UNDER A SHADOW.

Continued.

'I really can hardly tell you. The earl was Colonel Montague when his last escapade occured. He ran away with some governess-a very ordinary kind of girl, I believe, and he was with her in Florence when he met the young lady whom he afterward married. Madame D'Isio knew it at the time, but she ignored it then; he was to be an English peer and a rich man. She told his wife of it afterward, when they had quarreled violently one day, and Lady Cardyne has never been quite the same since.'

'Then that is the cause of the disagreement between them?' said Alison quickly.

and cowardly to tell a wife anything her face.' about her husband, and I think also that blindness in a wife is wrong.'

'But are they really not happy?' asked Alison.

'No; they are miserable. I know no people more so. Lady Cardyne has not seemed well lately, she is peevish and lrritable; she has no patience with her husband; everything he does is wrongall that he says is wrong. I am often sorry for him.'

'Yet he seems kind to her. He asked me to dine with her on Tuesday, because it is her birthday, and he thinks that it will give her pleasure.'

'We are invited, too,' said Lady Laura. 'I am glad you are going-you will see all these things for yourself.'

Then their conversation ended; but before the ball was over Alison had an opportunity of judging for herself of the Ferarri remind you, Arthur?" domestic felicity of Lord Cardyne.

He came to talk to her again and again; plied. he was delighted with her; he was charmed with her beauty and grace.

Ferrari,' he said; 'I have been always of his friends.' most delighted with your pictures. I some fine old paintings there.'

dyne came up to them,

so tired of this harsh, unmusical English. ly tell why or how.' Ah, madame, just a few words.'

'I will speak Italian to you Camila,' said the earl.

You? but you have an English voice, It passed off. The dinner was, in its sounds like music; when an Englishman lord was very perceptible. Lady Cardyne told you so?' speaks it, it sounds like water rolling had taken the most passionate fancy for 'My grandmother, Madame D'Isio.

I had been born an Italian-I might self to her to the exclusion of her other room, she told me that he had not mar-

half carelessly.

defiance by his own wife. 'I am so tired,' said Lady Cardyne— to so many households? 'so dreadfully tired.'

dull and tired at home.

time longer, Camila?"

'I do not care to remain,' said pretty Madame Perversity.

'But if you will neither go nor stay, what am I to do?' asked Lord Cardyne, in comic despair.

'Do! you need do nothing,' replied his wife; 'everything and every place is tiresome alike.'

'Will you dance again?' asked the earl, 'I have said that I am tired, Arthur;' was the dignified reply. 'Will you sit still here and rest awhile?'

he asked. 'I never care about sitting still,' she

answered. 'Shall I go and find you an ice?' he

persisted 'There is ice enough in England without eating it,' was the reply.

'Then, my dearest Camila, I really do

not know how to please you.' 'I never for one moment thought you did,' said Lady Cardyne. Ah, me, I am so tired. Madame Ferrari, do you ever grow quite weary of the world and everything in it?"

'No,' replied Alison, 'I do not; and yet, Lady Cardyne, I have known more sor- azure eyes were clear and limpid: the row than you have ever known by name.'

vince Alison that between the earl and his young wife there was no chance of her dress; it was magnificent, and suited happiness. She wondered at his patience -she wondered that he could endure the peevish complaints, the utter absence of had been assumed in great measure to all self-control, the constant murmuring, annoy her husband. It was of blue velnever-ending complaints of England and everything in it.

go to the dinner given in honor of the that his country was cold. young countess' birthday. Immediately that she saw Alison she sprung toward that she never wore for any one else. her and clasped her arms round he neck.

'It is my birthday,' she said, 'and this will be my greatest treat, the pleasure of seeing and talking to you.'

She did not make the most dignified mistress for that superb mansion, this high-born Italian. Alison had more grace, more self-possession, more dignity. She seemed, after all, more like a spoiled child than the niece of a prince or the wife of an earl.

Lord Cardyne found time to say a few words to Alison.

'Lady Cardyne has so earnestly warned me,' he said, 'that I am not to monopolize you, but to leave you to her, that I hard- always perfidious." ly dare suggest that I should show you a beautiful Claude hanging in the library. What do you think?"

'I think,' she replied, with a sudden smile, that a Claude, to me at least, is irresistible.'

