UNDER A SHADOW

Continued.

ing eyes-'mean and cruel.' 'Still it was so; if a man commits crime, he never knows the moment in in return?" which it may face him."

"That was cruel,' said Alison, sadly.

'The other case was more cruel still,' he continued: 'I knew the lady well-she was beloved, honored and esteemed by all who knew her. Her husband held a too great almost for words. very high position here in London, and she had two beautiful children. 1 know no one who was more popular than then for a few minutes again there was beautiful bride. she. Lord H---, her husband met her silence between them. when he was visiting somewhere in the

country, and believing her to be a young widow, he married her. We were all deing in his eyes. lighted with her, and only wondered

where he had been so fortunate to meet her. All went on pleasantly and well, which words cannot express; I cannot her life, so marred and blighted, to his- the most cheerful as her own. until some ten years after their marriage in consequence of her inability any longer to pay a scouudrel his hush-money, would give you my life.'

her whole story was brought to light.' 'And what was it?' asked Alison briefly. replied.

'Oh, that I would fain not repeat to you -one quite unfit for your ears.'

'Tell me,' said Alison. And he, who would have given his life

to please her, obeyed her at once. 'It was a sad story, madame. When she was quite young-so young as to be

almost a child-one who ought to have jeweled hands that lay in his clasp. known better persuaded her to run away with him. She did so, and, to his eterlita, with a smile. nal shame, he did not marry her; Then, raising his face again, he said: 'I need but one thing more to make on the contrary, when he had lived with her for some months, he grew tired of her

my best beloved, am I your first love?' and left her.' 'Ah !' said Alison, with a deep sigh. 'She was very young and very ignorant when it all happened, and I suppose that

she thought, poor girl, she could live it down.' lived passion that had ended now in such

'And she could not?' said Alison, sorrowfully.

'Sooner or later sin always comes to a thousand times no! It was not even light. She had lived all these years honored, happy, and beloved; no wonder that with calm, true eyes. she thought her sin forgotten.'

'How did it end?' asked Alison. learned to love you.' she said. 'Sadly as possible. She denied the 'I thank Heaven for that,' he replied. truth, and her husband, infuriated against

And Alison shrunk from the words.

any other is that I love you so tr uly, so from one step to another; she had to honored. Surely, surely all is forgotten money; help them to make their toilet devotedly, that I would give my whole choose hangings for her own boudoir, now!" life for you-that I love you as no other furniture from the great Hanwell's car-Lord Carlyton had been immensely has given us.'

could. You are my first love, Asalita; I riages, horses-everything was left to her. touched and amused by these evidences have known no other; all the strength of It was not until her lover had gone from of his beautiful wife's popularity.

'It was cruel,' cried Alison, with flash- my manhood, all the fervor of my soul, her that she had any leisure for thought. 'Queens, princes, dukes, duchesses,' he all the passionate love of my heart, have He had asked her where she would spend said-'no one has forgotten you: authors, your art; that is a gift you must not gone to you. Will you give me nothing the honeymoon; he had suggested Paris, artists, actors-what a world-wide repu- neglect.'

wide world to recommend me, have won him now than have it known then. She

'I could not, even if I would,' she anor her own home, beautiful Italy, won- tation is yours. Asalita! I should not She raised her dark ey es to his face. dering why she shrunk with a shudder think that any one ever had so many swered. 'You shall paint grand pictures, my

'I can give you one thin:g,' she said-'is from the bare idea of it. She preferred wedding presents before.' it worth giving? that is my love.' to go home-to his home, to Haute, where

darling, that shall tell their own story in She was greatly pleased with her num-'And you, my peerless, be, sutiful Asalita, their life was to be spent; that was her erous and costly gifts, but that which every home, and they shall be no longer you will love me?' he cried, in a rapture ideal of most perfect bliss. No sooner touched her most was the number of monopolized by the rich; they shall be did he hear that than Lord Carlyton hur- pretty sketches sent by her brother spread about like sweet messengers. Ah!

'Yes,' she replied, slowly, as though ried down to Haute, to see himself that artists, books sent by their writers-those who shall say the amount of good that weighing her words, 'I love you,' and all fitting preparations were made for his were more precious than jewels to her." one good picture does? You shall paint If the exterior of Haute delighted ner fair-faced girls, whose eyes are so calm

