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On intimation of this, Messrs MacKie, with usual generosity, presented 200 cases free of charge, and shipped them by first steamer to the Cape.

One of the family is a volunteer in the Imperial Yeomanry, and on his way now to the Cape. It is hoped that he may give a good account of himself.

THE ABOVE MENTIONED BRAND IS FOR SALE AT

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Queen Street,

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 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 XI--(Continued.)

There was little use of returning to Mrs. Dickson's now.

Like one dazed, with trouble falling so thickly and so fast upon her, Florabel passed out of the park. At the first corner she observed quite a commotion.

A pair of prancing bays attached to a basket phaeton were tearing like lightning down the boulevard, and the occupant of the phaeton, a delicate, fair-haired lady, was clinging to the dash board, screaming frantically.

Florabel was brave and daring by nature, and in an instant, as she beheld the frightful scene, a brave thought suggested itself to her.

"Jump!" she cried out, springing to the edge of the pavement; "jump! and I will catch you!"

And to the wonder of the breathless, paralyzed bystanders, the occupant of the phaeton heard, understood, and obeyed, but not an instant too soon, for the next moment the phaeton lay, dashed to pieces, against an adjacent lamp post, and the lady, through sheer terror, lay in a deep swoon in Florabel's arms.

While they were in search of medical assistance the lady opened her eyes, and struggled out of Florabel's arms to her feet with a cry of pain.

"My ankle is sprained, I fear," she cried, faintly. "I cannot walk. Won't you call a cab, please, and accompany me as far as my home?" she asked, plaintively, looking up into Florabel's face. "I am afraid to be left alone again by myself. I should be sure to faint again with the pain. Oh, do come!"

Florabel could not refuse her.

"You have saved my life," she said, gratefully, to Florabel. "I should like to show my appreciation in some lasting way. I see traces of tears on your face. Why should one so young and beautiful as yourself ever weep?"

"Because I am very unhappy," faltered Florabel. "No young girl in this world ever met with a fate as cruel as mine. My whole life has been unhappy since my childhood."

"Are you alone in the world?" asked the lady, quickly.

"Yes," said Florabel, choking back a hard sob.

"If there is nothing to prevent, how would you like coming to live with me? I, too, have rather an isolated life of it, for I am something of

an invalid. I have a beautiful home and all that wealth can buy—everything, save health. But I would give every dollar of my fortune," sighed the heiress, "to be young and strong—and—beautiful like you," she added.

"I will only be too glad to come," returned Florabel, simply, "but I can tell you nothing of my past life. Could you trust me, when I tell you that, and not lose faith in me?"

"I will not seek to pry into your past, my dear," returned the lady. "I can judge your character from your face, and I am sure it must be good and pure. You must tell me, of course, your name, my dear. I am Isabel Carlisle, of No.—Lexington Avenue."

"And I," answered Florabel, "am Florabel Dean."

"Vane!" exclaimed the lady—"Florabel Vane! What a poetical name, and it just suits you. I shall like you all the better because your name is Vane—that was the name of a dear friend long since dead."

Florabel was just about to correct this wrong impression, but an unaccountable impulse seized her to let matters stand as they were. If this lady liked the name of Vane so much better, what harm to call her by that? It could not matter much.

And that one incident was the turning point of a strange fate.

An hour later they were both seated in the heiress' boudoir. The sprained ankle was nicely bandaged, and Miss Carlisle lay back among the cushions of the divan, but little the worse for so thrilling an accident.

"I should like my ankle to be well before a fortnight elapses," she said, thoughtfully, "for on that day my lover comes back from abroad."

She looked keenly and breathlessly into Florabel's face to see how she received this intelligence.

But Florabel's face did not betray her thoughts.

"Are you surprised that I should have a lover, Miss Vane?" she asked, sharply. "Do you think I look too old and plain for a young and handsome man to admire and wish to marry me?"

"No, no, dear lady," replied Florabel, much pained. "Why should I think that? I am sure any one who knows you must learn to love you," she added, earnestly.

"The great bone of contention between my relatives and myself is about this lover," she said, plaintively, "and for that reason I have cut loose from them. I—I tell you this because I yearn to have a confidante, Miss Vane. I feel the need of having some one by my side to tell my thoughts to. I have had many companions, but I sent them away one by one; there was no bond of sympathy between us. You are my trusted friend, who has saved my life. Your sad smile touched my heart at once."