She laid her hand with a certain sweet,

imperious grace on his arm. I never knew before, he said, how your case, I should do. I would, for my completely a smile changes a woman's

Alison looked at him calmly.

'Lord Cardyne,' she said, 'if we are to be not friends, but acquaintances, you said the wayward girl, 'than English must refrain from paying me compli- virtues—a thousand times rather.' ments; to my mind they are generally insincere, and they are always in bad

He looked half offended, wholly aston- of Italy?

'I shall be only too happy to obey any between us. Now for the Claude.'

bered so well. 'Great Heaven, how like you are to Perhaps you would have found the

She was keenly alive to the danger of Cardyne sadly.

recognition. She turned to him slowly. 'Like whom? Of whom are you speaking, my lord?"

'It must be!' he cried. You must be ried.' Alison—Alison risen from the dead!' She controlled the deadly fear that for been older and wiser!' one half moment had filled her.

'What droll things you say to me! How strange a name! What do you call itis it?-Alison risen from the dead.'

'For Heaven's sake, hush!' he cried, them.' hurriedly; and the young countess looked from one to the other."

'What is it, madam?' she asked. And Alison smiled.

'My lord is so strange; he thinks that I remind him of some one.'

'Does he? Of whom does Madame 'Some one I knew years ago, he re-

I never hoped to see you Madame always shown great taste in the selection fide in you. You would think, would

hope you will come to Hargrave; we have ensue, tried to divert the channel of her that he loved me very truly and faithfully thoughts. She was suddenly discon- would you not, madame?" As he was saying the words; Lady Car- certed by hearing Lady Cardyne say:

'I could almost fancy, madame, that own, and Alison answered: "Speak Italian to me,' she said; 'I am your face is familiar to me. I can hard-

> but in her heart she felt that she had run the greatest risk by coming here.

and it does not seem like the same thing. way, a success, although to one so keen, so that it is true.' 'I wish,' said the earl, half sadly, 'that her even for a minute, she devoted her- day, and, after he had gone out of the he said, evasively. 'No, I do not think you would,' she said, the magnificence that surrounded him, one in Florence.' man who had brought misery you.'

the just reward of an unjust life? 'Would you like to go home?' asked More than once she found his eyes tiful English girl.' the earl; 'if so, I will order the carriage.' fixed on her with an expression of curthe resemblance between the gifted ar-'Then you will remain here some little tist and his old love Alison Trente.

CHAPTES XL.

"I NEVER LOVED BUT YOU."

The next time that Alison met the earl and councess was at a garden party given by the Duchess of Newnham. The duchess owned a magnificent villa at Twickenham, and it was there that she was occustomed to give the grand garden parties that usually formed one feature of the season. Alison was delighted with the scene; it did not strike her that she herself was the queen of the fete-that in the queenly grandeur of her magnificent beauty she excelled them as a damask rose does wild weeds. She watched it with dreamy eyes. After all, to her, so thoroughly an artist, it was only like a picture come to life—an animated scene on the ground instead of on the

She was sitting near the group of tall cedars under which a group of happy girls were eating fruit, when she saw Lady Cardyne coming toward her. She was certainly very lovely-the child-like, innocent face had hardly developed yet into womanhood; it was fair, and the soft golden hair waved over her shoul-That one specimen was enough to conders in a hundred beautiful ringlets. Alison felt almost inclined to smile at her ethereal style of loveliness; but Alison thought, and thought correctly, i vet, trimmed with fur, and the fur was the one touch intended for the earl. His The Tuesday came when they were to wife never allowed him to forget the fact

She came up to Alison with a smile 'I am glad to see you here, madame. They call this sunshine. Now, do look

Alison looked, with a laugh. 'It lacks the fervor of an Italian sun,'

she said; 'but, with that exception, I see no difference.'

'Ah!' said the countess, pathetically, you are prejudiced.'

yours by adoption.

'So you believe in the old title of 'Perfidious Albion'?' said Alison.

There was a shade of bitterness over the fair young face as the countess an-

'Yes, I believe in it.'

'Well, I know,' said Alison, 'what, in husband's sake, try to love England and the English. After all, they have great virtues, you know.'

