

THE YORK GLEANER,  
PUBLISHED  
Every Wednesday Afternoon,  
at 10 o'clock, at 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 13, 1884.

VOL. 1<sup>st</sup>, NO. 7.

GLEANER JOB PRINT  
Book and Job Printing of Every Description  
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and dispatch.  
ESTIMATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.  
JAS. H. CROCKET, PROPRIETOR.

1884

NEW YEAR.

1884

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

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Attorney-at-Law, Notary Public, &c.  
OFFICE:  
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Opp. Officers' Square.  
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Conveyancer, Notary Public, Fire  
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LIFE INSURANCE AGENT.  
OFFICE: NEAR CUSTOM HOUSE, WATER STREET,  
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December 12, 1883.

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Office on Queen Street, over the W. U. Telegraph  
DIRECTLY OPPOSITE THE POST OFFICE.  
Loans Negotiated. Accounts Collected.  
Fredericton, Dec. 15, 1883.

**QUEEN HOTEL,**  
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FIVE SAMPLE ROOM IN CONNECTION.  
A FIRST-CLASS LIVERY STABLE.  
Coches and boats.  
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**JAMES C. FAIREY,**  
Auctioneer & Commission Agent,  
Newcastle, Miramichi.  
Prompt Returns made for Goods on Com-  
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Newcastle, Nov. 21st, 1883-1 yr.

**Barker House,**  
RETIRED AND NEWLY FURNISHED.  
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**Michael Donohue,**  
**BLACKSMITH,**  
WAGON STATION, York Co.  
Wagon Work, Sled Shoeing, Horse Shoeing, Etc.  
promptly done at moderate rates.  
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MANUFACTURER OF  
SCHOOL DESKS,  
SCHOOL FURNITURE,  
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OFFICE FURNITURE.  
Mett Books and Cards used in Public Schools,  
and authorized by the Board of Education,  
General Repairing and Jobbing promptly attended to.  
QUEEN STREET,  
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**Business Cards.**  
**FREDERICTON**  
**MONUMENTAL WORKS,**  
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JUST ABOVE REFORM CLUB ROOMS.  
THIS Subscriber begs to inform the Public that  
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Plain and Ornamental  
MONUMENTS, TABLETS,  
Fence Stones and Posts.  
2<sup>nd</sup> First Class Material and Workmanship  
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**ANGUS ULLOCK,**  
Duke Street, Chatham,  
MIRAMICHI.  
First-Class turnouts; stock fresh. Particular  
attention given to family carriages.  
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**M. A. FINN,**  
IMPORTER OF  
Wines, Liquors  
AND  
CIGARS,  
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Saint John, N. B.  
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Wholesale and Retail.  
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No. 1 KING SQUARE,  
SAINT JOHN, N. B.  
Saint John, N. B., Aug. 25, 1882.

**The Maritime Bank**  
OF THE  
DOMINION OF CANADA.  
Authorized Capital, \$2,000,000  
Paid Up Capital, \$698,000  
Head Office, ST. JOHN, N. B.  
THOMAS MACLELLAN, ALFRED RAY,  
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FREDERICTON BRANCH:  
A. S. MURRAY, - - - Agent.  
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THOMAS MACLELLAN, of Maclellan & Co., Bankers,  
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HOWARD D. THOMPSON, of Thompson & Son, Shipbuilders,  
Winnipeg, Man.

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**LITERATURE**  
**NED GROSVENOR'S COURT-  
SHIP.**  
CHAPTER I.  
"I wonder," pondered the Widow Wre,  
"What can make Mr. Earle so melancholy?  
It's beyond me!" and the old lady  
heaved a deep sigh.  
So had she sighed many times before,  
when turning over in her mind the various  
eccentricities of her lodger. What could  
make him so sad?  
Of his wealth and position there could  
be no doubt. The class of visitors, al-  
ways on business, that frequented the old  
gentleman's room—large, commodious  
rooms, which Mr. Earle himself had fur-  
nished—were not such as run after poor  
men. He was rich, then, and popular;  
what more could he require to be happy?  
"True," mused the widow to herself,  
"he's not utterly strong."

