He still held her hand in his; the green leaves of the climbing jasmine framed his handsome face; all his heart was in his eyes as he asked her the question.

Tell me, Alison, now, after my first lesson, which do you prefer-fame or love?"

She raised a smiling face to his. 'Fame, Colonel Montague,' she replied,

'with all my heart.' 'I am disappointed in you, Alison.'

'Are you? I am sorry for that. I mus speak the truth.' Better to be cheated by a lie than

slain by the truth,' he quoted, but she shook her head gravely. 'Nothing of the kind. Those are horrible words. I wonder at hearing them

from you.' I would say anything to win that look of astonishment and wonder from you,' he replied. Alison, tell me, may I come

again?' The girl bent her head, and a crimson flush came over her face as she answered, Yes;' and the colonel went away more satisfied with his first lesson.

'A beautiful girl,' he said to himself but unlike others, I believe that if I asked her to be Countess of Cardyne even to-morrow she would refuse, if there was even a possibility of being a painter.'

The next moment the butler entered the school-room, intent on seeing every door and window fast. He looked wonderingly at the girl's flushed face, the dark eyes shining like golden stars. Ali son took up her candle and quitted the

'She will make somebody's heart ache some day,' he said, solemnly, and then added: 'But it will be difficult to find that 'somebody' here.'

It was all over, all safe, and Alison Trente was alone in her room-alone, with a strange, vague feeling of unrest. a strange, half-intoxicating sweetness haunting her, a faint glimmering of the beautiful hours and beautiful dreams life held.

'Not love!' She repeated that over and over again to herself. 'Not love!' She would never believe in that most amiable, that grandest of all weaknesses,

If the beauty of his face haunted her, if, during the long silent hours of the night, she heard the sound of his voice mingling with the sighing of the winds and the rustle of leaves, she believed that it was only the intensity of her love for everything beautiful that caused it: the light of the morning sun brought after-thought. She did not like to remember how the tete-a-tete had been se cured. He would not have dared to rap at the window of Lady Blanche's room and ask her to go out with him. Was i possible that because she was lowly in station he treated her with less respect than he showed to the daughters of Lady Bleseaton? A more pleasing idea occured to her-it was that he preferred her to them. A ramble by twilight with Lady Blanche or Louisa would have been insufferable to him.

'He must like me very much,' she thought, 'to have risked all that for me: and the sensation of being liked for her wn sake was a novelty to her.

That morning she was sent for to the library to write out some notes of invitation. The three ladies were all assembled, and talked with their usual liberty of speech before her. Lady Blanche was in plain words, cross; she had half anticipated a letter from the colonel that morning. Why, she could not explain, but it seemed to her that he must make her an offer. Every facility had been offered to him. The countess had most considerately allowed every opportunity for such an offer-they had had interviews in the grounds, in the conservatories, in the ball-room, but during none of these had the colonel broached the interesting subject of marriage. As a kind of last resource, Lady Blanche imagined mouth he would by letter. He must mean something by his constant visits, and it was absurd to imagine that his attentions could ever point to any one else. With a smile of self complacency, she said. 'It was not possible that he would look at Louisa when she was by.'

A letter had arrived in the colonel's handwriting-alas! not to her, but to the countess-containing a pressing invitation for the ladies to bonor and grace by their presence a picnic that he intended giving.

