

The Gleaner.

JAS. H. CROCKET, Proprietor.

FREDERICTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1884.

VOL. I, NO. 93.

Professional Cards.
GREGORY & BLAIR,
Barristers and Attorneys-at-Law,
NOTARIES PUBLIC,
FREDERICTON.

GEO. F. GREGORY. ANDREW G. BLAIR.
Fredericton, March 28th, 1883.

J. H. BARRY,
BARRISTER-AT-LAW,
CONVEYANCER, &c.
OFFICE: FISHER'S BUILDING, (up stairs),
FREDERICTON.
December 12, 1883.

J. M. O'BRIEN
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Conveyancer, Notary Public, &c.
—AND—
LIFE INSURANCE AGENT.

CLAIMS PROMPTLY COLLECTED.
OFFICE: NEAR CUSTOM HOUSE, WATER STREET.

BATHURST, N. B.
Bathurst, Nov. 21st, 1883.—1 yr.

Business Cards.

F. St. John Bliss
LAND URVEYOR
Fredericton, N. B.
Residence, corner of St. John and Brunswick
Streets.
Fredericton, July 8th—3 m

QUEEN HOTEL,
Fredericton, N. B.

J. A. Edwards,
PROPRIETOR.
FINE SAMPLE ROOM IN CONNECTION.
—ALSO—
A FIRST-CLASS LIVERY STABLE.
Coaches at trains and boats.
Aug. 25, 1883.

JAMES C FAIREY,
Auctioneer & Commission Agent,
Newcastle, Miramichi.

Prompt Returns made on Goods on Commission.
Newcastle, Nov. 21st, 1883.—1 yr.

Michael Donohue,
BLACKSMITH,
HARVEY STATION, York Co.
Wagon Work, and Shoeing, Horse Shoeing, Etc.
Feb. 2, 1883.

R SUTHERLAND, Jr.
MANUFACTURER OF
SCHOOL DESKS,
SCHOOL FURNITURE,
CHURCH FURNITURE,
OFFICE FURNITURE.

Merit Books and Cards used in Public Schools,
and authorized by the Board of Education,
General Repairs and Jobbing promptly attended
to.
All orders by mail will receive prompt attention.

QUEEN STREET,
Fredericton - - N. B.
Hand Bags,
WISP HOLDERS.
Wall Pockets.
JUST OPENED AND SELLING
CHEAP FOR CASH, AT
G. W. Schleyer's
Fancy Goods Store,
OPPOSITE NORMAL SCHOOL.
Fredericton, Oct. 22, 1884.

THE GLASGOW & LONDON
Fire Insurance Co'y
OF GREAT BRITAIN.
Capital, £2,500,000.
Government Deposit, £100,000.
Annual Income, £1,500,000.
Issues Special Policies, covering Fire and
Stock killed by Lightning in the Field.

Sun Life & Accident Assurance Co.
OF CANADA.
Assets over, £1,000,000.
J. B. GUNTER,
General Agent

D. BREEZE
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

GROCER,
Wine and Spirit
Merchant,

No. 1 KING SQUARE,
SAINT JOHN, - - N. B.
Saint John, N. B., Aug. 25, 1882.

"NONPAREIL"
Billiard Hall!
SHARKEY'S BUILDING,
OPP OFFICERS' BARRACKS, QUEEN ST.,
FREDERICTON, N. B.

I. E. FOSTER, Proprietor
THIS HALL has been newly fitted up and
handsomely furnished, and for room, light,
ventilation and refreshment, compares most favorably
with any Billiard Hall in the Dominion. The Billiard
and Pool Tables are pronounced by players to be
superior to any now in use in this Province. They are
the BRILLIANT NOVELTY, size, 4 1/2 x 9
feet.

The main object in the construction of the Billiard
Novelty, and the one most noticeable, is that
it embodies all the more salient or most important
features that have rendered popular all the other
styles of tables of this kind. It is Brunswick & Co.'s
make. The Billiard Novelty has all the ad-
vantages and good points, including the respective
inlays, claimed by the "Nonpareil" and "Exposition"
Tables. The Billiard Novelty is a happy combination
of all those celebrated tables, and has rapidly taken
the foremost place in the estimation of all players
of Billiard and Pool Tables. The "Novelty" is fin-
ished and handsomely inlaid in many different
colors, made up from California Laurel, Port Ash,
French Walnut, Bird's Eye Maple, Mahogany,
Rose Wood, Tulip Wood and Ebony. It is sup-
plied with the finest of Vermont Slate bed, Simons
Cloth, and a first-class outfit of everything neces-
sary.

