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P. O. Box, 315.

He was beside Alice in an instant; then as his ears heard her muttered feverisl words, his eyes saw her flushed face and wild gaze, he sank beside the bed, and burst into tears.

Unconscious that the man she loved was so near, poor Alice murmured on incessantly. Then Roy heard all that she had suffered. She moaned to be free o the horrible dark man-for aid to escape the fear and horror that surrounded her.

A confused stream of words babbled from her lips, and as he bent over her and tried to draw her into his arms, she shrank from him with a stifled shrick that went through him like a pang.

He heard nothing but her childish pleadings-the unburdening of all that her young heart had borne. The struggle that was going on below did not reach him; even vengeance itself was lost as he knelt beside this girl, delirious-ill unto death, perchance-and prayed that she might be spared to him-the woman he loved.

As Roy had disappeared up the stairs Geoffrey Armistead gave a signal to the two policemen. They pushed aside the landlady, a villainous-looking old woman and in another instant were in the dirty beer-stained coffee-room.

Jura was sitting with his back towards them reading, the diamonds close to his hand, when a sudden exclamation from another man in the room caused him to turn round.

With a muttered oath he started to his feet, and put his hand into his pocket for the revolver; but the men were too quick for him, and though he hit at them and struggled violently, they overcame him, and Count Jura, Alice's enemy, stood at last in the hands of the law.

'What is this?' said Geoffrey Armis tead, cooly lifting up the cloak and looking at the the case containing the diamonds. 'Ah, the jewels, of course! Now my men, off with him to the police-court. He is a dangerous customer-has committed murder to-day!'

'Curse you!' muttered Jura fiercely white as a sheet. 'Who are you? What right have you to say anything to me, I'll have the law of you for this.'

'You are a clever man, Geoffrey answer ed with a laugh, 'but the game is up Count Jura: your companions are at this moment closely guarded prisoners at Darrell Castle; you will join them very soon in the dock. Away with him!

So like the felon he was Myra's des troyer-villain, murderer-Count Jurawas dragged off to the fate he deserved while above lay the girl whose brain through his devilish cruelty, was mad with fever, whose frail young body was sinking beneath the weight of fear and anguish she had born these last few days.

### CHAPTER XX.

The autumn sun was tinging the landscape with its red glow. It penetrated into the seclusion of a bedroom, and lingered on the wonderous masses of golden hair that crowned the head of a lovely girl standing in passive attitude by the window. It was Alice-frail, white and delicate.

As yet she scarcely comprehended all that had happened.

A dim mist of dreams was in her mind. mingling pain, horror, and fear with the sense of comfort and peace she felt now.

She had been ill for one month-ill unto death, but she knew nothing of it ly. 'Ah, what did I always say? I knew knows them not, and they wend their He extracted a fair income through Fredericton, N. B. July, 5th, 91.

dream by the entrance of Davis.

and it is so difficult-so difficult.,

'What's the use in thinking, my lady?

You'll only tire yourself out. Here, let

me push the chair to the window, and

there ! her ladyship wants to see you.'

'Here ladyship wants to see me!' re-

Then a sort of mist cleared away from

Alice's mind-she seemed to see and

know all that this gentle white-haired

She rose feebly and stretched out her

'Rest there, my daughter,' she said

hands, and Lady Darrell drew the slen-

woman had suffered and done for her.

claimed sympathisingly.

peated Alice vaguely.

der form to her heart.

placed Alice in it.

to say?"

anxiously.

you all the time, my lady---'

door, and Roy's mother came in.

tenderly; my poor little darling.'

shall ring for you presently.'

And she was so good to me.'

it, had been very bitter.'

cannot remember.'

hideous dream.'

'Yes-yes.'

even to the lips.

Aunt Martha--'

will call him.'

ed to catch hers.

heart, tears in his eyes.

Darrell asked gently.

the Arnold's face?"

Merciful powers! How like--'

able day of the ride to the Abbey.

she turned to the earl's mother.

Darrell said affectionately.

you would like to see?"

turned to the window.

me,' she replied.

'And you too,' she said simply.