'I would rather have Italian faults,'

'That is unjust,' said Alison, frankly. I wish it were true.' 'Now tell me, would you like it if Lord

Cardyne were always speaking unkindly she poke, and Alison's whole heart turn- and she was buried so deep, so utterly

'He would not dare!' she cried. 'he wish of yours, madame; henceforth the could not; all is beautiful in Italy. Since small coin of compliment must not pass I have been here in England I have learned that men, and women too, are that instant Lord Cardyne came up to did not hear me. It was a magnificent picture, and as perfidious—that men swear they love you them. she stood before it, lest as of old, in a with the same lips that only perhaps a 'I have been looking everywhere for wondering trance of delight, a certain few hours before have sworn love for a blue velvet and white fur,' he said. before her was not particularly handlight came over her face that he remem- rival; women smile at you and stab you 'Were you really so cold, Camila, that with cruel words.'

her!' he cried, in great agitation. 'I same thing had you remained in Italy. it was,' said Lady Cardyne. 'After all, and listening to him, Alison felt some-That and other things. For my part, have seen her stand just so a hundred That kind of insincerity is not peculiar to Arthur, there is some beauty in English thing that she had never in her life excontinued Lady Laura, 'I think it is cruel times and more, with that same light on England; it is known all over the world. 'I never saw it or met it,' said Lady

> Because you were so young. You look so young now you could not have been more than a child when you were mar-

'I was a child. Ah! madame, had I

'It is neeless thinking of that,' said Alison. 'We should all do and act different if the discretion and experience of an eternal debt of gratitude.' Alison? Ah, here comes Lady Cardyne; years were given to us in our youth-it I must tell her that you say I am-what is not. True wisdom teaches us to make 'I loved him and he tired of me; this girl the best of our lives, not to repine at had not loved him; she mistrusted, doubt-

See how very much you have to be grate- wins love.' ful for; you have youth, beauty, wealth. you have a most devoted husband.'

'You ought to be flattered, madame,' to you as I could not do to any one who heard the conversation? Lord Cardyne minutes afterward the duchess sent in said Lady Cardyne. 'Lord Cardyne has was not from my own land. I can con- had turned to his wife. you not, from all outward appearances, Camila; that dress seems to suit you,' he Alison, fearful of the words that might that my husband was devoted to me-

'I should, most certainly.'

'He does not,' she cried; 'he does not on the morning I saw you first.' 'It is but fancy,' said Alison, calmly; care for me; he married me because I was Prince D'Isio's niece.'

'I do not believe it,' said Alison, curtly. 'But,' repeated Lady Cardyne, 'I know his face.

Alison; she was hardly willing to leave She and Lord Cardyne quarreled one Florence just then; she was one of them. guests. He was not happy, in spite of all ried me for love—that he had loved some Arthur?"

in spite of the grandeur that was all nat- 'I do not believe it, and, if I may speak | English lady, who wanted to see your Alison saw how keenly the words ural to him; he looked like what Lady my opinion, I think it was a cruel thing uncle's pictures, and requested me, as I wounded him-she even felt something Laura called him-a disappointed man. to tell you anything of the kind. If he knew him, to procure the opportunity like compassion for him. It seemed so Alison saw it all. he loved his wife, she did not love you why did he marry you? for her.' strange that this man, who had won so did not love him. Was it retribution? I consider myself a very fair judge of many hearts, should be entirely set at Was it a judgement from Heaven on the character, and I say that he does love

> Was it | 'But he did care for one in Florence; that I have had but one true love in my Madame D'Isio told me so-a very beau- life, and it was for you?"

'He did not, could not have cared for 'No, thank you. I should be just as losity that startled her. He was tracing her as he does for you, or he would have married her, said Alison, with a beating

'Do men always marry the women they love?' she asked.

ford it. 'And do you think, madame—I know you will speak frankly-do you think and noble as she was, did not hear the

from what you have seen, that my hus- words. band really loves me?' 'Yes, I do indeed, really and truly. I think that the happiness of his life is all

bound up in you. 'If I could really once think so, I should try to like England and the English. I should be quite different if I really be- the most shelter and secluded nook that

love when I see it, and I tell you that ed by the girl's trust and love. your husband loves you?

beautiful English girl in Florence?"

light of his love.'

