

# 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 IV--(Continued.)

On the first day which had followed Max's home coming a little event happened which caused the turning point of two lives. Max was showing Florabel the rose garden, and they passed quite close to a rustic seat on which Inez Clavering sat, half lost in a day dream over the latest novel, but without either observing her, they were so engrossed in each other's society. As they passed her Inez heard him say:

"I see no beauty in any face but yours, darling. Other faces are all blank to me."

They walked on, but with the sound of those words in her ears an evil spirit entered Inez Clavering's heart. A laugh that was not pleasant to hear broke from the ripe red lips. "Such boy-and-girl love! Such nonsense! Only one face in the world for him worth looking at, he thinks. It is high time he saw two. Talking to that little simpleton in that way, she will begin to think herself an angel. I will teach him that all faces are not blank. My face shall not be a blank to him."

Inez Clavering was a girl of insatiable vanity. She had been so much worshipped all her life for her marvelous beauty that she considered the heart of every man she met her lawful prey. She had but little trouble in winning them. A gleam from her splendid eyes—a touch of her white, jeweled hand—a whisper from her musical voice—a smile from her beautiful lips—and the coldest masculine heart was sure to throb more quickly. She had never had the least trouble in making a conquest. Like most all women who are fair of face, she was cruel of heart. If she thought the conquest of any particular person worth winning, it mattered little to her how many broken hearts stood in the way. All that her victims won in return were a few smiles, a few tete-a-tetes, and then they had to make room for another.

Very soon the beautiful Inez had attracted Max's attention, as she felt sure she should. She had started him out of his calmness. "He knows now there is another fair face in the world beside Florabel's," she told herself one day, with a laugh, "and he will be puzzled soon as to which is the fairer."

"You have not asked me to sing for you, Mr. Forrester," said Inez to Max one evening. "I marvel at that, for your mother has often told me you are such a worshiper of music."

"Then let me hasten to ask you now," he replied, smiling and leading her to the piano, taking his position near her to turn the leaves.

"I want you only to listen; never mind turning the leaves," she said, in a low voice. "The songs I know best I know by heart. Sit down in that chair and dream."

"I shall dream more vividly if I can stand here where I can look at your face," he answered, gallantly.

Every word of this dialogue had fallen upon the sharpened ears of the golden-haired girl standing in the bay window. Her face turned from the light and warmth within to the cold moonlight that lay pallid and white outside.

Florabel had been too much of a fun-loving romp in those girlish days to devote herself, to any great extent, to music.

She often regretted since her want of power to please the fastidious musical taste of her young husband; but never so bitterly as now, when she saw that power in the possession of another, and that other a beautiful girl whom Max's mother had openly hinted he might have wedded but for her.

Music was Inez Clavering's strong point. She could play the piano with exquisite skill and sing divinely.

When Miss Clavering began to sing, then, indeed, Max Forrester quite forgot the little shrinking figure at the farther end of the room, sitting in the deep shadow of the bay window. The room rang with glorious melody.

Her voice was a rich, soft contralto. It was like no human voice Max had ever heard, it was so full of passion and tenderness. A voice that told its own story in the love song she was singing. She sang of love, mighty and wondrous, that carried the heart of the great world by storm.

As Inez sang she raised those dark, languishing eyes to Max Forrester's face, for she knew Florabel was watching, her poor little heart on fire with bitter jealousy.

Florabel was watching them, with a deadly faintness stealing over her—watching her handsome, laughing young husband and his mother's guest, who appeared so taken up with each other, and entirely oblivious of her presence.

She arose to her feet and stood motionless, her face white as death and her hands clenched, watching them. Yes, they had forgotten her—forgotten her very presence in the room.

A sensation of deathly sickness came over her. She saved herself from crying out to them by a great effort of self command.

Turning, she fled precipitately from the room; but they did not hear her light footsteps; they did not miss her. She could not stay there where the sound of that music distracted her.

"No one will miss me," thought the poor child. "Here, in my own husband's house, no one cares for me. I am only in the way; no one will miss me."

She passed out into the moonlight grounds, where the fragrant night air was whispering to the trees and the nodding roses, a gnawing jealous and injured love burning to the very core of her childish heart.

