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The highest for scrap iron, lead, copper, brass or any alloy at Esdale Foundry.

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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 stepfather, Squire Pemberton. His daughters hate Florabel, and when the Squires, 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 XI—(Continued.)

"What a straight-laced little Puritan you are!" he said, impatiently. "Any other woman would have known enough for that, it seems to me."

"I could not tell him you were my brother, for I had taken a solemn oath to you not to reveal it," she said, with a sob.

"No, no; of course you could not," he agreed; "for if you had it would have all leaked out, and by this time I should have been in a prison cell. Forrester is not the fellow to spare me were I twenty times your brother."

"I believe you mistake him, Arthur," she replied, earnestly. "He would not set the officers of the law upon you, for my sake. You ask me why I am here, Arthur," she went on. "I will tell you. I want you to find Max and tell him all, and pray with him, plead with him, not to hate me, for father's sake and yours. For I love him so, oh, Arthur! I cannot live away from him."

Arthur's face had grown white as he listened.

"Why, that would ruin me, Florabel," he cried. "By doing so, you would consign your only brother to prison, as sure as the sun shines. Keep our secret a little longer, and our trouble will blow over. I shall have made enough to make restitution; and when the money is paid, the charges against me will be withdrawn, and I will stand before the world again a free man. For the love of Heaven, be patient with me a little while, Florabel."

"How long do you think it will be before you can get the money that you took paid back, brother?"

"Hush! Walls have ears!" he whispered, impatiently. "Don't talk so loud, Florabel. Some one might hear. You know what a reputation boarding-house mistresses have for keeping their ears to the keyhole when there is any one in the parlor."

"You ask how long it will take me to refund that money. Well, about three weeks, I should say. We must keep quiet that long. You shall stay here in this house. Mrs. Dickson will find a room for you."

"Shall I be here three weeks—away from Max?" she asked, piteously, the tears starting to her hazel eyes.

"You will not complain, knowing it will save me," said Arthur.

As he walked slowly up to his room,

CHAPTER XVI.

It was quite two weeks before Florabel discovered the true state of affairs, and how short her spendthrift brother was for funds. It came about in this way:

She was leaving her room one morning she met their irate landlady in the hall.

"Good morning, Miss," she said, stiffly. "I was just coming up to see you, and about a very important matter, too."

Florabel opened her beautiful hazel eyes in wonder.

"Just step inside the parlor, Miss," she said, throwing open the door. Florabel followed her.

"Now, then, Miss," she exclaimed, coolly, turning and facing the girl, her full face growing dark with anger, "I'll ask the same question of you I asked of your brother—when am I to get the money for your board? and his, too, as for that matter, which has been due a fortnight?"

Florabel turned first white, then red.

"I—I—do not comprehend," she gasped, in dismay.

"I think I spoke in tolerably good English," retorted Mrs. Dickson, grimly. "I said your brother owed me a big board bill, promising to pay every week; and it's not paid yet. Then he brings you on, and I say that's a little too much. I want my money to-day, or I want my rooms—and by noon, too. You can comprehend that much, I presume."

And with a toss of her head she flounced out of the room, leaving Florabel standing there pale as death.

She turned to the bell rope to call for her brother, but as she stretched out her white hand Arthur himself appeared in the doorway.

"I have heard all, Florabel," he said, nervously, "and I regret to tell you what she says is quite true. I have been in a little hard luck lately, and have run behind. I have been trying hard to get a position in some mercantile house, but fate seems against me, for I can give them no reference; that is where the trouble lies."

"Oh, Arthur!" she sobbed; "if I could only get something to do. It never occurred to me before that I would be a burden to you if I came to you."

"I should not mind if I had plenty of money," he retorted; "but as I said before, being out of a position, it makes it a little hard for me now."

She took off her two pretty diamond rings and laid them in his hand.

"Take these and sell them, Arthur," she said. "They are presents from Max, and very costly. I—I would rather part from everything I have in the world than owe a dollar."

He refused at first to take them, but she persisted, and at last he yielded to her wishes.

"I will return within an hour," he said, as he turned away.

The hours rolled slowly by, but brought with them no Arthur.

Just as the clock from an adjacent belfry tolled the hour of noon a messenger came with a letter for her. With trembling fingers she broke the seal.

"Why had Arthur written to her?" she wondered, vaguely, as she opened the letter.

There were but a few lines, and read as follows:

"Dear Little Florabel:—When you read what I have written here, do not find it in your heart to quite curse me for yielding to sin and temptation, as I herein confess I have done.

"I avow myself the most miserable fellow that ever lived. I will not keep you in suspense as to my sin. I raised quite a sum of money on the diamonds, Florabel.

"A mad temptation came upon me to double the sum, if I could. I struggled hard against it; but the old habit conquered my will to do right. And, oh! bitter is my repentance. I have lost every dollar. I cannot face you; so I am going away."

THE BANNER OF DEATH.

