

UNDER A SHADOW.

Continued.

"And I shall live to be an artist—a true painter," said Alison.

Her teacher looked at her beautiful face more beautiful than that of any model, more beautiful even than those shining from the walls of the galleries so rich in loveliness.

"You are so very young," he said "to care so much about art."

"Young repeated Alison. 'Am I? I had forgotten it. The years go flying to me like I have lived my life.'"

He looked at her again.

"Lived your life?" he repeated. "How so?"

"I lived, I loved, and I died," she said musingly.

"The best part of me died; that is a living life, is it not?"

"Yes, but I repeat, that you are young to have had such experience."

"I shall live, perhaps, many years," said Alison; "but it will be my art, my art, that from my existence has derived the name of life."

Long and deeply did the good professor ponder over this lovely young girl, with her dark eyes, her musical voice, her wonderful genius.

"Her name will live," he said to himself long after she had left his studio, wherever art is loved.

Her name will live—An Italian name, the name of an Italian artist; yet she is English, this dark-eyed pupil of mine.

Where does the fire of her genius come from? She herself is of cold northern race, though the fire of the South lives in her eyes and in her soul.

She will be great some day, then it will be for me to remember that I taught her.

He was so earnest, so zealous in his desire for her improvement, that he at times forgot her strength. He seemed to forget that she could not work like a man—that she requires some fresh air, some exercise, some rest.

If he saw that the beautiful tint of her face had paled ever so little, he would cry out to her that she was not taking care of herself, then he would forget and let her work harder than ever.

All this work produced its fruit in the end. After two years' hard study, passed without any relaxation any rest, he allowed her to attempt her first picture.

How she loved it! How she worked at it! How dear it became to her! She loved it as though it had been a living child.

It was but a simple picture, yet, years after, the world went mad about it—the figure of a young, sweet-faced girl, seated in the shade of a wood, birds overhead, the breeze sweeping over her, brook singing at her feet, a nest of blue-birds on her right hand, and a nest of wild thyme, with a wild-rose hedge. She had gathered sprays of wild-roses, long, graceful bluebells, and is blinding them with a long, trailing clematis spray, the dream of passion, love and anguish in Florence—reality or not? There were times when she hardly knew, when she looked at her own magnificent beauty in the mirror, and said to herself:

"Can it be Alison Trente?"

Genius is always appreciated; man has worked, toiled, and died without recognition of their art, and after death the world, the busy, gay world, has stopped for a few short moments to raise statues to them, to enshrine them in sacred niches, to give them laurel crowns, then has gone laughing on; but, contrary to the rule, fame had come to Alison while she lived, and not only fame but gold. She could command any price now for her pictures, men were willing to pay all she asked. She was rich beyond her wildest dreams—rich as she had never hoped to be.

The summer sun shone brightly over the mighty towers and steeples of Rome—a hot, brilliant sun, in whose heat it was almost impossible to work—heat that drew strong perfume from the flowers, and made even the little birds, the Pomegranates blossomed, passion-flowers raised their mystical heads, great white lilies, with hearts of gold, stood like nature's fairest challenges. Look like the home of a poet, but it was where Alison Trente lived.

And there, on this fair summer day, she sits. It is not often that she relaxes, but it is impossible for her to work today; the heat is so intense, it is just as much as she can do to hear it. She has been compelled to lay down her brushes, to put away her easel, and give up work. She has gone to her favorite room, a fairy-like boudoir, opening to a garden filled with trees and flowers.

Yes, that is Alison Trente—Asalita Ferrari, as she calls herself, bathing her old name—that magnificent beautiful woman reclining in the chair of crimson velvet, her thoughtful face turned to the flowers, her dark, eloquent eyes with their luminous fire and passion drinking in the lovely tints of the flowers. It is here that the gifted artist dreams of those pictures that afterward made her famous; it is here that the graceful designs, the beautiful figures, the gorgeous colors come before her, first of all in a waking dream, to be reproduced on canvas at her will. Alison Trente! One feels inclined to bow before her as before a queen, so royal is she in her womanly beauty and queenly genius. She is plainly dressed, but the robes of a queen, diamonds and cloth of gold, would not have suited her as this simple dress does. It was her own design, something like the dress that Griswold wore in 'Norma—a plain white robe, fastened round the waist with a golden belt, and falling in stately, graceful folds to the feet; a dress that showed to

the greatest advantage the beautiful lines of her figure, the graceful curves, the hands that lie just now so listlessly, are characteristic—ones—white and slender, supple and graceful, with pink palms and beautifully shaped fingers; the face, so beautiful in its spirituelle, eloquent loveliness, the stars, dreamy eyes, the mouth like a rose, the low Grecian nose and crimson lips.