Who was she to take her place amongst such brilliant and accomplished ladies as this? How was she to hold her own? She felt more like an ignorant, untrained school girl. A deadly fright seized her, that, comparing her shortcomings to other girl's accomplishments, Max would tire of her.

Heaven help her? Was that thought a dark foreshadowing of the pitiful doom awaiting her?

She went where the sound of the music could not reach her, knelt down in the long, green grass, and turned her weary young face to the fair young moon that hung like a crescent jewel in the star-gemmed sky, weeping the bitterest tears that ever welled up from a human heart.

"What every one predicted is coming true!" she sobbed, wildly. "Max is tiring of me. Oh! if I could but die!"

Down, lower and lower, amidst the odoriferous green leaves and the crushed blossoms, fell the white face, until it rested on the green, shaven lawn; then a merciful oblivion stole over her.

The moon shone full upon her; the starlight was cold and white; the wind played around her, drifting the rose leaves over her breast; the dew fell on the curly, golden hair and white upturned face.

From the lace-draped window music and laughter floated out. No

## Tortured by Itching

Women are almost driven insane. Instant Relief in Dr. A. W. Chase's Ointment

One of the most distressing symptoms imaginable is the almost unbearable itching which is an accompaniment of Leucorrhoea or whites. The nerves are irritated by the poisonous discharge, and the result is an itching which is only rendered more excruciating by rubbing or scratching.

Especially at night, when the body is warm, the patient is tormented beyond the powers of human endurance. Sleep or rest is out of the question. Nervousness, irritability and despondency are a natural result.

In these offices there are on the file thousands of letters from grateful women who have found in Dr. Chase's Ointment a quick and certain cure for this itching to which women are subject.

During the expectant period many women suffer similar agony from itching of the parts, or itching piles, which are absolutely cured by Dr. Chase's Ointment.

The first application of this great discovery of Dr. A. W. Chase will afford prompt relief. At all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

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.

# The Peoples' Unbounded Eulogy!

## Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder Has Had an Almost Universal Endorsation as the Greatest Healer of the Most Insidious and Common Disease of the Century.

### Catarrh is a Menace to the Face-- The Precursor of Much Suffering and the Forerunner of Incurable Throat and Lung Troubles.

#### But this Great Remedy Cures and Prevents Colds, Drives out Catarrh Germs and Frees the Whole System from the Foulness Incident to Catarrh.

No remedy yet compounded for the

healing of catarrh has received the unbounded eulogy from people in high positions, socially, publicly or professionally, as Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powders.

Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powders is a specific for catarrh. It gives almost instant relief, not only in the acute forms, but chronic cases of many years' standing vanish under its persistent use. It will

break up a cold in the head in almost quicker time than it takes to tell it. It is a pleasant, powerful and potent protection against the almost constant climatic changes to which this northern world is subject.

Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder is the permanent eradicator and perpetual exterminator of this most insidious and yet common foe of humanity generally. If you are a sufferer take counsel of the thousands of whom it has been a sovereign balm—the beacon to show the way to health and the haven of health.

Mrs. J. H. Harte, of 223 Church street, Toronto, in telling of her faith in and cure by this wonderful remedy says: "I cannot speak too highly of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. For years I suffered intensely and constantly from catarrh in its worst form. I took everything I could purchase that promised me a cure, without any permanent results until I

tried Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. The first application of it—and it's so simple to apply—gave me great relief. I persevered in the use of it for eight months, and to-day I am fully restored, not the slightest symptom of the malady remaining, and I am thankful to be able to give this testimony for so worthy a remedy after trying so many so-called catarrh cures, only to add disappointment to disappointment."

Have you a cough? Is the voice husky? Is the breath foul? Are you losing flesh? Do you ache all over? Do you take cold easily? Is the nose stopped up? Does your nose discharge? Do crusts form in the nose? Do you cough sometimes until you gag? Is there pain in the back of the head? Is there a pain across the eyes? Is there tickling in the throat? Is your sense of smell leaving you? Are you losing the sense of taste? Is there a dropping in the throat? Is there a burning pain in the throat? Any and all of these symptoms indicate the presence of catarrh, and while some of them may seem but trivial, you cannot afford to treat them lightly, for remember, dire consequences may result from neglect, for all victims of throat and lung troubles have been subject to catarrh.

