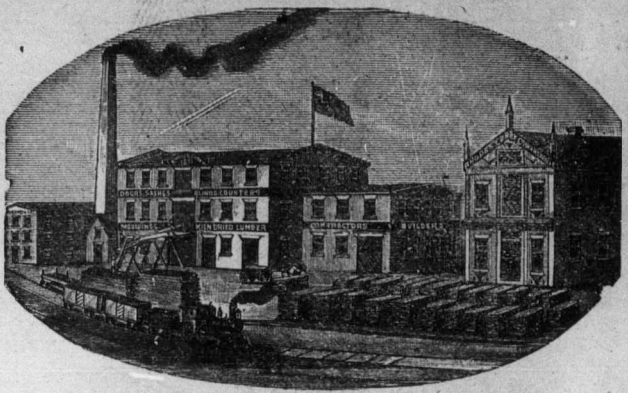


## RHODES, CURRY & CO.

AMHERST, NOVA SCOTIA.

### Manufacturers and Builders



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Manufacturers of and Dealers in all kinds of Builders Material  
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**COMFORT**  
IN CORSETS  
Can only be obtained by wearing  
No. 391 "Improved All-Feather-  
bone Corsets." No side steels to  
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All First-class Dry Goods Houses Sell Them.

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When You're Printing to be Done  
Send it to Another Town

Advertising  
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Unexcelled Work  
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We ding Cards  
Express Prepaid  
You will find us  
Zealous to please

— There is a certain judge in Chicago who rather prides himself on his vast and varied knowledge of law. The other day he was compelled to listen to a case that had been appealed from a justice of the peace. The young practitioner who appeared for the appellant was long and tedious. As he brought in all the elementary text-books, and quoted the fundamental propositions of the law. At last the judge thought it was time to make an effort to hurry him up. "Can't you assume," he said blandly, "that the Court knows a little law itself." That's the very mistake I made in the lower court, answered the young man. "I don't want to let it defeat me twice."

The prompt use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla will invariably cure all affections of the kidneys.

U. S. TARIFF changes have brought about the cancellation of the reciprocity treaty between Spain and United States. This will materially affect the U. S. trade with Cuba.

### PUBLIC NOTICE!

EDWIN SPENCE and NELSON W. TUCKER of Bedford in the County of Westmoreland and Province of New Brunswick, do hereby give notice to all persons claiming an interest in the estate and style of Spence and Tucker have this day ASSIGNED all their property, estate, and effects to me in trust for the benefit of their creditors. The trust deed lies at the office of Grant and Sweeney, Moncton, and Malrose, N. B., and all parties wishing to share in said estate are required to execute the same within three months from this date.

Dated at Bedford this 17th day of July, A. D. 1894.

GRANT & SWEENEY, GEORGE CULTON, Solicitors.

Assignee  
estate Spence & Tucker.

### Notice of Co-Partnership.

THE public are hereby notified that we have this fifteenth day of March, A. D. 1894, entered into a partnership and will do business at Bedford, in the name and style of  
**CRANE & DOBSON.**  
A full stock of goods such as are usually kept in a country store will be offered where inspection of quality and prices is kindly invited.  
The business lately conducted by Mr. F. Crane having been purchased by us, all persons indebted to Mr. Crane will please pay the same to us.  
W. Leonard Crane,  
W. Harvey Dobson.  
Bedford, March 15, 1894.

### FREDA JOHNSON.

Out of the swirl of the seething flame,  
Out of the hell of the rushing fire,  
Out of the jaws of horror dim,  
A slip of a girl with a baby came.

A slip of a girl with a chubby child,  
A slip of a girl like a fragile flower,  
A slip of a girl with a hero's power,  
Speeding away on a race so wild.

Alone she was in a maddened throng,  
Running a race with savage death,  
Weary and faint, and scant of breath,  
She bore her burden on and on.

Never a thought of selfish fear,  
Comes to the fragile flower-like dear,  
The black smoke rolls and the hot  
flame swirl.

