

Dept. Public Works

The Gleaner.

JAS. H. CROCKET, Proprietor.

FREDERICTON, TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1887.

VOL. III. NO. 120

Professional Cards.

J.A. McAllister, D.D.S.
Graduate of Penna Dental College, 1874.
OFFICE—OPPOSITE QUEEN HOTEL.
Offers for Gold; for Cash; for Cash only.

A FULL SET OF UPPER OR LOWER GRIND TEETH, THE BEST THAT CAN BE OBTAINED, FOR \$10.00.
Gumless sets, plain teeth, for \$25.00.
Extracting Teeth, \$5.00. Small Silver Fillings, \$1.00.
Do not be deceived about these rates; you will be told the work is inferior in quality, &c. This is not so. The rates only have been lowered out of the quality of the operations. Take advantage of low rates and good work.

F.J. SEERY, M.D., C.M.
Licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians of Edinburgh;
Licentiate of the Royal College of Surgeons of Edinburgh;
Licentiate of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons of Glasgow.
Special Certificate in Midwifery.
OFFICE—Finch's Buildings, On Pleasant Square.
RESIDENCE—109 Brunswick Street.

DR. GREGORY.
Physician & Surgeon.
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE: Phoenix Square.

H.D. CURRIE, D.D.S.
SURGEON DENTIST.
First Door Below People's Bank, Queen Street, Fredericton, N. B.
OFFICE HOURS: 10 A.M. TO 1 P.M.; 2 TO 5 P.M.; AND 7 TO 9 P.M.
May 14, 1885.

Dr. McLEARN,
Physician & Surgeon.
OFFICE: CARLETON STREET, NEXT ABOVE E. H. BARRISOR'S OFFICE.
At Barker House after 5 p.m.
Fredericton, Jan. 20th, 1885.

W.C. CROCKET, M.D.,
Physician & Surgeon.
Office and Residence, Carleton St. Fredericton, Nov. 13—18.

J. H. BARRY,
BARRISTER-AT-LAW, CONVEYANCER, &c.
OFFICE: FINCH'S BUILDING, UP-STAIRS, FREDERICTON.
Dwelling—22 St. John.

CHAS. E. DUFFY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.
Accounts Collected and Loans Negotiated.
Agent for the North American Life Assurance Company.
OFFICE: NEARLY OPP. POST OFFICE, QUEEN ST., FREDERICTON, N.B.
May 17.

William Wilson,
SECRETARY-TREASURER, YORK, BARRISTER
AND
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, CONVEYANCER, ETC.
QUEEN ST. FREDERICTON
Office: 100 Queen St.
Accompanied by Collected, Loans Negotiated.
Sept. 10, 1885—1887.

TOBOGGANS.
HAVE YOU TRIED THE NEW SLIDE? If not you should. Buy your TOBOGGAN from
Lemont & Sons
1885

QUILTS: White Sateen Quilts!

White Marseilles Quilts

White Fringed Honey Comb Quilts.

Scarlet and Fringed Honey Comb Quilts.

We have placed these Goods on the Counter, and they are now ready for inspection at the REDUCED PRICE

DEVER BROS.

JANUARY 1887.

Tennant, Davies & Co.

202.

WE ARE NOW SELLING THE REMAINDER OF OUR STOCK OF

Wool Goods, Fur Shoulder Capes, Fur Muffs, Fur Caps and a Lot of other WINTER goods

AT REDUCED PRICES TO CLEAR.

Also: Remnants of Dress Goods, CLOTHS, &c., REGARDLESS OF COST.

Tennant, Davies & Co., Directly Opp. Normal School, FREDERICTON.

REMNANTS

AT

Half Price during this Month

AT

John J. Weddall's.

BLANKETS, COMFORTABLES, FUR SHOULDER CAPES, ASTRACHAN JACKETS, JACKET CLOTHS, &c.

Will be sold at a reduction during this month.

JOHN J. WEDDALL

WYERSOLJAM

THAT MONEY

IS VERY SCARCE NOW.

And From 1st January to 1st March I will Make

Clothing Cheaper

Than any one in the Trade for Cash Only.