At the very moment that the old lady  
was certain that her lodger was blast  
of heaven—sat pondering on his many  
"privileges," as she phrased it, one of the  
many callers upon Mr. Earle was with  
him.  
"No news?" demanded that grave gen-  
tleman, looking up, as a person entered  
whose appearance was that of a man such  
as discerning persons might choose to  
consult in confidential matters; "no news,  
Baldwin?"  
"Nothing, sir," replied the new-comer,  
with a quickly-checked sigh.  
"It's of no use, my friend; I am utterly  
discouraged," moaned Mr. Earle, rising  
and beginning to pace the apartment in  
an agitated manner. "I shall never hear  
of my daughter again."  
"Listen to me, sir!" exclaimed Bald-  
win. "Miss Lois cannot be lost forever.  
We must find her, sooner or later."  
"Unless she is dead," sobbed the  
wretched father.

"If she were dead, we must have learned  
of when, where, how. Remember, it has  
only been six months in all since she van-  
ished, from Chicago only six months  
since, with the hope of finding her in this  
modern Babylon, we have come to New  
York. Keep up, sir, keep up!" added  
he, entreatingly.  
Perhaps a skillful physician, with his  
hand on poor Mr. Earle's pulse, might  
have wondered, just then, how long it  
would be possible, in accordance with the  
rules of physical science, for soul and  
body to continue to strive on one against  
the other.

"Don't think it, sir—don't think for a  
moment that the Lord will it that all  
your wealth should go to that goal-  
for-nothing rascal, your—your brother."  
A bitter smile passed over Mr. Earle's  
face at the unqualified and energetic ex-  
pression made use of by his old and long-  
tried friend. And yet, how well he knew  
it to be deserved!

The mother of Florence Earle had  
married twice. To Florence, her eldest,  
her well-beloved and upright son—to  
him who had made her last days so peace-  
ful and bright that many sorrows grew  
most dim in her remembrance because  
of those later days—she had left the  
wealth which a second widowhood had  
made hers.

Her last marriage, of which Louis  
Tresham, her younger son, had been the  
fruit, had been wretchedly unhappy.  
Maude Tresham being openly and con-  
stantly unfaithful to his wife.  
Louis was like his father, bad, and  
knowing him to be so, utterly and dread-  
fully bad, the mother had willed that  
a stated sum should be paid to him year  
by year, in quarterly instalments, by  
Florence, his half-sister, and that the  
wealth left to her eldest son should never  
become the possession of the youngest,  
except in case of the death of the former  
without heirs.

"He would never do anything but harm  
with money," Mrs. Tresham had said;  
"and the more money he had, the more  
harm he would be able to do."  
At the time of Mrs. Tresham's death,  
Florence had lost his wife, Alice; but, child  
ing she he left him an infant daughter,  
afterward christened Lois, and this the  
father idolized.

Lois had grown to the age of fifteen,  
with rare loveliness of face and form, and  
during the six months which had  
followed, Mr. Earle had failed in every  
effort to trace his lost daughter.

Six months seemed as six years to Mr.  
Earle, despite the unnumbered and  
patient efforts which the unhappy father  
made to bear up against the heavy af-  
fliction visited upon him.

Two years passed by—slowly, indeed,  
to the seeking and waiting—two years  
spent in every effort that wealth could  
effect or hope suggest, after that conver-  
sation with his story opens, and, with  
their close, the father of Miss Earle, with  
his friend, Jonas Baldwin, had come more  
returned to New York, after visiting  
every large city in the Union without  
success.

No new clue presented itself.  
There were times when the saying  
which alludes to the exceptional diffi-  
culties in the way of finding a needle "in  
a bundle of hay" would present itself with  
a certain degree of unbecoming force to  
the mind of Earle's friend.

But he was a "never-say-die" sort of  
man, and neither by word or look suf-  
fered Mr. Earle to perceive his inward dis-  
couragement.  
He still continued staunch and faithful  
to the task of seeking "pretty Miss Lois,"  
and the duty, almost as arduous, of cheer-  
ing his friend.

