# WHAT CAN SHE DO?

By E. P. Roe.

## CHAPTER I.

*(Continued.)*

Her husband gave his significant shrug and said, "I don't meet notes till they are due," which was his way of saying: "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

"The salons of Paris!" said Edith, with some disdain. "Think of the scenery, the orange-groves, and vineyards that we shall see, the Alpine flowers—"

"I declare," interrupted Zell, "I believe that Edith would rather see a grape vine and orange tree, than all the toilets of Paris."

"I shall enjoy seeing both," was the reply, "and so have the advantage of you in having two strings to my bow."

"By the way, that reminds me to ask how many beaux you now have on the string," said her father.

Edith tossed her head with a pretty blush and said: "Pity me, my father, you know I am always poor at arithmetic."

"You will take up with a crooked stick after all. Now Laura is a sensible girl like her mother, and has picked out one of the richest, longest-headed fellows on the street."

"Indeed?" said his wife. "I do not see but you are paying yourself a greater compliment than either Laura or me."

"Oh, no, mere business statement. Laura means business, and so does Mr. Goulden."

Laura looked annoyed and said,—

"Pa, I thought you never talked business at home."

"Oh this is a feminine phase that women understand. I want your sisters to profit by your good example."

"I shall marry an Italian Count," cried Zell.

"Who will turn out a fourth-rate Italian barber, and I shall have to support you both. But I won't do it. You would have to help him shave."

"No, I should transform him into a leader of banditti, and we would live in princely state in the Appenines. Then we would capture you, papa, and carry you off to the mountains, and I would be your jailer, and give you nothing but turtle soup, champagne and kisses, till you paid a ransom that would break Wall street."

"I would not pay a cent, but stay and eat you out of house and home."

"I never expect to marry," said Edith, "but some day I am going to commence saving my money—now don't laugh, papa, for I could be economical if I once made up my mind!"—and the pretty head gave a decisive little nod. "I am going to save my money and buy a beautiful place in the country and make it as near like the garden of Eden as possible."

"Snakes will get into it as of old," was Mrs. Allen's cynical remark.

"Yes, that is woman's experience with a garden," said her husband with a mock sigh.

Popping off the cork of another bottle, he added, "I have got ahead of you, Edith. I own a place in the country, much as I dislike that kind of property. I had to take it to-day in trade, and so am a landholder in Pushton,—prospect, you see of becoming a rural gentleman (Squire is the title, I believe,) and of exchanging stock in Wall street for the stock of a farm. Here's to my estate of three acres with a storey and a half mansion upon it! Perhaps you would rather go up there this summer than to Paris, my dear?" to his wife.

Mrs. Allen gave a contemptuous shrug as if the jest were too preposterous to be answered, but Edith cried.—

"Fill my glass; I will drink to your country place. I know the cottage is a sweet rustic little box, all smothered with vines and roses like one I saw last June. Then she added in sport, "I wish you would give it to me for my birthday present. It would make such a nice porter's lodge at the entrance to my future Eden."

"Are you in earnest?" asked the father suddenly.

Both were excited by the wine they had drank. She glanced at her father, and saw that he was in a mood to say yes to anything, and quick as thought, she determined to get the place, if possible.

"Of course I am. I would rather have it than all the jewellery in New York," (she was over-supplied with that style of gifts.)

"You shall have it then, for I am sure I don't want it, and am devoutly thankful to be rid of it."

Edith clapped her hands with a delight scarcely less demonstrative than that of Zell in her wildest moods.

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Allen, "the idea of giving a young lady such an elephant."

"But remember," continued her father, "you must manage it yourself, pay the taxes, keep it repaired, insured, etc. There is a first-class summer hotel near it. Next year, after we get back from Europe, we will go up there and stay awhile. You shall then take possession, employ an agent to take care of it, who by the way will cheat you to your heart's content. I will wager you a box of gloves, that before a year passes, you will try to sell the ivy-twined cottage for anything you can get, and will be thoroughly cured of your mania for country life."

"I'll take you up," said Edith, in great excitement, "but remember, I want my deed on my birthday."

"All right," said Mr. Allen, laughing. "I will transfer it to you to-morrow, while I think of it. But don't try to trade it off to me before next for a new dress."

Edith was half wild over her present. Many and varied were her questions, but her father only said,—

"I don't know much about it. I did not listen to half the man said, but I remember he stated there was a good deal of fruit on the place, for it made me think of you at the time. Bless you, I could not stop for such small game. I am negotiating a large and promising operation which you understand about as well as farming. It will take some time to carry it through, but when finished, we will start for the 'salons of Paris.'"

"I half believe," said Laura, with a convert sneer, "that Edith would rather go up to her farm of three acres."

"I am well satisfied as papa has arranged it," said the practical girl. "Everything in its place, and get all out of life you can, is my creed."

"That means, get all out of me you can, don't it, sly puss?" laughed the father, well pleased, though, with the worldly wisdom of the speech.