The colonel's regiment was stationed at Loamwood, and the boast of the county was that it held the finest regiment in England. The Red Lancers were the handsomest men, they rode the finest horses in the kingdom, and the colonel was considered the finest man in the color that had never burned there before. regiment. Head of the Red Lancers; heir So kind of Colonel Montague to give her ous of attending. It would, of course' be really be a treat to see them. Alison felt come to take charge of the children.' finest military music; they would have fore. an escort of Red Lancers: there would be every facility for flirtation. The picnic was to be held in the famous woods of and helped to make were all ready—the a poor governess, among such a set of was afraid that after all my trouble, all Wooton-woods where trees were, like pic- pretty, coquettish head-dresses, neither men as the Red Lancers? You know my plans and inventions, I should not tures, each a study in itself-where every hat nor bonnet, but a picturesque mixture they went in a body to Wetstaff to see a see you.' now and then there came a break in the of both-everything was complete: my girl whom they called 'the pretty Miss trees, and the green grass grew thick Lady Blanche retired to rest in the firm Bedelle; they talked of nothing else for and soft, studded with flowers. The conviction that she would hear on the three days afterward; and now, just as said. large space was rolled and made beautiful following day the words that she had with infinite pains we have succeeded so for dancing; all kinds of elegant and easy longed for. chairs were placed between the trees; The morning was beautiful—the sky proposing to me, you deliberately throw there was a fire to boil a kettle, a tent blue, and without a cloud; the lark sing- this girl in his way. I say that it that picnic purposely that I might spend jesty's service. She-had forgotten everyfor refreshment; in fact, it was, as every ing in the air, the sun warm and bright, is cruel of you—quite cruel! and Lady some time with you? I thought that thing except the words that he was utone declared, the most perfect entertain- Not another word had been said to Alison Blanche, overcome with feelings of mor- they would bring you. I see that I am tering-no matter to her who spoke them, ment of the kind ever given. The coun- about her going to the picnic; Lady Ble- tification, burst into a passion of tears. tess was flattered at being requested to seaton had recognized instantly the mistake the head of this picnic, a duchess take that she had made, it would indeed 'pray do not do that; you will make your might have been proud of the honor.

his name associated so continually with with ours unless he meant something. Go to the "Globe" Office whole of the day with the children.

dren. You see, he begs of me to let the such idea had ever occurred to Alison. two little girls go.'

'That is kind,' said Lady Louisa. write at once and tell him how pleased we store for her. shall be. It will be really a very pleasant day.'

letter ought to have made some special mention of her, instead of one of the charming daughters. The discussion fell while Alison was writing the letters on the dresses to be worn.

Lady Blanche; 'that is always appropriate for a picnic.

Suddenly Alison looked up from the letters and the countess caught the expression on her face

'Green and white-vou do not like that, Miss Trente?'

'No,' said Alison; 'in dress as in everything else, you must consider the surroundings. A lady should stand out, as it were, from those, as does a bright gem in a dark setting. You will be surrounded by every tint of green-green grass. green leaves-and no green that you can procure will rival the delicate hue of nature. You should wear colors that contrast, not attemot to harmonize.'

'She is right,' said Lady Louisa, solemnly; 'that is an excellent idea. What color should you advise, then, Miss Trente?'

White, certainly; it always reminds one of a summer's day, and the sun shining. White, with delicate rose-peach, white, with dashes of scarlet-anything that presents a piquant contrast. Do you not think that I am right? Dress should be artistic, as well as fashionable.'

'You are quite right,' said my Lady Blanche, emphatically. 'I should be glad if you would attend to my custume, Miss Trente. If Lady Bleseaton does take the head of the entertainment, it will be an important day for me.'

'I will do it, with pleasure,' said Ali-

The countess smiled blandly. Here pink, were all in the drawing-room. was economy indeed. No need to send to Watts' to pay scores of pounds for a close at hand. The countess was delighted. She saw in the perspective unlimitartistic. She saw economy that would gleaming silk, the costly lace, all shrunk other, inscrutable to her, they did not 'Perhaps not,' she replied, with enable her to vie any one, no matter whom. She felt most kindly disposed to the young girl, who was to be the instru-

ment of so much good. son's wonderful beauty she said:

some one with us who will take charge of the children. The woods of Wooton are very beautiful, Miss Trente: would you like to go?"

The girl's face flushed with delight. than anything else in the wide-world 'Then you shall go,' said my lady; and

she felt a glow of benevolence, a glow of self-complacency in the idea. She had gone in search of a book of cos-

'That girl is worth her weight in gold.' said Lady Bleaseaton, as Alison closed the door behind her. 'What an artist its one blush rose, the pretty gloves, and none. They do not want me.' she is; how much she will save us!'