She staggers along with her brother  
dear,  
Calm is the heart that love makes brave,  
Swift and beautiful its feet,  
That run on errands love makes sweet;  
Strong are the arms that are strained to  
save.

At last! What joy her heart must  
know!  
At last! She stumbles into the pool,  
Safe from the fire in the waters cool,  
She and her darling brother Joe.

Ab, little girl with heart so true,  
Speeding away from the fire's fierce  
flame,  
With never a thought but to shield and  
save,  
Heaven be praised for such a you!

Thank God! Where passion's flame and  
flame,  
Where dangerous self drowns out the  
prayer,  
Where men grow devilish with despair,<  
The flowers of love are blossoming there.

—Eva Donaldson, in The Chicago Inter  
Ocean.



The only thing known about her  
with certainty, said the paper next  
morning, is that the wretched woman  
was an associate of the man Lamin-  
ski, who is believed to have been the  
author of this atrocious outrage. She  
lived in the same house with him  
in the Boulevard St. Michel; she work-  
ed at the same studio; the relations  
between them are described as most  
cordial; and it is even said that she  
was engaged to be married to him.  
By this unfortunate disaster society is  
well rid—but, then you know the  
way the papers talk about these  
things, and how very little reason  
there is, as a rule, in all they say of  
them.

Let me tell you the true story  
of that sweet little American woman.

She was small and slight; one of  
those dainty, delicate, mignonette  
New England girls, with shell like  
ears and transparent complexion,  
who look as if they were made of the  
finest porcelain, yet, spring, Heaven  
knows how, out of rough upland  
farms. It was in her native  
Vermont that the hunger of art first  
came upon Essie Lathrop. You must  
know America to know just how it  
came, seizing her by the throat, as it  
were, one day, among the trees of  
the apple harvest, at sight of some  
early Italian pictures engraved in a  
magazine. From her childhood up-  
ward, to be sure, Essie had drawn  
pictures for her own delight with a  
plain lead pencil; drawn the ducks,  
and the lambs, and the wild geese—  
pictures that ran riot in the woods  
drawn them instinctively, without  
teaching of any sort, for pure, pure  
love of them. But these early  
Italian pictures, then seen for the  
first time, crossing her simple horizon  
on the hills of Vermont, roused  
fresh fires in that eager little  
breast of hers. She had heard of art  
from a distance, as a thing glorious and  
beautiful, which sprang from New  
England. Now those four or five  
woodcuts in the magazine suggested  
to her mind unknown possibilities of  
artistic beauty. She said to herself  
at once, "I must know these things.  
I must see them with my eyes. I  
must live my life among them."

From that day forth it became a  
fixed idea with Essie Lathrop that  
she should go to Paris and study  
painting. Where Paris was, what  
Paris could do for her, she only  
guessed from the meager details in  
her common school geography. But  
with American intuition she was  
somewhat dimly aware that if you  
wanted an artistic education, Paris  
was the one right place to go for it.

Therefore, however, life meant  
but one thing to Essie Lathrop. She  
lived in order to work for the money  
Paris would take her to study art in  
Paris. She was 18 when the revela-  
tion came upon her; she was 20 when  
she found herself, alone and a stranger,  
in the streets of the wicked, un-  
heeding city.

There was joy at Valentin's the  
first morning when Essie made her  
appearance. Slight, smiling, demure,  
with her American ease and her  
American frankness, she took the  
fancy of all the men students at  
once.

"She is good," they said, "the little  
one!"

When she dropped her brush, it  
was Stanislas Laminiski who picked  
it up and handed it back to her. She  
accepted it with a smile the perfectly  
courteous and good-humored smile of  
a girl who had come fresh from her  
Vermont fields to that great teeming  
Paris, who knew no middle term be-  
tween her native village and the  
Boulevard St. Michel. She thought  
no evil. To her, these men were but  
fellow students, as the Vermont boys  
had been in the common school of her  
township. She took their obtrusive  
politeness as her natural due, never  
dreaming Jean and Alphonse could  
mean anything more by it than Joe  
and Pete would have meant in her  
upland hamlet.