'How different I should be, if I thought | them friends.' so,' said Lady Cardyne. 'Whenever I

marry me, therefore he must love me.'

loves. The best of them know but one made a hero of him; she had risen to love in a lifetime' 'I think,' said Lady Cardyne, 'that I had sunk! will try. I will not rail against England

you hold his heart in your hand.' 'Do yo?' she asked, in wondering joy-'do you? Ah! madame, that seems too good to be true.'

'What would you do if you knew that t were true?' asked Alison.

The fair young face looked thoughtful for a few minutes, then she replied:

would tell him that I meant to love England for his sake-that it should be the the sound of a voice near her. home of my adoption. I wish-oh! how

There was a sob in the sweet voice as ed to her-this child-like girl who had lost in the ght, that she did not notice it ished; then recovering himself quickly There came a sudden flash in her supplanted her. She took Lady Cardyne's fall from her hand. She turned suddenwhite jeweled hand in her own.

'Do,' she said, 'what you would do if you believed this to be true. She would have added more, but at deeply. 'I spoke to you twice, and you

you wore furs to-day?'

scenery.'

At even those few faint words of praise his face brightened considerably. Alison watched him closely.

'Do you think so? You are beginning to like it? 'Oh! Camila, I am so pleased.' 'If I ever grow to like it in reality,' said Camila, 'it will be madame who has taught me to love it!"

'Then,' said the earl, turning his hand-'How strange it is!' thought Alison.

'That is easy to say,' sighed the young tinual source of anxiety to him; she has all women and children would trust such 'And to do, if we will be brave over it. loves her. It is not true to say that love speaks in every line of it. A good voice She thought it wiser to go away and leave them together. She made some Lady Cardyne looked up at her eagerly. slight excuse, and she saw that almost

'You are looking very beautiful to-day,

Ah! Camila, you look to-day as you did ed guest.

She raised her azure eves quickly to

'I have never thought of it until now,' When a real Italian speaks Italian, it clever as Alison, the lady's dislike of her I do not believe one word of it. Who she said; 'there was a lady with you. Who was the lady, Arthur?" 'There were several English people in

'One of them? But who was she

'I know so many people. This was an

'You did not love her then, Arthur?' 'Love her, Camila? When will you believe that I have had my fancies, yet She looked up at him thoughtfully.

'And that some one, Arthur, whom grandmamma said you loved in Florence-did you really care for her?" 'No,' replied the earl. 'That some one,

as you vaguely call her, was a fancy, a whim, a caprice. I have never loved 'Always, I believe, when they can af- any one but you, Camila. and I never shall.' It was well that Alison, kind generous Houses Fitted up with Hot and Cold Water.

CHAPTER XLI.

LORD CARLYTON. Alison found herself, for the first time that day, alone, she had purposely sought she could find. The interview with Lady of Millinery in all the leading Shapes and Materials to be found in the City is at 'I am quite sure you may. I know Cardyne had agitated her-she was touch-

'Still,' she thought to herself, 'I have 'Do you think he liked this other, this missed a fine dramatic opportunity for revenge. If I were a heroine in a novel, 'Yes,' replied Alison; 'I have no doubt instead of being a real human being I that he liked her, and perhaps, fifty more should have fostered this difference bebefore her; at the same time any one can tween them-have alienated the wife's see that you are the love of his life; those affections completely, and have parted were but fancies-they have died in the them forever. Instead of that, I hope and believe that I have helped to make

She did not now even care for venfeel the least inclined even to be happy, geance; the time had been when she I think of what Madame D'Isio told me, craved for it, when she prayed for it; and I make myself miserable purposely.' now it was all dead-the love, the hate, 'I can only advise you to do what I the sorrow, and the desire for vengeance, should do myself,' said Alison. 'I should all dead; she was simply indifferent to try to trust my husband; I would say to him-no words of his could have affectmyself that the world was full of women, ed.her now. If he had returned to his some of them more beautiful, more allegiance, and offered her a passionate, noble, more gifted than myself, yet that never-ending love, she would have defrom the whole world he had chosen to clined it with the most perfect indifference; if on the contrary, he had cursed There is certainly something in that.' her with the bitterest reproaches, she said the countess, with a brightening would not have heeded it. He had no Queen Street, Fredericton. longer the power to move her; he had 'Men differ from women,' said Alison, sunk to the level of a commonplace man. They have many fancies which we think | She wondered that she could ever have heights which he could never attain-he