Dr. Agnew's Ointment puts out the fire from disressing skin troubles, such as Eczema, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Tetter, and will cure Piles in from 3 to 5 nights.

Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart gives relief from the most violent spasms in heart disease in 30 minutes. It saves life. Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills.

one missed her; no one knew or cared that out in the rose garden a young heart, stabbed to death with jealousy, was slowly breaking.

### CHAPTER VII.

How long Florabel lay unconscious in the long grass, her white face upturned to the white sky, she never knew. When she opened her eyes she heard Max and Miss Clavering still singing duets together in the parlor.

She crept noiselessly into the house and up to her own apartments.

In the upper corridor she met Gregory, the maid. The girl started back in fright when she caught sight of the white face. The dew lay heavy on the golden curls, and the skirt of her dress was draggled and wet with it.

"Do you need me, ma'am?" asked Gregory, looking curiously at the persistently averted face, and turning back as though to accompany her to her boudoir.

"No," said Florabel, shaking her head. "I—I—would rather be alone."

She turned her face to the wall when she found herself alone, and again bitter, passionate sobs shook her frame.

"She will win him away from me," she thought, in terror, "and when that hour comes I shall die." It was quite an hour before Max came to the boudoir. Florabel uttered no word of reproach. With her keen woman's instinct, she perceived that he was not one who would like a woman's reproach and tears.

"Did you enjoy yourself this evening, Max?" she asked, with childish wistfulness.

And he laughed heartily as he answered: "Yes."

He repeated some of Miss Clavering's wittiest speeches, as though they had amused him very much.

"Miss Clavering is very witty," said Florabel. And he did not see the expression in the lovely hazel eyes, or note the suppressed sob in the tremulous voice.

"Very," he answered, carelessly. The next instant he had forgotten all about Miss Clavering.

Florabel crept into the shelter of his arms, whispering, softly:

"I wish that I were witty, Max."

"So you are, my darling," he laughed.

"Not as witty as Inez Clavering," she said, tremulously.

"I should not wish you to be witty after the same fashion, Florabel," he declared. "Miss Clavering is what we call chic. You are original and poetical, which is much better."

"Are you sure it is better?" she asked, a smile like April sunshine breaking over her fair young face.

"Yes; there is no doubt about it," he answered. And a terrible weight was lifted from Florabel's jealous heart, only to fall with crushing force as the next words he uttered fell from his lips.

"I have promised to take Miss Clavering riding to-morrow through Central Park. Would you like to accompany us?" he asked.

She turned away with a hasty—

"No!"

"Miss Clavering is a charming

horseback rider," he went on. "She is the poetry of grace in the saddle. You must learn to ride, Florabel."

"Must you go to-morrow, Max?" she asked, wistfully. "You promised to think about taking me to the flower show, you know. Do alter the arrangement. You can take her riding to Central Park some other time."

She never dreamed but that he would eagerly meet her wish. To her intense surprise, he answered, quickly:

"I am sorry, my darling, but I have arranged so completely with Inez that I cannot disappoint her. She has asked me to show her the various points of interest in the park. I cannot draw back now, or I would."

Her face flushed. He had chosen to please Miss Clavering instead of her; but she would not let him see that it grieved her.

As Max and Inez rode away the next morning, they saw a smiling face looking down at them from the lace-draped window. Max never dreamed they were scarcely out of sight ere it was covered with great passionate tears.

How beautiful Inez had looked in her tight fitting riding habit, that fitted her slim, graceful form to perfection, and the drooping plumes that fluttered back from her dimpled face. Inez Clavering was never seen to such advantage as on horseback; and the spoiled beauty knew it well.

"We shall be back in time for luncheon," Max had said as he kissed Florabel good-bye. "I do not know but what one of my friends may drop in," he added. "So mind, darling, I shall expect to see you in a recherche toilet. You must not let Miss Clavering eclipse you."

He spoke half-jestingly; for in his own mind he did not think any one could ever equal, much less eclipse, his lovely young wife. But Florabel took his words most seriously.

"A recherche toilet!" thought the young girl, when she commenced to dress for luncheon. "Ah, then, I had better wear satin and diamonds."

She tried to remember what kind of a toilet Miss Clavering had worn the day before; but she had been too excited to notice. She retained only the vivid impression that Inez looked very beautiful and graceful. She

## Consumption

is contracted as well as inherited. Only strong lungs are proof against it.