Alison Trente lived in the midst of this magnificence, which was all her own; the labor of her own hands had created this earthly paradise; it had asperg benediction on the beautiful woman, the success of her art had raised her to the highest pinnacle of art; she painted pictures that made men the better for looking at them, that raised the heart from earth to heaven, that purified the senses, that made one long for a higher, holier life—and no art goes further than that. Her pictures might have been hung in churches, where they could have done good, being in themselves so good.

Just at this time there was a new phase in art. Painters had risen and won great fame; there were painters who delighted in subjects better left alone—painters of devotional subject; but this was a happy medium—the religion of art. So the art of the beautiful woman, the success of her art was widely spread and well known, people began to make anxious inquiries about herself. But those inquiries no one could answer—no one knew anything about her. She had been a pupil of Signor Claudio, but he could tell nothing about her; he even said that she was English, but no one listening to the pure, flower-musical Italian that fell from her lips could believe that. So Asalita Ferrari became famous, her name known wherever art was known, her name honored by all men revered by all women. The newspapers, the Critics, all spoke of her as the woman who had raised art, who had done the world good service by her beautiful pictures, who had helped men and women on the road to heaven by raising their minds and hearts from earth. High praise—one could be higher. Asalita read these critiques at times—words which prophesied that her name would be held in reverence by the other names were dead. As she read a faint smile would seem to quiver over her lips, and then she would fall on her knees, with one cry on her lips:

"God be merciful to me a sinner!"

She knew others might think she stood on a pedestal, that she was a pure, high-minded genius, she knew before Heaven that she was a miserable sinner. She never used her old name of Alison Trente now. Alison Trente died long years ago; Alison Trente was a lost woman, an outcast—a deserted, lonely, desolate girl. Alison Trente had no place on the wide world—she was a subject for scorn and mockery; Alison Trente was dead, there lay her lie. But Asalita Ferrari, the artist, the genius—the woman who could take men's hearts to heaven—that was quite another thing. She had almost forgotten her own name; she said it over at times, with a half-wondering, half-patetic sigh. Alison Trente! Did poor Alison Trente live the wonderful Was the old dull life in Wigmore Street—the dream of passion, love and anguish in Florence—reality or not? There were times when she hardly knew, when she looked at her own magnificent beauty in the mirror, and said to herself:

"Can it be Alison Trente?"

Genius is always appreciated; man has worked, toiled, and died without recognition of their art, and after death the world, the busy, gay world, has stopped for a few short moments to raise statues to them, to enshrine them in sacred niches, to give them laurel crowns, then has gone laughing on; but, contrary to the rule, fame had come to Alison while she lived, and not only fame but gold. She could command any price now for her pictures, men were willing to pay all she asked. She was rich beyond her wildest dreams—rich as she had never hoped to be.

The summer sun shone brightly over the mighty towers and steeples of Rome—a hot, brilliant sun, in whose heat it was almost impossible to work—heat that drew strong perfume from the flowers, and made even the little birds, the Pomegranates blossomed, passion-flowers raised their mystical heads, great white lilies, with hearts of gold, stood like nature's fairest challenges. Look like the home of a poet, but it was where Alison Trente lived.

And there, on this fair summer day, she sits. It is not often that she relaxes, but it is impossible for her to work today; the heat is so intense, it is just as much as she can do to hear it. She has been compelled to lay down her brushes, to put away her easel, and give up work. She has gone to her favorite room, a fairy-like boudoir, opening to a garden filled with trees and flowers.

Yes, that is Alison Trente—Asalita Ferrari, as she calls herself, bathing her old name—that magnificent beautiful woman reclining in the chair of crimson velvet, her thoughtful face turned to the flowers, her dark, eloquent eyes with their luminous fire and passion drinking in the lovely tints of the flowers. It is here that the gifted artist dreams of those pictures that afterward made her famous; it is here that the graceful designs, the beautiful figures, the gorgeous colors come before her, first of all in a waking dream, to be reproduced on canvas at her will. Alison Trente! One feels inclined to bow before her as before a queen, so royal is she in her womanly beauty and queenly genius. She is plainly dressed, but the robes of a queen, diamonds and cloth of gold, would not have suited her as this simple dress does. It was her own design, something like the dress that Griswold wore in 'Norma—a plain white robe, fastened round the waist with a golden belt, and falling in stately, graceful folds to the feet; a dress that showed to

the greatest advantage the beautiful lines of her figure, the graceful curves, the hands that lie just now so listlessly, are characteristic—ones—white and slender, supple and graceful, with pink palms and beautifully shaped fingers; the face, so beautiful in its spirituelle, eloquent loveliness, the stars, dreamy eyes, the mouth like a rose, the low Grecian nose and crimson lips.