'She is very useful, mamma; but if you take her to Wooton you will have all the mothers and daughters in the county gainst you; there will not be a face there like hers; and you know the Red Lancers worship pretty faces. Be careful how you spoil Blanche's chance: that is, if she

really has a chance.' 'My dear Louisa,' said the countess oftily, 'you are very absurd; you forget that Colonel Montague is a man of the world, and, of all men I know, the least likely to ruin himself for any face, however fair. Men admire girls they never think of marrying. Can you imagine that what he had not done by word of that so proud a man would look at our

> 'Yes, I can; the Red Lancers have a reputation for that kind of thing. Be careful, mamma; if mischief comes of it. remember that I have warned you.'

CHAPTER XIV. A DISAPPOINTMENT.

How kind of him to ask for me to go! thought simple Alison. 'I shall see living picture-golden gleams of sun, rippling green foliage, a cloudless sky, moving masses of gorgeous colors, all under the summer heaven. How good of him to think of me!"

She hardly understood the quick, vivid pleasure that thrilled her face with a

quisite costumes which she had designed | would positively introduce Alison Trente, | 'Alison! Alison!' he said, 'you here?

be useless to take to plain girls face so red you will completely destroy She placed the letter before her daugh- like her daughters if, at the same your appearance. I beg of you to be 'See, Blanche,' she said, 'I consider avoided the subject, thinking that from Miss Trente goes there in a very suborthat equivalent to to an offer of marriage. her silence the girl would draw her own dinate position—a kind of upper nurse; dren.

shall accept his invitation. This is cognize the mistake, and behave with really a kind letter. Who would have her usual good sense. That was what believed that the colonel cared for chil- the countess hoped and believed, but no

Through the kindly help of the lady's- from the very first.' maid, she had purchased a dress of plain He even adds that we can bring some white muslin; she needed no help in one to take the entire charge of them, if making it, and she had thought both by we like,' continued the countess. 'I shall night and by day of the pleasure in

knew nothing of the world's gayeties but care to offend her.' Still Lady Blanche was cross. The by name, and with this longing to hear and see something of the brilliant phases of society was mingled a desire to see again the handsome man who had so imperiously summoned her to that long sunshine, listening to glorious music, I am not blind to the fact that she is up to me with a folded paper, after readperhaps even dancing herself-Alison beautiful.'

> was lost in a gleam of delight. 'The carriage will be here at twelve,' said the countess, during breakfast; but no allusion was made to Alison. Lady Bleseaton purposely avoided it. Lady Louisa was maliciously silent, waiting to know what Blanche would say.

> In all simplicity Alison offered to assist the two sisters. Lady Louisa declined; Lady Blanche accepted her services. She did not understand what the young governess meant when she said: 'Pray allow me to do all I can for you, Lady Blanche; I shall have abundance of time for myself afterward.'

Lady Blanche felt that the words were home slightly familiar, and was a trifle colder. colored silk and white lace, Lady Blanche face, entered the room. in a marvelously dainty dress of rose-

dress, when the skillful fingers of this starting. While it was being served there not like to pass as the children's nurse- Sweeter than the clematis there over that most mistaken of all ideas. Cer- artistic girl could weave such magical came into the room what seemed like a inaid.' vision of perfect beauty-Alison in all the when taste so true and so exquisite was glory of her proud, ripe young beauty. | countess, the hard, cold features of Lady tell you so? What wrong can there be

> ed dresses, all beautiful, valuable, and loveliness? The satin and velvet, the truth occured to her; for some reason or you?' with deep resentment. What right had Then the countess hastened most gra- a fairy princess, I am a prince come to Forgetful in that one moment of Ali- she with the slender, graceful figure, the ciously to add: 'Colonel Montague asks us to bring with the rippling black hair, the dark ment, Miss Trente; I must find some rehave envied? What right had a gover- ing. 'I should like it,' she replied, 'better ness with charms like these? She was queen. Her muslin dress was fresh and was over, and Alison retired. white-she had tied it with scarlet ribno queen in her coronation robes ever suddenly pale. looked more royally fair.

the bright, beautiful face; then she said, with cold contempt:

said in a low voice:

among the Red Lancers; they will make known a pleasure in all her life-then her a toast.' Alison looked up in wonder.