"Kisses, kisses, unlimited kisses, and consider yourself well repaid," was the arch rejoinder; and not a few looking at her as she then appeared, but would have coveted such bargains. So her father seemed to think as he gazed admiringly at her.

But something in Zell's pouting lips and vexed expression caught his eye, and he said good-naturedly—

"Heigho, youngster, what has brought a thunder-cloud across your saucy face?"

"In providing for birthdays to come, I guess you have forgotten your baby's birthday present."

"Come here, you envious elf," said her father, taking something from his pocket. Like light she flashed out from under the cloud and was at his side in an instant, dimpling, smiling and twinkling with expectation, her black eyes as quick and restless as her father was deliberate and slow in undoing a dainty parcel.

"O, George, do be quick about it, or Zell will explode. You both make me nervous," said Mrs. Allen fretfully.

Suddenly pressing open a velvet casket, Mr. Allen hung a jewelled watch with a long gold chain about his favorite's neck, while she improvised a hornpipe around his chair.

"There," said he, "is something that is worth more than Edith's farm, tumble-down cottage, roses and all. So remember that those lips were made to kiss, not to pout with."

Zell put her lips to proper uses to that extent that Mrs. Allen began to grow jealous, nervous, and out of sorts generally, and having finished her chocolate, rose feebly from the table. Her husband offered his arm and the family dinner party broke up.

And yet, take it altogether, each one was in higher spirits than usual, and Zell and Edith in a state of positive delight. They had received costly gifts that specially gratified their peculiar tastes, and these, with the promise of a grand party, a trip to Europe, youthful buoyancy and champagne, so dilated their feminine souls, that Mrs. Allen's fears of an explosion of some kind were scarcely groundless. They dragged their stately sister Laura, now unwontedly bland and affable, to the piano, and called for the quickest and most brilliant of waltzes, and a moment later lithe figures flowed away into the rhythm of motion, that from their exuberance of feeling, was as fantastic as it was graceful.

Mr. Allen assisted his wife to her room and soon left her in an unusually contented frame of mind to develop strategy for the coming party. Mrs. Allen's nerves utterly incapacitated her for the care of her household, attendance upon church and such humdrum matters, but in view of a great occasion like a "grand crush ball" where among the luminaries of fashion she could become the refulgent centre of a constellation which her fair daughter would make around her, her spirit rose to the emergency. When it came to dress and dressmakers and all the complications of the campaign now opening, notwithstanding her nerves, she could be quite Napoleonic.

Her husband retired to the library, lighted a choice Havana, skimmed his evening papers, and then as usual, went to his club.

This, as a general thing, was the extent of the library's literary uses. The best authors in gold and Russia smiled down from the black walnut shelves, but the books were present rather as furniture than from any intrinsic value in themselves to the family. They were given prominence on the same principle that Mrs. Allen sought to give a certain tone to her entertainments by inviting many literary and scientific men. She might be unable to appreciate the works of the savans, but as they appreciated the labours of her masterly French cook, many compromised the matter by eating the petit soupers, and shrugging their shoulders over the entertainers.

And yet the Allens were anything but vulgar upstarts. Both husband and wife were descended from old and wealthy New York families. They had all the polish which life-long association with the fashionable world bestows. What was more, they were highly intelligent, and in their own sphere, gifted people. Mr. Allen was a leader in business, in one of the chief commercial centres, and to lead in legitimate business in our day requires as much ability, indeed we may say genius, as to lead in any other department of life. He would have shown no more ignorance in the study, studio, and laboratory, than their occupants would have shown in the counting room. That to which he devoted his energies he had become master in. It is true he had narrowed down his life to little else than business. He had never acquired a taste for art and literature, nor had he given himself time for broad culture. But we meet narrow artists, narrow clergymen, narrow scientists just as truly. If you do not get on their hobby, and ride with them, they seem disposed to ride over you. Indeed, in our brief life with its fierce competitions, few other than what is known as "one idea" men have time to succeed. Even genius must drive with tremendous and concentrated energy, to distance competitors. Mr. Allen was quite as great in his department as any of the lions that his wife lured into her parlours were in theirs.

Mrs. Allen was also a leader in her own chosen sphere, or rather in the one to which she had been educated. Given a carte blanche in the way of expense, few could surpass her in producing a brilliant, dazzling entertainment. The coloring and decorations of her rooms would not be more rich, varied, or in better taste, than the diversity, and yet harmony of the people she would together by her adroit selections. She had studied society, and for it she lived, not to make it better, not to elevate its character, and tone down its extravagances, but simply to shine in it, to be talked about and envied.

Both husband and wife had achieved no small success, and to succeed in such a city as New York in their chosen departments required a certain amount of genius. The savans had a general admiration for Mrs. Allen's style and taste, but found on the social exchange of her parlors, she had nothing to offer but fashion's smallest chit-chat. They had a certain respect for Mr. Allen's wealth and business power, but having discussed the news of the day, they passed on, and the people during the intervals of dancing, drifted into congenial schools and shoals, like fish in a shallow lake. Mr. and Mrs. Allen had a vague admiration for the learning of the scholars, and culture of the artists, but would infinitely prefer marrying their daughters to down-town merchant princes.