Valentin approved of her.  
That child will go far," he  
sometimes, confidentially, to Stanislas  
Laminiski. She has talent do you  
see! Talent nothing of course; but  
she will learn; she is plastic. There's  
more originality in that child's little  
finger than in the fat Kerouac's  
Bretton body. Ah, yes, she will go  
far if you others leave her alone. She  
is innocent, the little one; respect her  
innocence."

Laminiski sat next her and painted  
by her side. He did his best to help  
her. Often he pointed out to her  
when things she did were technically  
wrong; set her right in her drawing,  
corrected her first crude ideas of  
color. Essie, living for art, put her  
head on one side and drank it all in  
eagerly. She was docile like a child,  
she saw these men knew more about  
it than she did, and she was anxious  
to profit, as far as possible, by their  
instruction. Laminiski liked her;  
she was so small and so pretty. Like  
a dainty little flower, Laminiski  
thought to himself. With an artist's  
eye, with a poet's heart, how could he  
help admiring her?

One afternoon he walked home  
with her, and carried her things for  
her. At the top of the stairs she  
turned and took them from him  
smiling. "Will you come in and rest  
a while, monsiur?" she asked, with  
her innocent frankness. Laminiski  
hesitated. The others were not by.  
After all what harm? Why not ac-  
cept that innocent invitation in the  
spirit in which she gave it?

He stammered over a vague ac-  
quiescence. Essie flung open the  
door and preceded him into the room.  
It was a bedroom of the common  
Parisian Jack-of-all-trades sort, with  
the bed tucked away into a niche  
in the background and the rest of the  
apartment furnished with a salon.  
Essie waved him to the sofa. He  
seated himself on it gingerly, very  
close to the edge, as if half afraid of  
making himself too comfortable.  
Essie noticed it and laughed. "But  
why so?" she asked merrily. Then  
her eye fell on an envelope on a table  
close by. "Ah! a letter from Dicky?"  
she cried, and took it up and opened  
it.

"And who is Dicky?" Laminiski  
asked, gazing hard at her, inquiring  
ly.

"My brother," Essie answered, de-  
vouring the letter. He tells me all  
about our farm and my father and  
the chickens."

The young man leaned back and  
watched her respectfully with a stifled  
smile till she had finished reading it.  
She went through with it unafected-  
ly to the end, and then laid it down,  
glowing. Laminiski was charmed  
with so much simplicity.

"Dicky will have said our tale  
at the farm," she said, simply; and  
Laminiski the mere mention of the  
farm was delicious in its naivete.  
"He tells me about my ducks, and  
how our neighbor has broken his arm,  
and that Ciddy, the servant" (at home  
she would have said the hired girl),  
"is engaged to be married."

Then she felt amused herself, to ob-  
serve how formal all these domestic  
details of Vermont society sounded,  
even in her own ears, when one made  
French prose of them. But to Lami-  
niski they were still stray breaths of  
Aurora.

"I suppose you Russians can hardly  
understand what America's like," she  
added, after a pause, just to keep con-  
versation rolling; "but we Americans  
love it."

Laminiski started back like one  
struck. "Mademoiselle!" he cried,  
angrily.

"What have I done?" Essie asked,  
drawing away in surprise. "What  
have I said? Why do you start?  
Surely we Americans can love Ameri-  
ca!"

"A bonnie hen!" he answered,  
gazing hard at her in a strange way.  
"But why treat me like this? Why  
call me a Russian?"

"I thought you were one, from your  
name," Laminiski replied, taken aback.  
"Isn't Laminiski Russian?"

"The name is French, you may feel  
the young man answered with a fier-  
ce flash of the eyes. "I'm a Pole, mad-  
emoiselle, and, like all good Poles, I  
hate and detest Russia. Call me a  
Chinaman, if you will, a negro a mon-  
key; but not a Russian."