Then she had leisure to think, and she beyond measure, the interior pleased her and pure that heaven seems to be in "When he looked at her, his face was stood as one on the edge of a huge preci- even more; the large, lofty rooms, all in them-whose lips are so sweet and magisuch perfect harmony, no glare of colors, cal they make one think of the lips that wet with happy tears, a glad light shin- pice might stand. He was so good, so true, so noble. all was perfect and artistic. It was so chant praises forever and forever more, 'I cannot thank you, Asalits,' he said, Ought she to marry him without telling pleasant to roam over those sunlit rooms, so that men, looking on them, shall see in a broken voice; 'there are some things him the exact truth? Ought she to join and choose the warmest, the brightest, between women and angels there should

be little difference.' thank you, but I would give my life for so fair and noble? Suppose that what 'You must have the best rooms in the Her dark eyes, filled with the keenest you; always remember that, my love. 'I she said were true-that when she least house, Asalita,' said Lord Carlyton; 'and rapture of delight; were looking into his. 'You make me so happy, Basil,' she thought of it her sin would look her in they must be facing the sun, facing the 'I shall be content with your love.' she the face; suppose that when she was his flowers, so that you may dream you are said, in her low, musical voice; 'you are so noble and so good, that I wonder, in wife, loving, happy, honored, and be- in Italy. You like sunset, you tell me, my turn, how you could ever care for loved, all this terrible history of hers better than sunrise-take these in the ued' that I who have nothing in the were to come to light? Better far tell western wing."

She did as he wished, and the beauti-'Come over to the brook-side and look the most beautiful and the most gifted roused herself as one awakening from a ful, cheerful rooms were like paradise to at your face reflected in the waters,' he her. Lord Carlyton took the keenest de- replied laughingly. I think that a king

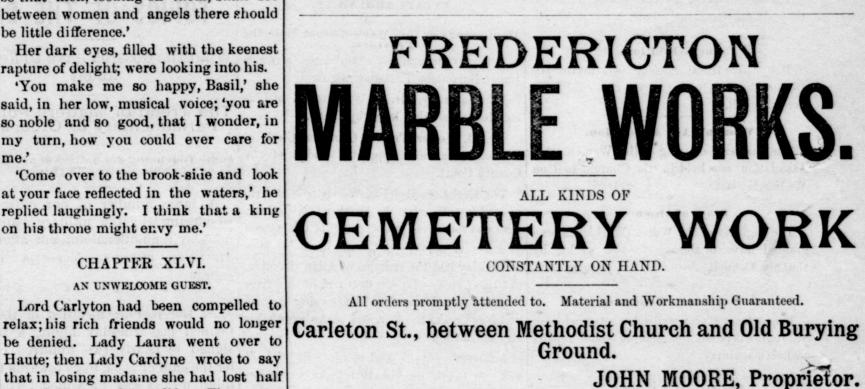
CHAPTER XLVI.

AN UNWELCOME GUEST. Lord Carlyton had been compelled to be denied. Lady Laura went over to Haute; then Lady Cardyne wrote to say that in losing madaine she had lost half the brightness of her life. They were passing the county; might they stay, if only for one day, at Haute? That letter distressed Lady Carlyton greatly. If she could have done as she would, she would fain have struck the earl and countess from her list of friends. Now that she was married, the honorable wife of an honorable man, it was torture to her either to see or to think of Arthur Montague. True, he did not recognize her, he had a dim, confused idea that he had seen her and known her in another phase of life; he thought her wonderfully like





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Caskets. AND ns

But had she loved him? Was that short- knows but myself." So, when the second of June came, buried. perfect indifference, was that love? No: they were married, and Lady Carlyton

worth the name. So she looked at him that shone before her, and for the dark- ing. ness that shrouded her past. 'I have never loved any one until I

CHAPTER XLV. TOO PERFECT TO LAST. There could be no prettier home

'Why should I think of such thing?' light in filling them with flowers: the air on his throne might envy me.' He bent down and kissed the white she said; 'my past is dead; I have lived was always warm with rich perfume.

it down; I will think of it no more; I have 'It will be my own fault.' thought Lady 'It looks very much like it,' said Asa- buried all traces of it; there is no one Carlyton, 'if I am not happy here.'

living who can say to me, 'I know you to She was the beloved, honored, worbe Alison Trente, and not Asalita Ferrari.' shiped wife-the mistress of a large No one living can recognize me, or will household. She was the queen of the me perfectly happy. Tell me, Asalita, dare to say that I am other than I seem, county, second in position to none. She Heaven has been good to me; I have re- was the most gifted artist and the loveli-Was he? She stopped for a few min- trieved my past, and he loves me so est woman in England. Those were utes to think. She remembered Colonel dearly, so deeply, that it would be absurd surely gifts enough to satisfy any one. Montague's handsome face, and how he for me to spoil his happiness by telling She was most perfectly, most serenely, had won her by the music of his voice. him that which no creature on earth most unfeignedly happy; the past was dead, and she thought, poor lady it was

can I be tired?'

velous to see.

'Are you tired, Asalita?' asked Lord thanked Heaven that day for the future Carlyton of his beautiful wife, one even-

> She looked up at him with the glad light smile he loved so well.