Take the world over, perhaps all classes of people are despising others quite as much as the are despised themselves.

But when the French cook appeared upon the scene, then was produced your democracy. Then was shown a phase of life into which all entered with a zest that proved the common tie of humanity.

## CHAPTER III.

### THREE MEN.

While Mrs. Allen was planning the social pyrotechnics that should dazzle the fashionable world, Edith and Zell were working off their exuberant spirits in the manner described in the last chapter, and which was as natural to their city-bred feet as a wild romp to a country girl.

The brilliant notes of the piano and the rustle of their silks had rendered them oblivious of the fact that the door-bell had rung twice, and that three gentlemen were peering curiously through the half open door. They were evidently at home as frequent and favored visitors, and had motioned the old colored waiter not to announce them, and he reluctantly obeyed.

For a moment they feasted their eyes on the scene as the two girls, with twining arms and many innovations on the regular step, whirled through the rooms, and then Zell's quick eye detected them.

Pouncing down upon the eldest gentleman of the party, she dragged him from his ambush, while the others also entered. One who was quite young approached the blushing, panting Edith with an almost boyish confidence of manner, as if assured of a welcome, while the remaining gentleman, who was verging toward middle age, quietly glided to the piano and gave his hand to Laura, who greeted him with cordiality scarcely to be expected from so stately a young lady.

The laws of affinity and selection had evidently been developed here, and as the reader must surmise, long previous acquaintance had led to the present easy and intimate relations.

"What do you mean," cried Zell, dragging under the gaslight her cavalier, who assumed much patience and fear, "by thus rudely and abruptly breaking in upon the retirement of three secluded females?"

"At their devotions," added the cynical voice of the gentleman at the piano, who was no other than Mr. Goulden, Laura's admirer.

"Zell's attendant threw himself in the attitude of a supplicant and said deprecatingly,—

"Nay, but we are astronomers."

"That's a fib and not a very white one either," she retorted, "I don't believe you ever look towards heaven for anything."

"What need of looking thither for heavenly bodies," he replied in a low, meaning tone, regarding with undisguised admiration her glowing cheeks. "Moreover I don't believe in telescopic distances," he continued, with a half-made motion to put his arm around her waist.

"Come," she said, pirouetting out of reach "remember I am no longer a child. I am seventeen to-day."

"Would that you might never be a day older in appearance and feelings."

"Are you willing to leave me so far behind?" she asked with some maliciousness.

"No, but you would make me a boy again. If old Ponce de Leon had a Miss Zell, he would soon have forsaken the swamps and alligators of Florida."

"O what a watery, scaly compliment. Preferred to swamps and alligators! Who would have believed it?"

"I am not blind to your pretty wilful blindness. You know I likened you to something too divine and precious to be found on earth."

"Which is still true in the carrying out of your marvellously mixed metaphors. I must lend you my rhetoric book. But as your meaning dawns on me, I see that you are symbolized by old Ponce. I shall look in the history for the age of the ancient Spaniard to-morrow and then I shall know how old you are, a thing I never could find out."

As with little jets of silvery laughter and butterfly motion she hovered round him, the very embodiment of life and beautiful youth, she would have made to an artist's eye, a very true idealization of the far-famed mythical fountain.

And yet as a moment later she confidingly took his arm and strolled toward the library, it was evident that all her flutter and hesitancy, her seeming freedom and mimic show of war, was like that of some bright tropical bird fascinated by a remorseless serpent whose intent eyes and deadly purpose are creating a spell that cannot be resisted.

Mr. Van Dam, upon whose arm she was leaning, was one of the worst products of artificial metropolitan life. He had inherited a name which ancestry had rendered honorable, but which he to the utmost dishonored, and yet so adroitly, so shrewdly respecting fashion's code, though shunning nothing wrong, that it still gave him the entree into the gilded houses of those who call themselves, "the best society."

True, it was whispered that he was rather fast, that he played heavily and a trifle too successfully, and that he lived the life of anything but a saint, at his luxurious rooms. "But then" continued society, openly and complacently, "he is so fine looking, so courtly and polished, so well-connected, and what is still more to the point, my dear, he is reputed to be immensely wealthy, so we must not heed these rumors. After all it is the way of these young men of the world."

Thus "the best society" that would have politely frozen out of its parlors the Chevalier Bayard, *"sans peur et sans reproche,"* had he not appeared in the latest style, with golden fame rather than golden spurs, welcomed Mr. Van Dam. Indeed not a few forced exotic belles, who had prematurely developed in the hot-house atmosphere of wealth and extravagance, regarded him as a sort of social lion, and his reticence, with a certain mystery in which he shrouded his evil life, made him all the more fascinating. He was past the prime of life, though exceedingly well preserved, for he was one of those cool, deliberate votaries of pleasure that reduce amusement to a science, and carefully shun all injurious excess. While exceedingly deferential toward the sex in general, and bestowing compliments and attentions as adroitly as a financier would place his money, he at the same time permitted the impression to grow that he was extremely fastidious in his taste, and had never married because it had never been his fortune to meet the faultless being who could fill his exacting eyes. Any special and continued admiration on his part therefore made its recipient an object of distinction and envy to very many in the unreal world in which he glided serpent-like, rather than moved as a man. To morbid unhealthful minds the rumor of his evil deeds became piquant eccentricities, and the whispers of the oriental orgies that were said to take place in his bachelor apartments made him an object of a curious interest, and many sigh for the opportunity of reforming so distinguished a sybarite.