A call is respectfully solicited from lovers
of the game. Boys under sixteen not allowed in
the Hall. Temperance drinks of all kinds, Cigars, etc.

T. E. FOSTER,
Proprietor.

JULY 8th.
Jeremiah Harrison & Co
SAINT JOHN, N.B.

OFFER
BARRADOS and EASTERN TRINIDAD Grocery
MOLASSES and REFINED SUGARS, all
grades, at greatly reduced Prices:
FLOUR, all qualities; Flouring and Rockwood
Meal; New Zealand A Corn Meal; Mace
Pork, Clearbacks Pork; Lard; Tea; Tobacco;
Dried Apples, etc.
At lowest wholesale prices for cash or approved
notes.
All goods sold by us guaranteed as represented.

North Market Wharf and Portland
Bridge.
June 28th.

FALL 1884
Fred B. Edgcombe

NOW OPEN
65 CASES
New and Fashionable Staple and
Fancy

Dry Goods
Consisting of the latest produc-
tions of the
HOME & FOREIGN MARKETS.
PRICES LOW.
More goods to arrive by coming
steamers.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
FRED. B. EDGECOMBE,
Queen St., Fredericton.
Branch—St. Mary's Ferry.

Shovels. Shovels.
BY RAIL FROM BOSTON.
6 DOZEN RAILROAD SHOVELS just to
hand, and 12 dozen more to arrive.
Pick Axes, Mattocks, Railroad Spiking Mauls,
and Pick Pointed Mattocks, all expected.
By last Steamer. R. CHESTNUT & SONS.
Fredericton, Aug. 20.

Organs! Organs!
THE DOHERTY ORGANS take the big bun-
dle the best made. The prettiest and the best
music for the money. Call and examine or write
for prices. LEMONT & SONS.
Fredericton, Nov. 5, 1884.

I have Just Received

IN STORE:
5 Tons Shorts,
5 Tons Bran,
2 Tons Buckwheat Kennel
500 Bushels Oats,
25 Tons Horse and Cow Hay

100 CASKS LIME,
ALSO A LARGE
Quantity of Wood.
For sale at the very lowest
prices and DELIVERED FREE OF
CHARGE.

H. MORECRAFT
CAMPBELL STREET, FREDERICTON.
November 8, 1884

BLOCKS.
12 SETS PAINT BLOCKS:
Common Blocks:
15 Bels Portland Cement;
25 - - - - - - - - - -
1500 Feet Wrought Iron Pipe, 1 inch;
1000 - - - - - - - - - -
4000 Feet Pick Axes for Railway Work;
1000 - - - - - - - - - -
1000 Boxes Wrought Iron Nails;
1000 - - - - - - - - - -
3000 Kegs Horse Shoes (30 kegs more daily
expected);
6 Rolls Leather Belting.
Just Received and for Sale by
R. CHESTNUT & SONS.
Fredericton, Oct. 1st, 1884.

30th APRIL, 1884.
Just Received by
ELY PERKINS,
HALF BLS. HERRINGS,
ALSO:
CODFISH, OATMEAL,
RICE, RAISINS,
TEA, SUGARS, &c.

FOR SALE LOW.
Fredericton, April 30th, 1884.

THE NEW ADVERTISEMENT OF
Jas. D. Fowler,
WATCHMAKER & JEWELLER.
Will appear in the next issue.

WHEELBARROWS.
WHEELBARROWS, Pickaxes, Mattocks,
Sledges, Handhammers, Drills, Poles, Pow-
der, Steel in round, square and octagon; full stock
on hand. Also—Shovels, round and square points,
long and short handles, both steel and iron, as low
as any other house in the city.
R. CHESTNUT & SONS.
July 23.

HOT AIR FURNACES
—AND—
REGISTERS
Always in stock. Furnaces fitted up in the most
thorough and workman-like manner.
I. & J. HARRIS.

Varnish. Varnish.
JUST TO HAND.
1 CASE Jamson's Rolling Varnish;
1 CASE Crown and Anchor Baling Varnish;
Gearing Varnish;
Finishing Varnish;
Wearing Body Varnish;
Black Japan; Pure Shellac;
Pure White Lead in 12 lb. pails.
Z. R. EVERETT'S
Aug. 21.

