

UNDER A SHADOW.

Continued.

"And I shall live to be an artist—a true painter?" said Alison.

Her teacher looked at her beautiful face more beautiful than that of any model, more beautiful even than those shining from the walls of the galleries so rich in loveliness.

"You are so very young," he said "to care so much about art."

"Young" repeated Alison. "Am I? I had forgotten it. The years are nothing to me, I have lived my life."

He looked at her again.

"Lived your life?" he repeated. "How so?"

"I lived, I loved, and I died," she said musingly. "The best part of me died; that is a living life, is it not?"

"Yes but I repeat, that you are young to have had such experience."

"I shall live, perhaps, many years," said Alison; "but it will be in my art; away from that my existence barely deserves the name of life."

Long and deeply did the good professor ponder over this lovely young girl, with her dark eyes, her musical voice, her wonderful genius.

"Her name will live," he said to himself long after I shall be dead. It will live, wherever art is loved. How strange a name it is—Asalita Ferrari—An Italian name, the name of an Italian artist; yet she is English, this dark-eyed pupil of mine. Where does the fire of her genius come from? She herself is of cold northern race, though the fire of the South lives in her eyes and in her soul. She will be great some day, then it will be for me to remember that I taught her."

He was so earnest, so zealous in his desire for her improvement, that he at times overtaxed her strength. He seemed to forget that she could not work like a man—that she required some fresh air, some exercise, some rest. If he saw that the beautiful tints of her face had paled ever so little, he would cry out to her that she was not taking care of herself, then he would forget and let her work harder than ever.

All this work produced its fruit in the end. After two years' hard study, passed without any holiday, any relaxation, any rest, he allowed her to attempt her first picture. How she loved it! How she worked at it! How dear it became to her! She loved it as though it had been a living child.

It was but a simple picture, yet, years afterward, the world went mad about it—the figure of a young, sweet-faced girl, seated in the shade of a wood, birds swaying the boughs overhead, a little brook singing at her feet, a nest of bluebirds on her right hand, at her left a bank of wild thyme, with a wild-rose hedge. She had gathered sprays of wild-roses, long, graceful bluebells, and is binding them with a long, trailing clematis spray, and from the thickest part of the clematis, close to the girl's white hand, a snake protrudes its hideous head, just ready to bite. One reads the story at a glance—the snake will sting, and the girl will die of the wound.

A simple picture, but the treatment was so grand, the coloring so exquisite, it would have borne comparison with the works of the finest artists living. You could almost smell the wild roses, they looked so sweet; you could almost hear the ring of the bluebells in the wind, and the bright-eyed birds seemed to pour forth a volume of song. The hidden meaning of that picture was known only to the young artist herself, the girl who had been in such haste to gather the roses of life, and had found a serpent beneath them.

An idea had occurred to Alison—a something to live for. When she first began to recover from her illness and her senses had returned to her, when the glamour of false love and flattery no longer bewitched her, she was almost ready to die with humiliation and remorse. She felt she had sinned beyond forgiveness, that she could never hold up her head in the sunlight again, that she could never meet her fellow-creatures, that she was lost and an outcast. But a hope had come to her; she might possibly redeem herself by art. If she painted pictures so pure so beautiful that men's hearts were the better and purer that their eyes had seen them, then surely she could live down her sin. The artist might redeem the sins of the woman and undo the wrong done.

It was that hope which gave her courage, and caused her to persevere, that led her to work as few women work, to win what few women win.

CHAPTER XXXV. FAME AND REMORSE.

For some years now the world had been keenly alive to the talent and merit of a new artist, who had sprung suddenly into fame. There were many tales told of her. Some said that she was a French woman of high birth, whose artistic genius could not be concealed, others, that she was a Spanish lady, driven from home on account of political differences, and that she had flung herself into the vortex of art; others said she was an Italian, born in a dim old city in Italy, and that she came from a whole family of artists—it was therefore no wonder that she loved art so well. Let her be who and what she might, she was just then the wonder of the age. Her pictures were sold for almost fabulous sums; the least little sketch bearing her name was worth more than its weight in gold. There was no mistaking her peculiar style; most of her paintings were slightly allegorical, all of them full of graceful refinement and exquisite beauty of coloring. She excelled above all in female figures; her female faces were all distinguished for their delicate loveliness, their fair, spirituelle beauty, the strange, subtle sadness that seemed to lie even on the most laughing lips, that seemed to linger in the brightest eyes; the lovely, laughing flowers that she painted, in all the beauty of sun and dew, had the same sweet, subtle charm—one forgot the world looking at these pictures. In her

