

Presently—gray, in the dark or light, says: "It'll all come right."

On the Sunny Side.

Fortune's grin, when it resumed its light, still kept crying: "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 which he afterwards led the charge at San Jacinto.

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."

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 impressive as any other savage of those around him.

Mrs. Frazer, 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, "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 Frazer 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 as 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 contrasting 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—withdrew 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 pelted him and he would not have 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!"

"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 across her face. As yet the Governor's mind had assimilated hardly anything of what she had said. It had come upon him as 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, lit above herself by the stress of such an effort as no one person ever makes twice in a lifetime, as 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 elbow on its arms and his hands locked across his breast, he looked steadily out of the window, motionless, as the clock on the mantel struck the hour one after another, until the small, square window panes began to grow luminous with the dawn. Then he rose, and unlocked 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.'"

Before he had concluded his unconscious mimicry of Benton's presentation speech he recognized the fact that he had caught the modulated period of that statesman's carefully modulated words. 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 bluff, 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 rooms as he said this, and began sorting the papers in his private pigeonholes. Edicott could hear him tearing them, but if 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 my 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 Equalled 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 Wren 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 Armes of the Corn. Rank upon rank they stood, and row on row; Plumed, tasselled, uniformed in green. With rattles in their knapsacked hooks between The myrtles blades they brandished at the foe. Long held the brave brigades and would not yield 'Till shattered by the destiny of War. These gallant tribes from the conqueror! They stacked 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. Sprinhill, 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. F. K. McRae, a son. Bridgewater, Oct. 13, to the wife of Amos Whynot 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 Tins, a daughter. Sprinhill, Oct. 17, to the wife of Mr. Fred Tabor, a daughter. Campbellton, Oct. 9, to the wife of James Duxbury, a daughter. Campbellton, Oct. 19 to the wife of A. J. Falls, a daughter. Petticoat, Oct. 19, to the wife of John J. McAtee, a daughter. Halifax, Oct. 19, to Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Hobb, a daughter. Cumberland, Oct. 16, to the wife of Albert Page, twin boys. Sprinhill, Oct. 17, to the wife of Hilbert McCook, a son. Cumberland, Oct. 14, to the wife of Russel Dickinson, a daughter. Woodstock, Oct. 10, to the wife of John McLaughlan, a daughter. Hartwood, Oct. 12, to Mr. and Mrs. Wentworth Killam, 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 Elizabeth Ross. Windsor, Sept. 23, by Pastor Shaw, Wm. L. Irish to Elizabeth Ross. 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, Sept. 29, by Rev. W. McCarthy to Miss Charlotte Amelia Black. Yarmouth, Oct. 20, by Rev. W. F. Parker, Harry L. Crosby to Lizzie Poole. Cape Negro, Oct. 23, by Rev. Mr. Davis, Johnna Smith to Mrs. Julia Stralane. Yarmouth, Oct. 21, Elizabeth C. Moody to David M. Soper of New Glasgow. Halifax, Oct. 6, by the Rev. G. E. Ross, John R. Mont to Helena Harley. Halifax, Oct. 13, by the Rev. G. E. Ross, William Kidston to Beatha Drysdale. Halifax, Oct. 6, by the Rev. J. Ross, Roderick McDonald to Marcia A. MacKenzie. Yarmouth, Oct. 20, by Rev. J. H. Foshay, Mr. Ralph E. Edridge to Lizzie Prime. Boston, Oct. 21, by the Rev. F. McDonald, Mrs. Annie M. Treat to Thomas Gilford. Baddeck Oct. 13, by Rev. D. McDonald, Malcolm J. McLeod to George Halliburton. Annapolis, Oct. 11, by the Rev. H. Achilles, John Key to Marjorie Hillary. Cambridge, Oct. 6, by the Rev. E. O. Read, S. B. Taylor to Alice McNeily. Halifax, Sept. 29, by the Rev. W. McDonald, Harry Wagstaff, to Liza Duff. Annapolis, Oct. 12, by the Rev. H. Achilles, James Vanner to Martha Bosher. Halifax, Oct. 19, by the Rev. T. Cumming, Edward McCollough to Frances E. Pearson. Halifax, Oct. 29, by the Rev. Wm. McNichol, Mark E. McDonald to Jan. E. Fraser. Annapolis, Oct. 20, by the Rev. E. B. Moore, Byron R. Robbins to Margaret E. Cary. Hantsport, Aug. 19, by Rev. D. E., Hart, Fred Faulkner to Marie 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. W. Luce Neily to Sophia Mathborne. Yarmouth, Oct. 6, by Rev. R. D. Bambrick, J. D. McDonald to Jennie Barnstead, both of Halifax. Middle Musquoboboh, Oct. 6, by Rev. E. Smith, N. L. Perry of Ont., to Jennie B. Harris. Port Egan, Oct. 6, by Rev. Joseph H. Brownell, Thos. H. Brownell to Eva Suliker.

