

On the Sunny Side.

Preachin'—praying,
To the dark or light,
Always sayin':
"It'll all come right!"
Spring-time glory,
Or the winter's blight,
Same old story:
"It'll all come right!"

The Governor's Tragedy.

As the Governor rode past my grandmother's house on the spring morning when he left the State forever he wore his uniform and carried the sword with which he afterwards led the charge at San Jacinto. He was a tall man, broad-shouldered and well-knit, with a certain graceful stateliness which, though he had it by nature, he had not left uncultivated. It was held in those days to be a mark of the person of quality, and from the time when as a boy of 10 he had lain on the porch floor of his father's cabin spelling out Pope's Iliad by the light of a pine knot, the Governor had always felt himself a person of quality.

My grandmother was on the porch as he passed and he bowed low to her, ceremoniously doffing his hat, as he always did to ladies. It was the last time she ever saw him, and though she had been his warmest friend, he kept his own counsel with her as with every one else.

To the day of his death, he never explained himself. "Sir," he would say, in response to every attempt to draw him out, "let us speak of something else." And the bow with which he said it was conclusive. When he had just reached the summit of what had been his ambition; when he was Governor of what was then the pivotal State of the Union, with the Presidency as a possibility for him, and the United States Senate for life a certainty, why it was that he chose to dress himself in his uniform and ride out into the wilderness beyond the Mississippi, never to return, his biographers have not been able to explain except in vague generalities. How my grandmother knew the story I cannot say, further than that she was the friend not only of the Governor himself, but of Virginia Fraser, and of John Edicott, the Governor's private secretary, who made the trouble between them.

"It is true, my dear," said my grandmother to me, "that Edicott was a Yankee and an impetuous school teacher, but he was a Harvard graduate and a gentleman. The Edicotts are an excellent family—almost as good as our own, or as Virginia's. And the governor, you know, though one of the best bred men I ever saw, lacked the great advantage of descent from well bred people."

Those who conclude from this that my grandmother was something of a Tory will not be wholly mistaken, but if they had known the charming old lady as well as I they would forgive her easily as I do, even though—which is not likely—they are as radical in their politics as I am thought to be by some.

The Governor's honeymoon was barely over when he left the State. The fact of his resignation, which he had addressed in due form to the presiding officer of the Senate, was not generally known until he was 300 miles away, sitting in a Cherokee cabin, smoking an Indian pipe, as silent and impassive as any other savage of those around him. For that was undoubtedly his idea at the time to renounce civilization forever and live a barbarian among barbarians.

Mrs. Fraser, Virginia's mother, was a famous match-maker and one of the Governor's staunchest partisans. "If he was born in a cabin," she said to my grandfather a few days before the wedding, "he has more brains than any man in the State. I expect to see him President yet."

With visions of Virginia in the White House and herself as power behind the throne, she was correspondingly elated on the night of the wedding. It is no part of my purpose to attempt to describe her feelings when the catastrophe came and she found herself face to face with the climax of one of those tragedies which compel silence in all who are incapable of resignation.

When Edicott first met Virginia Fraser he was not more than 25, very handsome, and with an unassuming self-possession which made amends for his lack of the ceremonious courtesy habitual to the society into which he was thrown. There had been a marked attraction between him and Virginia from their first acquaintance, and some who did not know her mother expected it to be a match. But Virginia, before anyone knew of her engagement to the Governor, had begun to hold Edicott at arm's length, and after the climax there was never the slightest scandal connecting her name with his.

She was not more than 20 at the time of her marriage. Six weeks later, when she stood before the fireplace of her sitting-room as the Governor entered at 11 o'clock at night, she wore the muslin whose contrast with whiteness had so heightened her brunette beauty on the day after her marriage. The Governor had just come from a conference of his political friends and was flushed and hopeful. His wife did not move as he entered the room. Her face was half averted when, with his usual impressive gallantry, he took off his hat at the door and crossed the room to kiss her hand. He had taken it in his and his lips had almost touched it when she hastily—almost violently—withdraw it. Slipping past him, she stood in the centre of the room facing him as he turned, not understanding her at all and thinking that she had begun to develop an unaccustomed playfulness.

She did not leave him long in error. "Do not touch me!" she said in a voice which, though it trembled with excitement, showed the decisiveness of long premeditation. "Do not touch me. I cannot bear it."

