## UNDER A SHADOW.

He must love me to give me such flowers, she thought: jewels meant nothing, roses mean love.

'Alison,' said the colonel, one day, 'will you go with me? I have some few orders for the shops. I want to call at a jew-

the morning was so fine that it seemed really useless driving. It was too early for the colonel to meet any of his English friends, or he would not have asked Alison. On the way they passed Bianchi's the florists from whom the colonel always procured his flowers. Alison saw some Cape jasmine in the windows, and nothing would please her but purchasing it. He seemed unwilling to go into the shop, but yielded to her decided wish. The proprietor, Signor Bianchi, received the English milord with all possible de-

ference. He had all kinds of beautiful flowers, and was only too happy to show them to the young lady; but even as he spoke, Signor Bianchi looked keenly at the young girl. Alison understood enough of Italian to understand all that he said.

'I sent the white roses, milord,' said the little man, bowing-'white rosbuds, white camellias, and white heath. The signorina was delighted with them. She thought them most beautiful.'

Alison looked up quickly, and saw a hot, angry blush on her lover's face. 'Silence!' he cried, to the astonished

The man looked up in alarm. 'You told me, milord, to send--' 'Silence!' repeated the colonel; and

then the man seemed to have a glimmering idea of what was wrong. "An indiscretion," he said to himself, him. "I. Guiseppe Bianchi, florist to the king,

have committed an indiscretion. There is no pardon for such a thing." He said no more. The colonel would

have bought every flower in the shop if it would have taken that look of care from Alison's face. He cursed the be a very grand ball. I should like you stupidity of Guiseppe Bianchi—a man to go. who has served a court with flowers to know no better than that. 'Arthur,' said Alison, 'have you been

nding white roses to to any one? That must have been a beautiful bouquet. To will be there. Though public, it will be whom did you send it?' 'I brought one for you home with me,'

he replied. 'Ah, yes; but that was red-the love-

liest red roses I have ever seen; there were no white ones among them. For whom were they-the white ones?'

'He was mistaken,' said the colonel, angrily. 'You saw that yourself, Alison. Do not vex me by repeating his mis-

But a certain conviction came over her that it had not been a mistake-that her lover had sent the bouquet from the florist's, and did not wish her to know anything of it. She felt quite sure of her, and it would be awkward. what she was thinking, but she said no more. Of what use, when her words only called forth indignant denials?

One of the greatest pleasures Alison this ball masque?' ever enjoyed had been going to masked balls, for which Florence is so justly famous. The colonel knew that he might safely take her there; he was seldom a little sacrifice for me do you think? recognized himself, and no one ever re- Would you mind giving it up?" cognized her. Alison enjoyed it as she enjoyed all things beautiful and luxurious. There was one to be given-a grand fancy ball—at the palace of the Marchese Orsini, and he resolved upon taking her there. It was a public ball, for which know.' the marchese, who was then absent in Paris, had kindly lent her ball-room and her grounds. He would not have taken Alison had he thought that she would be recognized. No one was more careful than Colonel Montague. It seemed to him perfectly safe, and it would be good no more jealousy.' policy, he thought, to make Alison care for such things; at present she was too wrapped up in himself to care for anything else. If she would but love luxury, but I will give you a treat you will enjoy gayeties, and pleasures for their own sakes, she would not feel losing him half so keenly. So he told her about the masked ball, and how much he wished her to go. She was delighted.

But her suspicions were aroused. For whom had he-the man who was to love her with an immortal love-for whom had he purchased those flowers? Some days afterward, when she was arranging his room, hanging up coats and straight- never noticed anything that did not par-English fashion, she came across a piece did not effect him. She was as usual to dently been written:

one moment her thoughts flew to the thoughtfulness when he was not present lovely young girl she had seen at the the whole strength of her heart and soul palace. She remembered the colonel's seemed to have merged into this one start of admiration; she remembered, idea of watching. She had resolved to too, what struck her now as being the go to the ball. There was no trace left but of this young and pretty girl he had song, or watching long grasses as they never spoken at all. It was to her he waved in the wind. Love and genius had sent the flowers. The conviction had made her self-reliant. came home to her with such force she could no longer doubt it, and Alison fell on her knees with a bitter cry.

