their children.

There is not one cloud now in sweet Florabel's sky. The sun that shines above her is not more golden than the bright future which lies before her, for there is always contentment and joy where love rules supreme. Handsome Max never ceases blessing the day when he became a husband, and all through the years that come and go he will still be Beautiful Florabel's Lover.

THE END.

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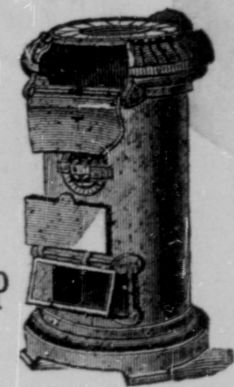
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