





Over There.

Over there, in that deep recess, Where peeps one snowy cottage, vined and neat.

THE VICTORY OF NAPOLEON BRODEUR.

(J. G. Menard, in Catholic World.) (Continued from last issue.)

Alphonsine, it is true, had been duly on hand when the long train steamed into the railway station.

But no sooner had she reached the "Corporation" and cast one astonished glance at its vast expanse, as barren and gloomy almost as the mill towering prison-like just across the street, than a terrible homesickness had taken possession of her.

Azilda had finally laid herself obediently in the hard bed. Sleep brought her barely an hour or two of forgetfulness when Alphonsine's voice sounded authoritatively, bidding her rise and make ready for her visit to the mill, since to be late would spoil her chance of getting the promised situation.

Azilda was forthwith conducted to a distant part of the building and installed at a strange-looking machine, while the overseer poured forth a volley of instructions which she tried desperately to grasp.

The next day and those following had been a modified repetition of the first. In the evenings, though tired and discouraged, she had forced herself to accompany Alphonsine on the pleasure jaunts of which she had heard so much.

And gradually she fell into the habit of remaining at home while Alphonsine, and indeed the greater portion of the "Corporation," sought nightly the customary diversions.

On one of these evenings, the same in fact which had marked her arrival at a fortnight before, Azilda, finding herself, as usual, deserted by her friend, and longing for a breath of fresh air after her day's work, crept down to the door and seated herself upon the step.

The river, it is true, the wonderful Merrimac, lay close at hand, but its breeze, instead of bearing the scent of distant pine and balsam, was laden with the odors of oil and smoke, and its yellow ripples lapped only the parched masonry of its stone casing.

no hint of the lateness of the season; yet the rich glow falling on the bare brick of the high walls opposite, and glinting unbrokenly across the dusty street, burned her tired eyes, and with a sob she shut from them the hateful scene.

Oh, if she only might go back! If she might run away again and leave the hard work and the noisy city for ever! But she dare not do this now.

But no! she would never send that message. Better to die. Better to sink silently beneath her burdens, forgotten by all, than to have recourse to such a rescuer.

She gasped the word brokenly, and then sat staring at what was, what must be, of course, an apparition, a ghost, a phantom which her melancholy dreaming had conjured up.

"O Napoleon! is it really you, and have you come to take me home?" An hour later found them still sitting upon the doorstep, for indeed there was no other place in which to converse quietly.

Napoleon had decided that they were to return to Canada on the morning train, and there was to be no more mill, no more Corporation boarding-house, but instead, within a month at the very latest, a grand wedding with festivities to last two or even three days, as befitted Napoleon's standing in the parish.

On the day of her marriage Mme. Napoleon Brodeur received another communication from her erstwhile companion in the United States. It did not cover many pages, and its style could hardly be considered effusive.

"I suppose by the time you get this letter you will be showing yourself off before the parish as the rich Mrs. Brodeur. Oh, how I pity you! the wife of that monster, and tied to an accordion for the rest of your days!

present, for I have just bought a fur collar and muff, which I must pay for at a dollar a week, so you see I shall be short of money for a long time. However, you will never miss my humble gift.

When she had finished reading this cordial missive, Azilda remained silent for a long time. Something in the wording of the brief lines aroused a sudden suspicion in her mind.

"Napoleon," she said, when the opportunity offered,—"Napoleon, did Alphonsine Leduc ever want to marry you herself?"

The resolutions signed by Archbishop Redwood, Bishops Grimes, Verdon and Lenihan against the use of the Bible in the public schools of New Zealand, contain the following passages:

Valuing as we do the written word of God, and teaching it in our schools, we would gladly see it brought home to the mind of every child, Catholic and Protestant in New Zealand.

1. Under the sanction of the State, it would introduce into the public schools the well-known Protestant principle of the interpretation of the Scriptures by the exercise of private judgment.

2. The religious education of youth is a fundamental duty of paren and of the Christian ministry. That sacred duty the clergy can never abdicate, either wholly or in part, in favour of the State.

3. It is the function of the State to protect the natural and acquired rights of its citizens, and, generally, to promote their temporal well-being.

4. Our objection to the proposed lessons is strengthened by the following facts: (a) They were drawn up as compromise by a heterogeneous assembly of representatives of various Reformed denominations, who, while unanimous in rejecting Catholic principles of Biblical interpretation, differed profoundly among themselves upon the most fundamental truths of the Christian religion.

Scripture lessons were taken from the Protestant Authorised Version of the Bible, and the incorrect Protestant form of the Lord's Prayer is set down for the daily use of the pupils.

A conscience clause for pupils and teachers is offered as an offset to the proposed Protestantizing of the public schools. But a conscience clause, if seriously intended by its framers as a protective measure for dissidents, should, on principle, exclude all children from Scriptural or other religious instruction.

While on the subject of Wordsworth and Tennyson, I cannot resist quoting the mutually conflicting estimates of Burns by these and by the author of "Philip van Artevelde."

Conflicting Criticisms of Burns.

While on the subject of Wordsworth and Tennyson, I cannot resist quoting the mutually conflicting estimates of Burns by these and by the author of "Philip van Artevelde."

A little girl, before going out to a tea party, was coached in conduct by a fond mamma. "You may take cake twice if it is offered you, but if you are asked a third time you must say, with all possible politeness, 'No, thank you!'"