I MAKE A SPECIALTY OF

Toboggan Suits—MONTREAL PATTERNS

Give me call. Cutting and fitting guaranteed.

W. H. SIBBERY,

104 WILMOT AVENUE.

McFarlane, Thompson & Anderson.

MANUFACTURERS OF THE PATENT

Dunbar Shingle Machine

which took First Prize at the Dominion Centennial Exhibition at St. John.

STEAM ENGINES, MACHINISTS' TOOLS

AND—

Agricultural Implements a Specialty.

Received the only Diploma as **MOVERS** and **RANES** granted at the Provincial Exhibition, St. John, 1885, and also at the Dominion Centennial, 1887.

Post Office Box 164.
Fredericton.
Telegraphic address, McF. T. & A. sept 17 1887

GOLD

Hold on, money, and those who write to me, tell me where you want to go. I will send you a list of the best places to go. I will send you a list of the best places to go. I will send you a list of the best places to go.

CURE That Cough!

WILEY'S

DRUG STORE,

BOSCH'S GERMAN SYRUP,

WILEY'S COUGH BALM,

WILEY'S CHERRY PECTORAL,

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Women

LABOR AND LOVE.

A THRILLING TALE OF THE EARLY DAYS OF LABOR STRIKES IN THE WEST.

By the time she left the school her life had become almost as solitary as that of the bat in the cave; alien both to bird and beast. She made no intimate acquaintances there; her social and selfish dreams occupied her too completely. She who admired her beauty were repelled by her heartlessness, which they felt, but could not clearly define. Even Ames fell away from her, having found a stout and bald-headed railway conductor, whose attention under her for lack of common sense. Most knew she was not liked in the school, and being, of course, unable to attribute it to any fault of her own, she ascribed it to the fact that her father was a mechanic and poor. The thought did not tend to make her home happier. She passed much of her time in her own bedroom, looking out of her window on the lake, weaving visions of ignoble wealth and fashion out of the mists of the morning.

She sat and her thoughts were not to her eyes, but to her heart. She was a high life, unconscious of his glance, which would travel from her neatly shod feet up to her hair, fringed and banded down to her eyebrows, making her look, he thought, "more like a Scotch" than an honest girl. He picked up one of them left in his high-top boots, and he had flung it down more bewildered than ever. He thought there must be some strange difference between their minds when she could delight in what seemed so unmeaning to him, and he gazed at her, reading by the lamp-light, as over a great girl. Even her hands holding the book made him uneasy; for since she had grown careful of them, they were like no hands he had ever seen on any of his kind and his. The fingers were long and white, and the nails were shaped like an almond, and though the hands lacked delicacy at the articulations, they almost made Matie's hands seem as his superior, as he looked at his own.

One evening, irritated by the silence and his own thoughts, he cried out with a sudden suspicion: "Where do you get them books, and what do they mean to you?"

She turned her face slowly upon him and said: "I get them from the public library, and they cost nothing."

He felt deeply humiliated that he should have made a blunder so ridiculous and so necessary.

After she had left school—where she was graduated as near as possible to the foot of the class—she was almost alone in the world. She rarely visited her sister, for the penalty of the Wixham household grated upon her nerves, and she was not polite enough to repress her disgust at the effeminate demonstrations of the Wixham ladies. "There, there! get along, you'll leave me not to be seen!" she would say, and Jurilda would answer in that vicious whine of light-haired women, too early overworked and overpuffed: "Yes, honey, let your aunt alone. She's too busy for poor folks like us!" and Maud would go home, loathing her lineage.

The girls she had known in her own quarter were by this time earning their own living: some in the manufactories, in the lighter forms of the iron trade, some in shops, and a few in domestic service. These last were very few, for the American blood revolts against this easiest and best-paid of all occupations, and leaves it to more sensible foreigners. The working bees were clearly no company for this poor would-be butterfly. They barely spoke when they met, kept sauntering by mutual embarrassment. One girl with whom she had played as a child had early taken to evil courses. Her she met one day in the street, and the bedraggled and painted creature called her by her name.