On Edith's entrance into society he had been much impressed by her beauty, and had gradually grown quite attentive, equally attracted by her father's wealth. But she, though with no clear perception of his character, and with no higher standard than her set, instinctively shrank from the man. Indeed, in some respects, they were too much alike for that mysterious attraction that so often occurs between opposites. Not that she had his unnatural depravity, but like him she was shrewd, practical, resolute, and controlled more by her judgment than impulses. Her vanity, of which she had no little share, led her to accept his attentions to a certain point, but the keen man of the world soon saw that his "little game," as in his own vernacular he styled it, would not be successful, and he was the last one to sigh in vain or mope an hour in love lorn melancholy. While ceasing to press his suit, he remained a frequent and familiar visitor at the house, and thus his attention was drawn to Zell, who, though young, had developed early in the stimulating atmosphere in which she lived. At first he petted and played with her as a child, as she wilfully flitted in and out of the parlours, whether her sisters wanted her or not. He continually brought her bon-bons and like fanciful trifles, till at last, in jest, the family called him Zell's "ancient beau."

But during the past year it dawned on him that the child he petted on account of her beauty and sprightness was rapidly becoming a brilliant woman, who would make a wife far more to his taste than her equally beautiful but matter-of-fact sister. Therefore he warily, so as not to alarm the jealous father, but with all the subtle skill of which he was master, sought to win her affections knowing that she would have her own way when she knew what way she wanted.

For Zell this unscrupulous man had a peculiar fascination. He petted and flattered her to her heart's content, and thus made her the envy of her young acquaintances, which was incense indeed to her vain little soul. He never lectured or preached to her on account of her follies and nonsense, as her elderly friends usually did, but gave to her wild, impulsive moods free rein. Where a true friend would have cautioned and curbed, he applauded and incited, causing Zell to mistake extravagance in language and boldness in manner for spirit and brilliancy. Laura and Edith often remonstrated with her, but she not heed them. Indeed, she feared no one save her father, and Mr. Van Dam was proprietor itself when he was present, which was but seldom. Between his business and club, and Mrs. Allen's nerves, the girls were left mainly to themselves.

What wonder that there are so many shipwrecks, when young, heedless, inexperienced hands must steer, unguided, through the most perilous and treacherous of seas?

Mr. Allen's elegant costly home was literally an unguarded fold, many a laborer, living in a tenement house, doing more to shield his daughters from the evil of the world.

To Mr. Van Dam, Zell was a perfect prize. Though he had sipped at the cup of pleasure so leisurely and systematically, he was getting down to the dregs. His taste was becoming palled and satiety burdening him with its leaden weight. But as the child he petted developed daily into a woman, he became interested, then fascinated by the process. Her beauty was so brilliant, her excessive sprightliness so contagious, that he felt his sluggish pulses stir and tingle with excitement the moment he came into her presence. Her wild varying moods kept him constantly on the *qui vive*, and he would say in confidence to one of his intimate cronies—

"The point is, Hal, she is such a spicy, piquant contrast to the insipid society girls, who have no more individuality than fashion blocks in Broadway windows."

He liked the kittenish young creature all the more because her repartee was often a little cutting. If she had always struck him with a velvet paw, the thing would have grown monotonous but he occasionally got a scratch that made him wince, cool and brazen as he was. But after all, he daily saw that he was gaining power over her, and the manner in which the frank hearted girl took his arm and leaned upon it, spoke volumes to the experienced man. While he habitually wore a mask, Zell could conceal nothing, and across her April face flitted her innermost thoughts.

*(To be Continued.)*

### A Cyclone to Order for Five Cents.

(Adrian Times.)

Professor Douglass of the State university, it is said, produces amateur cyclones at will. He does it by suspending a large copper plate by silken cords. This plate is charged heavily with electricity, which hangs down like a bag underneath, and is rendered visible by the use of arsenious acid gas, which gives it a green color. The formation is a miniature cyclone, as perfect as any started in the clouds. It is funnel-shaped and whirls around rapidly. Passing this plate over a table, the five-cent cyclone snatches up copper cents, pins, pith balls and other objects and scatters them on all sides.