A. LIMERICK & Co
GAS FITTERS,
Plumbers, Tin Plate and
Sheet Iron Workers,
Dealers in Stoves &c.

Gas Fitting, Plumbing and Well
Boring will receive special attention.
Hot-Air Furnaces Fitted up.
YORK ST., FREDERICTON, N. B.
July 5th, 1884.

GENERAL INSURANCE
—AND—
TICKET AGENCY.
Insurance effected on all kinds of
buildings.
ISOLATED RISKS AT SPECIAL THREE
YEAR RATES.
Tickets issued direct to all Points
North, South, East and West.

Hard and Soft Coal always on hand.
JOHN RICHARDS & SON,
City Agency New Brunswick Ry.
July 5th, 1884.

Itching Piles—Symptoms and Cure.
The symptoms are moisture like perspiration,
intense itching, increased by scratch-
ing, very distressing, particularly at night;
as if pin-worms were crawling in and
about the rectum; the private parts are some-
times affected. If allowed to continue very
serious results may follow. "SWAYNE'S
OINTMENT" is a pleasant, sure cure. Also
for Tetter, Itch, Salt-Rheum, Scald-Head,
Erysipelas, Barber's Itch, Blisters, all scaly,
crusty skin diseases. Box, by mail, 50 cts.
3 for \$1.25. Address, DR. SWAYNE & SON,
Phila., Pa. Sold by druggists.

100 KEYS Cut Nails, 1 case Acme Skates,
1 case Wagon Hooks, bolts and nuts, extra.
1 case Sprocket Skates; 1 box, extra; 1 case
Pick Axes, Mattocks, Railroad Spiking Mauls,
and Pick Pointed Mattocks, all expected.
By last Steamer. R. CHESTNUT & SONS.
Nov. 5, 1884.

1884. 1885.

FALL & WINTER.

The Cheapest Place to buy
your
CLOTHING
—IS AT THE—
Imperial Hall,

Where there is always a large and varied assort-
ment of CLOTHING, consisting of

BLACK & BLUE DIAGONALS,
English, Scotch, and
Canadian Tweeds,
Broadcloths,
Doeskins, &c

TROUSERINGS,
in all the latest shades and designs. Also

OVERCOATINGS
BLACK, BROWN, and GREEN DI-
AGONALS, NAP CLOTHS, BEAVER, &c

MELTON'S IN ALL SHADES.
The above Goods will be made up in the most
fashionable style at very short notice, at VERY
LOWEST PRICES FOR CASH.

HATS, CAPS, SHIRTS, TIES, BRACES,
UNDERCLOTHING, &c., very cheap.

THOS. STANCER,
OPPOSITE POST OFFICE,
QUEEN STREET, FREDERICTON.
September 27, 1884.

REGISTERS.
Hot Air Registers and Ventilators.
Just Received a full line of Hot Air Reg-
isters, Store Pipe Registers, and Ventilators for Bed
Rooms from the manufacturer. Prices Low.
Parties fitting up furnaces can be accommodated.
R. CHESTNUT & SONS.

WHEELBARROWS.
WHEELBARROWS, Pickaxes, Mattocks,
Sledges, Handhammers, Drills, Poles, Pow-
der, Steel in round, square and octagon; full stock
on hand. Also—Shovels, round and square points,
long and short handles, both steel and iron, as low
as any other house in the city.
R. CHESTNUT & SONS.
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REGISTERS
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JUST TO HAND.
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Wearing Body Varnish;
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Pure White Lead in 12 lb. pails.
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1 case Wagon Hooks, bolts and nuts, extra.
1 case Sprocket Skates; 1 box, extra; 1 case
Pick Axes, Mattocks, Railroad Spiking Mauls,
and Pick Pointed Mattocks, all expected.
By last Steamer. R. CHESTNUT & SONS.
Nov. 5, 1884.

MA GIE.

The Loom Girl of Lowell.
By William Mason Turner, M. D.

(Continued.)
It failed its mark, but it severed a lock
of his grey hair as cleanly as though done
with a shears.

Growing fiercely, and uttering a horrid
oath, old Philip Frone gripped his knife
afresh, and pressed, in turn, upon her.
Still she was his match; for nerving
herself with a desperate energy, she
breasted his onset, and drove her knife
madly at him.