It was about five in the afternoon, when  
a couple of men, one of whom appeared  
to be forty and the other about thirty  
five years of age, emerged together from  
the Irving House, and turned into Broad-  
way.  
"It's an infernally ugly business,"  
muttered the younger of the two, a hand-  
some man, with a strikingly bad expres-  
sion; "but I've begun it and I'll go  
through with it."  
"Now cheer," replied his companion,  
"Anatole Duplan would not feel himself  
to respect you in a manner so high, effe-  
did he not feel himself convinced that you  
will go through with it?"  
"My word! I go for something yet,"  
growled the first speaker, "though I have  
known you so long."

"You flatter me, my excellent Louis,"  
replied the younger, stroking the slim,  
ink-black mustache, which overhung  
his evil mouth like a limp-leech, "you are  
disposed to flatter me."  
"The deuce I am!" replied the excel-  
lent Louis. "Can't you hold your tongue  
while we're out in this crowd?"  
"I would suggest to my amiable friend,"  
replied the Frenchman, "that it is he  
who began the conversation of the pres-  
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The amiable friend vouchsafed no re-  
ply, and the pair walked on, taking a  
direction that led them to the Sixteenth  
Street.  
Arrive there, they slackened their  
pace, and looked about them.  
It was winter, and cold. Perhaps this  
was why both arranged the mufflers which  
enveloped their throats, and drew their  
hats lower over their brows, thus giving  
an appearance to their "outward man" a  
highly suggestive of the mysterious vil-  
lain of sensational drama, and contradic-  
tory likewise to that air of high fashion  
which their attire except their mufflers  
were intended to impart!

Almost at the same moment when the  
worthy couple turned into Sixteenth  
Street, a young girl emerged from a  
fashionable boarding-house, appearing  
not from the front door of the establish-  
ment, but from the exit leading out from  
the basement.

No eye that knew true beauty could  
have failed to linger on the face of the  
girl.  
She appeared to be about seventeen.  
A deep sadness shaded her brow, and the  
pale sweet lips were nervously compress-  
ed.

A thick knot of golden brown hair lay  
on her neck, for it had almost broken  
loose from the confinement of a miserable  
piece of comb, powerless to control its  
heavy masses. Large hazel eyes, full of  
a yearning look of pain, gazed out from  
that world which to judge from their  
language, had been to her but a jail.

The young girl's form was frail, and her  
head, when she turned, showed a delicate  
face that puzzled the observer by the  
strange contrast their refined dimensions  
afforded to the miserable poverty of her  
attire—wretched faded gown of brown  
satin, never intended for, was the figure it  
disguised, rather than dis-  
played.

The girl held in her slight hands a  
piece of paper, and as she emerged from  
the door, a shrill voice, that of the cook  
of a fashionable boarding-house—exclaimed:  
"You, Mary Jane, hurry yourself, now,  
mind yer! Them folks is waitin' for  
their teas an' yer coffee. It's a most  
seven. An' mind yer, git good milk;  
J'y hear?"

Mary Jane, probably used to the Je-  
livery of orders equally true and musical,  
merely replied in a sweet, child-like  
voice, "I will return directly," and walked on.  
As she passed into the street, she met  
the two men—the Frenchman and his  
companion.

Had she ever seen them before? If so,  
it must have been when they were no  
differently attired, for there was no re-  
cognition on her part.

It is true that she glanced up to  
avoid running against the pair, and then,  
lowering her eyes, passed on.  
A hot flush had passed over the face  
of the girl when the foreigner called her  
"excellent Louis." But he, too, passed  
hurriedly by her.

When she had reached a grocer's store  
in the neighborhood, the girl entered it,  
and reappeared presently with the milk  
in quest of which she had been sent into  
the street.  
She again passed the Frenchman and his  
companion, who had followed closely  
behind her, and were now turning the  
corner. Then she reentered the fashion-  
able boarding-house.  
"It's an infernally ugly business," again  
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"But your word, you say, is worth a  
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CHAPTER III.  
If my reader inhabits a "fashionable  
boarding-house," he or she will not be  
surprised to learn that the servants in  
such establishments are often shamefully  
ill-cared for, as to the accommodations  
during the time allotted to sleep. The  
rents are so enormously high, that the  
landladies turn every inch of room to  
account to place lodgers, and the  
domestics must, in consequence, fare as  
best they can.