Alison Trente lived in the midst of this magnificence, which was all her own; the labor of her own hands had created this earthly paradise; it had asperg benediction on the beautiful woman, the success of her art had raised her to the highest pinnacle of art; she painted pictures that made men the better for looking at them, that raised the heart from earth to heaven, that purified the senses, that made one long for a higher, holier life—and no art goes further than that. Her pictures might have been hung in churches, where they could have done good, being in themselves so good.

Just at this time there was a new phase in art. Painters had risen and won great fame; there were painters who delighted in subjects better left alone—painters of devotional subject; but this was a happy medium—the religion of art. So the art of the beautiful woman, the success of her art was widely spread and well known, people began to make anxious inquiries about herself. But those inquiries no one could answer—no one knew anything about her. She had been a pupil of Signor Claudio, but he could tell nothing about her; he even said that she was English, but no one listening to the pure, flower-musical Italian that fell from her lips could believe that. So Asalita Ferrari became famous, her name known wherever art was known, her name honored by all men revered by all women. The newspapers, the Critics, all spoke of her as the woman who had raised art, who had done the world good service by her beautiful pictures, who had helped men and women on the road to heaven by raising their minds and hearts from earth. High praise—one could be higher. Asalita read these critiques at times—words which prophesied that her name would be held in reverence by the other names were dead. As she read a faint smile would seem to quiver over her lips, and then she would fall on her knees, with one cry on her lips:

"God be merciful to me a sinner!"

She knew others might think she stood on a pedestal, that she was a pure, high-minded genius, she knew before Heaven that she was a miserable sinner. She never used her old name of Alison Trente now. Alison Trente died long years ago; Alison Trente was a lost woman, an outcast—a deserted, lonely, desolate girl. Alison Trente had no place on the wide world—she was a subject for scorn and mockery; Alison Trente was dead, there lay her lie. But Asalita Ferrari, the artist, the genius—the woman who could take men's hearts to heaven—that was quite another thing. She had almost forgotten her own name; she said it over at times, with a half-wondering, half-patetic sigh. Alison Trente! Did poor Alison Trente live the wonderful Was the old dull life in Wigmore Street—the dream of passion, love and anguish in Florence—reality or not? There were times when she hardly knew, when she looked at her own magnificent beauty in the mirror, and said to herself:

"Can it be Alison Trente?"

Genius is always appreciated; man has worked, toiled, and died without recognition of their art, and after death the world, the busy, gay world, has stopped for a few short moments to raise statues to them, to enshrine them in sacred niches, to give them laurel crowns, then has gone laughing on; but, contrary to the rule, fame had come to Alison while she lived, and not only fame but gold. She could command any price now for her pictures, men were willing to pay all she asked. She was rich beyond her wildest dreams—rich as she had never hoped to be.

The summer sun shone brightly over the mighty towers and steeples of Rome—a hot, brilliant sun, in whose heat it was almost impossible to work—heat that drew strong perfume from the flowers, and made even the little birds, the Pomegranates blossomed, passion-flowers raised their mystical heads, great white lilies, with hearts of gold, stood like nature's fairest challenges. Look like the home of a poet, but it was where Alison Trente lived.

And there, on this fair summer day, she sits. It is not often that she relaxes, but it is impossible for her to work today; the heat is so intense, it is just as much as she can do to hear it. She has been compelled to lay down her brushes, to put away her easel, and give up work. She has gone to her favorite room, a fairy-like boudoir, opening to a garden filled with trees and flowers.