'Wait an instant,' broke in Si

'And now you must rest awhile,' Lady

sense of heaviness and depression that

she could not push aside.

rey's hand and kissed it.

heart.'

Lady Darrell paused an instant.

nothing of your childhood, you said you

had a faint recollection of a sweet face?'

ever. The murder of that poor girl and

faces that hung over her sick bed, pray- quite a romance.' ing fervently for her life.

Now she was able to stard, to move Davis,' Alice said slowly. 'Yet how about slowly, and try to recall her scatstrange it all seems! A year ago a farm tered and bewildered thoughts. help, ill-treated and alone. Now a She was awakened from her present

countess with-Her voice died, the memory of her 'Lor', my lady, have you been standing husband came with startling clearness, all this time? It's too much.' Davis exand with it the thought that she lived and was the barrier to his happiness with 'I feel better-stronger, Davis,' Alice Valerie.

answered with a faint smile; 'but I am She lay languidly back in her chair, trying to think of all that has happened, looking sadly out of the window while

Davis chattered on. 'You will soon be able to leave here and go back to the Castle, my lady.'

Alice shuddered 'I cannot go back there yet,' she said in

Davis made no answer. She went to 'The earl's mother. She has nursed the door. Lady Darrell was beckoning her ou 'And she is going to nurse you some She slipped away, and some one entered more weeks yet,' spoke a voice at the

the room softly. 'No. Davis,' Alice went on slowly; cannot even think of the Castle yet. Davis,' she asked suddenly, keeping her face well turned away, 'did-did the ear' ever ask for me when I was ill?"

No answer.

Alice gave a deep sigh. 'Never mind, Davis; don't think of my stupid questions. I was only-I---She covered her face with her hands,

Then, still clasping her in her arms and someone bent over her and took the older woman moved to the chair, and them gently away, kissing them passionately at the same time. 'You are stronger to-day,' she said-Alice started, grew crimson, then

strong enough, I think, to hear all I have white as death. Beside her on the ground knelt the Tell me quickly-is anything wrongvery man of whom she spoke-the earlis there more trouble?' Alice's pale cheeks her love-her husband.

'Did I ever ask for you, my darling?' 'No more trouble, dear. I trust noth- Roy said tenderly, a flush on his handing but happines. See, I am going to sit some face, a love-light in his eyes. He beside you, and chat a while. Davis, still grasped her slender hands in his. you may go, but don't be far away. I 'You have not known, you have not seen me near you night and day. I Alice gazed at Lady Darrell's face most have never left you, Alice-my wife! have prayed that you might recover, if 'Now, my dear child, I will tell you all. only to say you knew me, and that you First let all fear and dread pass from your forgave me. Before you utter another mind. The man who did you so great a word, say that, Alice-you forgive me!' wrong is separated from your path for-She drew back a little.

"I have nothing to forgive you," she your own sufferings have been avenged.' said faintly. "You were right. I was 'She died, then?' breathed Alice faintly. then so much beneath you-a farm girl -and I separated you from-from her."

'I was with her when she died, and 1 "Listen, sweet, 1 beg-listen. Rememhope and think her end was peace. She ber the night before you were torn away. had been crnelly treated, but her nature Did not my eyes speak plainly then? was pure through it all. We will not Could you not guess what my heart felt? wish her back again, for life, as she found Ah, Alice, you did know. Then, my darling I knew nothing of your birth. It was you I loved, as I love now. Were 'When you were found delirius in the vou forty times a farm-girl, I must love inn, at first they feared to move you, but you the same. You are my very life! after a while the doctors opined that Say you love me!"

your recovery would be more certain if Alice's heart thrilled, her hands, held brought into purer air, so we moved you in his trembled, her voice was faint. here, my child. This is a farm a few Love you! she murmured. 'I have miles out of town, which, I dare say, you loved you from the moment I saw youit was that love that nearly broke my 'No.' answered Alice: 'it is like a

'My darling!' said the earl passionate-'Ah, well, it is gone! And now, dear, ly, drawing her head to his shoulder, let us go back further. Do you remember and pressing his lips to hers. 'My ownwhen I asked you once if you could recall my very own wife!"