'Where am I going, Lady Blanche? To-to the picnic, at Wootton. 'By whose desire?' asked the imperious

Alison replied, wonderingly: 'Lady Bleseaton was kind enough to

ask me to go.' Lady Blanche turned to the countess

with flashing eyes.

'Miss Trente,' said the countess, blandly, will you be so kind as to go to the children? then send Suzette to me if they are ready.'

Alison quitted the room with a flush of hot indignation on her face. What could it all mean, those proud, contemptuous looks and words?

'Mamma,' repeated Lady Blanche,

The eve of the picnic came. The ex- could have made such a mistake. You by her. well, just as the colonel is on the point of

'Blanche!' cried the countess, in agony time, Alison Trente were going. She more careful; after all, what can it matter? The colonel would never care to have conclusions—that she would tacitly re- no one will recognize her, no one will pay her any attention. She will spend the Alison. I felt sure that they would bring

'You could no more hide the sun than you could hide the beauty of a face like

'Then why did you not speak?' asked the countess, angrily. 'I was really hoping that the girl had forgotten it. You see she has evidently set her mind upon it; and she is so useful over your dresses She had never even seen a picnic; she and all that kind of thing, that I do not

Lady Blanche looked up angrily. 'What trifles weigh with you, mamma! All my prospects in life are at stake' vet have taken you.' you think of dresses and such foolish nonsense. Only last week, when Colonel twilight ramble. Would he remember Montague dined here, I heard him say to me. See how greedily I crave even 'I shall have green and white,' said all he said then? All the great ladies of that he prided himself on his capability one hour of your society. Listen! As the county would be there-would he of going mad over a pretty face; of course soon as I found that you were not with turn from them to speak to her? Would it was an exaggeration, but I know the them, I understood the matter at once, he even remember her when they were influence beauty has over him. Now he and I said to myself that Alison—the by? She was curiously anxious, with an is here, I have nothing to fear on that Alison for whom I had done all-was at anxiety that she did not half under- score-we have no beauties at Loamwood; home alone. I did not lose one instant. stand. She had seen so little of life that and just as I am winning the game I I went at once to one of the men, and arthe prospect of this one day spent among have played so long, you bring a girl like ranged that I was to be sent for suddenly. green trees and flowers, in the glitter of this on the scene. I do not like her, but It was well arranged; an orderly galloped

up-stairs, Blanche, and bathe your eyes rambling in these woods; you told me in eau-de-cologne. I am sorry it has oc- how you loved them. I determined upon

Lady Blanche turned to her mother. mamma.' she said. 'One thing is very horse is covered with foam.' certain-if your governess goes to the picnic, I shall stay at home.'

'Now, Blanche,' said Lady Bleseaton, 'let me beg of you not to be obstinate.' 'I am not obstinate, mamma. I repeat simply, that if she goes I shall remain at

harder, and more difficult to please than signedly, she shall remain at home; that, say at least, that I deserve a smile for usual. Alison did not even notice it- of course, will offend her, and you will be having ridden so hard to see you. Say she was away in the woods of Wootton. the sufferers in the end.' Lady Bleseaton that, and I shall be content.' He threw Almost twelve-the countess regal in rang the bell. 'Will you tell Miss Trente himself down on the grass by her side, dress of purple satin and velvet mixed, I wish to speak to her?' she said. And and looked pleadingly in her face. Lady Louisa in a costume of peach- Alison, with a look of expectation on her