# THE BRIDGE.

## How the Opposition Clique have Tried to Defeat the Project.

### The Little Game that Mr. Cropley Tried Unsuccessfully to Carry Out.—The Responsible Head of the Mischief Makers.

Since the Malignants have once more shown their hands in the Fredericton Bridge matter; and with the spitefulness, which is their chief characteristic, are again plotting how they can defeat this project, it is well that the people of the County of York should have presented to them in brief review the falsehoods, tricks and misrepresentations to which Messrs. Temple and Wetmore and their allies have resorted in order that they might prevent the man whom they fear and hate, from having what credit attaches to the successful carrying out of a great public work, with which his predecessors had dallied for years. THE GLEANER had no desire to go over this ground, and has permitted scores of insinuations and untruths, published by the Opposition press, to pass unchallenged; but since nothing will satisfy the Malignants but war, they shall have their fill of it. The records of politics in New Brunswick may be searched from beginning to end, and there cannot be found such another display of

**Meanness, Vindictiveness, Lack of Public Spirit,**

disregard of truth and flagrant betrayal of public trust as has been shown by the Opposition remnant in Fredericton in connection with this Bridge.

Without going back into the history of the project during Mr. Fraser's administration, further than to remind the public that the assent of the Legislature to the construction of the work was secured only after Mr. Blair, then leader of the opposition, had urged upon the leader of the Government not to allow the last Railway Subsidy Act to pass without providing for a highway bridge here; and also to recall the fact that Mr. Colter had submitted to the Legislature a bill to authorize a company to construct a toll bridge, or to receive the subsidy from the Government and then assign their right to a company to build a railway bridge—a franchise which would have been worth a great deal of money to the corporators, if the plot had not been detected and exposed—we come down to the Spring of 1883 when the new Government was formed. The Premier of this Government, Mr. Blair, was committed to the erection of the bridge, and it is well known that the late Dr. Elder, then Provincial Secretary, gave the Electors of York

**A Most Public Assurance**

of his support of the project. These facts of themselves were a sufficient guarantee that the work would be undertaken in due course, and were so understood by the people of this county, who would never have sanctioned Mr. Blair's acceptance of office if they did not believe that he and the Government were sincere in the matter. Immediately after the estimates were submitted in 1883, and in utter disregard of the fact that it was a physical impossibility to prepare plans and specifications for so large a bridge in so short a time, the Opposition press in the city, instigated by Mr. Wetmore and his friends, began to cry out that Mr. Blair had failed to perform his promise. Ignoring their vaporings, and not dignifying them with a reply, the Government, early in the summer, directed Mr. A. G. Beckwith to visit certain localities in the United States where long bridges had been built, and to prepare plans and specifications for a bridge here. This was a matter of common report, and was as well known to the Malignants as to the Government. It is important to bear this in mind in view of the course which they adopted when tenders were asked for. In December tenders were asked for, and then the Malignants began

**Their Miserable Work.**

First, they circulated the report all over the Province that the advertisement for tenders was a sham. They said so in their papers; they said so in conversation; they proclaimed it in every school house and public hall in the county. They sent their emissaries to the Board of Works office to ask to see the plans and specifications and invent falsehoods, to the effect that no information was obtainable by intending contractors. They used every means in their power to prevent persons from tendering, in the vain hope that they might defeat the work in this way. But they failed. Responsible persons offered to build the bridge and the lowest tender was accepted.

When the figures were announced the Malignants changed their tactics. Another step was to be taken, namely, the signing of the contract by sureties; and the Malignants, with

**Misdirected Ingenuity,**

began tactics which they thought would prevent this. Here they again found willing helpers in the press; and the *Farmer* and *Capital* vied with other in representing the costliness of the proposed work, the insufficiency of the price named in the successful tender, and the utter inability of the contractors to do the work for the money. These tactics failed and good sureties were forthcoming.

It now become necessary to make a new departure, and in this the Malignants received the cordial support of the Opposition press all over the province. They asserted that York County, having the Normal School and the Parliament Buildings, had no right to ask the Legislature to build a bridge out of the public revenues. This statement was put forward in the city organs of Messrs. Wetmore and Temple and never disavowed by these gentlemen. They asked through these papers that those who were opposed by the government in other parts of the province on other grounds should unite with them in defeating the administration upon this bridge project; they endeavored to stir up hostility in sections where there was perfect willingingness that York should have its rights.

Finding that the temper of the House was against them, they began to throw doubt upon the right of the government to build the bridge; and the first man to do this was E. L. Wetmore, by the grace of George Colter representative of York County. This gentleman on the 10th day of March 1884 stated to the House of Assembly that the government had not power to construct the bridge. Hitherto everything had moved along

**Smoothly and Satisfactorily.**

Plans had been prepared; experienced contractors had undertaken the work; the best sureties had been obtained; the price was much lower than had generally been anticipated. Everything promised that the Bridge would soon be built; and the Malignants would have the satisfaction of viewing with jaundiced eyes the triumph of their hated adversary. When Mr. Wetmore raised this new point there was joy in the ranks of the Malignants. They had not been able to affect the belief of the public in the sincerity of the government, nor shake the credit of the contractors, and they might not be able to stop the grant in the Legislature; but they felt sure that on this new point they would have the warm co-operation of the Ottawa allies of Mr. Temple. We have already given an outline of the course taken by the Attorney General when this objection was raised; and we repeat here that his expressed determination

**Not to Surrender one Jot or Tittle**

of the rights heretofore exercised by the Province, unless compelled by process of law, will meet with the hearty approval of every one not blinded by personal spite and hatred.