fairest forms there was nothing even over so slightly approaching the voluptuous; there was no diablerie in her laughing women and fair-faced girls—nothing that chained a man's senses to earth. Heaven lay in the faces she painted—all purity all goodness; looking at them, one wondered what heaven would be like, where angels brighter and purer than these reigned in supreme calm. Unconsciously she had raised herself to the highest pinnacle of art; she painted pictures that made men the better for looking at them, that raised the heart from earth to heaven, that purified the senses, that made one long for a higher, holier life—and no art goes further than that. Her pictures might have been hung in churches, where they would have done good, being in themselves so good.

Just at this time there was a new phase in art. Painters had risen and won great fame; there were painters who delighted in subjects better left alone—painters of devotional subject; but this was a happy medium—the religion of art. So the artist became famous and, after her pictures were widely spread and well known, people began to make anxious inquiries about herself. But those inquiries no one could answer—no one knew anything about her. She had been a pupil of Signor Claudio, but he could tell nothing about her; he even said that she was English, but no one listening to the pure, fluent, musical Italian that fell from her lips could believe that. So Asalita Ferrari became famous, her name known wherever art was known, her name honored by all men revered by all women. The newspapers, the Critics, all spoke of her as the woman who had raised art, who had done the world good service by her beautiful pictures, who had helped men and women on the road to heaven by raising their minds and hearts from earth. High praise—none could be higher. Asalita read these critiques at times—words which prophesied that her name would be held in reverence when other names were dead. As she read a faint smile would seem to quiver over her lips, and then she would fall on her knees, with one cry on her lips:

"God be merciful to me a sinner!"

She knew others might think she stood on a pedestal, that she was a pure, high-minded genius; she knew before Heaven that she was a miserable sinner. She never used her old name of Alison Trente now. Alison Trente died long years ago; Alison Trente had no place on the wide world—she was a subject for scorn and mockery; Alison Trente was dead, there let her lie. But Asalita Ferrari, the artist, the genius—the woman who could take men's hearts to heaven—that was quite another thing. She had almost forgotten her own name; she said it over at times, with a half-wondering, half-patetic sigh. Alison Trente! Did people live two lives? she wondered. Was the old dull life in Wigmore Street—the dream of passion, of love and anguish in Florence—really or not? There were times when she hardly knew, when she looked at her own magnificent beauty in the mirror, and said to herself:

"Can I be Alison Trente?"

Genius is not always appreciated; men have worked, toiled, and died without recognition of their fame, and after death the world, the busy, gay world, has stopped for a few short moments to raise statues to them, to enshrine them in sacred niches, to give them laurel crowns, then has gone laughing on; but, contrary to the rule, fame had come to Asalita while she lived, and not only fame but gold. She could command any price now for her pictures, men were willing to pay all she asked. She was rich beyond her wildest dreams—rich as she had never hoped to be.

The summer sun shone brightly over the mighty towers and steeples of Rome—a hot, brilliant sun, in whose heat it was almost impossible to work—heat that drew strong perfume from the flowers, and made even the little birds languid and weak. A beautiful villa stood at some distance from the grand old city—a villa enshrined in flowers. Looking at it, one felt sure no commonplace person dwelt there—a house that was like a poem, that seemed to laugh in the sunlight, and stand proudly among the flowers. Vines in rich festoons hung round it, orange and myrtle trees vied with lilies and roses—all sweet flowers that bloom seemed to congregate there. Pomegranates blossomed, passion-flowers raised their mystical heads, great white lilies, with hearts of gold, stood like nature's fairest chivalries. It looked like the home of a poet, but it was where Asalita Ferrari, whom we have known as Alison Trente, lived.

And there, on this fair summer day, she sits. It is not often that she relaxes, but it is impossible for her to work today; the heat is so intense, it is just as much as she can do to bear it. She has been compelled to lay down her brushes, to put away her easel, and give up work. She has gone to her favorite room, a fairy-like boudoir, opening to a garden filled with trees and flowers.