'My love, my love, be true to me!' she wailed. 'I have lost the world for you.' She was wise enough to say nothing to him; but she resolved to watch-to watch other eyes for him. She had so much in brooding silence. If he were deceiv-

ing her-ah! then wait, wait and see. ealier than usual—he was going out.

'Where are you going to?' was the in- ordered a superb domino of purple and evitable question. 'Shall you be long gold. absent, Arthur?'

He did not know; but, accidentally catching sight of the opera glass, Alison knew that he was going to the opera. She resolved to try him.

like to go.'

you to-morrow,'

ourself to-night?' she said

He looked up angrily. 'I tell you that I have an engagement,' he repeated; and Alison said no more. She made up her mind to one thing,

though. She would watch him. As soon as he left the villa she would walk to the opera-house; she knew where it was. She of white silk, covered with silver net. would stand with her veil drawn over her face, just as she had seen others stand, and see if he did really go there.

They walked into Florence together; It was no sooner decided than done. When Colonel Montague was quite out of sight she dressed herself very plainly, she was quite her own self-when he she covered her beautiful face with a bent his handsome head to caress her veil, and walked quickly to the opera as he left the house: when he brought her fore.'

After waiting a length of time her patience was rewarded. A carriage drove with them, and one was Colonel Montague. In the lovely young girl she re- allegiance to him. cognized the one she had seen at the palace. She heard spectators say to each

'The Prince D'Isio; madame, his mother; the young one is his niece.'

-a woman who flung out her hands as deep, bitter sob, the despairing cry, as the iron entered that erring, yet noble shopkeeper. 'You are making a mistake.'

It was this girl with the fair, angel face who was winning her lover,s heart from her. What she suffered, what she endured that night no one ever knew; but she kept all her sorrow secret from

Then came a contretemps. The Prine D'Isio, when the recherche little supper served after the opera was discussed,

turned to Colonel Montague. 'Will you go with us to the bal masque

The colonel looked up in wonder. 'Are you going?' he asked.

'Yes, all of us,, replied the prince. Every one who is any one in Florence to die to-day.

The signorina looked at him with one glance of her lovely azure eyes.

soft liquid Italian. And the Red Lancer bowed low, as to royal command. He would have gone

then if he had died for it. Still there would be difficulty with Ali- her tall, graceful figure to perfection—the his heart, were with him? Now he was son; not that he need dread it-she was dark lustrous eyes looked even more with another. The stars were just as always good-tempered and anxious to lovely with the piquant mask. Alison, bright, the world was just as fair; he was

when he returned, 'is your heart fixed, stood before her mirror with the gold and after the fashion of women's hearts, on

'Yes.' she replied, 'I think it is.' 'You are so good,' he said; 'you encourage me in selfishness. Could you make

'Do you not want to go, Arthur?' she

'I do not want you to go, which is more to the purpose,' he replied 'You would her own heart?' she said. prefer pleasing me to going to a ball, I

'Certainly I would,' she replied, slowly. But Arthur-Arthur mine-my love !you do not want to avoid taking me so that you may take any one else, do you?" 'What, a foolish question! Jealous

again Allie. I thought we were to have 'I have only asked a question,' she said. 'And I have answered it. I will take

you to-well, I do not quite know where, more than the ball.

But Alison was growing wiser. 'He wants to take some one else,' she said: 'and I will find it all out.'

CHAPTER XXVI. "HE HAS FORGOTTEN ME."

A curious change had come over Ali son. The colonel did not notice it; he ening his boxes, after the neat and tidy ticularly effect himself, and the change of paper, on which an address had evil him, but there was a strange watchfulness in her manner; she watched his 'Signora Camila D'Isio, Palazza D'Isio, face as he was talking to her; she listened to his words, weighing them carefully; The handwriting was her lover's. In she yielded to a brooding, gloomy most suspicions circumstance of all. He in her of the simple Alison who had was given to talking about pretty women, spent whole days in listening to a bird's

She would go to the ball. She would watch this lover of heri, who was to love her with an immortal love; who had sworn a thousand times over that he should never look at another woman's face-that no light should ever lie in leisure time now that there would be no difficulty in providing herself with all He asked one day to have dinner rather that she needed for the bail. She went to one of the first modistes in Paris and