Persons predisposed to weak lungs and those recovering from Pneumonia, Grippe, Bronchitis, or other exhausting illness, should take

**Scott's Emulsion** It enriches the blood, strengthens the lungs, and builds up the entire system. It prevents consumption and cures it in the early stages.

See and \$1.00, all druggists, SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

ceased the maid and perplexed herself. It turned out, after all, that Gregory's ideas were better than her own.

"Indeed, Mrs. Forrester, you know best; but I think pale pink satin and diamonds out of place at a family dinner. It is not as though there was a party. I lived with one of the most fashionable society ladies of Lexington Avenue before I came here, and she never was in full dress on such occasions."

Usually Florabel profited by Gregory's hints; but now she said, hurriedly:

"My husband wishes it; and he knows what is right."

So the beautiful shoulders and slim, white neck were bared.

The slender, girlish figure was robed in the elegant pink satin dress. A suit of magnificent diamonds completed a toilet admirably suited for a state ball or a grand fete, but quite out of place for a small family dinner.

Florabel was in blissful ignorance. She looked at herself in the large mirror, smiling at the lovely reflection with all a girl's pride in her own fair beauty. "Max will be sure to be pleased with me, she murmured. "Miss Clavering will look no better, I am quite sure."

On entering the dining room, the poor child was greatly shocked at the contrast she presented to her mother-

(To be continued.)

## MAKE HENS LAY

No matter what kind of foods you use, mix with it SHERIDAN'S CONDITION POWDER. It will increase your profits this fall, and winter. It assures perfect assimilation of the food elements needed to form eggs.

## A Nestful of Eggs

May be obtained in winter if you do as many successful poultrymen do, namely, mix daily with the mash food Sheridan's Powder. Has been used and endorsed over thirty years.

If you can't get the Powder send to us. One pack 25 cts.; five \$1. Large two-lb. can, \$1.20. Book free. J. R. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

## CASH DOWN! CASH DOWN!

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

T. A. McLEAN, Charlottetown

## FOR SALE

3000 Cedar Fence Stakes. 2000 Cedar Posts. 700 M Spruce and Cedar Shingles. 100 M Hemlock Boards. 100 M Spruce Boards. Also all other kinds of Lumber suitable for building purposes.

POOLE & LEWIS dy lin wk fins Poole's Wharf.

## Wants, Lost Found, &c

LOST—A gentlemen Astrakan glove under please leave 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. 524

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. LeRoy Willis, Sydney Hotel. 4

SAFE FOR SALE—A large office safe. Apply at the City Hardware Store, R. E. Norton & Co., Ltd.

WANTED—By an experienced landress—wishing to do at her home. Apply to Miss McLean, Fitzroy Street, near Weymouth St. Feb 16, 41

HAT FOUND.—On Prince Street on Wednesday night. Apply at THE EXAMINER office.

WANTED.—\$200 per day sure, gentlemen or ladies; special work; position permanent; reliable firm, with best references; experience unnecessary. Address, S. M. Fry, Field Manager, Hamilton, Ont.

FOUND.—Between the QUEEN'S ARMS and Charlottetown a heavy ulster coat. In the pocket is a grocery bill from Driscoll & Herby, Owner can have the same by paying for this advertisement. James Henderson, V. S. North River.

LOST.—On Tuesday night near the B I S Hall, Kent Street a fur miak. Finder will please leave at this office. 31as.

AGENTS—Prospectuses of War in South Africa by Castell Hopkins and Murat Halstead, and authentic Life of Moody by Dr. Wilbur Chapman, Vice-President, Moody Institute are ready. Both sent for 25 cents. Persons who never sold books making money fast.—BRADLEY-GARRETTSON Co. LIMITED Bramford.

## "Brahmin" Tea

We have just received a lot of "Brahmin" Tea from Horace Haszard 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 second to none, and is well known all over both town and country.

## BEER & GOFF

Queen & King Square Grocers.

## War Pictures War Pictures

Call at our office and see a series of most interesting pictures connected with South Africa and the war.

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

If you're interested call and see; they're well worth the money. Only a limited number received each week. The complete series will make a valuable book when bound.

Explanatory reading matter accompanies each picture.

The Examiner Pub. Co.