'Tired? No. Basil. As I have done nothing all day except enjoy myself, how

the scoundrel who betrayed her, brought an action against him for libel. Slowly and surely the truth came out; at first she denied it, then suddenly gave way and owned that it was true. Her husband gave up all his appointments and took her abroad. They are both still living, but it would be impossible to tell which is the most unhappy. When she thought it was all forgotten and was most bappy her sin found her out.' Alison sighed deeply.

"That is the world's verdict, then,' she said, slowly-'that a woman, having once forfeited her place, shall never regain

'Yes, it is the universal decree,' he replied.

'It is unjust,' said Alison. 'No life ought to be marred or stained by one sin." 'But there are sins that stain and brand,' said Lord Carlyton, 'and the world pronounces that they may be forgiven, but not forgotten.'

'It is a cold and cruel world,' said Alison; 'I, for one do not believe in it.' Yet she was very thoughtful all that day, and graver than either of her companions had seen her before.

CHAPTER XLIV.

WOOED AND WON.

The last rays of the setting sun fell ful upon the windows of Alison's painting room. Such picturesque disorder, such magnificent disarray! Here one saw the head of a Florentine saint, with a nim bus round the hair; here a copy of one of Raphael's virgins, pure, seraphic, and lovely; there on the canvas glowed rich from you. Could I not?' colors that would have shamed Tititian; here was a woman's face, with prayful eves and sweet, sad lips; here a sketch of a Spanish cavalier, dark, proud, haughty; there stood an antique vase, and behind it hung a fold of ancient tapestry.

Alison had finished her day's work; she had changed the plain working-dress for a dinner costume, and very lovely she ing fame. looked in it. The dress was of white lace profusely trimmed with crimson camelasked. lias. She wore one superb camellia on her white breast, and one in the fold of plied. her dark waving hair. Never had Alison looked more beautiful. She had gone for could not be told in words.

a few minutes on to the green lawn, She would cease to be an artist now where purple passion-flowers grew round she would cease to care for the fame and the stems of the cedars. She sat quite the wealth that she had won, and she still, dreaming of the beautiful treeswould think only of him, and of how she for Alison loved trees with a strangely loved him. mystical love. A voice said, suddenly: 'Why are you smiling, Lord Carlyton?'

'Asalita, I thought I should find you asked Alison. 'I am thinking,' he replied, 'that every here.'

one in the world will envy my happiness. She knew by the very tones of Lord 'Perhaps it would not be happiness to Carlyton's voice that the man she had long expected had arrived at last. Her every one,' she said, 'to love and be loved

Yet she repeated to herself again and England than Haute Hall. Originally again that she had not deceived himhad been built as a manor-house; each she had not spoken falsely, for she had generation seemed to have added some not loved Colonel Montague. to it. One had built towers, another 'I am so happy,' said Lord Carlyton, as turrets; one had added the graceful her he could not realize or believe in his he stood by her side, 'that my happiness

'Now, can it really be true,' he contin-

Can it be true?'

woman in all the world to be my wife? terrible dream.

unnerves me, Asalita; I have not deserhis predecessor) had added the western ved it. You love me-you will be my wing; one had put in oriel windows wife?' another had planned the grand 'I love you,' she replied; 'and I pro- terraces that sloped to the pleasure

gardens. Each lord of Haute had added mise you to be your wife.'

It was the happiest hour of her life; the to or greatly embellished the already gorgeous sunset, the fragrant air, the beautiful house, until it became a palace, song of the birds' the murmur of the bees and was known all over England for its among the roses-all seemed so many picturesque beauty and antique loveliness. outward attributes to her love. She was There was a keen contrast, too, between

the gray ivy-covered wall and the light. so completely, so entirely happy in that, the first hour of her love, that she forgot modern, graceful exterior. Every modern luxury was to be found at Haute; the her sin.

The sun set while he stood by her side, walls were hung with grand paintings; telling her of Haute Hall, his home, and there was always a profusion of flowers, of the life they should spend there to- rich Turkey carpets, low lace hangings, dainty chairs, cabinets of burl of rare gether. 'You will not let a long time pass be- and superb workmanship; there was noth-

fore you come to me, Asalita?' he plead- ing which taste could desire, art suggest, ed. 'You tell me you have no parents, or money purchase that was not to be no friends, no oue to consult-my darling, found at Haute.

why should we wait?' It was a beautiful home. Lady Carly-'It is etiquette to wait a short time,' ton's face had paled with emotion, and she said; 'you cannot woo a lady one day her eves darkened with unshed tears and marry her the next. You are too when she first saw that superb pile of charms was the sweet, submissive obediimpatient, Lord Carlyton. buildings gilded by the rays of the sett-

