

THE YORK GLEANER,  
PUBLISHED  
Every Wednesday Afternoon,  
Is delivered in any part of the City, or by mail  
to any address in Canada, at  
\$1.00 per Year, in Advance.  
JAS. H. CROCKET, PROPRIETOR.

# The York Gleaner.

JAS. H. CROCKET, PROPRIETOR.

FREDERICTON, N. B., FEBRUARY 27, 1884.

VOL. IV, NO. 9.

GLEANER JOB PRINT  
Book and Job Printing of Every Description  
Executed at this office, with neatness  
and dispatch.  
ESTIMATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.  
JAS. H. CROCKET, PROPRIETOR.

1884

NEW YEAR.

1884

WILEY'S DRUG STORE.

Fancy Goods, Perfumes, Toilet Articles, Pure Spices, Etc., Etc.

Pure Flavoring Extracts, Ten Gross Diamond Dyes.

JOHN M. WILEY, Opp. Normal School, Queen Street, Fredericton.

Professional Cards.  
J. T. SHARKEY, LL. B.,  
Attorney-at-Law, Notary Public, &c.

OFFICE:  
QUEEN STREET, FREDERICTON

Opp. Officers' Square.  
Fredericton, June 20th, 1883.—1 yr.

J. M. O'BRIEN  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,  
Conveyancer, Notary Public, Fire

—AND—  
LIFE INSURANCE AGENT.

CLAUDE PROFFER COLLECTOR.  
Office: Near Customs House, Water Street.

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

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, (op. stairs),  
FREDERICTON.

December 12, 1883.

A. L. BELYEA,  
Barister, Etc.

OFFICE:  
QUEEN STREET, FREDERICTON.

2 Doors Below Queen Hotel.  
Fredericton, Nov. 28th, 1883.—1 yr.

JOHN BLACK,  
BARRISTER

—AND—  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,  
NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEYANCER, &c.

FREDERICTON, N. B.  
Office on Queen Street, over the W. U. Telegraph

DIRECTLY OPPOSITE THE POST OFFICE.  
Loans Negotiated. Accounts Collected.  
Fredericton, Dec. 1st, 1883.

Business Cards.  
QUEEN HOTEL,  
Fredericton, N. B.

A. Edwards,  
PROPRIETOR.

FINE SAMPLE ROOM IN CONNECTION  
—AND—  
A FIRST-CLASS LIVERY STABLE.

Cheats at trains and boats.  
Aug. 25, 1882.

JAMES C. FAIRY,  
Auctioneer & Commission Agent,

Newcastle, Miramichi.

Prompt Returns made on Goods on Con-  
signment.  
Newcastle, Nov. 21st, 1883.—1 yr.

Barker House,  
RETIRED AND NEWLY FURNISHED.

Queen Street, Fredericton, N.B.

F. B. COLEMAN, Prop.

Fredericton, March 28, 1883.

Michael Donohue,  
BLACKSMITH,  
HARVEY STATION, York Co.

Wagon Work, Shoeing, Horse Shoeing, Etc.  
General Repairs and Jobbing promptly attended to.  
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,  
Price \$4.00.

QUEEN STREET,  
Fredericton, N. B.

Business Cards.  
FREDERICTON  
MONUMENTAL WORKS,  
Queen Street.

JUST ABOVE REFORM CLUB ROOMS.  
THE Subscriber begs to inform the Public that  
he is prepared to execute all sorts of  
Plain and Ornamental

MONUMENTS, TABLETS,  
Fence Stones and Posts.

First-Class Material and Workmanship  
guaranteed.

JOHN MOORE  
Fredericton, Sept. 1.

CHATHAM LIVERY STABLE.  
ANGUS ULLOCK,  
Duke Street, Chatham,  
MIRAMICHI.

First-Class turnout stock fresh. Particular at-  
tention given to family carriage.

Chatham, Nov. 21st, 1883.—1 yr.

M. A. FINN,  
IMPORTER OF  
Wines, Liquors

—AND—  
CIGARS.

Or, Prince William and Princess Streets,  
Saint John, N. B.

April 18, 1883.

D. BREEZE,  
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

GROCER,

Wine and Spirit  
Merchant,

No. 1 KING SQUARE,  
SAINT JOHN, N. B.

St. John, N. B., Aug. 25, 1882.