A second, and his vengeful weapon
went spinning to the side of the room by
the bay-window.

Philip Frone was disarmed—and by a
feeble-handed woman.

But he was not at the mercy of his
more successful adversary; for old Elsie
had struck with such force that the shock
paralyzed her withered hand, which had
been strung to desperation, and her own
weapon flew from her nerveless fingers.

A moment, and uttering a smothered
cry of satisfaction, the strong man flung
himself full upon her. His fingers gripped
into her neck. Shaking her violently
he managed to open the door, and drag-
ing her, half-strangled, into the passage,
he bore her by main strength to the front
door of the mansion. All the time his
strong hand was closing tighter and tight-
er over her throat, shutting in even the
terrible gasping that were trying to
struggle forth.

The door was reached and opened, and
summoning all his immense strength old
Frone lifted the helpless, half-dead
woman and hurled her head-long out.

"Go, and curses upon you!" he mutter-
ed, softly closing and locking the door.
"If you are found dead in the morning,
with your neck broken, no one will be
the wiser; and I'll be rid of an infernal
shadow that has blackened my pathway
for many—many years. And in the end
it must come to that; for both of us can-
not—"

As his mutterings grew fainter, he re-
entered his study and closed the door.
Once again he started as he strode into
the room and glanced around him. For
just then the suspicious noise, referred
to some time back, was heard again—
and very distinctly.

It sounded like the sudden rustling of
a lady's skirts.

But there was no lady in the room—
nothing but that selfsame curtain, against
which the cold night wind was blowing.

Old Mr. Frone smiled, as he approach-
ed the saff and pushed it up to its place,
thus shutting out the cause of his alarm.
The curtain rustled no more.

As a satisfied expression rested upon
his face, he seated himself by the table,
and once more took out the decanter of
brandy. He was far from being sleepy
now, though the hour of midnight was
almost on the stroke.

Old Elsie Harebell had fallen heavily
down the steps of the mansion, out upon
the hard flagstones of the pavement.
For several moments she lay motionless,
as though she was dead. Not a sound—
not even a groan escaped her. It seemed
indeed as if Philip Frone had accomplish-
ed his purpose, and rid himself of her
presence for all time.

But the old woman was only stunned.
The ups and downs of life, over which
she had passed for the last thirty years,
had toughened her—her powers of endur-
ance were wonderful.

As the cold winter winds passed over
her face she slowly revived.

At last she struggled to her feet, and
grasping around found her staff, which
she had let fall when entering the man-
sion. Grasping it she hobbled away.

But she only proceeded a few paces be-
fore she wheeled and fronted the dark,
featureless mansion.

"Curses upon you, Philip Frone!" she
hissed, in a harsh, squeaking voice, while
she shook her withered finger at the
house—"curses upon you, forever! For
now there is war between us to the knife!
Yet, oh, Heaven! and her head sank
sadly, "how I once loved him—loved him
through all his loves! 'Tis gone now—
gone for aye! I would pluck his dastardly
heart from his bosom! But he
must not learn my hiding-place; I'll not
trust him. But I'll watch him! And the
day may come when Richard Marsh shall
be righted, and have his own again.
Stranger things have happened. I must
be gone," she continued, hastily—"must
toss back, hungry and cold to—"

She paused very suddenly, and shad-
ing her eyes, peered ahead of her.

While she was speaking, the echo of
footsteps fell upon her ear. And those
footsteps were coming toward her.

Just then the tall, brawny form of a
man came in view.

As he passed a flaring lamp up the
silent street, old Elsie, with a numbness
that was surprising, slid into the shadows
behind a tree-box, and stood still.

A few moments and the man, his face
bent straight ahead of him, strode by.

"He is gone! Good!" muttered the
old woman, drawing a deep breath of
relief. "Twas that fine, noble-hearted
young man, who more than once has
done me kindness. But George Hart

must not see me here. The time has
not come when poor old Elsie Harebell
can, and must, show her hand in the
wicked game that is being played. No;
for George Hart is the foreman of the
great Merrimac Mills, which even now
thunder—"

Her voice broke into a low cackle as
she emerged from her hiding place, and
resumed her tedious way.

On she went; but her feeble strength
had been terribly taxed. Her step grew
slower, and by the time she reached
dark and deserted Gorham street, she
could with difficulty put one foot before
the other.