Yes, that is Alison Trente—Asalita Ferrari, as she calls herself, bathing her old name—that magnificent beautiful woman reclining in the chair of crimson velvet, her thoughtful face turned to the flowers, her dark, eloquent eyes with their luminous fire and passion drinking in the lovely tints of the flowers. It is here that the gifted artist dreams of those pictures that afterward made her famous; it is here that the graceful designs, the beautiful figures, the gorgeous colors come before her, first of all in a waking dream, to be reproduced on canvas at her will. Alison Trente! One feels inclined to bow before her as before a queen, so royal is she in her womanly beauty and queenly genius. She is plainly dressed, but the robes of a queen, diamonds and cloth of gold, would not have suited her as this simple dress does. It was her own design, something like the dress that Griswold wore in 'Norma—a plain white robe, fastened round the waist with a golden belt, and falling in stately, graceful folds to the feet; a dress that showed to

the greatest advantage the beautiful lines of her figure, the graceful curves, the hands that lie just now so listlessly, are characteristic—ones—white and slender, supple and graceful, with pink palms and beautifully shaped fingers; the face, so beautiful in its spirituelle, eloquent loveliness, the stars, dreamy eyes, the mouth like a rose, the low Grecian nose and crimson lips.

Alison Trente lived in the midst of this magnificence, which was all her own; the labor of her own hands had created this earthly paradise; it had asperg benediction on the beautiful woman, the success of her art had raised her to the highest pinnacle of art; she painted pictures that made men the better for looking at them, that raised the heart from earth to heaven, that purified the senses, that made one long for a higher, holier life—and no art goes further than that. Her pictures might have been hung in churches, where they could have done good, being in themselves so good.

Just at this time there was a new phase in art. Painters had risen and won great fame; there were painters who delighted in subjects better left alone—painters of devotional subject; but this was a happy medium—the religion of art. So the art of the beautiful woman, the success of her art was widely spread and well known, people began to make anxious inquiries about herself. But those inquiries no one could answer—no one knew anything about her. She had been a pupil of Signor Claudio, but he could tell nothing about her; he even said that she was English, but no one listening to the pure, flower-musical Italian that fell from her lips could believe that. So Asalita Ferrari became famous, her name known wherever art was known, her name honored by all men revered by all women. The newspapers, the Critics, all spoke of her as the woman who had raised art, who had done the world good service by her beautiful pictures, who had helped men and women on the road to heaven by raising their minds and hearts from earth. High praise—one could be higher. Asalita read these critiques at times—words which prophesied that her name would be held in reverence by the other names were dead. As she read a faint smile would seem to quiver over her lips, and then she would fall on her knees, with one cry on her lips:

"God be merciful to me a sinner!"

She knew others might think she stood on a pedestal, that she was a pure, high-minded genius, she knew before Heaven that she was a miserable sinner. She never used her old name of Alison Trente now. Alison Trente died long years ago; Alison Trente was a lost woman, an outcast—a deserted, lonely, desolate girl. Alison Trente had no place on the wide world—she was a subject for scorn and mockery; Alison Trente was dead, there lay her lie. But Asalita Ferrari, the artist, the genius—the woman who could take men's hearts to heaven—that was quite another thing. She had almost forgotten her own name; she said it over at times, with a half-wondering, half-patetic sigh. Alison Trente! Did poor Alison Trente live the wonderful Was the old dull life in Wigmore Street—the dream of passion, love and anguish in Florence—reality or not? There were times when she hardly knew, when she looked at her own magnificent beauty in the mirror, and said to herself:

"Can it be Alison Trente?"

Genius is always appreciated; man has worked, toiled, and died without recognition of their art, and after death the world, the busy, gay world, has stopped for a few short moments to raise statues to them, to enshrine them in sacred niches, to give them laurel crowns, then has gone laughing on; but, contrary to the rule, fame had come to Alison while she lived, and not only fame but gold. She could command any price now for her pictures, men were willing to pay all she asked. She was rich beyond her wildest dreams—rich as she had never hoped to be.

The summer sun shone brightly over the mighty towers and steeples of Rome—a hot, brilliant sun, in whose heat it was almost impossible to work—heat that drew strong perfume from the flowers, and made even the little birds, the Pomegranates blossomed, passion-flowers raised their mystical heads, great white lilies, with hearts of gold, stood like nature's fairest challenges. Look like the home of a poet, but it was where Alison Trente lived.

And there, on this fair summer day, she sits. It is not often that she relaxes, but it is impossible for her to work today; the heat is so intense, it is just as much as she can do to hear it. She has been compelled to lay down her brushes, to put away her easel, and give up work. She has gone to her favorite room, a fairy-like boudoir, opening to a garden filled with trees and flowers.