Banking.  
The Maritime Bank  
OF THE  
DOMINION OF CANADA.

Authorized Capital, \$2,000,000  
Paid Up Capital, \$600,000

Head Office, ST. JOHN, N. B.  
THOMAS MACLELLAN, ALFRED R. Y.

PASSENGER. COMM.

FREDERICTON BRANCH:  
A. S. MURRAY, - - - Agent.

J. A. & W. VANWART, Solicitors.

WOODSTOCK BRANCH:  
GILBERT V. VANWART, - - - Agent

DIRECTORS:  
JOS. WOOD, M. P. Sackville.  
JAMES M. MURRAY, Esq. Fredericton.

JOHN M. MURRAY, Esq. Miramichi.  
J. A. & W. VANWART, Esq. Fredericton.

W. H. MURRAY, Esq. Miramichi.  
J. A. & W. VANWART, Esq. Fredericton.

W. H. MURRAY, Esq. Miramichi.  
J. A. & W. VANWART, Esq. Fredericton.

W. H. MURRAY, Esq. Miramichi.  
J. A. & W. VANWART, Esq. Fredericton.

W. H. MURRAY, Esq. Miramichi.  
J. A. & W. VANWART, Esq. Fredericton.

W. H. MURRAY, Esq. Miramichi.  
J. A. & W. VANWART, Esq. Fredericton.

W. H. MURRAY, Esq. Miramichi.  
J. A. & W. VANWART, Esq. Fredericton.

W. H. MURRAY, Esq. Miramichi.  
J. A. & W. VANWART, Esq. Fredericton.

W. H. MURRAY, Esq. Miramichi.  
J. A. & W. VANWART, Esq. Fredericton.

W. H. MURRAY, Esq. Miramichi.  
J. A. & W. VANWART, Esq. Fredericton.

W. H. MURRAY, Esq. Miramichi.  
J. A. & W. VANWART, Esq. Fredericton.

W. H. MURRAY, Esq. Miramichi.  
J. A. & W. VANWART, Esq. Fredericton.

W. H. MURRAY, Esq. Miramichi.  
J. A. & W. VANWART, Esq. Fredericton.

W. H. MURRAY, Esq. Miramichi.  
J. A. & W. VANWART, Esq. Fredericton.

W. H. MURRAY, Esq. Miramichi.  
J. A. & W. VANWART, Esq. Fredericton.

W. H. MURRAY, Esq. Miramichi.  
J. A. & W. VANWART, Esq. Fredericton.

LITERATURE.  
SHE LOVES AND LIES.  
BY WILKIE COLLINS.

(Concluded.)

VI.  
In less than the minute she asked for  
Mrs. Callender was calm enough to go on.

"I now possess what is called a life inter-  
est in my husband's fortune. The money is to be divided at my death, among  
charitable institutions, excepting a certain event—"

"Which is provided for in the will?"  
Ernest asked, looking her in the face.

"Yes, I am to be absolute mistress of  
the whole of the four hundred thousand  
pounds," her voice dropped, and her  
eyes looked away from him as she spoke  
the next words—"on this condition, that  
you do not marry again."

"No, Mr. Linsmore, I mean exactly what  
I have said. You now know that the re-  
covery of your credit and your peace of  
mind rests entirely with yourself."

After a moment of reflection he took  
her hand, and raised it respectfully to his  
lips.

"You are a noble woman," he said.  
She made no reply. With dropping  
head and downcast eyes she waited for his  
decision. He accepted his responsibility.

"I must not, and dare not, think of the  
hardship of my own position," he said;  
"I owe it to you to speak without re-  
ference to the future that may be in store  
for me. No man can be worthy of the  
sacrifice which your generous forgive-  
ness of yourself is willing to make. I re-  
spect you, I admire you; I thank you  
with my whole heart. Leave me to my  
fate, Mrs. Callender, and let me go."

He rose. She stopped him with a ges-  
ture.

"A young woman would shrink from  
saying 'I am an old woman' mean to  
say 'I refuse to leave you to your  
fate. I ask you to prove that you respect  
me, admire me, and thank me with your  
whole heart. Take one day to think—  
and let me hear the result. You promise  
me this?'"

He promised.  
"Now go," she said.