She preferred to see him happy with to-day. Oh, Madame, I should love Eng- his wife-it was much better. Happiness land well enough, if my husband loved was a kind of moral purifier, thought Alison; she was fully capable of under-'He does love you. See how anxious standing the cruel wrong that he had 'I really think,' said Alison, gravely, he is about you; how that handsome done her; she knew that his dishonor that I might return the compliment. face of his clouds over when he thinks and baseness had been of the worst kind, Do you think it quite wise, Lady Car- that you are not pleased; how he watches but she felt no particular desire to see dyne, to set yourself so completely against you, anticipates you every wish, de- him punished—all the misery that he "Fredericton Globe." This offer is open your husband's country? It should be lights in pleasing you; how sad he is might suffer would be quite useless, so when you repine, how happy when you far as rectifying that one error in which 'The sons of a perfidious mother are say one kind word to him. I believe she was concerned. It seemed, even to her, that if, by any good offices, she could restore love and harmony, she should be helping to undo the consequences of the evil; it would be in itself a kind of atonement-a kind of reparation; and Alison resolved that she would accept Lady Cardyne's offer of friendship—that she would be a true friend to her, disinterested and generous—that she would try Unabridged Dictionary will govern the 'If I really believed it I would go to to obtain an influence over her, and that contest. Address, my husband and put my arms round his when she had secured it, she would use neck; I should tell him I was sorry for it to make the wife love and trust the every perverse word I had uttered; I husband. P. O. Box, 315.

She was aroused from her reverie by 'Pardon me, you have dropped this, I

It was a little pink-colored kid glove,

'I fear I have startled you,' said the same voice; 'you have been thinking so

It was only a voice-deep, rich, and musical in tone. The gentleman bowing some; there was nothing very striking in his appearance; he had a good face, kind, 'The sun is warmer and brighter than intelligent, and true; but, looking at him

p rienced before. 'Have I startled you?' he asked. would sooner have let the little glove lie there than have done that.'

'I am much obliged to you,' said Alison He raised his hat, bowed, and left her. She stood looking after him; she watched him out of sight, wondering at the strange sensation that had come over her-a sense of completed life-as though she some face to Alison, 'I should owe madam had found some clue to some mystic dream, some problem, some secret.

'I should like to hear that voice again.' thought Alison. 'I wonder who he is? What a good face!-not handsome, like ed, suspected him; she has been a con- Lord Cardyne's, but so earnest, so true, tortured him after a fashion, yet how he a face; it tells its own story; goodness

too; honest, genial, with a musical ring.' Alison found herself recalling the tone of it, recalling the few words. Then her face grew crimson, for she was wonder-'I trust you,' she said, in her eager, im- before she was out of sight the husband ing if he, too, had thought her beautiful. petuous way-'I trust you madame, and and wife were seated side by side. What But Alison was far too much admired to I love you. I can open my whole heart would she have thought had she over- be able to enjoy much solitude. A few

search of her. The duchess herself was one of Asalita's warmest admirers. She had purchased two of her paintings, and was delighted 'I am sorry, though, that I wore fur; it to have the chance of knowing her. Now is not one half so cold as I thought it she sent for her because, having a few The azure eyes looked eagerly into her would be. I feel the warmth of the sun.' minutes to spare, she wanted to spend 'Perhaps that makes you look fairer. them in talking to her beautiful and gift-

When they had been talking for some 'I remember,' she said, 'at the palace; minutes, they were joined by a group of you had come to see my uncle's pictures.' ladies; and then, crossing the lawn, Alivoice had moved her so strangely. He low tone to the duchess. She smiled, and crossed over to where Alison was

standing. 'Madame Ferrari,' she said, 'will you let me introduce one of your greatest admirers to you? Lord Carlyton is most 150 QUEEN STREET. ESTABLISHED, 1850. 150 QUEEN STREET.

anxious to know you.' To be continued.

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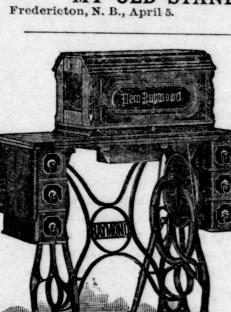
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