Meanwhile the Malignants were working their cards elsewhere. What they could not do in the House, they succeeded in doing in the Legislative Council, and that body proved itself the willing tool of obstructionists, by throwing out the bill to authorize a loan for the bridge. There was joy then in the ranks of the Malignants, but it was short lived, for the House promptly by resolution authorized the Government to borrow the money for the bridge if necessary.

And so the session closed, with everything done to secure the prompt completion of the work. Infuriated by these failures, the *Capital*, the *Farmer* and the *Reporter*, taking their cue from Mr. Wetmore, then began a furious attack upon the Attorney-General, and called upon the Lieutenant Governor to dismiss him from office, alleging that he had treated His Honor without due deference in refusing to advise the House against the legality of the projected work. They asserted that the government at Ottawa, had undertaken to direct the Lieutenant Governor to advise his government that the work should not go on. Such an

**Interference with the Local Government,**

was without precedent, and it could be based only upon an assumption, both in law and fact, of things yet to be decided. That this interference was instigated by Mr. Temple on the suggestion of Mr. Wetmore there is not the shadow of a doubt; and Mr. Blair did what he should have done in refusing to lay it before the House. As the only constitutional law adviser of the Lieutenant Governor he could not do otherwise. The Malignants, however, urged his dismissal, and there is no doubt that they endeavored to bring pressure from Ottowa to ensure it; but all to no purpose.

What were they to do next? Work was about being begun. There would soon be undeniable evidence that the government was in earnest, and that Messrs. Wetmore and Temple, the *Reporter*, the *Farmer*, and the *Capital* had been playing the part of the part of obstructionists. Their ingenuity was not yet exhausted. The City Council would be asked to intervene. Who would undertake the task of being spokesman for the Malignants in this matter? What man had they of so little reputation that he could afford to sacrifice it in a last effort for the glory of the decaying remnant of a once powerful party? They did not have far to look until they found one, and they picked upon Mr. Cropley of the *Capital* as the best man for the work; for, said they, he has no political standing, and is so erratic, that if we fail, and the public find out what we are up to, we can pass it off by saying: "It was only one of Cropley's ideas. We are not responsible." And so Mr. Cropley undertook to secure the intervention of the City Council to prevent work from being done under the contract.

This was a very clever game indeed, and shows the length to which the

**Disappointed and Baffled Malignants**

were prepared to go. They dared not openly take the responsibility upon themselves of stopping the work, but if the City Council could be induced to make any sort of a protest they would have an excuse for plunging the Province into litigation and robbing the County of its rights. Mr. Cropley endeavored to secure a protest from the City Council; but he met with such a repulse the moment he began to carry out his instructions from his employers that the project collapsed *instanter*. Then once more it dawned upon the malignants how powerless they were.

Then the spring freshets came, and work was temporarily suspended. The hired organs began again to sneer at the bridge and assert that it never would be built, but by and bye the water went down and the contractors set to work again. Then Mr. Temple went to Ottawa, and on his return one of his organs began again to cry out that Mr. Wetmore was right when he said the government had no authority to build the bridge. And here the matter rests. What will be the next move of the Malignants no one knows; but work on the bridge is going on; and unless Messrs. Wetmore and Temple can get the Dominion Government to begin legal proceedings, in due time it will be finished under the present contract, and York county will enjoy a privilege which ought to have been hers long ago, and would have been hers had the men, who represented the county in the Government before 1883, possessed sufficient pluck and public spirit to

**Assert the Rights of the Constituency.**

And it is worth bearing in mind that in no section of the Province has disapproval of the grant to build the bridge been expressed; that the opposition to it, bitter, false and malicious as it has been, and now is, originated with and has almost been entirely confined to the opposition clique in Fredericton; and that the only man in the Legislature to lay a straw in the way of the project was Mr. Edward L. Wetmore, M. P. P. for York County.

Rather than submit to the political disgrace and ignominy which their defeat will entail upon them, Messrs. Wetmore and Temple may yet prevail upon the Ottawa authorities to raise in the Courts a question as to the authority of the Local Government to build the bridge. If they do, it may be that the completion of the work will be retarded. An appeal to the Privy Council after litigation here might be necessary in order to settle a question of this kind. Such proceedings might be long and expensive; but the point involved is too important for the Province to surrender, unless it is absolutely compelled to. The right of the government to build such bridges has never been questioned heretofore, but has been exercised freely; and it would not have been questioned now if Mr. Wetmore had not thought it advisable, in order to embarrass Mr. Blair, to attempt to impair the powers of the legislature and sacrifice the interests of his constituents. If there is delay in this matter the whole responsibility for it will rest with him alone; for the rest of the Malignants only re-echo his sentiments. The people of York will hear this in mind that if any steps are taken by the Dominion Government, whereby the completion of the bridge is prevented or delayed, Mr. Wetmore, whom they elected to represent and protect their interests, cannot escape their indignant censure.