And that "best" is very bad. The  
majority of these houses being old—once  
magnificent—residences, rats, vermin,  
drafts and damp are the almost invari-  
able rule therein—features sadly at variance  
with the rich furniture of the parlors  
and the apartments of the boarders.  
It was in such a sleeping-room—  
branching out from the laundry, and  
probably originally intended as a closet  
or store-room—that we now find the girl  
whom we have seen, pitcher in hand, a  
few hours before in the street.

What is she doing—sleeping, or crying?  
Crying. Well, that is a way women  
have. The fact that a woman is crying  
does not always argue that she has any  
thing particular to cry about. In this  
case, however, it did.  
It was between one and two o'clock  
when a slight noise aroused the attention  
of her whom we have heard called by the  
euphonious name of Mary Jane.  
She was apparently used to hearing  
such a noise at that hour, for, after sitting  
up a moment, she murmured, "There  
will be another paper in the morning,"  
and again attempted to sleep.

Dawn was but faintly breaking when  
Mary Jane's hand withdrew from the  
window-sill a slip of paper which must  
have been passed, and not without risk  
of discovery, through the crevice of the  
shutters.

This paper the young girl read. On it  
was inscribed:  
"Your present conduct is satisfactory,  
and while it continues, you are safe. But  
remember, one word will imperil your life.  
Upon your silence depends his exis-  
tence."  
Hot tears trickled down the pale, lovely  
face, and the young girl, with a heavy  
sigh, thrust the slip of paper into her  
bosom.

"Watched for ever, and for ever  
threatened," murmured she.  
Then, doctored, though patiently, she  
began moving about the kitchen, work-  
ing it would seem that she could not  
always have been used to work. She  
looked like a young lady masquerad-  
ing in kitchen-girl's attire than like a  
servant.

It was about seven when Bridget, the  
irrepressible and vociferous Irishman  
cook, exclaimed, in her usual dulcet  
accents:  
"Mr. Grosvenor's ringing like mad, you  
Mary Jane?"

Had Bridget been less disinclined  
than she had become through much  
abuse of the "grater"—a weakness  
which that engaging female indulged  
with great frequency, owing to the alarm-  
ing fact, as stated by herself, that she  
was "all day a-sawlowin' him hot and  
cold"—she might have observed that  
Mary Jane blushed as she left the  
kitchen.

Mounting the stairs, the young girl  
knocked timidly at the door of the front  
room in the second story. It was opened.  
"What did you wish, sir?" asked Mary  
Jane, addressing a young man who stood  
before the fireplace blowing at an ac-  
cumulation of paper, wood and coal, and  
which, operating, resounded merrily in the  
second story of the house.

"I thought I could save you the  
trouble, Mary—I won't say Jane, but you  
see I don't understand the *modus op-  
erandi*, and I'm obliged to hurry, for father  
has left me an awful amount of business  
on hand by going off to Europe. And  
you see, Mary, work I must, as sure as  
my name is Ned Grosvenor, or else the  
money won't be forthcoming with which  
I am to support you, when we get  
married."

"Oh! Mr. Grosvenor—Edwin—dear  
Mr. Grosvenor, please, please don't!"  
replied Mary—suppose yes, like Edwin  
Grosvenor, drop the Jane. "You must  
not talk so, indeed you must not! I'm  
only a poor girl, and I can never marry  
you. I must stay a poor girl. It's fate,  
sir; it's my destiny; it must be so; it  
has to be so, indeed—indeed!" Here Mary  
wring her hands.

"My dear Mary," replied Edwin  
Grosvenor, "I wish you to approach me  
and examine my by no means ugly physi-  
on. Do you calmly and dispassionately  
see anything in this noble and intel-  
lectual countenance that denotes the  
presence of a fool? If not, may I ask  
why you, Mary, persist, in spite of my  
most irrefragable proofs to the con-  
trary, in asserting that you are 'only a  
poor girl?' Mary, why will you not con-  
fide in me?" Here the speaker became  
solemn and solemn. "I know not why,  
Mary, but if you are not a lady, born and  
bred—a lady, I repeat; born and bred—  
there are no ladies, say I; and what is  
more, you are the most beautiful girl I  
ever saw. There, now!"