VII.  
The next morning Ernest received a  
letter from Mrs. Callender. She wrote  
to him as follows:

"There are some considerations which  
I ought to have mentioned yesterday  
evening, before you left my house—"

"I ought to have reminded you—if you  
consent to consider your decision—that  
the circumstances do not require you to  
pledge yourself to me absolutely."

"At my age I can with perfect pro-  
priety assure you that I mean to carry  
out simply and solely as a formality  
which we must fulfil, if I am to carry out  
my intention of standing between you  
and ruin."

"Therefore—if the missing ship appears  
in time, the only reason for the marriage  
is at an end. We shall be as good friends  
as ever, without the incubation of a  
formal tie to bind us."

"In the other event, I should ask you  
to submit to certain restrictions which,  
remembering my position, you will under-  
stand and excuse."

"We are to live together, it is un-  
necessary to say, as mother and son. The  
marriage ceremony is to be strictly pri-  
vate; that, immediately afterwards, we  
are to go to some foreign place which  
will be unobtrusive to a woman like  
me. As to our future life, I have the  
most perfect confidence in you, and I  
should leave you in the same position of  
independence which you occupy now.  
When you wish for my company you  
will always be welcome. At other times  
you are your own master. I live on my  
side of the house, and you live on yours  
—and I am to be allowed my hours of  
solitude every day, in the pursuit of my  
occupations, which have been happily  
associated with all my past life, and  
which I trust confidently to your indul-  
gence."

"A last word to remind you of what  
you may be too kind to think of your-  
self."

"At my age, you cannot, in the course  
of nature, be troubled with the society  
of a graceful old woman for many years.  
You are young enough to look forward  
to another marriage, which shall be some-  
thing more than a mere form."

"Even if you meet with the happy  
woman in my lifetime honestly tell me  
of it—and I promise to tell her that she  
has only to wait."

"In the meantime don't think because  
I write coldly that I write heart-  
lessly. You pleased and interested me  
when I first saw you at the public meet-  
ing. I don't think I could have propos-  
ed what you call this sacrifice of myself  
to a man who had personally repelled  
me—though I might have felt my debt  
of gratitude as sincerely as ever. Whether  
your ship is saved, or whether your ship  
is lost, old Mrs. Callender likes you,  
and owes it without false shame."

"Let me have your answer this evening,  
either personally or by letter—which  
ever you like best."

"Am I not worthy of you?" he asked,  
when it was over.

She pressed his hand in silence.

"I should be the most ungrateful  
wretch living if I did not think of you,  
and you only now that my confession is  
made. We will leave Munich to-morrow  
—and, if a resolution can help me, I will  
only remember the sweetest woman my  
eyes ever looked on as the creature of a  
dream."

She hid her face on his breast and  
reminded him of that letter of her writ-  
ing, which had decided the course of  
their lives.

VIII.  
Mrs. Callender received a written an-  
swer long before evening. It said much  
in few words.

"I am impenetrable to kindness  
which might be addressed to Ernest in  
him on the forehead—and said withly:  
"I shall be better in bed!"

Before he could move or speak, she  
had left him.

IX.  
The weeks passed and no news was  
received of the missing ship. With the  
marriage license in Ernest's possession  
they waited until the day before the  
ship owners' liabilities became due. Mrs.  
Callender's lawyer and Mrs. Callender's  
maid were the only persons trusted with  
their secret.

Leaving the chief clerk in charge of the  
business with every pecuniary demand  
on his employer satisfied in full, the  
strangely married pair quitted England.

They arrived in a few days in  
Paris to receive any letters of importance  
which might be addressed to Ernest in  
the interval. On the evening of their  
arrival a telegram from London was wait-  
ing at their hotel. It announced that the  
missing ship had passed up Channel—  
undiscovered in a fog, until she reached  
the Downs—on the day before Ernest's  
liabilities fell due.

"Do you regret it?" Mrs. Linsmore said  
to her husband.

"Not for a moment," he answered.

"They decided on pursuing their journey  
as far as Munich."

Mrs. Linsmore's taste for music was  
matched by Ernest's taste for painting.  
In his leisure hours he cultivated the art,  
and delighted in it. The picture galleries  
of Munich were almost the only ones in  
Europe which he had not seen. True to  
the engagements to which she had  
pledged herself his wife was willing to  
go wherever it might please him to take  
her. The one suggestion she made was  
that they should hire furnished apart-  
ments. If they lived at a hotel, friends  
of the husband or the wife (visitors like  
themselves to the famous city) might see  
their names in the book, or meet them  
at the door.