"How dare you?" said Maud, shocked and frightened.

"All right," said the chameleon woman. "You looked so gay, I didn't know."

She knew as few men and women. She sometimes went to the social gatherings affected by her father's friends, Odd Fellows' and Druids' balls and the festivities with which the firemen refreshed themselves after their toils and dangers. But her undeniable beauty gained her no success. She seemed to take pains to avoid pleasing the young apprentices, coachmen, and journeyman printers who met on these occasions. With her head full of fantastic dreams, she imagined herself a mere visitor at these simple entertainments of the common people, and criticised the participants to herself with kindly sarcasm. If she ever consented to dance, it was with the air with which she fancied a duchess might open a ball of her servants. Once, in a round game at a "surprise" party, it came her turn to be kissed by a young blacksmith, who did his duty in spite of her intrigues with wrong arms and a willing heart. Mr. Downing makes a certain queen, mourning over her "lofty" loneliness. "With that some common soldier," would throw "down" his hand and clasp her to his heart. "It is doubtful if she would really have liked it better than Miss Matie did, and she was furious as a young lioness. She made herself so disagreeable about it that she could be invited to those fire-works entertainments and some of the most eligible of the young 'Caribbees'—a social order of a secret and mysterious rite, which met once a week in convenient woodsheds and stable-lofts—look on with hands solemnly clasped in the intricate grip of the order, that "they would never ask Miss Matie to go to party, picnic, or sleigh-ride, as long as she remained the blue valet of heaven," from which it may be seen that the finer sentiments of humanity were not unknown to the Caribbees.

Maud came thus to be eighteen, and though she was so beautiful and so "happy" that no stranger ever saw her without an instant of glad admiration, she had had no suitor but one, and from him she never allowed a word of devotion. Samuel Sleney, a newspaper who worked with her father and who took his meals with the family, had fallen in love with her at first sight, and, after a year of dumb hopelessness, had been so encouraged by her father's "ident regard that he had opened his heart to Maud and had asked his modification. Matie undertook the task with pleasure. He could have closed his eyes in peace if he had seen his daughter married to so decent a man and so good a joiner as Sleney. But the interview was short and painful to "Matie." He left his daughter "in possession" of the field, and went to walk by the lake shore to "recover his self-possession, which had given way beneath her firm will and smiling scorn." When he returned to the shop Sleney was there, sitting on a bench and chewing pipe shaving.

"What did she say?" asked the young fellow. "But never mind—I see plain enough it's no use. She's too good for me, and she knows it."

"Too good!" roared Sleney. "She's the goldenfist!"

"Hold on there," said Sleney. "Don't say nothing you'll have to take back. If you say anything like that, you'll have to answer it, or whip me."

Saul looked at him with amazement. "Well! you beat me! the pair of you! You're crazy to want her, and she's crazy not to want you. She fished for a bill and had offered her portrait to you and you want to lick me for calling her a fool!"

"She ain't no fool," said Sleney with sullen resignation; "she knows what she's about," and he picked up another shaving and resumed his pipe.

The old man walked to and fro, fidgeting with his tools. At last he came back to the young man and said, awkwardly dusting the bench with his hand: "Sam, you wasn't 'lowin' to leave alone of this here foolishness?"

"That's just what I was 'lowin' to do, sir."

"Don't you be a durn fool, Sam!" and Saul followed up this judicious exhortation with such urgent reasons that poor Sleney was glad to be persuaded that his chance was not over yet, and that he would much better stay where he was.

TO ADVERTISERS

A list of 1000 newspapers divided into STATES and PROVINCES will be sent on application and so necessary.

After she had left school—where she was graduated as near as possible to the foot of the class—she was almost alone in the world. She rarely visited her sister, for the penalty of the Wixham household grated upon her nerves, and she was not polite enough to repress her disgust at the effeminate demonstrations of the Wixham ladies. "There, there! get along, you'll leave me not to be seen!" she would say, and Jurilda would answer in that vicious whine of light-haired women, too early overworked and overpuffed: "Yes, honey, let your aunt alone. She's too busy for poor folks like us!" and Maud would go home, loathing her lineage.

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