## RESTIGOUCHE NOTES.

### More Hotel Accommodation Needed for Tourists.

The union picnic of the different Church Sabbath-schools of Campbellton and of the Presbyterian Sabbath-school of Dalhousie, is to be held at Oak Point on Thursday next.

A concert is to be given at Dalhousie on Friday evening next by the young ladies of the Presbyterian church. The proceeds will go towards defraying the expense connected with the repairs on the Manse.

The Winnipeg papers speak very highly of the rowing of Mr. Bruce Caldwell, of Dalhousie, who was one of the winning crew at a regatta held at Winnipeg a short time ago.

A man named Morrison had his hand very badly cut in a saw-mill at Jacquet river yesterday morning. Dr. Lunam, of Campbellton, who attended him, found it necessary to perform amputation just above the wrist.

Mr. Currie, barrister of St. John, and Mr. Murray, of Campbellton, left this morning on a fishing excursion of a few days to the new Parker's Lake.

Hon. Wm. Hamilton and daughter, of Dalhousie, returned from Scotland on Saturday last.

O'Leary's mill at Mission Point begins operations this week.

Visitors to Dalhousie are far from being satisfied with the hotel accommodation, provided them at present. It is greatly to be regretted that two of the largest hotels here, the Incharron and Murphy's, are in course of repairs just at this particular season when so many visitors are in town. Visitors, however, speak highly of Dalhousie as a summer resort, and are ready to endorse what Dr. Grant, of Ottawa, said of it at a recent meeting of the N. B. Medical Society at St. John.

Rev. Mr. Burdman, of Campbellton, occupied the pulpit of the Presbyterian Church at Dalhousie, on Sabbath last. Mr. Robert Haddow preached for the Rev. gentleman, and very acceptably, at Campbellton on Sunday morning.

By a typographical error in the Campbellton notes of a week ago, the size of the orange which was grown on the place of Mr. Robert Caldwell, in Los Angeles, California, and which was 18x19 inches was made to read 28x19.

CAMPBELLTON, July 29, 1884.

## BUILDING NOTES.

### What is Going on Around Town.

Work on the new Presbyterian Church is progressing slowly. The masons have reached the second story in laying the stone walls.

J. S. Neil's new residence, when completed be the largest private residence in the city. Work on the outside of the building is nearly finished; the inside on the lower flat is lathed throughout and ready for the masons. The upper stories have already received their first coat of plaster. Nearly all the finishing and job work is being done by machinery on the premises. Hot air, gas and waterpipes, bath rooms, etc., are being fitted in the building.

The new *Royal Gazette* building on King street is nearing completion. It has yet to be clapboarded and plastered.

E. L. Wetmore's residence at the foot of King street, has undergone several repairs, and is receiving a new coat of apple green paint.

Dr. Currie's office and residence on York Street has undergone a thorough transformation since his purchase of the property last spring. The building and grounds combined now present a fine appearance.

W. G. Gaunce has enlarged his two-storey residence on King Street by the addition of a flat roofed, side-building, which is nearly as high as the main building. Mr. Gaunce is also making several other changes about his premises.

Nason Squires is erecting a new house on the lot next below Mr. Gaunce. Mr. Squires will probably have his building completed this season.

E. B. Winslow is having a nicely ornamented veranda built on the front part of his residence on St. John Street.

Several changes and repairs are being made in the interior of the Free Baptist parsonage during Mr. McLeod's absence.

G. W. Howland is building a new residence on Brunswick Street, nearly opposite J. G. McNally's. The house is nearly finished on the outside; Mr. Howland is doing most of the work himself and expects to have it completed before winter.

Mr. Lester is having his residence on Brunswick entirely rebuilt. The building has been raised several feet and a new mansard roof placed upon it. A large ell is also being built in connection with the building.

Messrs. Hill & Berry are erecting a building near the wharf at West End, as a storehouse for their goods manufactured at their factory at Pokiok.

### Union Baptist Seminary.

A meeting of the N. B. Baptist Union Educational Society was held in St. John on Thursday last for the purpose of selecting a site for the proposed Seminary. Geo. E. Foster, M. P., presided. Subscriptions from Saint Martins to the amount of $6,320 were offered as an inducement for the location of the seminary at that place. The roll-call from Sussex showed subscriptions to the amount of $7,700 and a site of four or five acres. After a lengthened discussion by parties representing different sectional interests a committee consisting of Hon. A. F. Randolph, of this city, Mr. Leighton, M. P. P., Woodstock, and Benj. S. Palmer of Hampstead were appointed to examine into the suitability of the several proposed locations, the amount that would be raised in each, and the future prospect of support in each, to be reported at a future meeting of the society.

The society adjourned to be called together by the President not later than six weeks hence.

Pimples and sores are cured by using Minard's Family Pills and applying Minard's Liniment in from 10 to 20 days.