They were soon established in a house  
large enough to provide them with every  
accommodation which they required.

Ernest's days passed in the galleries;  
Mrs. Linsmore remained at home devoted  
to her music, until it was time to go out  
with her husband for a drive.

Living together in perfect amity and  
concord, they were nevertheless not liv-  
ing happily. Without any visible reason  
for the change, Mrs. Linsmore's spirits  
were depressed. On the occasion when  
Ernest noticed it she made an effort to  
be cheerful, which it distressed him to  
see. He allowed her to think she had re-  
covered, but he was not deceived. What  
ever doubts he might feel were doubts  
delicately concealed from that forth.

But when two people are living to-  
gether in a state of artificial tranquillity,  
it seems to be a law of nature that the  
elements of disturbance gather unseen,  
and that the outburst comes inevitably  
with the lapse of time.

In ten days from the date of their  
arrival at Munich the crisis came.

Ernest returned later than usual from  
the picture gallery, and for the first time  
staid himself up in his own room.

He appeared at the dinner hour with  
a futile excuse. Mrs. Linsmore waited  
until the servant had withdrawn.

"Now, Ernest," she said, "it's time to  
tell me the truth."

Her manner when she said those few  
words took him by surprise. She was  
unusually composed; and instead of  
looking at him, she trifled with the fruit  
on her plate. Embarrassed on his side  
he could only answer:

"I have nothing to tell."

"Were there many visitors at the  
gallery?" she asked.

"About the same as usual."

"Any that particularly noticed?"  
she went on. "I mean among the ladies."

He laughed uneasily.

"You forget how interested I am in  
the pictures?" he said.

There was a pause. She looked up at  
him—and suddenly looked away again.  
But he saw it plainly; there were tears  
in her eyes.

"Do you mind turning down the gas?"  
she said. "My eyes have been weak all  
day."

He complied with her request—the  
more readily, having his own reasons for  
being glad to escape the glaring scrutiny  
of the light.

"I will rest a little on the sofa,"  
she resumed.

In the position which she occupied, his  
back would have been turned on her.  
She stopped him when he tried to move  
his chair.

"I would rather not look at you,  
Ernest," she said, "when you have lost  
confidence in me."

Not the words, but the tone, touched  
him. He left his place, and knelt beside  
her—and opened to her his whole heart.

X.  
"Am I not worthy of you?" he asked,  
when it was over.

She pressed his hand in silence.

"I should be the most ungrateful  
wretch living if I did not think of you,  
and you only now that my confession is  
made. We will leave Munich to-morrow  
—and, if a resolution can help me, I will  
only remember the sweetest woman my  
eyes ever looked on as the creature of a  
dream."

She hid her face on his breast and  
reminded him of that letter of her writ-  
ing, which had decided the course of  
their lives.

XI.  
The next morning he knocked at the  
door of his wife's room, and asked how  
she had spent the night.

"I have slept badly," she answered.  
"I must beg you to excuse my  
absence at breakfast time."

She called him back as he was about  
to withdraw.

Remember, she said, "when you re-  
turn from the gallery to-day, I expect  
that you will not return alone."

Three hours later he was at home  
again. The young lady's services as a  
copyist were at his disposal; she had re-  
turned with him to look at the drawings.

The sitting-room was empty when they  
entered it. He rang for his wife's maid,  
and was informed that Mrs. Linsmore  
had gone out.

Refusing to believe the woman, he  
went to his wife's apartments. She was  
not to be found.

When he returned to the sitting-room  
the young lady was not unnaturally  
offended. He could make allowances  
for her being a little out of temper at the  
slight delay in her putting up her hair;  
but he was not merely surprised; he was  
disgusted. Her beauty had so completely  
fascinated him when he first saw her that  
the idea of associating any want of refine-  
ment and good-breeding with such a  
charming creature never entered his  
mind. This disengagement of him was  
so complete that he was even disagree-  
ably affected by the tone of her voice; it  
seemed as repellent to him as the ex-  
hibition of unrestrained but temper  
which she seemed perfectly careless to  
conceal.

"I confess you surprise me," he said  
coldly.

The reply produced no effect on her.  
On the contrary, she became more in-  
censed than ever.