The Governor stood motionless, with the puzzled look of one whose intellect is overcome. She might have pitied him and receded had she been capable either of seeing or understanding, but she had become a mere automaton, governed by long-suppressed emotion.

"I cannot bear it!" she repeated. "I do not love you. I have never loved you. I have tried to learn. I cannot. I have tried to become a true and dutiful wife to you. I cannot. I have tried to forget the only man I ever loved. I cannot. There must be an end of it all, and it must come now!" "Virginia!" said the Governor, helplessly.

"Do not stop me!" she went on, with increasing rapidity. "I am not insane though I am near it. I am a good woman, sir. At least, I have nothing with which to reproach myself, except the shame of having allowed them to make you believe I love you. It was all my mother's fault and yours. Why did you follow me? Why did she force me on you, when I did not love you, when I never can love you; when I have ceased to wish to love you?"

She paused a moment for breath. The Governor did not move. He had leaned his elbow on the mantel, and now, with his hand supporting his chin, he stood looking at her blankly.

"I will not be stopped," she said, catching her breath with a sob. "I will tell you everything, everything, the whole miserable truth that is killing me. I love John Edicott. I have never loved anyone else. I never will. He does not know it, and he never can know it, unless you tell him. Now you know what a wretch I am, and you know what you have done to make me so."

As she stopped she drew back her long black hair, which had escaped from her comb and fallen around her face. As yet the Governor's mind had assimilated hardly anything of what she had said. It had come upon him a supreme calamity at the climax of his good fortune. He seemed to himself to have died suddenly and to be striving to wake to consciousness in another world. The one idea which shaped itself clearly in the chaos of his brain was that his wife had never been so splendidly beautiful as now, when she stood with head thrown back and flashing eyes, lifted above herself by the stress of such an effort as no one person ever makes twice in a lifetime, as very few ever make at all. A moment later, overcome by the inevitable reaction, she had rushed sobbing from the room, leaving the Governor still standing at the mantel, immovable, as he had stood since she began. He had made no attempt to follow her. She had gone only a few minutes when he stood upright, threw back his shoulders, walked twice up and down the room and then took his seat before a writing desk, drawn close to a window overlooking the river. Settling down in a chair with his elbows on his arms and his hands locked across his breast, he looked steadily out of the window, motionless, as the clock on the mantel struck the hours, one after another, until the small, square window panes began to grow luminous with the dawn. Then he rose, and unlocking a drawer in the lower part of his desk, took out a mahogany box with silver-mounted corners and a heavy silver plate in the center of the lid. He unlocked it deliberately, and, taking from it a pair of the long blue steel dueling pistols of the period, tried the locks of both, and then looking at them, said aloud:

"They are the ones Benton gave me—'The same, sir, I had the misfortune to be obliged to use in my difficulty with my much-respected friend, Gen. Jackson.'"

Benton he had concluded his unconscious mimicry of Benton's presentation speech he recognized the fact that he had caught the solemn pomp of that statesman's carefully modulated periods. The incongruity of the idea, grew upon him, and as he turned one of the pistols over and over in his hand he almost smiled at the utter lack of logical sequence in his own mental processes. Simultaneously he seemed to have reached a conclusion, for he replaced the pistols and locked the case. "No," he said, "I will not do it. He is a good boy and it is not his fault nor hers either. She is as good a woman as ever lived, and I am a fool."

He spoke now with the decisiveness he had shown at Horseshoe Bend, where, as every one knows, Gen. Jackson had called him the bravest man in the army. He was almost cheerful as he rose and left the house, walking towards the bluffs, as was his morning habit, with the light, swinging step he had learned on the trail with the Cherokee friends of his boyhood. He did not return until 11 o'clock, and going straight to his office he found John Edicott, his secretary, waiting for him with a formidable bundle of papers.

"Use your own judgment my boy, on all that will not keep until tomorrow. I am busy to-day with work that cannot wait." He passed into his inner room as he said this, and began sorting the papers in his private pigeonholes. Edicott could hear him tearing them, but it he wondered, he asked no questions, and the Governor kept up his work long after his usual dinner hour. When he went home he found what he had expected. His wife had gone to her mother's, and he never saw her again. It is said he wrote her a most affectionate letter, but if he did, nothing he said in it changed the course of his life or hers. "Nonsense. His heart did not break," said my grandmother. Why, all

the world heard of him at San Jacinto. A brave man's heart never breaks while he has work to do."