# A PLEASANT RIDE.

## A Gleaner Reporter's Pleasant Afternoon.

### Ontario Tourists on the Road to Marysville.

A trip to Marysville in Foster & Pugh's "Marysville accommodation" is fast becoming a popular pleasure trip. And so it should. Let all who are hard at work in store, office and workshop, and weary with trudging along the dusty streets for recreation, get aboard that attractive coach, as did a GLEANER reporter yesterday afternoon, and take a pleasant and cheerful ride over as fine a road as there is in the whole Province. When once seated in the nicely cushioned and comfortable carriage, the passenger will wonder why he had not been there before, and when he learns how accommodating and friendly the driver, Mr. Elder, is, he will wonder still more. After waiting a few minutes for the ferrymen to get turned around, we were soon landed on the Gibson side. The driver halted, for a short time, to allow the train, which had just arrived from Woodstock, to run in the station, and then driving up to the Riviere du Loup House, took on board a number of Ontario tourists, who were sensible enough not to leave the Celestial City without first paying a visit to

**Marysville and its Attractions.**

When all were comfortably located on board, the coach was pretty well filled, there being about a dozen passengers. With a crack of the whip we went whirling along the road at a rapid rate. Soon leaving the little village of Gibson behind, as we passed Mr. Macklin's rich looking and level fields, the haymakers were at work hauling in their hay; and there is nothing presents a finer picture along a stage road than the haymakers in the hay field. "What a beautiful field of grain," remarked one of the lady tourists on board, pointing to a wheat field on Mr. Macklin's farm which for height and thrift cannot be easily excelled in the County. Along the road we passed loads of sleepers and rails which were being hauled from the railway wharf up along the line of the Miramichi Valley Road. As we approached the large residence of Mr. McConnell our rate of speed was checked by the slight excavation being made in the road for the new railroad crossing. Here the track leaves the southern side of the road next the stream, and passes in the fields some distance from the highway road on the opposite side.

As we passed Mr. McConnell's broad fields the passengers expressed themselves so much delighted with

**The Beautiful Scenery.**

that presented itself on all sides. Back of the road and about one hundred yards distant stands the large and handsome farm residence, which is reached from the main road by two entrances, and a curved road which forms nearly a semicircle; and within the enclosure made by the circular road there is a fine collection of young and thrifty trees which in a very short time will make a beautiful grove. In front of the road and for a long distance are extensive intervale lands which border the Nashwaak, and on the opposite side of the river the land is much higher and covered with forest trees. As we rolled along, the driver said, pointing to an old and delapidated looking building, "that is the house where old Mr. Alexander Colter used to live, and the birth-place of George Colter, the member for York." The reporter failed to discover who now lives in the old cottage, but mayhap some one who under sunnier skies may yet be saved like brother George from being a churchyard Milton or imparting his sweetness on the desert air. A little further on and we passed Mrs. Ramsay's neat little cottage on an oval piece of ground, and still a short distance further on we reached the residence of Mr. Clendenning, one of the two contractors of the western section of the Miramichi Valley Railway. Back a short distance in Mr. Clendenning's fields men and teams are busy at work on the new railroad. Passing a few more buildings that have recently been built we come in full view of

**The Mammoth Cotton Factory**

of which so much has already been said and written, and also the long row of cottages which line the opposite bank. "What a pile of money it must have taken to build that immense building,"—"Was that all built by one man?"—"What a pretty row of cottages," and many other similar remarks were made by the tourists, especially by the ladies. A short distance below Mr. Gibson's residence the railway again crosses the highway road, and the number of men and teams at work at the crossing and in the bluff beside the road, made almost a blockade, but a clearing was soon made for the stage coach. As we passed Mr. Gibson's imposing residence and beautiful grounds they became the subject of warm approval. The stage brought up at the Marysville hotel, and the driver informed us the journey upwards was at an end. It is no wonder that so much has been said and written, not only about the artificial works and structures at Marysville, but also of the striking romantic scenery which presents itself on every side. There are hundreds of things worth seeing about this charming spot, and if you have seen them fifty times before, they will bear inspection fifty times more. The driver had scarcely his horses unhitched before half a dozen tired young ladies who had come up earlier in the day, came strolling down the hill from the church and wanted to return to the city. Mr Foster immediately suggested that a fresh team be harnessed; and the driver, although his supper was waiting, readily obeyed the summons, and soon we were on our homeward journey at a respectable rate. Our crew of ladies were as jolly as any who ever boarded a pleasure coach. They laughed, sang, and ate sweet crackers of which they had abundance, nor did they forget to pass them round to the other passengers, and especially to the driver, whom they said they had robbed of his supper, and that it "was awfully cruel." As we increased our speed along the road, we passed men with the shovels and pick-axes, and teams and dumpcarts, as they were returning from their day's work which had just been completed. We arrived at the ferry landing just in time to see the ferryboat steam away from the shore; but it was not long before she was back again and we were safely landed in the city once more.

### Difference of Opinion.

Denis Costigan is in custody for the unlawful killing of Ida