Yes, that is Alison Trente—Asalita Ferrari, as she calls herself, loathing her old name—that magnificent beautiful woman reclining in the chair of crimson velvet, her dark, eloquent eyes with their slumberous fire and passion drinking in the lovely tints of the flowers. It is here that the gifted artist dreams of those pictures that afterward made her famous; it is here that the graceful designs, the beautiful figures, the gorgeous colors come before her, first of all in a waking dream, to be reproduced on canvas at her will. Alison Trente! One feels inclined to bow before her as before a queen, so royal is she in her womanly beauty and queenly genius. She is plainly dressed, but the robes of a queen, diamonds and cloth of gold, would not have suited her as this simple dress does. It was her own design, something like the dress that Grisi used to wear in 'Norma—a plain white robe, fastened round the waist with a golden belt, and falling in stately folds to the feet; a dress that showed to

the greatest advantage the beautiful lines of her figure, the graceful curves. The hands that lie just now so listlessly, are characteristic ones—white and slender, supple and graceful, with pink palms and beautifully shaped fingers; the face, so beautiful in its spirituelle, eloquent loveliness, the dark, dreamy eyes; the mouth like a rose; the low Grecian brow and crimson lips.

Alison Trente lived in the midst of this magnificence, which was all her own—the labor of her own hands had created this earthly paradise; it had superb hangings of amber and white flowers that looked as though they had grown in Fairyland, pictures and statues, easy chairs and lounges that tempted one to repose and what Asalita valued more than anything, its windows looked out on that beautiful, fragrant garden.

She sits there now, watching the sunlight on the roses, watching the gleam of the white lilies, the purple passion flowers wrapped in her dream of beauty. She is very much altered; there is little trace in the beautiful woman the successful artist of Alison Trente the simple wondering, impulsive girl who had gone wrong and suffered the martyrdom of passion. You could not tell that this grand and noble woman had ever gone wrong; on the broad low brow there were at times traces of deep pain, of deep thought—the traces of a history that had never been told in words—that same underlying sadness which gave the subtle charm to her pictures.

Asalita Ferrari as she loves to call herself, lies back in her chair, thinking deeply; she is wondering how far she has redeemed that terrible past of hers. She owns to herself that, so completely is she absorbed in her art, there are times when she absolutely forgets that she, like a star has fallen from heaven—forget it, thinks of her art, of what she teaches by it, of the good she has done and hopes to do—thinks of the little green grave in Florence, but forgets almost the sin and the suffering.

When she remembers it the beautiful face burns with shame. If any one were to rise suddenly and denounce her, to tell the story of her wrong and her fall, to tell those five months in Florence, she would die of the horror of it, but there was no fear, she said to herself over and over again—no fear. Alison Trente was dead; who was there living that would even care to know that she lived? If she were to proclaim herself and her name no one would care for it, no one would be interested in it. Alison Trente was better dead than alive. Asalita Ferrari was better living than dead. She said to herself that she had so completely changed and destroyed her identity that there would never be any fear. She was wondering as she sat there if it could be—if she could by this great, good, honest, honorable life atone for the past, in which she had done so much evil.

"I have read," she thought, "that a woman once fallen can never regain her place I was so young when I fell that Heaven might well take pity on me. Shall I be the exception to the rule—shall I regain more even than the place I lost or will the sin of my youth rise in judgment against me, and shame me even in my hour of triumph?"

The sin of her youth—the sin for which woman finds no pardon, man so little blame! It was a problem and her life had to solve it.

CHAPTER XXXVI. OFF FOR ENGLAND.

Asalita had entered a church one day. No matter in what language that sermon was preached, no matter of what persuasion the eloquent man who uttered the beautiful words, but the sermon for the encouragement of those who, having left the right path, had gone back to it. He told of women who had spent long years in sighing and weeping; he told of others who had deliberately tried by every good and charitable deed that it was in their power to perform, to redeem the evil they had done. He said that hands stained by sin could be cleansed by charity, and he described a brave and noble life, all repentance, all atonement, all charity and goodness, an ideal life that charmed Alison.

"It must have been my good genius that led me here," she said; and from that hour a great change came over her.

She examined her life hourly; she said to herself that she repented of her sin—that she would blot it out by charity, by good deeds.

Alas! the fallen star never shines again in the skies. A woman who has once been lost might have the world as her empire, yet among good and honorable women she would never regain her place.