Perhaps she was right. At any rate, there was no tremor in the Governor's voice as he spoke to her that morning, riding with his horse's head turned towards the old Cherokee trail that led across the Mississippi through Arkansas to the Indian territory.

"Good morning, Mrs. Tupton," he said as he bowed to his grandmother. "It is a beautiful day, and your roses are almost beautiful enough to be worthy of you."—Utica Globe.

A WOMAN'S TRIUMPH.

She Managed Her Work so That it Equaled the Efforts of Professionals.

While it is well known that any woman of intelligence can do as good work with the Diamond Dyes, and at less than half the cost charged by professional dyers in city steam dye houses, yet there may be some people who doubt the statement. The following extracts from a letter written by Mrs. J. Gardner, of Owen Sound, Ont., prove that Diamond Dyes are unequalled:

"There was a man in our town going from house to house taking orders for a Toronto dye house for the dyeing of all kinds of garments and clothes. I had just taken off the line some goods that I had dyed with Diamond Dyes, and showed him that I could do as good work as any dye house. He honestly admitted that I was right about my work with diamond dyes. 'Having a large family I use Diamond Dyes to economize. I have always the best of success with your dyes, and must say that I am more than delighted with your colors for dyeing cotton.'

The Armies of the Corn.

Rank upon rank they stood, and row on row; Pinned, tasseled, uniformed in green, With rapiers in their knapsacked backs between The myriad blades they brandished at the foe.

Long held the brave brigades and would not yield Till shattered by the destiny of War. Then (gallant tribute from the conqueror!) They casted their arms and tented to the field.

J. EDMUND V. COOK.

BORN.

Halifax, Oct. 16, to the wife of Wm. Brown a son.
Nappan, Oct. 18, to the wife of William Gesner, a son.
Springhill, Oct. 16, to the wife of Charles Bond, a son.
Annapolis, Oct. 9, to Mr. and Mrs. C. Mahoney, a son.
Halifax, Oct. 20, to Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Campbell a son.
Earlton, Oct. 1, to Rev. and Mrs. P. K. McRae, a son.
Bridgewater, Oct. 13, to the wife of Amos Whynt a son.
Annapolis, Oct. 9, to Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Withers, a son.
Brooklyn, N.Y., Sept. 2, to Mr. and Mrs. C. Ryder, a son.
Acadia Mines, Oct. 19, to Rev. A. and Mrs. Gale, a daughter.
Annapolis, Sept. 7, to Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Titus, a daughter.
Springhill, Oct. 17, to the wife of Mr. Fred Tabor, a daughter.
Amherst, Oct. 9, to the wife of James Duxbury, a daughter.
Campbellton, Oct. 19 to the wife of A. J. Falls, a daughter.
Petitcodiac, Oct. 19, to the wife of John J. McAfee, a daughter.
Halifax, Oct. 19, to Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Hebb, a daughter.
Cumberland, Oct. 16, to the wife of Albert Page, a daughter.
Springhill, Oct. 17, to the wife of Hilbert McCormick, a son.
Cumberland, Oct. 14, to the wife of Russel Dickinson, a daughter.
Woodstock, Oct. 10, to the wife of John McLaughlan, a daughter.
Hartford, Oct. 12, to Mr. and Mrs. Wentworth Kilian, a son.
Digby, Oct. 19 to Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Rice, a son.
Digby, Oct. 20, to Mr. and Mrs. John Tinker, a son.
Nappan, Oct. 14, to the wife of Chas. Niles, a son.

MARRIED.