> 'The more richly I am dressed,' she thought, 'the less likely he is to recognize

She purchased a mask; then a doubt struck her as to how she should recognize 'Arthur,' she said, 'there is a new him; there would be so many people, the singer to-night at the opera; I should disguises would be so complete, how could she possibly recognize him? Her 'You should have gone with pleasure,' doubts were solved by finding on his he replied, if you had mentioned your toilet-table a written description of the wishes a little earlier. I cannot break costume he intended to wear-a doublet my engagement to-night; but I will take of blue velvet and white satin, and a blue velvet cap with a white plume. She

Then you are not going to the opera carefully folded the paper just as he had left it: she saw him send it the same evening by post to the court costumer.

One morning she called at the modiste's to enquire about her domino, and over- hear one word. The music of a lovely, heard an order given for the ball- dreamy waltz began, and she saw the dress of the Signorina D'Isio-white and colonel place one arm round the slender silver, a tiara of small silver stars, a dress

'I shall know her.' thought Alison, 'even if she wears a hundred masks.'

Then there was nothing to do but wait with patience until the evening of the masked ball. There were times when Colonel Montague; he tells me that he beautiful flowers; when he carelessly There was always a little crowd of fastened a costly jewel on her neck or spectators to see the ladies in their mag- arms; when he was solicitous that the nificent dresses. She stood among those. heat or the sun should not touch her, and nothing should harm her; when he laugh- ter, a tall, stately brunette-I have been ed with her in the carelss fashion of told that she wears a domino of purple up, in which was seated an elderly lady olden times. Then she would throw off and gold; then there is a pretty Mrs. conspicuous for her rouge and diamonds, the cloud of doubts—she would not listen Macdermont, and two or three English she drew her breath with a fierce, hard a young girl conspicuous for her fair and to thejealous suggestions; she would look demoiselles.' dainty loveliness; two gentlemen were at him, believe him, and in her heart renew every loving thought, every loving but Alison heard it.

Then again, when he was coldly indifferent, when he went out, leaving her for long hours alone, when he forgot to she does not dance. The Lornhavens caress her, and called her Alison in that are taking the lead in Paris just now.' brief, cold manner—then the hot, burning No one remarked that from out of the jealousy took fire again. There were the two ideas—when her heart was filled though she were blind, and groping her with passionate love, and yet her whole denly an idea occurred to her. If way. No one heard the gasping sigh, the soul was torn with a passion of doubts; every one who saw her believed her to

> to love me, and I know it, it will be cer- to him. When would he be alone? It tain death to me.'

never mentioned the fete to him again, and he fancied that she had forgotten it. | float with the folds of the other. If he had opened a certain locked wardrobe in Alison's room, he would have them walking through the superb suit seen therein a superb domino of purple of rooms, out into the grounds, where the and gold, in the graceful folds of which trees looked luminous in the light of at the Palace Orsini?' he asked. 'It will lingered a sweet, subtle perfume, with a colored lamps. She followed themmask that was an effectual disguise; but hopeless Alison; but when she reached the gay colonel was quite unconscious- the marble terrace, where the orange "Women had no deep feelings," he was trees sent out such sweet fragrance accustomed to say; "they forget on the she had lost sight of them. morrow that for which they were ready | She stood leaning over the stone bal- plied; it is but the caprice of an hour,

a very select ball. You had better go night, when the stars shone in the sky, among the trees, watching the rich not the stern tyrant and ruler poets and the glow-worms outshone each ladies, all the time conscious of an un- paint.' 'I am afraid that I am engaged,' he other; a superb Italian night—calm, deep, bearable pain in her heart, a pain that silent, save for its own music; and Alison seemed to grow greater every minute. saw Colonel Montague depart for the How long was it since no ball would ball. He was to dine at the palace and 'I hope you will come,' she said, in her dress there, so that she did not see his had been present to enjoy it with him? costume, but she had not forgotten it.

her own preparations. She dressed her- in moonlit-grounds, content enough if self in the superb domino, and it suited Alison, the light of his eyes, the love of please him, but he had promised to take in the midst of her distress, was delight- happy, quite content, and where was she? ed with herself, as she could not fail to 'Alison,' he said, that same evening, be-her artistic taste was gratified. She piteous cry. purple folds falling around her, holding and has ceased to care where I am.' her mask in her hand; and she said to herself that she looked like a figure from one of the grand old Florentine pictures. Then she entered the hired carriage

and drove off. Was she doing a wise

There was a stream of carriages before the grand entrance of the Orsini Palace descended she joined the party immedi- utes, followed them. She saw that they ately preceding her, and it seemed to the danced together again. Then the colthe guests that she was one af them.