Rockland Mass., Oct. 6, by Rev. Father O'Neil William H. Butler to Catherine M. Whalen. Matland, N. S., Oct. 13, by the Rev. A. D. McDonald, assisted by Rev. G. Fringing, Rev. S. J. McArthur to Abbie Gerruthers. Boston, Mass., Oct. 12, by Rev. A. D. McKinnon assisted by Rev. G. Fringing, Duncan A. McKinnon to Mary McCoy. Roxbury, Mass., Oct. 18, 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, E. A., Capt. Edward A. Dumphy to May Belle Foster.

DIED.

- Halifax, Oct. 18, Wm. Sloan, 34. Halifax, Oct. 18, Mary Beatty, 16. Berwick, Oct. 17, John Shirrell, 79. Halifax, Oct. 16, Sarah Clark, 73. Halifax, Oct. 13, Roderick McDonald. Halifax, Oct. 15, Hannah O'Brien, 46. Lower Salem, Oct. 15, Alevia Cox, 33. Halifax, Oct. 17, Herbert J. Gray, 21. Halifax, Oct. 21, Thomas Clayton, 14. Halifax, Oct. 12, Maria M. Cogswell. Truro, Oct. 17, Sattie Fraser Craig, 55. Halifax, Sept. 13, Louis Bernardin, 62. Sydney, Oct. 17, Alfred Marshall, 75. South Boston Oct. 18, John H. Walker. Graville, Oct. 17, Alfred Marshall, 75. Toronto, Oct. 17, Charlotte Hill Thomas. Springhill, Oct. 18, Lexina McKenzie, 1. South Boston, Oct. 15, John H. Walker. Toronto, Oct. 17, Charlotte Hill Thomas. Halifax, Oct. 20, Donald A. Stewart, 48. Tusket Wedge, Oct. 13, Hugh McIntosh, 18. Salt Springs, Oct. 19, Hugh McIntosh, 63. Halifax, Oct. 19, Roderick F. McColl, 43. Moncton, Oct. 22, Letitia Edmundson, 86. Amherst, Oct. 21, Lydia Forest Corbit, 62. Halifax, Oct. 18, Horatio Nelson Power, 64. Weymouth, Oct. 9, Charlton Newcombe, 67. Boston, Oct. 12, Mrs. Mary G. Holland, 82. Weymouth, Oct. 9, Charlton Newcombe, 67. Canso, Oct. 20, Abraham Whitman Hart, 57. Weymouth, Oct. 9, Charlton Newcombe, 67. Boston, Oct. 12, Mrs. Mary G. Holland, 82. Moncton, Oct. 6, Robert Spence, 69. Mill Branch, Oct. 16, Mrs. Robert Spence, 69. Halifax, Oct. 20, Donald A. Stewart, C. E., 46. Dartmouth, Oct. 21, Charlotte Elizabeth Symons, 76. Caledonia Corner, Oct. 16, John M. Barabny, 65. Deerfield, Yarmouth, Oct. 16, Mrs. Lydia Vickery, 43. Blanche, Oct. 1, Deborah, wife of Mr. John Thomas. Beaver Brook, Col., Oct. 11, Mrs. Job Creelman, 58. South Cheongin, Oct. 7, Laura M. wife of Rev. A. Foot, 21. Cambridgeport, Mass., Oct. 6, George Edward Milner. Halifax, Oct. 21, Sarah, widow of the late John O'Muldo, 63. East Earlton, Jennie, the beloved daughter of Mr. Alex. McNeil, 25. Moose Brook, Hants Co., Oct. 9, Joseph and William O'Brien. Yarmouth, Oct. 19, Kate, beloved child of Charles E. and Agnes Irack, 5. Mill, Oct. 8, Zephia, daughter of Augustus and Zephia Gilman, 8 mos. Boston, Sept. 27, 18th infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Huntington, 6 months. Hartford, Conn., Oct. 13, Lydia Anna, widow of the late James G. Craig, 73. Halifax, Oct. 20, Louis Carl Robinson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Robinson, 19. Cambridgeport, Mass., Oct. 6, George Edward Milner formerly of Charlton Nova, F. E. I. Boers, Texas, U. S. Oct. 12, Katherine, daughter of William E. and Josephine Bragg one year.

