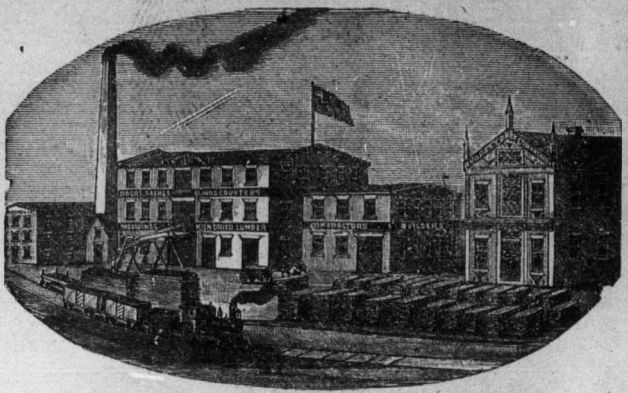


RHODES, CURRY & CO.

AMHERST, NOVA SCOTIA.

Manufacturers and Builders



86 POOL, OFFICE, CHURCH AND HOUSE FURNITURE.
Manufacturers of and Dealers in all kinds of Builders Material
Send for Estimates.



COMFORT
IN CORSETS
Can only be obtained by wearing
No. 391 "Improved All-Feather-
bone Corsets." No side steels to
break, hurt or rust.
TRY A PAIR.
All First-class Dry Goods Houses Sell Them.

DON'T READ THIS.
When You're Printing to be Done
Send it to Another Town

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Billheads
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Quick Work
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Unexcelled Work
Visiting Cards
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 elemen-
tary text-books, and quoted the funda-
mental 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.

PUBLIC NOTICE!
— EDWIN SPENCE and NELSON W. TUCKER
of Bedford in the County of Westmorland
and Province of New Brunswick, do hereby
business as Lobster Packers under the name
and style of Spence and Tucker have this
day ASSIGNED all their property, estate,
and effects to us 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
persons 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. Assignees
estate Spence & Tucker.

**Notice of Co-Part-
nership.**
— THE public are hereby notified that we have this
fifteenth day of March, A. D. 1894, entered
into partnership and will do business at Bedford,
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,
Tho' 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 swift,
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 Little American.

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, 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 rolling hills,
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,
and the little birds 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,
possibilities that 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 arranged in 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 eyes 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 unaf-
fectedly to the end, and then laid it down,
glowing. Laminiski was charmed
with so much simplicity.

"Dicky," he said, "is our pet
at the farm; he said, simply, and to
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, and 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 Amer-
ica!"

"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," Essie 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
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-
antry 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 us 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
about 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, when
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.
Besides, 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
shrugged 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 soil, born in a free land,
from 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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wretches who maim and destroy inno-
cent women and children! If their
bombs only blew up tyrants—I don't
know about that, you say, I'm a
woman, and I never pretend to un-
derstand politics. America, of course
is a free country" (Essie really be-
lieved it). "We have no tyrants. And
if all you tell me about tyrants is
true, I can almost understand how
people who have lost their own fathers
or sons by the de-pot's commands
might do anything almost to get rid
of such wretches. But this is a re-
public, where people are quite free,
and I don't see why the Friends of
Liberty should want to kill poor, help-
less souls, sitting by chance at a cafe
—good folks who, perhaps, may hate
the tyrants just as they do, I don't see
the use of indiscriminate revolution."

Stanislas ran his fingers gently over
the smooth, bright locks. It was
charming to hear her in defense of the
bourgeoisie. The difference between
the natures took his fancy, just as
much as it had taken Essie's.

"You don't understand these things
my child," he said, fondling her affec-
tionately. "By-and-by, when you've
lived a little longer in Europe, and
when I've had time to unfold my ideas
to you slowly, you'll take a more
sensible view of the matter. But,
after all, why discuss it? Sit down in
your chair by my side here, little one,
let me go on reading you those
lines of Victor Hugo's."

(CONTINUED.)
IN MEMORIAM.

The following lines were read by the
Right Hon. Sir John Thompson, by re-
quest, at the unveiling of the Springfield
monument on Tuesday, erected in mem-
ory of the victims of the great coal mine
disaster at Springfield, February 21st,
1891:

The brave who battle in their country's
cause
Are lauded high; they have the world's
applause:
Their sword, thus drawn, perchance leads
out to fame,
And many a peril ere they sheathe the
blade.

But far more glorious ever, those who
toil:
And those who labor 'neath the mother
flood:
For peace and order in their heart
Of peace and order, this true
peace imparts.

This gift, to day—a worthy one indeed—
A lasting record from each class and
rank:
To those who on that sad eventful day
Were from our midst untimely torn
away.

Nor have my pen need trace and thus
enrol:
And memorize each name on a scroll;
For sacred there upon that pained
plane
Are carved the emblems and will long
remain.

The names of these, now wrapped in
silent dust
Are there inscribed with reverential
trust:
And read in light, and not to darkness
drawn:
Their stainless merit marks this hallow-
ed lawn.

From this life gone to where the garner-
ed souls
Rest in Eden while time onward rolls:
And here our tribute from a brother's
love
Unfolded, is landscaped by fair courts
above.