Yes, that is Alison Trente—Asalita Ferrari, as she calls herself, bathing her old name—that magnificent beautiful woman reclining in the chair of crimson velvet, her thoughtful face turned to the flowers, her dark, eloquent eyes with their luminous fire and passion drinking in the lovely tints of the flowers. It is here that the gifted artist dreams of those pictures that afterward made her famous; it is here that the graceful designs, the beautiful figures, the gorgeous colors come before her, first of all in a waking dream, to be reproduced on canvas at her will. Alison Trente! One feels inclined to bow before her as before a queen, so royal is she in her womanly beauty and queenly genius. She is plainly dressed, but the robes of a queen, diamonds and cloth of gold, would not have suited her as this simple dress does. It was her own design, something like the dress that Griswold wore in 'Norma—a plain white robe, fastened round the waist with a golden belt, and falling in stately, graceful folds to the feet; a dress that showed to

the greatest advantage the beautiful lines of her figure, the graceful curves, the hands that lie just now so listlessly, are characteristic—ones—white and slender, supple and graceful, with pink palms and beautifully shaped fingers; the face, so beautiful in its spirituelle, eloquent loveliness, the stars, dreamy eyes, the mouth like a rose, the low Grecian nose and crimson lips.

Alison Trente lived in the midst of this magnificence, which was all her own; the labor of her own hands had created this earthly paradise; it had asperg benediction on the beautiful woman, the success of her art had raised her to the highest pinnacle of art; she painted pictures that made men the better for looking at them, that raised the heart from earth to heaven, that purified the senses, that made one long for a higher, holier life—and no art goes further than that. Her pictures might have been hung in churches, where they could have done good, being in themselves so good.

Just at this time there was a new phase in art. Painters had risen and won great fame; there were painters who delighted in subjects better left alone—painters of devotional subject; but this was a happy medium—the religion of art. So the art of the beautiful woman, the success of her art was widely spread and well known, people began to make anxious inquiries about herself. But those inquiries no one could answer—no one knew anything about her. She had been a pupil of Signor Claudio, but he could tell nothing about her; he even said that she was English, but no one listening to the pure, flower-musical Italian that fell from her lips could believe that. So Asalita Ferrari became famous, her name known wherever art was known, her name honored by all men revered by all women. The newspapers, the Critics, all spoke of her as the woman who had raised art, who had done the world good service by her beautiful pictures, who had helped men and women on the road to heaven by raising their minds and hearts from earth. High praise—one could be higher. Asalita read these critiques at times—words which prophesied that her name would be held in reverence by the other names were dead. As she read a faint smile would seem to quiver over her lips, and then she would fall on her knees, with one cry on her lips:

"God be merciful to me a sinner!"

She knew others might think she stood on a pedestal, that she was a pure, high-minded genius, she knew before Heaven that she was a miserable sinner. She never used her old name of Alison Trente now. Alison Trente died long years ago; Alison Trente was a lost woman, an outcast—a deserted, lonely, desolate girl. Alison Trente had no place on the wide world—she was a subject for scorn and mockery; Alison Trente was dead, there lay her lie. But Asalita Ferrari, the artist, the genius—the woman who could take men's hearts to heaven—that was quite another thing. She had almost forgotten her own name; she said it over at times, with a half-wondering, half-patetic sigh. Alison Trente! Did poor Alison Trente live the wonderful Was the old dull life in Wigmore Street—the dream of passion, love and anguish in Florence—reality or not? There were times when she hardly knew, when she looked at her own magnificent beauty in the mirror, and said to herself:

"Can it be Alison Trente?"

Genius is always appreciated; man has worked, toiled, and died without recognition of their art, and after death the world, the busy, gay world, has stopped for a few short moments to raise statues to them, to enshrine them in sacred niches, to give them laurel crowns, then has gone laughing on; but, contrary to the rule, fame had come to Alison while she lived, and not only fame but gold. She could command any price now for her pictures, men were willing to pay all she asked. She was rich beyond her wildest dreams—rich as she had never hoped to be.

The summer sun shone brightly over the mighty towers and steeples of Rome—a hot, brilliant sun, in whose heat it was almost impossible to work—heat that drew strong perfume from the flowers, and made even the little birds, the Pomegranates blossomed, passion-flowers raised their mystical heads, great white lilies, with hearts of gold, stood like nature's fairest challenges. Look like the home of a poet, but it was where Alison Trente lived.

And there, on this fair summer day, she sits. It is not often that she relaxes, but it is impossible for her to work today; the heat is so intense, it is just as much as she can do to hear it. She has been compelled to lay down her brushes, to put away her easel, and give up work. She has gone to her favorite room, a fairy-like boudoir, opening to a garden filled with trees and flowers.