STEAMBOATS.

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—Fast 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 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, Loggieport, Liverpool and Lunenburg. Returning leaves Port 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, 22nd 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 train of passenger cars will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows. TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN: Express for Campbellton, Fugwash, Pictou and Halifax. Express for Moncton and Quebec (Monday) Express for Sussex. Express for Quebec, Montreal.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN:

Express from Sussex. Express from Moncton and Quebec (Monday) Express from Moncton (daily) Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton. Accommodation from Moncton.

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.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

The Short Line 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 8.45 a. m. Montreal 9.00 a. m. making close connections with trains for Toronto, Ottawa and all points West, and North West, and on the Pacific Coast.

Dominion Atlantic Ry.

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. Live. St. J. h. at 7.15 a. m. ar. Digby 10.00 a. m. Live. Digby at 1.00 p. m. ar. St. John, 3.45 p. m. S. S. Evangeline runs daily (Sunday excepted) between Parrboro, making connection at Kingsport with express trains. EXPRESS TRAINS Daily (Sunday excepted).

STEAMBOATS.

Fullman Palace Buffet Parlor Cars run each way on Flying Bueone 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 Bueone" Express, arriving in Boston early in the morning. Returning leaves Lone Wharf, Boston, every FRIDAY and WEDNESDAY at 4.30 p. m. Unqualified cuisine on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers and Palace Car Express Trains. Steamrooms can be obtained on application to City Agent. Close connections with trains at Digby, Yarmouth and all information can be obtained from W. R. CAMPBELL, Gen. Man'gr. P. GIFFKINS, Superintendent.

International S. S. Co.

THREE TRIPS A WEEK TO BOSTON. COMMENCING SEPT. 20th the steamer of this company will leave St. John for Eastport, Lubec, Portland and Boston every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning at 8 o'clock (standard time) at 8 o'clock (standard time) Returning leave Boston same days. On Wednesday trip steamers will not touch at Portland. Connections made at Eastport with steamer for Calais and St. Stephen. Freight received daily up to 5 p. m. C. E. LAECHLER, Agent.

STAR LINE STEAMERS

For Fredericton (Eastern Standard Time.) Mail steamers David Weston and Olivette leave St. John every day (except Sunday) at 8 a. m. for Fredericton and all intermediate landings, and will leave Fredericton every day (except Sunday) at 7.30 a. m. for St. John. A steamer of this line will leave Indiantown every Saturday night at 6.30 p. m. for Wickham and intermediate landings, returning Monday morning, leaving Wickham at 6 a. m., arriving at Indiantown at 8 a. m., until further notice; one fare. Return tickets good for morning or afternoon boat on Monday. No return tickets less than 40c. GEORGE F. BAIRD, Manager.