Windsor Oct. 13, by Pastor Shaw Arad M. McNair to Bessie M. Smith.
Windsor, Sept. 25, by Pastor Shaw, Wm. L. Irish to Elizabeth Ross.
Windsor, Sept. 21, by Pastor Shaw, Jas. McHarris to George E. Shaw.
Amherst, Oct. 13, by Rev. J. L. Baty, John Wm. Gould to Annie Brown.
Amherst, Oct. 20 by Rev. D. A. Steele, Melbourne Wry to Sarah Patterson.
London Eng., September 29, W. McCarthy to Miss Charlotte Amelia Black.
Yarmouth, Oct. 20, by Rev. W. F. Parker, Harry L. Crosby to Lizzie Poole.
Cape Sore Oct. 25, by Rev. Mr. Davis, Joshua Smith to Mrs. Julia Swaine.
Yarmouth, Oct. 21, Elizabeth C. Moody to David M. Soalan of New Glasgow.
Halifax Oct. 6, by the Rev. G. E. Ross, John R. Mont to Helena Hurley.
Halifax Oct. 13, by the Rev. G. E. Ross, William Kinston to Bertha Drysdale.
Halifax, Oct. 5, by the Rev. J. Rose, Roderick McDonald to Maggie A. MacKenzie.
Yarmouth, Oct. 20, by Rev. J. H. Foshay, Mr. Ralph E. Edridge to Lizzie Prime.
Boston, Oct. 21, by the Rev. r. McDonald, Mrs. Annie M. Treat to Thomas Gifford.
Baddeck Oct. 13, by Rev. D. McDougall, Malcolm J. McLeod to George Halliburton.
Annapolis, Oct. 11, by the Rev. H. Achilles, John Kay to Maurice Halliday.
Cambridge, Oct. 6, by the Rev. E. O. Read, S. B. Taylor to Alice McNiel.
Halifax, Sept. 29, by the Rev. W. McDonald, Harry Wagstaff, to Inez Duff.
Annapolis, Oct. 12, by the Rev. H. Achilles, James Vanner to Martha Bohaker.
Halifax, Oct. 19, by the Rev. T. Cumming, Edward McCollough to Frances E. Pearson.
Halifax, Oct. 20, by the Rev. Wm. McNichol, Mark E. McDonald to Jenie B. Fraser.
Annapolis, Oct. 20, by the Rev. E. B. Moore, Byron R. Robbins to Margaret E. Carly.
Hantsport, Aug. 19, by Rev. D. E., Hart, Fred Faulkner to Maggie Kehoe.
Colchester Oct. 14, by the Rev. J. J. Armstrong, George L. Andrew to Etie E. Hamilton.
Port Medway, Oct. 14, by Rev. Frank E. Bishop B. A. Wallace Neily to Sophia Manthorne.
Yarmouth, Oct. 6, by Rev. R. D. Bambrick, J. D. McDonald to Jennie Barnstead, both of Halifax.
Middle Musquobohit, Oct. 6, by Rev. E. Smith, Henry A. Campbell of Greenfield Mass. to Angelina Bates.
Yarmouth, Oct. 12, by Rev. R. D. Bambrick, Rev. N. I. Perry of Ont., to Jennie B. Harris.
Port Egin, Oct. 6, by Rev. Joseph H. Brownell, Thos. H. Brownell to Eva Siliker.

Rockland Mass., Oct. 6, by Rev. Father O'Neil William H. Butler to Catherine M. Whalen.
Maitland, N. S., Oct. 13, by the Rev. A. D. McDonald, assisted by Rev. G. C. Pringle, Rev. S. J. McArthur to Lizzie Caruthers.
Boston, Mass., Oct. 13, by Rev. A. D. McKinnon assisted by Rev. D. McMillan, Duncan A. McKinnon to Mary McCoy.
Roxbury, Mass., Oct. 13, by Rev. A. D. McKinnon assisted by Rev. A. McMillan Daniel S. McLean to Sarah McDonald.

Port Medway, Oct. 14, by Rev. Frank E. Bishop, B. A., Capt. Edward A. Dumphy to May Belle Foster.

DIED.