It was not a new scene to Alison; she had been to several masked bails with the colonel, though she had never seen one on quite so grand a scale as this. There were all the usual characters-kings, Marie Antoinette; they danced together. queens, peasants, friars—but she was looking for a doublet of blue velvet and animation; he was admired evidently, white satin. She saw no trace of it.

Several masks spoke to her, but it was in who its was. There was not a finer or the low, liquid Italian that she barely comprehended. She was almost nervous at being alone in that crowd; but what a crowd it was! Her whole soul was entranced by the beauty of the scene, the magical combinations of color, the glorious light, the constant changing and mixing of the most picturesque groups. It seemed to her that she should be far

'Who is it?' asked one French nobleman of another; and the answer was: 'One of the royal duchesses, I should

fancy, by her stately grace.' Alison smiled bitterly to herself. as the lowest breath of the summer

'How graceful! How beautiful!' Then she heard an English voice near

'Tnat is an Englishman, I am sure.' Then she saw one of the most beautiful groups in the room-Colonel Montague in his superb costume, which set off his magnificent figure to the greatest advantage, looking like a crowned king with his plumed cap; and with him the goldenhaired, graceful signorina in her dress of white and silver. They were both closely masked; but, as she said, a hundred masks would not disguise her.

What was he saying to her that the plumed cap seemed to be always bending over the golden head? She went nearer to them, and then she wished heartily that she had chosen a less conthe light in the room was concentrated going among the trees. in the gleaming folds of purple and gold. 'Who is that?' she heard continually, colonel. 'I know it by your accent-by

'What grace! What a glorious figure!' replied.

And Alison, beneath her mask, smiled

whisper; the mask so completely changed 'If any one knew-if they only knew!' the tone of the voice it was with difficulty she distinguish his, and he would So she drew nearer, but she did not never, she felt sure, recognize hers. figure of the girl, the next minute they were in the whirl of the waltzers. Alison

There are many English people here ness, and I enjoy each degree in so many to-night,' she heard a lady's voice saying fashions,' he replied. 'But to which of in English. 'I have just been talking to my fair countrywomen have I the pleanever remembers to have seen so many English ladies at a ball in Florence be-

'Who are they?' asked the listener.

'I do not remember names. Lady Monkton with her two daughters; the countess of Lornhaven with her daugh-

The voice that spoke last was lowered,

'Is that Miss Lornhaven in the purple and gold sitting near us?" 'Every one says so. It is strange that

Then the voices died away in the distance, and Alison was left alone, watching, with her whole soul on fire. Sudtherefore she might with safety, speak to for her. 'Why should I be so anxious to slay him. She would wait her opportunity, myself?' she thought. 'If he has ceased and when he was alone she would go to take so great an interest in me. Rumor was so strange how the blue velvet and Still she could not keep away. She satin harmonized with the white and silver; the folds of the one seemed to

He did not leave her. Alison saw

have been endurable to him unless she -since he would have left the most Then, when he was gone, she began brilliant fete to have wandered with her She raised her clasped hands with a

'Where am I? He has forgotten me,

CHAPTER XVII.

THE MASKED BALL.

The music for another waltz—one by SHEET Strauss. She recognized the melody; sh thing? She laughed a bitter little laugh. had danced it with him. Then, coming 'Am I like the woman that courted the from the almond trees, she saw her Speaking Tubes, Stoves and Furnaces fitted poison that killed her? Am I like one lover, with the young girl on his arm. who sharpens the dagger that is to enter They passed her on the way to the ballroom; and, as he passed, the colonel's blue velvet touched her dress. He bowed in apology. Alison bent her head in mute -hers mingled with them. When she acknowledgement; and, after a few minservants who attended to the reception of onel led the young girl to a stately elderly lady, seated at the upper end of the room, with whom he left her.