'Miss Trente,' said Lady Bleseaton, never once glancing at her.' I am com- said, with grave rebuke.' Lady Bleseaton insisted that they pelled to change my arrangements; I find But you are sweet, sweeter than lillies should take one glass of sherry before I must take Suzette with me; you would and roses, or all fair flowers that bloom.

into nothing beside the fresh, fair loveli- want her to go. Still there was no re- dreamy smile. ness of the young girl; the three ladies source but perfect obedience. She made felt it as they looked at her angrily and no reply, but turned to quit the room.

queenly carriage? What right had she I am sorry if you feel any disappointbeautiful eyes with long lashes, the love- creation for you that you would really enly oval face, the Grecian brow, the scarlet joy. I hope you will spend the day lips so ripe and beautiful, the lovely curve happily; the picture-galleries and the of the chin, and a neck that Venus might library are all open to you. Good morn-

With a stately inclination of the head. dressed so plainly, yet she looked like a the countess signified that the interview

Lady Louisa had not spoken. Lady bons; all the ornament she wore was a Blanche had not looked at her, or she Lady Blanche had not heard the words. knot of scarlet ribbons at her breast, but would have seen that the fair face grew They do not want me to go, said Ali-

Lady Blanche was the first to speak. son to herself, with an aching heart; and She looked at the pretty white hat with they have nothing but pleasure-I have Very slowly and sadly she returned

now to her room. She took off the pretty 'Where are you going, Miss Trente?' white dress and the crimson ribbons, of while Lady Louisa, looking at her mother, which she had been so proud, she placed she went bitter, passionate tears.

CHAPTER XV.

A PLEASANT SURPRISE.

A tangled mass of trees, copper birch, that looked like burnished gold; slanting shadows, that fell lightly on the thick, softgrass; the ripple of a thousand leaves; the hum of tiny insects as they settled on the boughs and flitted through the 'Mamma,' she said, abruptly, 'can that air-a woodland solitude. In the midst the captor's hands. of it sits Alison Trente. She has escaped from the house, escaped from all her surroundings, and is luxuriating in the on the colonel's face. freedom of the sunlit hours. She wished that she had been borne a gypsy, so as to live forever in the free, fresh air-no be. I come of a race that never let I warm rooms no half-stifling perfumes, dare not wait upon I would., But, Alison, no fine ladies to tease and irritate her. The grand face of nature wore a smile; in Fairyland. I will tell you, shall I, of there was calm, rest, peace and happiness -no pictures so beautiful as those that scornfully, as the door closed behind her the sun painted on the grass and the of the stars on the water, and the faint -'mamma, are you mad? Do you see leaves. Alison was happy, though the sigh of a lute on the air-shall I tell you can you be thinking about? Surely you She had changed the white dress for a their stately heads from the azure water never asked her seriously to go to this black one, and that seemed to suit her -of silent, deep, swift, dark currents even better. The fair face and neck that hide-who can tell me what they 'I did ask her,' replied the countess, rose, flower-like, from the dark folds. hide?' to an earldom, he, after a fashion, com- this pleasure. She had read so much who seriously resented her daughter's She had taken off her hat, and the red 'Yes,' said Alison; 'tell me of that—of manded the entire county; and, when it was known that Colonel Montague intend- at the Abbey, of the Red Lancers—the clined to have her own way. 'I did ask around her. She was singing to herself ed giving a picnic, every one was desir- handsomest men in England-it would her; the colonel said some one could in a low voice, when suddenly the crashing of boughs and abrupt breaking the best of its kind; they would have the light of heart as she had never done be- 'And you asked her! I could not have through the trees startled her. To her believed that a woman of the world intense surprise, Colonel Montague stood

'I thought you were at the picnic,' she

He laughed. know, can you not guess, that I arranged with the handsomest man in her mamistaken; they had too much worldly they were all pictures. She saw Venice, wisdom. If you had gone with them, I the Rialto, the canal, the gondolas, the should have contrived some way of see- picturesque gondoliers, the beautiful woing you. It is better as it is.'