Halifax, Oct. 18, Wm. Sloan, 44.
Halifax, Oct. 18, Mary Berry, 19.
Halifax, Oct. 17, John Shirreff, 79.
Berwick, Oct. 16, Sarah Clark, 73.
Halifax, Oct. 2: Simon Hunter, 74.
Halifax, Oct. 15, Roderick McLeod.
Halifax, Oct. 15, Hannah O'Brien, 46.
Lower Salem, Oct. 15, Alecia Cox, 35.
Halifax, Oct. 17, Herbert J. Gray, 22.
Halifax, Oct. 21, Thomas Clayton, 14.
Halifax, Oct. 12, Maria M. Cogswell.
Truro, Oct. 17, Sadie Fraser Crag, 35.
Halifax, Sept. 25, Daniel McFayten, 58.
Sydney, Oct. 17, Louis Bernardini, 62.
Granville, Oct. 17, Alfred Marshall, 78.
South Boston Oct. 18, John H. Walker.
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Toronto, Oct. 17, Charlotte Hill Thomas.
Springhill, Oct. 18, Lexina McKeszie, 1.
South Boston, Oct. 18, John H. Walker.
Toronto, Oct. 17, Charlotte Hill Thomas.
Halifax, Oct. 20, Donald A. Stewart, 48.
Tusket Wedge, Oct. 13, Irene Pothier, 13.
Salt Springs, Oct. 19, Hugh McIntosh 63.
Halifax, Oct. 19, Roderick F. McColi, 43.
Moncton, Oct. 22, Letitia Esmondson, 86.
Amherst, Oct. 21, Lydia Forest Corbett, 52.
Portland, Oregon, Oct. 13, D. C. Perley, 47.
Halifax, Oct. 18, Horatio Nelson Power, 84.
Weymouth, Oct. 9, Charlton Newcombe, 67.
Boston, Oct. 12, Mrs. Mary G. Holland, 82.
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Canso, Oct. 20, Abraham Whitman Hart, 57.
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Weymouth, Oct. 9, Charlton Newcombe, 67.
Boston, Oct. 12, Mrs. Mary G. Holland, 82.
unenburg, Oct. 24 Mrs. Caleb Corkum, 81.
Mordmore, Oct. 6, Wilfrid Lloyd Thurber, 3.
Mill Branch, Oct. 16, Mrs. Robert Spence, 50.
Halifax, Oct. 20, Donald A. Stewart, C. E., 46.
Dartmouth, Oct. 21, Charlotte Eliza Symons, 76.
Caledonia Corner, Oct. 16, John M. Barnaby, 65.
Deerfield, Yarmouth, Oct. 16, Mrs. Lydia Vickery, 81.
Blanche, Oct. 1, Deborah, wife of Mr. John Thomas 43.
Bever Brook, Col., Oct. 11, Mrs. Job Creelman, 38.
South Cheoquin, Oct. 7, Laura M. wife of Rev. A. Foote, 21.
Cambridgeport, Mass., Oct. 6, George Edward Milner.
Halifax, Oct. 21, Sarah, widow of the late John O'Malley, 63.
East Barltown, Janie, the beloved daughter of Mr. Alex. McEln, 25.
Moose Brook, Hants Co., Oct. 9, Joseph and William O'Brien.
Yarmouth, Oct. 19, Kate, beloved child of Charles E. and Agnes Irask, 5.
Milton, Oct. 8, Zephia, daughter of Augustus and Zephia Sullivan, 8 months.
Boston, Sept. 27, Lillie infant daughter of Mr. and Huntington, 5 months.
Hartford, Conn., Oct. 13, Lydia Anna, widow of the late James C. Cragg, 73.
Halifax, Oct. 20, Louis Carl Robinson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Robinson, 13.
Cambridgeport, Mass., Oct. 6, George Edward Milner formerly of Charlottetown, P. E. I.
Boerne, Texas, U. S. Oct. 12, Katherine, daughter of William E. and Josephine Bragg one year.

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STEAMBOATS.

1897. 1897.

The Yarmouth Steamship Co. (LIMITED).

For Boston and Halifax, Via Yarmouth.

The Shortest and Best Route between Nova Scotia and the United States. The Quick—Est Time, 15 to 17 Hours between Yarmouth and Boston.

4—Trips a Week—4

THE STEEL STEAMERS

BOSTON and YARMOUTH

UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

COMMENCING June 30th, one of the above steamers will leave Yarmouth for Boston every TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, FRIDAY and SATURDAY evening, after arrival of the Express train from Halifax.

Returning, leave Lewis wharf, Boston, every MONDAY, TUESDAY, THURSDAY and FRIDAY at 12 noon, making close connections at Yarmouth with the Dominion Atlantic Railway to all points in Eastern Nova Scotia, and Davidson's Coach lines, and steamers for South Shore Ports on Friday morning.

Stmr. City of St. John,

Will leave Yarmouth every FRIDAY morning for Halifax, calling at Barrington, Shelburne, Lockeport, Liverpool and Lunenburg. Returning leave Pickford and Black's wharf, Halifax, every MONDAY Evening, for Yarmouth and intermediate ports, connecting with steamer for Boston on WEDNESDAY evening.

Steamer Alpha,

Leaves St. John, for Yarmouth every TUESDAY and FRIDAY afternoon. Returning, leave Yarmouth every MONDAY and THURSDAY, at 3 o'clock p. m. for St. John.

Tickets and all information can be obtained from L. E. BAKER,

President and Managing Director.