Six months passed

Dorrell Castle is alive with people; it is 'That face was your mother's. Let me the home-coming of the earl and his finish my surprise at once. You are the beautiful young countess.

child of Fulke and Margaret Durant: Sir Humphrey Durant and the dowager your parents are dead; but your grand- Lady Darrell stand together in the wide father, Sir Humphrey Durant, is outside entrance to welcome their children.

Behind stretch a line of servants, this door, waiting to clasp you to his Davis with her face crimson in her ex. field both in Somerset and Devon. He Alice rose to her feet, her face white citement at once again seeing her beloved mistress.

'My grandfather!' she repeated. 'But Roy had taken no one with them who could remind her of what she endured. 'Was no relation. Sir Humphrey is New scenes, new faces, and love, he deteryour dead father's father. You are the mined should work away all traces from dearest creature in the world to him. I her young mind, so Davis had been left

Lady Darrell moved across to the door, A group of guests were assembled and Alice saw a tall stately man enter, among whom were Frank Meredith and whose dark eyes beamed with love Geoffrey Armistead, whose friendship whose trembling hands were outstretch- now the earl held as part of his dearest he had omitted to take. Perhaps some 'My child-my poor boy's child-found

A glimpse of outsiders was seen; the tenants in the grounds set up a cheer; it Sir Humphrey pressed the girl to his was caught up by the servants, and with complete, and to remove her from the shouts and acclamations of happiness Let me look at you. my flower-my Alice, Countess of Darrell, returned to her star-come to brighten my old life. husband's home, and amid all the handclasping, the tender words, the genuine 'She resembles poor Fulke?' Lady affection, gratitude and love for the being who had lavished all the good and treas-'More; she is the living image of my ures of life upon her during the last six precious wife-Fulke's mother. See, months stood first.

When all was over, the guests gone, you knew the Arnolds well? Is not that and the Castle silent. Alice put her head Alice looked up, and she remembered on Roy's shoulder, and kissed his hand. Lord Radine's words to her that miser- as he said tenderly:

'All has gone off well, my darling, yet She bent her fresh lips to Sir Humph- without all this could you love me, as I love you, with no pomp, no grandeur, no 'I have known no father or mother till riches—simply for myself?' now,' she murmured. 'I will love you as

life, Roy, shall, please God, be ever happy Then, as the old man kissed her fondly |-not by riches, titles, or grandeur, but through simple never-dying love!"

And while peace and love came to the girl who had suffered, the one who had boy was too young to remonstrate with phrey. 'My darling is there no one else in darkness for evermore.

Foa when the mangled body of Paul A wave of color dyed Alice's love- was found on the ground beneath the y face; she drew herself away and balcony, from which he had fallen, and Valerie, who had recovered from her There is no one who would care to see swoon, beheld all that remained of her erring brother, the full realization of all Sir Humphrey and Lady Darrell ex- it meant to her-disgrace and ruin-was changed glances, and, in answer to a sign too much for her overwrought and schemhe made, the lady went slowly from the ing brain.

The frail cord that held reason to its 'Well, my darling,' Sir Humphrey said throne snapped, and with a piercing tenderly, 'I will leave you now. When shriek Valerie again lapsed into insensiyou are rested I will come back, and bility.

then you shall hear how a Mr. Meredith But this time, when her eyes opened helped us to find you, and how many again to the light, they bore the look of friends you have that you know nothing hopeless insanity.

Vistors to the celebrated establishment of Alice kissed him, and he left her sitting Dr.-for the mentally afflicted, stand and proud in the knowledge of her illustrious beautiful woman, who never speaks, but birth and new-found relative, yet with a with dead white face searches—the ground for the fallen form of her brother, Presently Davis came in while she was the person who interrupts.

'You know all, my lady,' she said light- some man and a fair lovely girl, but she taries.

neither did she know one of the loving you were a born countess. Why, it is way sorrowfully from her till they lose Philip from Mrs. Valliant for the desulrecollections of her wretched life in their 'Some of it was a painful romance, own happiness.