"But in the name of our Emperor,  
twice!" Essie inquired, innocently. She  
was too unversed in European affairs  
to understand that a Pole could differ  
from a Russian otherwise than as a  
California differs from a New Eng-  
lander.

Laminiski suppressed an oath.  
Then he went on to explain to her in  
brief but sufficiently vigorous tones  
the actual state of feeling between  
Poles and Russians. Essie listened  
with the intent interest of the intel-  
ligent American, for, as a rule, with  
the average Yankee, you may feel  
pretty sure of finding that he is abso-  
lutely ignorant of any piece of infor-  
mation you may desire to impart to  
him, but eagerly anxious to know all  
about it. A great desire to learn and  
a capacity for learning coexist with an  
astounding want of information and  
culture.

"Then you are a Catholic?" Essie  
said, at last, after listening to his ex-  
planation with profound interest.

The young man gazed at her with  
an expression of mingled surprise and  
amusement. "I am of whatever religion  
medievalists prefer," he answered courteously.  
"except only the religion of the accus-  
ed Russians."

"I don't understand you," Essie said,  
much puzzled. Such easy-going gal-  
lantry was rare, indeed, from the so-  
ber, God-fearing New England  
model.

Laminiski smiled again. "Well, you  
advanced politicians in Europe," he  
said, twirling his black mustache,  
"don't as a rule belong to any religion  
in particular—unless it be the religion of  
the ladies who interest us."

"Oh, how very sad," Essie replied,  
looking hard at him, pityingly. "But  
perhaps you may see clearer in time."

"Perhaps," Laminiski answered, with  
a curious puckering of the corners of  
his mouth. "Though I hardly expect  
it."

"Will you take some tea?" Essie  
asked, just to relieve the tension.  
For the first time in her life she was  
dimly aware of that barrier of sex  
which she had never felt with the  
young men in Vermont. But these  
European men are so strange and so  
different! They always make you  
remember, somehow, that they are  
men and that you are a woman.

"Thank you," he replied, "madam-  
oiselle is very good. Let me look  
upon while Essie prepared it."

When it was ready he tasted it.  
He had drunk tea in quantities when  
he was a boy near Warsaw, but never  
since the first day he came to Paris.  
"How innocent it is!" he exclaimed,  
as he tasted it. And Essie stared  
at him, not knowing what to make of  
him.

From that day forth it was the  
secret of the atelier that Laminiski  
had his eyes upon the little Ameri-  
can. He walked home with her daily;  
he took her to cafes more reputable  
than was his wont; he escorted her on  
Sundays to the Louvre and to Culry.  
The other girl students gave her dark  
hints at times, which Essie did not  
understand, of some mysterious draw-  
ing which they seemed to think lay in  
intercourse with Laminiski, or for the  
matter of that, with any of the other  
men who frequented the studio.

But the dark hints glided unnoted  
past Essie. Clad in her triple mail  
of New England innocence, she never  
even guessed what the hints were  
driving at. These men were gentle-  
men (as Essie understood the word),  
students of art like herself; and why  
should she suspect the bravest girl be  
afraid or ashamed of accepting their kind  
escort to the cafe or the theater? She  
walked unharmed through the midst  
of that strange, unconventional Bohemian  
Paris, as unconventional as it-  
self, by dint of pure innate goodness  
and simplicity.

The strangest part of it all was  
that the men themselves were silent  
by her innocence. "Chut! Not a  
word of that!" grog Kerouac would  
exclaim to the laughing group around  
him as Essie entered; here comes the  
little one, and, instead, a demure  
silence fell on the gaily crowd; or if  
they laughed after that, they laughed  
at something where Essie's own sil-  
very voice could join them merrily.

"As for Laminiski, he is reformed,"  
Alphonse said more than once, with a  
smile. "You would not know that man.  
He half forgot the Dead Rat, and hasn't  
been seen for fifteen days at Brumet's."