In all Rome there was no one like the great artist, Madame Ferrari, as she was called. If any one was in distress, either of body or mind, he went to her. She fed the hungry and consoled the afflicted; she was always busy. She refused to leave her studio to receive fine ladies and great noblemen. She had one standing excuse for them—she was always busy; but the poor who sought, and who worshipped her beautiful face, to them she was always visible; they never asked for her and asked in vain.

What stories they told of her those simple Roman peasants, of the lovely lady who left her beautiful house her painting and came to minister to them. They told of little children who had died in her arms, their little eyes fixed in wonder to the last on that sweet sad face; they told of women who had died with their heads on her breast, and their last word a prayer for her; of men who had blessed her and thanked her with tears; they called her every loving and tender name, these simple people and in the early morning dawn when she returned from a night's watching or in the starlight when she went to it she would raise her clasped hands and pray:

"Is it forgotten? Oh, my God! is it forgotten?"

Once while she remained in Rome a terrible fever broke out there, and people died by the hundred. While that fever lasted Alison put away her work. In the

wards of the hospital her name was well known; her face was better known still; and one day having heard that she could speak English they took her to the fever ward where an Englishman lay dying and no one could understand him. No one would have thought her a fallen woman who saw her kneeling there, whispering in the dulling ears the sweet story of mercy and love whispered prayers that the dying man had not heard since he was a child, taking his burning, death-stricken hands in her own as she would the hands of a little child, telling him of the heaven he might win.

"You are an angel!" whispered the man in his faint, hoarse voice.

"I am a miserable sinner!" she replied, with a sudden outburst of sorrow.

She stayed with him until he died; she risked the infection; she watched his face change from its haggard expression of uncertainty to its look of peaceful hope and rest, then she went home, tired, wearied, and sad. She raised her eyes to the blue shining heavens as she passed through the vines and olives.

"Is it forgotten? Oh, my God! is it forgotten?"

A strong man died, leaving his wife and five helpless little children to battle through the world just as they could. Hunger and starvation seemed to be inevitable portions. Alison came to the rescue. She bought a business for the woman and sent the little children to school; and when the poor widow sobbed out blessings and prayers, and thanked her, Alison asked again:

"My God! is it forgotten?"

When the fever raged a man and his wife died, leaving two little orphans, who had neither kith nor kin. Alison adopted them—sent them where they would be well fed, well clothed, well educated.

What touched the simple people, who loved her, more than all, was her goodness to a poor lost Magdalen, who had been a scandal to the city. When, in the flush of her beauty and wickedness, the fever struck her down, no one seemed willing to nurse her. "She was a daughter of the evil one," they said, "Dying! Let her die!" But Alison went to nurse her; she watched while the last remnant of life went out from the babbling, restless life. The poor outcast died with her head on that kindly breast, blessing her with her last breath. Was it forgotten? There were nights when the stars shone clear and golden in the sky, and the memory of it shamed her—when she knelt, weeping bitter tears, and praying with all her soul that God would pardon her.

Perhaps He did He never refuses. But she had sinned the sin which, though Heaven in its goodness may forgive, women never forget. That she could ever have been so blind, so foolish, so mad, so wicked, puzzled her. Looking back, it seemed to her that the girl who had sinned this sin was other than herself. She would freely, cheerfully, willingly have given her life over and over again never to have committed it.

Yet at times she almost forgot it when the world lay at her feet, and men vied at her genius—when she saw gold pouring in upon her and fame crowning her—when she saw the magnificence of her womanhood, and knew that some of the best men in Rome would have given much for one smile from her lips—when she saw herself courted, so admired, she lost sight of that one cloud which overshadowed her life.

Of lovers she might have had plenty but she detested even the name. When she looked back over her past she felt that she had not loved Colonel Montague in the highest and truest sense of the word; it had been a passion born of his great admiration for her—born of flattery and praise, and compliment—not love, as she knew now what true and pure love meant. How could she have been so blind, so foolish, so wicked? She had read some years ago of his marriage. The Countess of Cardyne was always to be heard, or rather, read of, in the fashionable intelligence of the day. Alison some times saw an English paper. She never read of a state ball or a grand fête at which Lady Cardyne did not shine. She often, too, read the name of Madame D'Isio, and from the circumstance, she imagined that the prince's mother was living with her grandchild.