W. A. CHASE, J. F. SPINNEY, Agent Secretary and Treasurer. Lewis Wharf, Boston.

Yarmouth, N. S. June, 23rd 1897,

On and after Monday, Sept. 27th,

The Steamer Clifton

will leave her wharf at Hampton for

Indiantown.....

Mondays Wednesdays and Saturdays at 5.30 a. m.

Returning she will leave Indiantown

same days at 3 p. m. instead of 4 p. m. as formerly.

CAPT. R. G. EARLE,

Manager.

RAILROADS.

Intercolonial Railway.

On and after Monday, the 4th Oct., 1897, the trains of this Railway will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows.

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Pictou and Halifax.....7.00
Express for Halifax.....13.10
Express for Sussex.....16.25
Express for Quebec, Montreal.....17.10

Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through Sleeping Car at Moncton at 20.10 o'clock.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Express from Sussex.....8.30
Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted).....10.30
Express from Moncton(daily).....10.30
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton.....13.30
Accommodation from Moncton.....24.20

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are heated by steam from the locomotive, and those between Halifax and Montreal, via Lewis, are lighted by electricity.

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER,

General Manager,

Railway Office,

Moncton, N. B., 4th October, 1897.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

The Short Line

.....TO.....

Montreal, Ottawa,

Toronto, etc.

Fast Express train, leaves St. John, week days at 4.10 p. m. for and arriving in Sherbrooke 5.30 a. m. Montreal 9.45 a. m. Montreal 9.00 a. m. making close connections with train for Toronto, Ottawa and all points West, and North West, and on the Pacific Coast.

Second class Pacific Coast passengers leaving on Wednesday's train connect Thursday with Weekly Tourist sleeping Cars Montreal to Seattle.

For rates of fare and other particulars, apply at ticket office, Chubb's Corner and at station.

D. MCNICOLL, A. H. NOTMAN,

Pass. Traffic Mgr., Dist. Pass. Agent,

Montreal. St. John, N. B.

Dominion Atlantic R'y.

On and after 4th Oct. 1897, the Steamship and Train service of this railway will be as follows:

Royal Mail S.S. Prince Rupert,

Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday.

Leve. St. J. on at 7.15 a. m., arr Digby 10.00 a. m.

Leve. Digby at 1.00 p. m., arr St. John, 3.45 p. m.

S. S. Evangeline runs daily (Sunday excepted) between Farnboro, making connection at Kingsport with express trains.

EXPRESS TRAINS

Daily (Sunday excepted).

Leve. Halifax 6.30 a. m., arr in Digby 12.50 p. m.

Leve. Digby 1.02 p. m., arr Yarmouth 3.35 p. m.

Leve. Halifax 7.45 a. m., arr Digby 12.30 p. m.

Leve. Digby 12.42 p. m., arr Yarmouth 3.00 p. m.

Leve. Yarmouth 7.15 a. m., arr Digby 11.10 a. m.

Leve. Digby 11.25 a. m., arr Halifax 5.45 p. m.

Leve. Yarmouth 8.00 a. m., arr Halifax 10.09 a. m.

Leve. Digby 10.14 a. m., arr Halifax 8.30 p. m.

Leve. Annapolis 7.30 a. m., arr Digby 8.50 p. m.

Leve. Digby 3.20 p. m., arr Annapolis 4.40 p. m.

Pullman Palace Buffet Parlor Cars run each way on Flying Bluenose Monday and Thursday.

Other days on Express Trains between Halifax and Yarmouth and Yarmouth and Annapolis.

S. S. Prince Edward,

BOSTON SERVICE

By far the finest and fastest steamer plying out of Boston. Leaves Yarmouth, N. S., every MONDAY and THURSDAY immediately on arrival of the Express train and "Flying Bluenose" Expresses, arriving in Boston early next morning. Returning leaves: Long Wharf, Boston, every FRIDAY and WEDNESDAY at 4.30 p. m. Unexcelled cuisine on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers and Palace Car Express Trains.

Staterooms can be obtained on application to City Agent.

Close connections with trains at Digby. Tickets on sale at City Office, 114 Prince William Street, and from the Purser on steamer, from whom time-tables and all information can be obtained.

W. R. CAMPBELL, Gen. Mgr.

P. GIFFKINS, Superintendent.

STEAMBOATS.

International S. S. Co.

THREE TRIPS A WEEK