What wonder that Essie Lathrop  
fell in love with him! All men are  
human, still more, all women. He  
was so handsome, so clever, so fiery  
so incomprehensible, so utterly unlike  
the young men in New England. That  
very incomprehensibility was a point  
in his favor. It appealed to woman's  
love of the mysterious and the infinite.  
Beside, Alphonse was right. He  
was to say, Laminiski meant it all for  
the good motive. The more he looked at  
her, the more vividly did he feel that  
fate, blind fate was drawing him  
against his will to marry her at church  
like any ordinary bourgeois.

They never explicitly arranged it. It  
grew between them "incomprehensibly."  
As he painted her in her simple white  
robe as Ste. Genevieve, in a histori-  
cal composition he was working upon,  
they found themselves addressing one  
another as Essie and Stanislas, pre-  
sque sans le savoir.

Once or twice a week, however, it  
was Stanislas's way to go out at night  
to some mysterious meeting. On such  
occasions, Essie asked him what oc-  
casion he frequented. Laminiski smiled  
a curiously self-restrained smile,  
and answered in a somewhat evasive  
voice that he had something to do  
with the Friends of Freedom. These  
Friends of Freedom were often on his  
lips. Essie didn't exactly know what  
they were driving at, but she took  
their plan to be some benevolent  
scheme for emancipating the people  
of Poland by touching the hearts of  
the Russian officers. She fancied they  
disseminated humanitarian tracts, and  
in that bland belief she went on, un-  
concerned, with her painting at Valen-  
tin's.

It was all very dreadful, no  
doubt, as Stanislas said, this Euro-  
pean life, but with art at her door,  
she couldn't pretend to interest her-  
self in politics. Her heart was ab-  
sorbed in her work and in Stanislas.

By-and-by, while Essie was still  
working at Valentin's and Laminiski  
was vaguely reflecting upon the ways  
and means by which at last to marry  
her, all Paris was startled one mem-  
orable morning by the terrible news of  
an anarchist bomb-outrage. It was  
the first that had taken place since  
Essie's arrival; and it shocked and  
surprised her. To think people should  
act with such reckless folly!

At Valentin's that day, when the  
news came in, all was hubbub and ex-  
citement. Alphonse and the gros  
Kerouac were distinctly of the opin-  
ion that government should do some-  
thing. Anarchists should be caught  
and tried in haste. The Gascou sur-  
mised that it would not be a bad plan  
to cut them bit by bit into little square  
pieces in the Place de la Concorde, as  
a warning to others. Valentin him-  
self suggested, with grotesque minuteness,  
that they might be utilized for  
purposes of artistic study, by slow tor-  
ture in attics, as models for gladiatorial  
pieces or Christian martyrdoms. Only  
Laminiski held his tongue and shrug-  
ged his shoulders philosophically.

He appeared to be neither surprised  
nor shocked at the tidings of the outrage.  
He was interested simply in the  
subsidiary question of what arrests  
had been made; and when the paper  
came in—extra special, hot pressed—he  
glanced at it with some concern,  
read the names and descriptions of the  
persons of tender commiseration, and  
lighting a cigarette with a monochal-  
ant air, went on with his painting.

At home at the Boulevard St. Michel  
that evening, Essie spoke with some  
natural horror and loathing of this  
meaningless explosion.

"How detestable," she cried, "to fling  
a bomb like that, in an open place  
where you may injure anybody! So  
wrong, and so silly! I hope they've  
caught the wicked people who did it!"

Stanislas gazed at her with deep  
eyes of tender commiseration. He  
laid his hand on her golden head.

"My child," he cried, caressingly,  
"you don't understand these questions  
of politics. How should you, indeed  
who are a pure daughter of the people  
a child of the free land, born of  
brave tillers of the soil, who cast  
off long since the rotten fetters of ty-  
ranny! It is otherwise in Europe.  
Here we have to fight a hard battle  
against the strong. We must use such  
poor arms as tyrants leave us. All is  
eyes of tender commiseration. He  
laid his hand on her golden head.

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