"I have a fertile fancy," she went on,  
"and your absurd way of taking a joke  
only encourages me. Suppose you could  
transform this sour old wife of yours, who  
has insulted me, into the sweetest young  
creature that ever lived by only holding  
up your finger—wouldn't you do it?"

"This passed the limits of his endurance."  
He was not merely surprised; he was  
disgusted. Her beauty had so completely  
fascinated him when he first saw her that  
the idea of associating any want of refine-  
ment and good-breeding with such a  
charming creature never entered his  
mind. This disengagement of him was  
so complete that he was even disagree-  
ably affected by the tone of her voice; it  
seemed as repellent to him as the ex-  
hibition of unrestrained but temper  
which she seemed perfectly careless to  
conceal.

"I confess you surprise me," he said  
coldly.

The reply produced no effect on her.  
On the contrary, she became more in-  
censed than ever.

"I have a fertile fancy," she went on,  
"and your absurd way of taking a joke  
only encourages me. Suppose you could  
transform this sour old wife of yours, who  
has insulted me, into the sweetest young  
creature that ever lived by only holding  
up your finger—wouldn't you do it?"

"This passed the limits of his endurance."  
He was not merely surprised; he was  
disgusted. Her beauty had so completely  
fascinated him when he first saw her that  
the idea of associating any want of refine-  
ment and good-breeding with such a  
charming creature never entered his  
mind. This disengagement of him was  
so complete that he was even disagree-  
ably affected by the tone of her voice; it  
seemed as repellent to him as the ex-  
hibition of unrestrained but temper  
which she seemed perfectly careless to  
conceal.

"I confess you surprise me," he said  
coldly.

The reply produced no effect on her.  
On the contrary, she became more in-  
censed than ever.

"I have a fertile fancy," she went on,  
"and your absurd way of taking a joke  
only encourages me. Suppose you could  
transform this sour old wife of yours, who  
has insulted me, into the sweetest young  
creature that ever lived by only holding  
up your finger—wouldn't you do it?"

"This passed the limits of his endurance."  
He was not merely surprised; he was  
disgusted. Her beauty had so completely  
fascinated him when he first saw her that  
the idea of associating any want of refine-  
ment and good-breeding with such a  
charming creature never entered his  
mind. This disengagement of him was  
so complete that he was even disagree-  
ably affected by the tone of her voice; it  
seemed as repellent to him as the ex-  
hibition of unrestrained but temper  
which she seemed perfectly careless to  
conceal.

"I confess you surprise me," he said  
coldly.

The reply produced no effect on her.  
On the contrary, she became more in-  
censed than ever.

"I have a fertile fancy," she went on,  
"and your absurd way of taking a joke  
only encourages me. Suppose you could  
transform this sour old wife of yours, who  
has insulted me, into the sweetest young  
creature that ever lived by only holding  
up your finger—wouldn't you do it?"

"This passed the limits of his endurance."  
He was not merely surprised; he was  
disgusted. Her beauty had so completely  
fascinated him when he first saw her that  
the idea of associating any want of refine-  
ment and good-breeding with such a  
charming creature never entered his  
mind. This disengagement of him was  
so complete that he was even disagree-  
ably affected by the tone of her voice; it  
seemed as repellent to him as the ex-  
hibition of unrestrained but temper  
which she seemed perfectly careless to  
conceal.

"I confess you surprise me," he said  
coldly.

The reply produced no effect on her.  
On the contrary, she became more in-  
censed than ever.

"I have a fertile fancy," she went on,  
"and your absurd way of taking a joke  
only encourages me. Suppose you could  
transform this sour old wife of yours, who  
has insulted me, into the sweetest young  
creature that ever lived by only holding  
up your finger—wouldn't you do it?"

"This passed the limits of his endurance."  
He was not merely surprised; he was  
disgusted. Her beauty had so completely  
fascinated him when he first saw her that  
the idea of associating any want of refine-  
ment and good-breeding with such a  
charming creature never entered his  
mind. This disengagement of him was  
so complete that he was even disagree-  
ably affected by the tone of her voice; it  
seemed as repellent to him as the ex-  
hibition of unrestrained but temper  
which she seemed perfectly careless to  
conceal.

"I confess you surprise me," he said  
coldly.

The reply produced no effect on her.  
On the contrary, she became more in-  
censed than ever.

"I