Yes, that is Alison Trente—Asalita Ferrari, as she calls herself, bathing her old name—that magnificent beautiful woman reclining in the chair of crimson velvet, her thoughtful face turned to the flowers, her dark, eloquent eyes with their luminous fire and passion drinking in the lovely tints of the flowers. It is here that the gifted artist dreams of those pictures that afterward made her famous; it is here that the graceful designs, the beautiful figures, the gorgeous colors come before her, first of all in a waking dream, to be reproduced on canvas at her will. Alison Trente! One feels inclined to bow before her as before a queen, so royal is she in her womanly beauty and queenly genius. She is plainly dressed, but the robes of a queen, diamonds and cloth of gold, would not have suited her as this simple dress does. It was her own design, something like the dress that Griswold wore in 'Norma—a plain white robe, fastened round the waist with a golden belt, and falling in stately, graceful folds to the feet; a dress that showed to

Parsons' Pills

These pills were a wonderful discovery. They are the only pills that cure the most delicate women. They are the only pills that cure the most delicate women. They are the only pills that cure the most delicate women.

Make New Rich Blood!

FREDERICTON MARBLE WORKS, CEMETERY WORK

ALL KINDS OF CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

All orders promptly attended to. Material and Workmanship Guaranteed. Carleton St., between Methodist Church and Old Burying Ground.

A. L. F. VANWART, Undertaker and Embalmer

Upper Side York Street, Fredericton, N. B.

Coffins and Caskets, FUNERAL GOODS OF ALL KINDS.

A First-Class Hearse in Connection. Special Prices for Orders from the Country. All Orders Promptly Attended to with Neatness and Despatch.

JAMES R. HOWIE, PRACTICAL TAILOR

Has a Splendid Stock of Imported and Native Cloths

This Season and Cases are arriving daily. Coats and Suits and Windows are fitted with the goods of the day. These are full lines of Staple Goods in Corkswee, Diagonals, Worsted Millings, West of England Cloths, and Melton, Canadian, Scotch and German Tweeds, and Dressings of every Style.

BOYS' CLOTHING

In a mode of dress that is the best. My stock cannot be beat. My goods should be recommended to all school-boys. But seriously, every suit is stylish, durable, and cheap. In this department, see my kind. Let's Underwear is better than any other. My Old Stand, 150 Queen Street.

THE GLOBE Job Printing Department

WE HAVE IN STOCK A FINE LINE OF

"Globe" Job Print Dept. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. TAGS, BILL HEADS, ETC., IN STOCK.

Wedding, Invitation, Visiting, Memorial and Programme Cards, Which we will Print in the Latest Styles and at Reasonable Rates.

H. F. BLAIR, SASH AND DOOR FACTORY

Planing and Moulding Mill. King street, Fredericton, N. B.

MISS WILLIAMS, Fashionable Millinery

OPP. POST OFFICE, QUEEN STREET, FREDERICTON, April 18th, 1891.

\$50.00 IN CASH! GIVEN AWAY.

THE Publisher of the FREDERICTON GLOBE will present \$50.00 in Cash as first prize, to be given to the person sending in the largest number of words made up from the letters contained in the words "Fredericton Globe." This offer is open to all subscribers only, and parties desirous of competing for these Cash Prizes must send in their names and P. O. address, accompanied by \$1.00 for one year's subscription to the Globe.

No letter in the words "Fredericton Globe" to be used more frequently than it appears in those words.

H. F. BLAIR, SASH AND DOOR FACTORY

Planing and Moulding Mill. King street, Fredericton, N. B.

MISS WILLIAMS, Fashionable Millinery

OPP. POST OFFICE, QUEEN STREET, FREDERICTON, April 18th, 1891.

\$50.00 IN CASH! GIVEN AWAY.

THE Publisher of the FREDERICTON GLOBE will present \$50.00 in Cash as first prize, to be given to the person sending in the largest number of words made up from the letters contained in the words "Fredericton Globe." This offer is open to all subscribers only, and parties desirous of competing for these Cash Prizes must send in their names and P. O. address, accompanied by \$1.00 for one year's subscription to the Globe.

No letter in the words "Fredericton Globe" to be used more frequently than it appears in those words.

H. F. BLAIR, SASH AND DOOR FACTORY

Planing and Moulding Mill. King street, Fredericton, N. B.

MISS WILLIAMS, Fashionable Millinery

OPP. POST OFFICE, QUEEN STREET, FREDERICTON, April 18th, 1891.