With -:- the -:- Circus

CHAPTER I.

KATE VALLIANT. 'I wish you'd go up to town with me for a week or ten days, Kate?" 'Town! London now, in the last of th

hunting days?' Kate had right and reason on her sid in being surprised at her brother's proposition. Here was he, one of the most steadily enthusiastic hunting men in West Somersetshire, proposing a visit of ten days to London, at the beginning of

the Dale Bridge week. Mr. Wyndham half laughed; it seemed absurd diffidence on his part, even in his own eyes, that he should hesitate about telling his little sister Kate, his junior by ten years, the real reason of his desire to visit London at this inoppor-

'As you say, dear, London, now, even in the last hunting days, is the bourne I'm longing for. Will you come with me I want you.'

'Then, yes, Phil.'

'That's a good girl; that's a darling; now one thing more; can you start by the twelve up train?'

'If you like, Phil.' 'That's right; I thought I could rely on you not to raise mole hills.'

'Shall I take my habit?'

'No, you won't have any riding.' His sister looked at him keenly for moment, and there was a question on her tongue, but she would not let it pass

'Dear old Phil!' she said affectionately instead. 'I'l be ready, and glad to go

She whirled herself out of the room with rapidity as she finished her wellmeant, but mendacious speech. And the brother recognised the struggle there had been in the girl's heart, before she had brought herself to say those words. For the Dale Bridge week was Kate's Carnival and she had been looking forward to of what it might bring to her than she had ever known before.

'Jolly little thing she is,' her brother thought admiringly; 'this affair mustn't make any difference to her, the darling; as master, that the majority thought he and I'll take care too that she shall have enough to pay her mess when Charley Glanville carries her off.'

It was rather a bitter draught to have offered for her acceptance, this sudden departure for London on the eve of the Dale Bridge week. Kate was a thorough country girl, though she had borne the brunt of two short London seasons under his mother's funeral. the auspices of Mrs. Laurence Wyndham, her aunt. And now when all the pleasures of her delightful country life were about to culminate for the season in the 'meet' at Dale Bridge of several to London to-she knew not where! for

she knew not why! However, she went cheerfully, for to of her life. He had given her the mare honorably known in many a hunting him. was the friend of, and had been the He was the kindest, most generous, least dolefully. exacting of guardians. And last and and dearest brother in the world!

Since she, a little child of ten, had been think she was careless of my sister.' left to his care by her dying mother, the girl could never remember the request he had refused, or the opportunity of shewing kindness and affection for her which of his kindness had been injudicious, as for instance when at sixteen she had besought Philip to consider her education uncomely restraint of school, to the beautiful liberty of life at Hasselton Place. It is admitted that he may have been a trifle injudicious in acceeding to this request! But he never could bring himself to believe that he had been so when he saw how thoroughly happy the girl Calf, Kip, Grain, and all Waxed Leathers. was, and how heartily and cleverly she took up her responsibilities, as mistress

and hostess at Hasselton. Kate was not a Wyndham. She was only the half sister of the young man who had devoted the whole of his grown-up life to her pleasure and well-being. His father had died when Phillip was a baby, and his mother after eight or nine years 'I could,' whispered Alice. 'I do. Our of most contented widowhood had suddenly discovered that life would be unbearable unless she could pass it in the society of a Mr. Valliant, whose presence N. C. SUTHERLAND, Philip had always thought extremely undesirable in their home. However the words of either censure or warning. He could only cry, and revolt at all Mr. Valiant's efforts to win him. Whereupon that gentleman, who was a philosopher in his way, taught the mother that her boy's dislike to him was a thing of no importonce in itself, inasmuch as it could never have an evil or even adverse effect upon either her or him, and further, that it was merely the unreasoning outcry of an undisciplined nature, against one whom it felt would discipline it for its good.

Mrs. Wyndham disregarded her little boy's crying fits and believed her lover who shortly became her husband and persuaded her to send Phillip to a private | Fredericton, N.B., Dec. 27. tutor, whose charges were as heavy as the education he imparted was light.