The ingenious face of Edwin Grosvenor  
glowed with earnest with enthusiasm  
while "Mr. Jane" endeavored to hide her  
own blushes, by bending over the un-  
usually troublesome fire.  
"Yes, Mary," resumed her suitor,  
"that I say is so. You don't choose to  
tell me the truth about yourself. Oh!  
that's it, don't protest to me now—here  
the speaker flourished a book which he  
had taken up, and with which he over-  
engaged in flourishing his sentences by  
pointing it first at Mary and then into  
the realms of space. "But that does not  
change my feeling toward you, Mary, nor  
my determination, which for the last  
year has grown stronger and stronger to  
make you my wife."

"Just think, Edwin, how angry your  
father would be at your marrying a ser-  
vant-girl!"  
"Don't servant-girl me, Mary, now don't!"  
replied Edwin. "I did not see you reading  
my *Corine*, at *Italie*! Do you think I  
did not hear you playing that *nocturne* of  
Chopin's that Summer afternoon, when  
the shadon that keeps this boarding-  
house and all the lodgers were out to the  
Park, and the servants to the procession?  
Do you think that I don't know that you

wrote everything in this prayer-book?"  
Here Edwin drew forth from a drawer a  
prayer-book, with various selections from  
Myer's "Saint Paul" written upon the  
fly-leaves. "No, Mary, you have your  
own reasons for keeping up this mystery.  
Do it, do it, if you think it is a kind  
thing on your part toward the man who  
loves you. Keep it up—keep it up!" A  
pause. "Do you know what I think,  
Mary?"  
No answer.

"I think you must have had a friend of  
a stepmother, and that you ran off from  
her."  
"Oh, no, Edwin!" exclaimed Mary, quite  
thrown off her guard. "Mother died  
when I was a baby, and father—"  
Here she remembered, and stopped  
abruptly.

At this moment a bell rang, that of the  
front door, and before Edwin could stop  
the way, Mary had vanished.  
Young Grosvenor looked after her  
with an expression of deep vexation.  
"Looks like a cat, upon my soul!"  
Edwin Grosvenor, seeing the fair Mary  
so dejected, and yet convinced of her  
love for him, suddenly hit upon the  
expedient of employing a detective to  
watch every movement of his *isamora*;  
and the excellent Louis having resolved  
to threaten Mary therewith *vice versa*,  
instead of doing so by letter—he having  
imagined that his niece had taken to go-  
ing into the street more often than was  
necessary, while she, in point of fact, was  
constantly running out to avoid the press-  
ing attentions of Edwin Grosvenor—the  
officer employed overhauled Louis Tre-  
shan threatening his victim, and, follow-  
ing him when going into an oyster-saloon  
with Anatole Duplan, managed—the of-  
ficer was disguised—to overhear their con-  
versation. This revealed the fact that  
Tresham had maintained his hold over  
Mary—or rather, Lois—by attributing a  
crime to her father which he declared  
that he would reveal to the world if Lois  
made any attempt to escape, or to tell  
who she was.

I have said that the Frenchman and  
his friend were guilty of the weakness of  
having too many strings to their bow. Yes—  
not content with the plot they were  
carrying out, they committed a forgery.  
The following conversation at the Toms  
will tell how they came there.  
"Clear case, sir," says the criminal law-  
yer, seated with Tresham in his cell—the  
legal adviser is a regular Templeton  
Jitt—"everything against you, sir—abduc-  
tion, and now, to cap the climax, *this*  
*forged note*. Bad case—bad!"

"I thought it was the business of a  
criminal lawyer to claim criminals," re-  
marks Louis.  
"But your confederate, this Duplan,  
who goes girls and lifts them into car-  
riages," answered a lawyer, "who drew out  
the money, and attempted to make off  
with it, probably intended to leave you  
in the lurch—here Louis ground his