And with this shaft, our hands and
hearts we raise
To God the Father, and the eternal peace,
And as we offer it to parent, brother,
son:
Our duty ends—but still not all is done.

To us their memory is as fresh to day
As when the deadly, writing, foe did
slay:
Our brother workmen who fell side by
side
In that dread hour and by that sulphur-
ous tide.

True chords of sympathy will ever blend,
In sweetest harmony, until life's end,
As follows worthy of a noble craft,
While struggling with the waves on
life's rude raft,
Do down that oak on high, whose lamp
sheds brightly
Shall ever shine to guide us to the realms
of light.

W. E. HEFFERNAN,
Springfield, N. S., Sept. 11th 1894.

It was on the afternoon of the 21st of
February, 1891, that the people of
Canada were inexpressibly shocked by
the news that an explosion in the east-
slope of the mine at Springfield had re-
sulted in the loss of 125 lives; that 15
or 20 others had been seriously in-
jured, and that the mine had been
wrecked.

Shortly after the men had resumed
work there was a terrific explosion, re-
sounding like thunder through the
mine. Those of the miners who were
not instantly killed knew what it meant
and fled for their lives and some es-
caped. Many not killed fell victims to
the deadly choke damp. A number of
miners, 600 feet from the explosion, at
once felt the oppression of the damp,
and instantly threw themselves down on
their faces. They rose and tried to
force their way through the gas, and
many succeeded at last in reaching pure
atmosphere. It was as sad a scene as
was ever witnessed in Canada at the
pitmouth. Men went like children as
they beheld the widows of those who
refused to be comforted for the loss of
those they knew to be in the cold em-
brace of death. Wm. Reese and Ralph
Turner were the first to go below to
learn what they could do to rescue work.
They discovered one or two injured,
and came back for help. Malcolm Mc-
Kenzie, Alex. Chisham, Moses Jones,
Thomas Whittle, John Matheson, Jr.,
and some others joined them. Their
labors were rewarded in bringing to the
surface sixteen injured. John John-
son, John Leadbeater, Charles Rennie,
John Moffatt, W. J. McDonald, Jessie
Ormshead, Daniel Murray and A. A.
McKerrow, joined in the noble work of
saving their interred fellows that
fatal Saturday afternoon. At 6 o'clock
44 dead bodies and 16 injured had been
brought to the surface. Relief parties
went down both the east and west
slopes. It was a terrible undertaking
but nothing daunted the brave men.
Their bravery in going into the pit so
soon after the explosion is worthy of
the highest commendation. They had
a lofty motive, the saving of the lives
of their fellow men. Among the first
volunteers to enter the east slope were
John Robertson, Malcolm Blue, Wm.
Blair, J. D. Beston, Wm. Murray,
James Miller, George Morrison, George
Oulton, C. H. Waller, James Lambert,
Oulton O'Brien and Wm. McMillan.
Underground Manager Conway called
for volunteers, and he, too, went be-
low, accompanied by Assistant Manager
McKenzie, James Ferguson, Peter Shan-
ahan and A. C. Ferguson. These are
but some of the heroic rescuers. Gen-
eral Manager Cowan went below, as
did Underground Manager Hargrove,
Ceil Parsons, and another of those un-
doubted heroes was Rev. David Wright
of Springfield Hill. By 6 o'clock Sunday
evening over 100 dead bodies had been

taken out of the mine. The rescuing
parties met many unparalleled sights in
their search for the dead. Notwith-
standing the enormity of the work the
searchers continued their labors night
and day for five days, when the last
body was recovered, that of Under-
ground Manager Henry Swift. This
made the number taken out dead 121
and with four injured who subsequently
died made the awful total of 125 killed.

Mr. Swift's body was found under
three feet of rock, 500 feet from the
place of the explosion. No man was
taken out alive from the mine 2 hours
after explosion. The injured who re-
covered numbered about 20.

The scenes at the morgue during
those few days of search will never be
forgotten—mothers searching for all
that was left of sons, wives for hus-
bands, and children for fathers. Moans
and bitter wailings were heard in
the streets.

The closing scenes of the disaster were
as memorable as any. No one who saw
will ever forget the sad funerals which
began on Monday and continued till
Friday afternoon, when Manager Swift's
body was interred.

The distress owing to the loss of so
many bread-winners was great, but the
hearts and hands of the people of Nova
Scotia and of Canada were opened and
no less than \$86,504 was subscribed.

Just make your best endeavor.
Have faith instead of doubt;
If times were good forever,
What could you growl about?

LARD isn't in it.

It is just because there is
no lard in it, that
COTTOLENE
the new shortening
is so wonderfully popu-
lar with housekeepers.

COTTOLENE is PURE,
DELICATE, HEALTHY,
FULLY SATISFYING—none
of the unpleasant odor
necessarily connected
with lard.

Sold in 5 and 10 pound tins by all grocers.
Made only by
The N. K. Fairbank
Company,
Wellington and Ann Sts.,
MONTREAL.

A Truly Wonderful
Statement!

Investigate it, by Writing to the Mayor,
Postmaster, any Minister or Citizen of
Hartford City, Indiana.

HARTFORD CITY, Blackford County,
Indiana, June 8th, 1893.
South American Medicine Co.