'Now he is alone,' thought Alison; but long before she could reach him he had offered has arm to a lady dressed as offered has arm to a lady dressed as Marie Antoinette; they danced together.

She saw her lover was all spirits, all Materials to be found in the City is at and sought after by all the ladies; perhaps She grew timid at being there alone. it was whispered from one to another more striking figure in the room than his. He left Marie Antoinette for a Norman peasant girl, whose dark eyes had been looking invitingly at him; then he danced with a graceful vivandiere with whom he seemed to laugh heartily. Ali-

son looked at him almost in wonder. 'How completely he had forgotten me, she thought. 'If I had left him at home less conspicuous in sitting than standing, I could not have enjoyed myself; both with all that glory of purple and gold music and dancing would have been about her. She saw wondering glances hateful to me; I should have thought of

It was well for her that she did not know that every time the colonel's thoughts wandered to her, it had been to remember that he had an incumberance Queen Street, Fredericton. royal duchess indeed! Then her heart in his life and to wonder how he was to get rid of it. In no other way did the of admiration—murmurs soft and silvery man who had sworn to love her with an eternal love remember her.

He was alone; she saw her opportunity. He was looking round the ball-room as though he had lost his partner. Alison walked up to him. She saw an admiring THE Publisher of the FREDERICTON flash from his eyes as they dwelt on her magnificent figure. Gently enough she touched his hand with her fan

'Alone no longer,' he replied gallantly. Without another word she placed the tips of her fingers on his arm, still

'A gay knight all alone,' she hispered.

'I am tired of this warm room; sir year's subscription to the GLOBE. knight. Take me out among the orange He bowed politely, and they crossed

the terrace together. They were alone, yet not alone, for the

light of the many colored lamps showed spicuous dress; it seemed to her that all quaint and graceful figures coming and on which you send your list. Webster's 'You are an English lady,' said the

and the answer was always the name of your pure English speech.' 'I am English, and I know you,' she

'You know me?' he replied, gallantly. 'Then I am indeed a happy man.' 'Have you never been happy before? she asked. 'There are so many degrees of happi-

She found that it was not needful to

sure of speaking?" 'One who can keep her own secret; but

one who knows you. You should wear a butterfly on your shield, sir knight.' 'How cruel! Tell me why?'

'Because you are a very butterfly in your love. You swear allegiance to dark eyes one day, to blue eyes the next; you wear a dark tress of hair next to your heart one day; the next a tress of palegold. Do you know what rumor says?" gasp as she spoke-'do you know what rumor says of you?'

'It says so many things,' he replied, laughingly. 'What is the particular re-

That the pale gold will triumph after all, and that you will adopt white and silver as your colors. Is it true?"

Was it true? If he could have known crowd a woman passed with a veiled face times, to when she was divided between ing, with her heart in her eyes—watch- how the heart of the woman by his side beat with suppressed anguish, if he could have known how her lips burned as she asked the question, if he had but guessed then she would hesitate as to weather be Miss Lornhaven, Colonel Montague, at one tithe of the fiery pain and anguish she were doing a wise thing in going to in all probability, shared the belief; she suffered, he would have been sorry

> 'True? Well, fair lady, you are kind never tells the exact truth.'

'But in this case?' she said.

'Well, even in this case she might have een much further from the mark,' he

He turned round in wonder, for it seemed to him that from the lips of his companion there came a low, faint moan. Then he concluded that he was mistaken, for she went on:

'Rumor says you love often, and your 'Love was never meant to last,' he re-

The night came—a warm, luminous Italian sky, watching the lamps gleaming sweet laughter on lovely lips. Love is 'What is love to you?' she asked. 'A fancy, passing like a sunbeam, light

as the breath of the wind, dazzling as the it is born.' She drew her arm from his. 'You are a traitor,' she whispered; and there was something in the low, intense

voice that startled him. To be continued.

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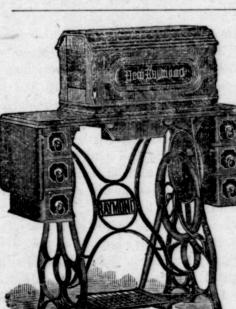
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