A man cannot straddle the fence when it comes to the question of good health or ill health. Either he marches under the flag of health or the banner of death. It is the simplest thing in the world to gain and keep health, if men and women only tried for the reason that they are caused to neglect their health even after they must realize that they are marching under the banner of death.

The great majority of diseases have their inception in indigestion, biliousness and impure blood. Among these diseases are deadly consumption, nerve-racking, brain-wrecking nervous prostration and exhaustion, body-torturing rheumatism, insanity, breeding neuralgia, emaciating malaria and all manner of disfiguring blood and skin diseases. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is a cure for all these diseases, if taken in anything like reasonable time. It is not a cure-all, but cures the diseases mentioned for the reason that they are caused and aggravated by the same disorders. It makes the appetite keen, the digestion perfect, the liver active, the blood pure and builds firm flesh and healthy nerve fiber. Don't be wheedled by a penny-grabbing dealer into taking something else.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cured me of a severe case of poisoning of the blood," writes Mrs. Selia Ricca, of Coast, Santa Cruz Co., Cal. "Boils, one after another, would break out on my arms, and were very painful. I have tried the loudly praised sarsaparillas without any benefit whatever, and not until I took the 'Discovery' did I get well. That was two years ago, and I have not had a boil or sore of any kind since."

Accidents occur in every home. Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Advertiser tells what to do. Send 31 one-cent stamps, to cover cost of stamps and mailing only, to the World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y., for a paper-covered copy. French cloth binding, 50 stamps.

"Farewell, dear. You shall never look upon the face again of him who is all unworthy to be called

"Your Brother."

The letter fell from Florabel's hands. She started to her feet with a low cry. Her heart almost stopped beating.

"Oh, Father in Heaven!" she sobbed, wildly, "is every one false in this world, and no one true? Oh! what shall I do? What shall I do?"

At that moment Mrs. Dickson's knock was heard on the door.

Florabel answered the summons with head thrown proudly erect. She remembered when she had bought her ticket she had thrust two bills Max had given her a few days previous, into the breast pocket of her travelling cloak. She had quite forgotten them until now. They should pay the landlady as far as they went. She would give her pretty little jeweled watch for the remainder, even though it broke her heart to part from it, for that was Max's first present to her.

"Well," said Mrs. Dickson, brusquely, "I suppose you know what brings me here, Miss."

Florabel looked at her with calm despair.

"I am here for the amount of my bill—forty-five dollars. Have you got it?"

Florabel stepped over to the wardrobe, to where her cloak hung. Hearing a slight noise behind her, she turned hastily around. Mrs. Dickson was critically examining the contents of her open satchel, which lay on the center table.

"Mrs. Dickson!" cried the girl, aghast, "what are you doing?"

The woman's face turned a dull red.

"I'm looking to see what you've got that's worth selling to pay my bill," she answered, boldly and defiantly, "and all that I can find is a cuff button—a man's cuff button at that."

"You must not touch that!" cried Florabel, spring forward. "It is all I have left that once belonged to one dearer than life itself to me. Gold could not buy it from me, I prize it so."

A harsh laugh answered her as the woman slipped the cuff button into the depths of her pocket.

"Gold will buy it from me," she retorted, grimly. "Beggars cannot be choosers, you know," she went on, hard heartedly. "You are lucky to be allowed to keep on the fine clothes you're wearing, I can tell you."

Florabel turned away with tear-drowned eyes, slowly taking the money from her travelling cloak pocket. What was it that caused her to start back with an exclamation of great surprise? At the first glance, as she unrolled the two bills she saw that they were each of fifty dollars denomination.

(Continued on page 8.)

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Spent Hundreds of Dollars to Obtain Freedom from Asthma—Was Permanently Cured by Clarke's Kola Compound.

Mr. Albert Dixon, contractor, Nanaimo, B.C., writes:—"For nearly nine years I have been a constant sufferer from bronchial asthma, night after night having to sleep sitting up in a chair. I spent hundreds of dollars with doctors and remedies, but got only temporary relief. My druggist, Mr. Stearman, recommended Clarke's Kola Compound. I took in all five bottles of this grand medicine, and am to-day completely cured. I can now sleep well every night, and now play my instrument in the city band once more." This remarkable cure is also certified by Mr. F. C. Stearman, Ph.M.B., one of Nanaimo's leading druggists. Sold by all druggists, or by the G. & M. Co., Limited, 121 Church street, Toronto.

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IN AID OF THE

P. E. I. Hospital

—IN—

Kindergarten Hall

—ON—

THURSDAY EVENING,

MARCH 15th.

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2. Reading.....HON. D. A. McKeenon
3. Vocal Solo.....God Bless Victoria
Miss Mary Hazard.
4. Violin Solo.....Prof. Vmricombe
5. Reading.....Miss Enid McLean
6. Vocal Solo.....Selected
Mrs E. William Watts.

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1. Instrumental Selection.....St. Cecilia Club.
2. Vocal Solo...O Loving Heart Trust on
Miss Craig.
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