"I am so glad," said Florabel, earnestly.

"Reach me that clasped velvet case on the mantel, and I will show you my lover's portrait; then you will not wonder that I am willing to sacrifice the whole world for his sake. My relatives can find but one fault with him, and that is that he is poor. But what of that? I have quite enough for both. They call him a fortune-hunter," she added, her eyes blazing; "but I will not believe it. I could not. He loves me for myself. Ah! is he not handsome, Miss Vane?" she exclaimed, opening the case and handing it to Florabel.

It was, indeed, a gloriously handsome face on which Florabel gazed. How little she dreamed how strangely this young and handsome man's path was to cross her own.


"Is it not a grand face?" murmured Miss Carlisle, proudly. "Would it not be easy for any woman to love such a man—a king among men?"

Florabel murmured an inaudible reply.

Fascinating the pictured face certainly was, but it was not a face to trust. Greed and cunning lurked in the bold, sparkling, black eyes. His mouth alone would have betrayed him, had it not been concealed by the dark, curling mustache.

"He is coming in two weeks more to set the wedding day," continued Miss Carlisle, softly.

It was easy to see how the heiress loved him. But from his portrait, Florabel judged that he was a man who loved himself better than he could ever love any woman.



There is a star that points every woman to the pathway of happiness. It is the Star of Health. It is the duty of every mother to point out this star and indicate this pathway to her daughters. There are too many unhappy—too many unhealthy women in the world. At every gathering where women meet alone, the story is heard of sickness and nervousness and dependency.

The woman who suffers in this way makes a mistake to consult the average obscure physician. If she does so, the chances are that she is told that her trouble is nervousness or insomnia or indigestion or heart trouble. It does not happen very often that this diagnosis is correct. When by some fortunate chance she is told the truth, that she is suffering from weakness and disease of the distinctly feminine organism, she is told at the same time that she must submit to the obnoxious examinations and local treatment so embarrassing to a sensitive woman. All this is unnecessary.

The wise woman will seek the advice of some specialist of world wide reputation. Dr. R. V. Pierce is such a man. For thirty years he has been chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y. During that time, with the assistance of a staff of eminent physicians, he has treated thousands of ailing women. He is the inventor of that wonderful medicine for women known as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. This medicine acts directly on the delicate and important organs that make maternity possible. It cures all weakness, disease, infirmity, and inflammation and debilitating drains. It has transformed thousands of weak, suffering women into healthy, happy, robust wives. It is for sale by all good medicine dealers.

Never fail to cure constipation—Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.

That night, when Florabel had retired to her room, there was a light, cautious rap on the door. She opened it, and Anice, Miss Carlisle's maid, entered.

"Oh, Miss Vane," she exclaimed, nervously, "as you are to be in this house, let there be full confidence between us. I have been Miss Carlisle's maid for long years, and, despite her crossness at times, I love my poor lady. She is about to take a fatal step in wedding a man who does not love her, who would be glad if she died the next day after she married him, for then he would come into possession of her property."

"He is marrying her for gold, not for love. Oh, Miss Vane, let me plead with you to use your influence night and day to break this marriage up. Heaven would surely bless you for such an act. And I warn you, too, Miss Vane, to keep out of Gerald Thorndyke's way. He cannot withstand making love to a pretty girl. Remember, I warn you."

CHAPTER XVIII.

It would have been amusing if it had not been so pitiful to watch Miss Carlisle count the days that intervened, she was so anxiously awaiting her lover's arrival.

"I want you to tell me the truth, Miss Vane," she said to Florabel one day. "Do you think I am beginning to look passe—faded? At thirty one always feels anxious over her looks."

It would have been pitiful to have told her the truth—that she looked older than that.

"I should like to look pleasing," she continued, in a wistful voice. "I sometimes tremble, Miss Vane, with vague apprehensions; he is thrown in contact with so many young girls."

"One should never make an idle of either lover or husband," returned Florabel, falteringly, "for those we idolize are usually taken from us."

"I should die, if I were to lose Gerald," exclaimed the heiress, passionately. "I watch for his coming; I weep myself ill over his departure; I treasure his letters. I repeat, it would kill me if anything should come between us."

(Continued on page 8.)

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