'I fancied that you would have liked me to go.' said Alison. 'Your letter said some one could take charge of the chil-

'Of course,' he said, 'it was all for you you.'

'Lady Bleseaton said I was to come at first,' said Alison, her face flushing with that!' cried Lady Louisa; 'the officers will indignation, as she remembered her conrave about her. I foresaw it, mamma, temptuous dismissal; afterward she altered her mind and told Suzette to go.'

"I know the reason why,' said the colonel, "Do you?" 'No,' replied Alison; 'I cannot even

Colonel Montague laughed; but it was not the laugh that Lady Blanche would have been pleased to hear.

'I know,' he said. 'If you had been as plain as you are beautiful, they would

'Oh, no,' said Alison; 'it was not that.' 'Yes, it was that, Alison. Now, listen ing which, I went up to Lady Bleseaton The countess seemed struck with these and told her how very sorry I was that I was sent for and would be absent for two 'It is very unfortunate,' she said. 'Go hours. I guessed that you would be coming to try if I could find you here. have ridden as no man ever rode, unless 'You can please yourself entirely, he had the same object in view. My

'Where is your horse?' interrupted Ali-

over there.

'But,' said Alison, in alarm, 'bas any one seen you come here?'

'No; and if they did, what will 'it mat-'Very well,' repeated the countess, re- ter? Now, Alison, cast away all fear, and

'Alison, sweet, will you not say one word to me?'

'You should not call me 'sweet,' she

your head. You are sweeter to me than What were all the costumes in the Louisa, the tear-stained eyes of Lady in it if I repeat a thousand times over, world campared to the charm of youth Blanche, and some vague idea of the sweetest of all sweets? Does it harm

'Forget all that nonsense, Alison. Let this be an enchanted wood; you shall be

'Come to-to what did you say, Colonel To woo you,' he repeated. 'Now, cruel

Alison, are you going to quarrel with me over that word?" 'I have no wish to quarrel with you at

all; but you speak so strangely. No one ever said such words to me before.' 'No one has ever called you 'sweet'

'No, never,' she replied, with great

Nor offered to woo you?" he continued 'Certainly not, Colonel Montague,' said Well, we are in Fairyland now, Ali-

son; and in Fairyland every one tells the

truth. I intend to woo you, if I dare-to She was only eighteen-a child in them so carefully away; then-for everything save years-full of bright 'Just the kind of face to introduce she was only eighteen, and had never dreams and fair fancies. His words made her tremble; her heart beat: her pulse thrilled; pain and pleasure seemed

to sway her alternately; her beautiful face flushed, and dro ped from the love in his eyes. She tried to rise from her mossy throne; but, with a gentle grasp, he detained her.

'I do not want to be wooed,' she said.

and I will not be won.' Colonel Montague laughed.

'So says the pretty bird as it flutters in

'I am not a bird, nor are you my captor,' she replied; and the laugh deepened

'I will not prophesy,' he said; 'that might anger you; but I can see what will we will not talk of you or of me; we are my wanderings by night in the fair city of Venice, when there was only the light

whose tright eyes rivaled the stars, has been led out on a balcony, all fragrant with flowers, and, with a dagger suddenly plunged in her heart, has been thrown into the silent depths below. Venice seems to be full of such places-full of pictures and of legends, before which all the brilliancy and gavety of a new world fade into nothing. Tell me more,' cried Wedding, Alison.

She had forgotten all else, poor child -the shining beauty of the leaves, the music and fragrance of the summer 'Nay, Alison, I am here. Do you not woods, the fact that she was alone there men, the noble men. She sighed with unutterable longing, unutterably content 'I must go,' she said. 'I must see it.'

To be continued.

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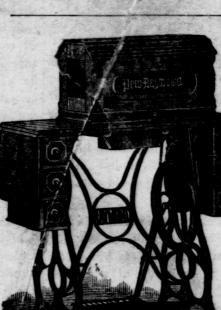
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