Of late Alison had not been well. One day a wild, feverish, irrepresible longing to see her child's grave came over her, and she went to Florence. A violent thunder-storm came on as she knelt there and she was drenched with rain. The violent cold that she caught seemed not to leave her for some time; then she fell into a languid, feeble state of health. One of the doctors she called in told her it was the result of over-exertion—that she must rest, and give up painting for some little time. Most unwillingly she complied, but that did not suffice, after two months of enforced rest she felt but little better.

She called in another doctor of great skill and fame, who seemed to know by instinct that she was not an Italian.

"Summer in Italy does not suit you," he said. "Could you pass the summer in England?"

At first she was unwilling. Of her own free will she would never have cared to see England again. She had suffered much there; her associations with her own native land were all melancholy and sorry; but like every one else Alison clung to life, and she found it; and when the physician told her his medicine would be all in vain, that what she wanted was a colder and more bracing climate, she resolved upon returning to her own country.

It was of that she was thinking as she sat in her easy chair watching the sunlight on the flowers. She knew at once that her position in England would be very different to what it had been before.

No one knew Alison Trente, but all England would recognize name the Asalita Ferrari; her fame and her wealth would enable her to mix in the best society, and she knew that her genius would make her eagerly welcomed there.

She would be sure to see Colonel Montagu, now Lord Cardyne, again. She

was wondering if he would recognize her—if he would see in the artist, welcomed by the noble and great, the girl he had wooed, won, and deserted. Would he recognize in the beautiful woman the innocent girl whose dreams had been of art not of love? She was not averse to seeing him; she disliked him; he was to her the true type of all that was most selfish and base; but she wondered how the years had changed him—if Lady Cardyne loved him—if he loved his wife. He would not recognize her; he would, in common with every one else, believe her dead; but it would be a grand triumph to her to meet him on an equal—he who had treated her as he did the dead leaves under his feet. She lay back with a smile on her lips, such as one never sees on the lips of a happy woman, picturing to herself how he would bow his handsome head before her, believing her to be the Italian artist Asalita—how he would compliment her. And she—how well she would recognize the voice, and the worth of the words.

She would go to England—go to London, where she would be feted like a queen! She was not to resume her work just yet. She would give herself what she never really enjoyed before—a holiday. She had worked hard; she had accumulated vast wealth. Surely now she might enjoy her life a little.

Her spirits rose as she thought of it. After all there is something in the love that one has for the native land like no other love. It would be a charmed life that she should lead there. As she rose at length from her seat and walked across the room, she said to herself:

"In England no one will recognize me; there is no trace left in me of Alison Trente."

It might be, she thought, some time before she visited again the land of her adoption. She went to Florence, where she loaded Matteo and his wife with gifts and she kissed the grass waving above the tiny grave, and then, with a hope for better times, set sail for England.

CHAPTER XXXVII. A NEW LIFE.

A beautiful little house at Richmond was taken for the celebrated lady artist, the Signorina Asalita Ferrari. The papers all devoted to her one paragraph, stating her arrival in England, and the need for rest and a more bracing climate. Alison smiled to herself as she read a bitter, half-cynical smile; there was something in success after all. Who would have noticed her coming ten years ago. No newspaper paragraph had told of her going away.

To be continued.

KITCHEN & SHEA,

PHOENIX SQUARE,
Plumbers, Gas Fitters and
Tinsmiths,
And Workers in all kinds of

SHEET METAL.

Speaking Tubes, Stores and Furnaces fitted up at short notice.

in porters and dealers in stamped and pressed Tinware.

Iron and Lead Pipe and Fittings always on hand.

Houses Fitted up with Hot and Cold Water.

Prices Moderate and Satisfaction Guaranteed. Telephone No. 176.

Fredericton, N. B., May 2.

LATEST.

One of the Largest and Best Assorted Stocks of Millinery in all the leading Shapes and Materials to be found in the City is at

MISS HAYES' Millinery Establishment

QUEEN STREET.

Among the Latest American Bonnets are found "The Bonquet Paris" and "Bougival."

For Misses, the "Exquisites" take the lead.

Fredericton, N. B., April 11th.

MISS WILLIAMS.

Fashionable Millinery

OPP. POST OFFICE,
Queen Street, Fredericton.

April 18th, 1891.

She called in another doctor of great skill and fame, who seemed to know by instinct that she was not an Italian.

"Summer in Italy does not suit you," he said. "Could you pass the summer in England?"

