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JAS. H. CROCKET, PROPRIETOR.

The York Gleaner.

JAS. H. CROCKET, PROPRIETOR.

FREDERICTON, N. B., APRIL 9, 1884.

VOL. IV, NO. 15.

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.

CLAIMS PROMPTLY COLLECTED.

OFFICE: NEAR CUSTOM HOUSE, WATER STREET.

BATHURST, N. B.

Fredericton, March 26th, 1883.

GREGORY & BLAIR,

Barriers and Attorneys-at-Law,

NOTARIES PUBLIC,

FREDERICTON.

GEORGE G. GREGORY. ANDREW G. BLAIR.

Fredericton, March 26th, 1883.

J. H. BARRY,

BARRISTER-AT-LAW,

CONVEYANCER, &c.

OFFICE: FISHER'S BUILDING, (up stairs),

FREDERICTON.

December 17, 1883.

A. L. BELYEA,

Barrister, Etc.

OFFICE:

QUEEN STREET, FREDERICTON.

2 Doors Below Queen Hotel.

Aug. 25, 1883.

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. 19, 1883.

Business Cards.

QUEEN HOTEL,

Fredericton, N. B.

J. A. Edwards,

PROPRIETOR.

FINE SAMPLE ROOM IN CONNECTION.

—AND—

A FIRST-CLASS LIVERY STABLE.

Coaches and Trains and Boats.

Aug. 25, 1883.

JAMES C. FAIREY,

Antiquarian & Commission Agent,

Newcastle, Miramichi.

Prompt Returns made on Goods on Con-

Barker House,

RETIRED AND NEWLY FURNISHED.

Queen Street, Fredericton, N. B.

F. B. COLEMAN, Prop.

Fredericton, March 26, 1883.

Michael Donohue,

BLACKSMITH,

HARVEY STATION, York Co.

Work, Steel Shodding, Horse Shodding, Etc.

promptly done at moderate rates.

Feb. 2, 1883.

R. SUTHERLAND, JR.

MANUFACTURER OF

SCHOOL DESKS,

SCHOOL FURNITURE,

CHURCH FURNITURE,

OFFICE FURNITURE.

Books and Cards used in Public Schools,

and authorized by the Board of Education.

Business Cards.
FREDERICTON
MONUMENTAL WORKS,
Queen Street.

JUST ABOVE REFORM CLUB ROOMS.

THE Subscriber keeps in the Public the

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 teaming; stock fresh. Particular

attention given to family carriages.

Chatham, Nov. 24th, 1883.—1 yr.

M. A. FINN,

IMPORTER OF

Wines, Liquors

—AND—

CIGARS,

Cor. Prince William and Princess Streets,

Saint John, N. B.

April 15, 1883.

D. BREEZE,

WOLFEARL AND RETAIL.

GROCER,

Wine and Spirit

Merchant,

No. 1 KING SQUARE,

SAINT JOHN, N. B.

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

Miscellaneous.

"NONPAREIL"

Billiard Hall!

SHARKEY'S BUILDING,

OPP. OFFICERS' BARRACKS, QUEEN ST.,

FREDERICTON, N. B.

T. E. POSTER, - Proprietor

THIS Hall has been newly fitted up with

handmade furniture, and for room, light,

and ventilation, and every comfort, is

superior to any hall in the Dominion. The

billiard tables are of the best material,

and are of the latest make. The

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LITERATURE

CROOK'S FERRY.

This particular old ferry was run across

the Sabie river about forty miles from

its mouth, and the ferryman's house

stood on the Texas side. This was during

the "late unpleasantness" between the

States. It may be there to this day,

but of that the writer cannot speak with

any degree of certainty.

Sam Crook was the name of the ferry

man, and Sam Crook had a very pretty

daughter, aged seventeen, whose name

was Irene, and whose everyday occupa-

tion was to cook and keep house for her

father and the hired men, who alternately

ran the ferry and worked a few acres of

land in the rear of the ferry house. It

also happened at times when her father

and Ned Baggett were both away from

home, that Ned Baggett, who was a

passenger across, to and fro, as well as

to attend to her household duties.

Now, as we have already said that Irene

was a pretty girl, it naturally follows that

she had lovers; in fact, she had a number

of them, and among the most persistent

was Ned Baggett, who had been in the

habit of paying his attentions to her, al-

though the young lady had told him a

hundred times that she detested him and

always would.

Ned Baggett, however, remained firm,

and told her doggedly that she would

some day be glad to take him, for he was

determined that no one else should ever

get her.

"How will you help yourself?" Irene

asked him at one time.

"How'll I help myself? I'll just help

myself by putting daylight through your

few as undertakes to come in my way

that's what I'll do," answered Ned,

with a lowering look.

"Pooh! I said Irene. 'You had better

not mention that in Phil Barker's

hearing, for if you do you will never even

live to regret it."

"Ah!" ejaculated Ned. "So you're

sweet on him, are you?"

"We are engaged," said Irene, proudly.

"An' that's all you'll ever be," said

Ned, "for Phil Barker's dead as a ham-

mer already. Ha, ha!"

"What do you mean?" asked Irene,

turning deathly pale. "How did he die?"

"Who killed him?"

"The Yankees killed him yesterday,"

answered Ned.

"I believe I hope you are lying to me,"

Ned, "I hope you are lying to me,"

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The pulleys creaked, the cangie w

terribly strained, and the great guide

rope was like the string on the bow. The

force of the current was tremendous, and

the brave Irene reached the shore in

safety.

And imagine her astonishment when

she discovered that the three travellers

were her betrothed, who she had been

thought was dead, and two of his friends.

They were, in fact, the very persons who

had been taken and condemned as spies,

as stated by Ned Baggett; but by some

means or other they had escaped their

deaths. All three appeared to be ex-

hausted and suffering, either from illness

or fatigue, and Phil Barker was unable

to stand or walk, for he was suffering

from a bad wound in his side.

"God bless you, my brave darling!"

said Phil, as Irene touched the shore.

"Oh! thank Heaven that you are not

dead!" cried Irene, leaping to his side

and taking his brown outstretched hand

in her own soft, but hardly less

burned one.

"Dead? No, but it has been a tight

slip—and we are not yet safe, for they

are close behind us. But if we can once

get across the river we will be safe long

time at least, for they cannot cross the

stream without the ferry, and that they

must have until we are at a safe distance,

Irene."

"I would sink it before it should be

the means of your capture. Let us go at

once!"

The two friends and companions of

Lieut. Barker lifted him gently from the

ground and placed him on the boat.

There was nothing else to do, for they

had neither horses nor baggage of any

kind.

Irene quickly spun the wheel around

the other way, and the old ferry-boat

started on its onward journey once

more.

It was very dark when they reached

the west shore, and none of them saw

the shadowy form that lay watching

them behind a pile of stranded drift-wood.

They proceeded at once up to the ferry

house and entered. Irene lighted can-

dles, made pallets for the weary soldiers

to rest on, and then she went about pre-

paring refreshments.

"Thank God! I have him safe," she

murmured, as she went gaily about her

work.

But her lover and his two faithful

friends were not quite out of danger.

"I believe I hope you are lying to me,"

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