This tutor was another Mr. Valliant, an elder brother of the man who had marin her chair, feeling strangely happy and gaze in piteous admiration at the regally ried Mrs. Wyndham. He was a careless, good natured, extravagant, clever, amusing citizen of the world, who made the best and the most of everything for him. and turns with tigress force to spring on self under all circumstances, and regarded all those from whom he could extract Sometimes she is visited by a hand- anything as his lawful and rightful tribu-

tory education he gave and for the unqualified indulgence and kindness he extended to her son for six years. Then Phillip, though he was happy enough physically with his amiably unconscientious tutor, mentally revolted at the playful system of education towards himself which that tutor pursued. After combating his mother's disinclination to run counter to the wishes of her husband successfully and getting her consent to his (Phillip's) going to one of the universities, he had to meet and overcome his stepfather. In this contest of wills greatly to that stepfather's surprise, his own brother, Phillip's tutor, joined issue with the lad, honestly and openly avowing that he was not doing and never had done justice to his pupil. Finally Phillip carried his point. But he never distinguished himself at Cambridge, save as

the stroke of his year. During Phillip's frequent visits to Hasselton place—the house that was his own though he allowed his mother's husband to lord it there as master during his mother's life—the young fellow who had had but little love lavished upon himself, poured his own out ungrudgingly upon his little sister Kate.

From her babyhood Kate Valliant had bewitched all those who were about her. not by any unearthly or superlative beauty, but by a brave self-assertion, combined with a winning, affectionate, loyal power of self-abnegation, that was very fascinating.

At five she was a frolicking lump of mischief; at twelve she played cricket, rode barebacked ponies, waded through rivers in hot pursuit of the retreating otter, climbed trees, and was as ready to use her fists in furtherance of her own rights, as a plucky boy.

At eighteen, the age at which she is introduced to you, her hazel hair and eyes, brightened with a gleam of gold when the light fell on the former or caught the latter, her graceful, erect, and not too slender figure, the matchless freedom and ease with which she walked the earth, or swayed in the saddle, the atmosphere of sunny joyousness which her intense vitality created about her, the delight she took in making things as pleasant as possible for all around her, all these combined to make good her claim to the title Wedding, given her by her brother "our bonnie

Mr. Valliant had cheerfully ed the charge and maintenance of his daughter on his wife's death to his stepson Philip Wyndham. He had ruled so long and so absolutely at Hasselton Place behaved very nicely, some even went so far as to say, very nobly, in giving up the reins to Philip Wyndham. As for Phillip himself, he said no words, and thought few thoughts on the subject.

'You'll stay here as long as you like. and you won't take Kate away, will you?' he said to his stepfather on the day of

'I find I require a warmer climate than this, and as under Providence, your dear mother has left me sufficient to satisfy warmer sun, I shall probably make my packs of hounds she was to be taken up home in some sequestered nook in the his hands gently and deprecatingly. 'But Kate! how about Kate?' Philip

Philip her brother she owed all the joys asked tremulously, a horrible vision of Kate growing up in the sequestered Nell Gwynn,' which was so well and shades of Monte Carlo, looming before

Mr. Valliant shook his head dolefully. 'Your poor dear mother has utterly means of her knowing Charlie Glanville. forgotten to provide for Kate,' he said

'That's of no consequence. I shall highest of all his claims, he was the best always provide for Kate,' Philip answered ardently 'My mother knew that-don't Continued on first page.

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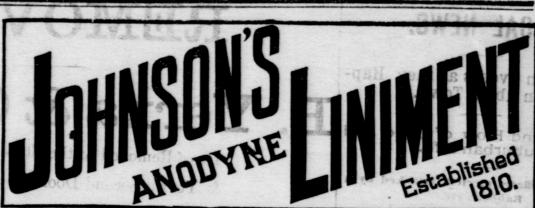
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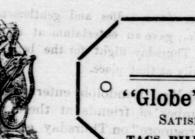
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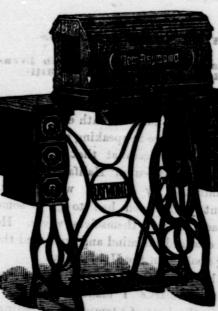
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