At first she was unwilling. Of her own free will she would never have cared to see England again. She had suffered much there; her associations with her own native land were all melancholy and sorry; but like every one else Alison clung to life, and she found it; and when the physician told her his medicine would be all in vain, that what she wanted was a colder and more bracing climate, she resolved upon returning to her own country.

It was of that she was thinking as she sat in her easy chair watching the sunlight on the flowers. She knew at once that her position in England would be very different to what it had been before.

No one knew Alison Trente, but all England would recognize name the Asalita Ferrari; her fame and her wealth would enable her to mix in the best society, and she knew that her genius would make her eagerly welcomed there.

She would be sure to see Colonel Montagu, now Lord Cardyne, again. She

Parsons' Pills

These pills were a wonderful discovery. Unlike any others. One Pill a Dose. Children take them easily. The most delicate women use them. In fact all ladies can obtain very great benefit from the use of Parsons' Pills. One box sent post paid for 25 cents, or five boxes for \$1 in stamps. 25 Pills in every box. We pay duty to Canada.



The circular around each box explains the symptoms. Also how to cure a great variety of diseases. This information alone is worth ten times the cost. A handsome illustrated pamphlet sent free contains valuable information. Send for it. Dr. J. S. Johnson & Co., 23 Custom House Street, Boston, Mass. "Best Liver Pill Known."

Make New Rich Blood!

FREDERICTON MARBLE WORKS, CEMETERY WORK

ALL KINDS OF CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

All orders promptly attended to. Material and Workmanship Guaranteed.

Carleton St., between Methodist Church and Old Burying Ground.

JOHN MOORE, Proprietor.

Fredericton, N. B., April 5.

A. L. F. VANWART, Undertaker and Embalmer,

Upper Side York Street, Fredericton, N. B.

Coffins and Caskets, FUNERAL COODS OF ALL KINDS.

A First-Class Hearse in Connection. Special Prices for Orders from the Country. All Orders Promptly Attended to with Neatness and Despatch.

150 QUEEN STREET. ESTABLISHED, 1830. 150 QUEEN STREET.

JAMES R. HOWIE, PRACTICAL TAILOR,

Has a Splendid Stock of Imported and Native Cloths

This Season and Cases are arriving daily. Counters and Shelves and Windows are filled with finer goods than ever. These are full lines of Staple Goods in Corkscrews, Diagonals, Worsteds, Tweeds, and Trouserings of every Style.

A SPECIAL NOVELTY

In Trouserings is of French Make, and a splendidly finished Silk Mixture, soft and fine, and smooth as satin. It comes in beautiful designs, a fine selection of which can be seen on the Counters. SPRING AND SUMMER OVERCOATINGS are of specially good value and Style this year, and now is the time to have them made up. MY READY MADE CLOTHING is all it should be, and more, as my many friends are testifying daily. Come and see the makes and prices, they will astonish you.

BOYS' CLOTHING

Is a model line with me this Spring. My Stock cannot be BEAT, in fact which should recommend it to all School-boys. BE SERIOUSLY, EVERY SUIT IS STYLISH, DURABLE, and cheap Sales in this department are very rapid. Gents' Underwear is better than ever. All Styles in summer Neck wear are in my store, a really beautiful, choice and cheap Stock.

MY OLD STAND, 150 QUEEN STREET.

Fredericton, N. B., April 5.

THE NEW RAYMOND is the best family Sewing Machine now in the market.

The reasons why it is the best is because it runs the easiest, makes no noise and makes the best stitch, and never gets out of order. Has all the latest improvements. Sold Low and on easy terms. Call and see them. Sold wholesale and retail to agents.

Agents wanted now in all unoccupied territory.

Also, a large stock of Pianos and Organs.

246 Queen Street, FREDERICTON, N. B.

D. MCCATHERIN.

Fredericton, N. B., April 5.

THE GLOBE

Job Printing Department.

WE HAVE IN STOCK A FINE LINE OF

WEDDING, INVITATION, VISITING, MEMORIAL AND PROGRAMME CARDS,

Which we will print in the latest styles and at reasonable rates.

A. J. MACHUM, Proprietor.

H. F. BLAIR,

SASH AND DOOR FACTORY.

Planing and Moulding Mill.

King street, Fredericton, N. B., A

Fredericton, N. B., A