'Impatient, am I? Ah, Asalita, when a ing sun. man's heart is set upon a treasure, he is 'Basil, is that your home?' she asked,

fearful of losing it. I am fearful of losing in a low, hushed voice. you; a thousand things may happen to 'Your home and mine, darling,' was take you from me; but if you are my own the laughing reply, 'Pray God it may

my wife, you would never be out of my prove a happy one. sight; I could take care of you, watch 'I think so-1 am sure so,' she said, in

over you, keep all kinds of trouble away the same hushed tones, 'but I did not know that it was one half so grand as

She laughed the little gay, musical this.' laugh that only comes from a glad heart. 'Did you not? I love it better, now 'You seem to think that I am quite that it has pleased you, than I have ever

unable to take care of myself,' she laugh- done before.' ed. 'You forget how many years I have He saw something like a shade lived in Italy, without any one, even, to reverence come over his wife's face, and take an interest in me. The only thing when her lips moved he knew that she

that kept my heart warm was my growwas praying. He bent down and kissed the beautiful face. 'Do yon care for fame now, Asalita?' he 'My darling,' he said, 'I know but one wonder, and it is, what have I done to

'No, not for fame; only for love,' she remerit so good and so fair a wife as you?" When the dark after days came, she And again he felt that his happiness remembered their coming home, when

the cup of happiness had seemed filled to shall; if the fairest scenes on earth are the brim. It had been rather in accor- but faintest pictures of what we shall see dance with her wish than his that the in heaven, then the flowers will be fairer.' wedding had been so quiet. By Lady Laura's express desire, the marriage took place at her house. Few friends were ling leaves, the cooing doves, the ripples invited, for Alison had dreaded much of light-how I love it, Basil.

Among the Latest American Bonnets are found "The Bouquet Paris" and "Bougival." For Misses, the "Exquisets" take the lead. 'And what a fair life lies before us. haired girl. Rose Gordon, a cousin of Asalita; none could have a fairer. We Wilton and Lady Laura alone were at the have the prestige of an ancient name and ceremony. It was certainly against Lord race to maintain; we have the happiness,

It was evening, and they were alone. hapless Alison; but that the brilliantly Lord Carlyton had declared that he beautiful woman-the artist, whose name would have a few week's happiness bewas on every lip, the peerless Lady Carfore the turmoil of visits began; he told lyton-was Alison Trente, even had she told him so herself, he would not have eastern wing, another (trying to outdo own happiness—that he was obliged to believed it. She would have given much spend so much every day in looking at never to meet him, and the idea of being her, to satisfy himself that it was true he compelled to welcome him into the heart had won her. On Ithis evening the of her home shamed her, distressed, torwonderful fact had seemed to him more

tured her. difficult of belief than ever. Lady Car-'You do not seem very well pleased lyton looked so beautiful; she wore one with your letter, Asalita,' said Lord Carlyof her favorite dresses of rare white lace ton. 'It is from Lady Cardyne?' and scarlet flowers, and the symetry of 'Yes; we shall be compelled to ask

the white neck and glorious arms was them,' said Lady Carlyton, slowly; 'and perfect. In the dark glossy coils of hair we can hardly tell them that that we do she wore a splendid camellia. and her not care to see them for more than one face in its softened tenderness was mardav.

'Why should you tell them that, dar-'You are reading, 'Sesame and Lillie.' ling? You like Lady Cardyne very he said, looking over her shoulder. much, do vou not?" 'Now come with me, Asalita, and I will

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'Yes, I like her.' show you a picture that Ruskin could not To be continued

criticize or Turner paint.' 'What is it?' she asked. The sun setting over the bonny woods of Haute. Come, my darling. Light as

your room is, it is brighter here in the sunshine among the flowers.'

She rose at once. One of her greatest Plumbers. Gas Fitters and ence that she paid her husband. He would take her hand in his sometimes.

and ask: 'Is it the great artist, Asalita, or my SHEET wife who obeys me?'

And she would answer: 'Both.'

She went with him now down the steps of the sloping terraces, through the pleasure-grounds and the green croquet-

ground; then they opened the gate that led to the woods. They saw the red.

round setting sun over the trees. There can be no criticism on such a

picture,' said Lord Carlyton. 'No,' she replied, 'none.' And they teed. Telephone, No. 176. watched it until the far-off trees seemed Fredericton, N. B., May 2.

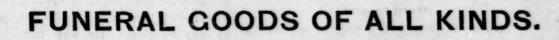
bathed in golden light. 'It is such a beautiful world,' said Lady Carlyton, with a deep-drawn sigh of unutterable content. 'You must not smile at me, Basil, but I wonder so often if we

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