She struggled on, however, up the last
named street for some minutes longer,
and at last sank wearily down, as she
reached the bridge that spanned the
canal.

We will return briefly to the Frone
mansion.

The rich man, for the third time this
night, helped himself freely to the
brandy.

"By Heavens!" he muttered, hoarsely,
"I did not dream that Elsie Harebell was
living—living to torment me, and blacken
all the happiness and comfort of my life!
Ten years ago I gave her money, and sent
her to New Orleans in the hope that the
fatal southern scourge would overtake
her, and sweep her from my path forever.
True enough, I soon heard—ay! I saw her
name among the victims published in a
newspaper—that she had died. She is
here again? Furies and curses? Well,
the pistol, the knife, or poison, must ac-
complish what yellow fever failed to ef-
fect—"

As though a bolt from a cloudless sky
had crashed in his ears, the old man
paused, and leaped to his feet. For as he
placed away the liquor, and was on the
point, at last, of seeking his bed-chamber,
the front door-bell once again startled the
mansion. It fell like a funeral knell upon
old Philip Frone's ears.

"In Heaven's name, who can that be
now?" he exclaimed. "Surely it cannot
be that infernal old woman who has re-
vived, and dares disturb me again! Yet
she is wicked enough to do almost—
Ha!"

He suddenly stooped, picked up the
two knives that lay upon the floor, and
thrust them out of sight in the table
drawer. But so great was his agitation
that he forgot to lock the drawer—

Again the bell rang.

"By Heaven! I must answer that
summons, or the house will be aroused,
and Jacob—Ha! yet again!"

He waited no longer as the bell jingled
for the third time, but hurried into the
passage. He strode straight to the front
door. Cautionally opening it, he looked
out.

He started wildly back and gasped for
breath as he saw, standing on the top
most step, in the full glare of the lamp
outside, a tall, broad-shouldered man.
And he knew that man.

"You, George Hart!" he muttered, in
a low, stern voice. "What the d—
brings you here at this time of night,
and how dare you, common fellow that
you are, to disturb me at this time of
night?"

The brawny-armed foreman recoiled
before the insulting words of his rich
employer. His brow contracted and his
hard fingers gripped together. But Geo.
Hart, long ago in life had won his great-
est victory—the mastery over himself.
He did not forget the lesson now.

"Perhaps I am a common fellow," Mr.
Frone," he said, with reasonable resent-
ment, yet speaking calmly and respect-
fully, "but I try to be an honest man!"

His last words were spoken with a
marked emphasis, and could old Philip
Frone have looked through the shadows
on George Hart's face, he would have
been stung to the quick at the expression
of contempt resting there.

"An honest man!" he ejaculated,
while a slight tremor crept into his tones.
"You speak in enigmas, George Hart.
But your business? Has anything gone
wrong at the mills?"

"Nothing, sir; I have not been there
as yet," was the reply.

"What? Then why, in Heaven's name?"

"I had business elsewhere," quietly in-
terrupted the foreman, "business which
I could attend to without in any way
neglecting my duties at the mills. But,
pardon me, Mr. Frone," and the brawny
"fellow" drew his overcoat suggestively
around him, "I wish to see you a few
moments on what I consider important
business. 'Tis rather cold out here for—
you."

Old Frone stammered out:
"Important business, eh? Ah, yes, ex-
actly. Follow me into the study, but,
mind you, make no noise. I don't wish
the household disturbed. Walk lightly.
Come."

George Hart entered, but he could not
drive away the sneer that came to his
lips as he listened to the old man's
caution.

A moment and he stood in the com-
fortable study. Mr. Frone cautiously
closed the door, and as usual with him,
turned the key in the lock. He was a
very suspicious man, and trusted no one
—the very men himself who could not be
trusted.

"Now you very important business,"

Mr. Hart," and his manner grew a little
respectful. He flung himself into a
chair, but, as with old Elsie, he failed to
offer a seat to the foreman.

George Hart did not notice the over-
sight. He quietly removed his hat, and
said:
"I came to see you, sir, about old man
Marsh."

CHAPTER IX.
AN APPEARANCE IN THE STUDY.

Mr. Frone started violently as his mill-
man spoke the name of Richard Marsh.
"What of that old rascal? How—?"

"Rascal, Mr. Frone?" and Hart's eyes
rested firmly, with a singular glance—a
glance full of meaning—upon his em-
ployer's face.

Mr. Frone felt the emphasis, felt