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There is what is called the worldly spirit which enters with the greatest subtlety into the character of even good people; and there is what is called the time-spirit, which means the dominant way of thinking and of acting which prevails in the age in which we live; and these are powerful temptations, full of danger and in perpetual action upon us.—CARDINAL MANNING.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 22.

## TALKS WITH PARENTS.

(Continued from page one.)

enter into a contest with your children or you must win that contest. If you allow yourselves to be conquered even once, it is all over with your authority.

So much for the time when you are to correct your children. As to the manner, it must be done judiciously. Correction is a remedy, a medicine. Now medicines are not to be used continually, and without measure; they are to be given at certain times and in certain doses, just so much and no more. You must take care not to give this medicine too often; for, if you do, it may do more harm than good. If you are continually dinning your children's ears with a scolding voice, they will get accustomed to it as they do to the ticking of a clock; they will not hear you at all. There are many little childish faults which are not sins, and these you may pass over very often without seeming to notice them. There are others which are mean rather than wicked, and these you may be able to shame them out of. In some other cases a look may be enough, or a tone of the voice, or a word of warning. But to give them long and severe lectures, worse still, blows, for the most trifling faults, is as ridiculous, to say the least, as killing flies with a hammer or shooting sparrows with a rifle.

You must make a distinction between one fault and another, between the faults which arise merely from levity and those which come from malice. The more grievous the fault, the more severe should be the correction. And yet there are many parents who will get into a furious rage with their children on account of an accident, a pane of glass broken, for instance, or a jacket torn. And perhaps these same parents will pass over lying, disobedience, cursing, or immodest language in their children with the mildest kind of a reproof, or it may be without any reproof at all. Now, the children know very well, in spite of all your scolding, that a broken pane of glass or a torn jacket are not very important matters. And surely they must think that in your estimation at least, lying, disobedience, cursing and immodest language are less important still.

But the slight correction which will do for a docile child will not be enough for a headstrong one. Some children are easily led to do right; others must be driven. You must study the characters and dispositions of your children, in order to know how you should deal with them.

The faults committed by parents in regard to the duty of correction may be set down under three heads: excessive mildness; excessive severity; a combination of the two. Excessive mildness and indulgence is the fault of those of you who are so passionately fond of your children that you cannot bear to cause them the least bit of pain or sorrow. You are so afraid of causing them this sorrow by correcting their faults, that you overlook their faults, you leave them unpunished, or perhaps you even go so far as to laugh at their faults. How often we hear a child give a saucy answer to his father or mother, and the father or mother laugh at it as if it were a good joke. If the boy is headstrong and disobedient, if he is quarrelsome with his young companions and impudent to older people, his parents pass over all this; perhaps they are even proud of it, for it shows that the lad has a high spirit. Yes, he has the kind of high spirit which makes a splendid street rowdy, the kind of high spirit which may cause him to end his days in the penitentiary or on the scaffold, and which is pretty sure to lose him his soul. Murder is becoming more and more common, even in Canada. Not one in a hundred murders is committed in cold blood. Ninety-nine out of a hundred are due to bad temper; bad temper which the murderer's parents would not check when he was a child, because it was only high spirit. How many a good man has been driven to ruin, to drink, perhaps even to infidelity by the tongue of a scolding wife.

And she first learned to use her tongue in this fashion when she was a young girl. Her father and mother never taught her to control her temper; no, they were proud of her high spirit. What foolish parents! And do you think your children will love you better because you treat them in this criminally indulgent fashion? Not a bit of it. They will despise you. A man was once asked why he had severely chastised his son Jack, of whom he was so fond. His answer was: "Jack would think me a fool if I didn't." A boy knows very well when he ought to get a whipping, and if he doesn't get it, he will stick his tongue in his cheek, and say to himself: "I've got the old man on a string!" Instead of showing your love for your children by not correcting them, you are proving yourselves their deadliest enemies. You are ruining them for this life and for the next, and you are preparing endless misery for yourselves. "A horse not broken becometh stubborn; and a child left to himself will become headstrong. Give thy son his way, and he shall make thee afraid; play with him, and he shall make thee sorrowful. Give him not liberty in his youth, and wink not at his devices. Bow down his neck while he is young, and beat his sides while he is a child, lest he grow stubborn and regard thee not, and so be a sorrow of heart to thee" (Ecclesiasticus, 30: 8-12).

Letter From R. R. McLeod.

To the Editor of The Casket:

SIR,—During many years the columns of THE CASKET have contained coarse and abusive references to me. You have editorially accused me in one way and another of nearly all the great vices, and denied to me the ordinary natural understanding, and credited me with vast store of misinformation. The issues of your paper containing these insulting references were always marked with blue pencil and mailed to me from the office of THE CASKET. There was not a word of truth in all these libellous paragraphs that simply had their origin in a heart that was not restrained by such motives and considerations as are sufficient to moderate the temptations of ordinarily spiteful men. I have lived here during the last eighteen years in the place of my birth and early life, where I have been often engaged in considerable business, and have the respect of neighbours and acquaintances. The work of my pen has been sought for in several respectable directions. Among them the *Educational Review* of St. John, the *Acadiensis* of that city and "Hopkin's Encyclopedia" of Canada. All of them have published the contributions they sought from me. My whole life has been one of industry, sobriety, and study and I bear no likeness whatever to the wretch you so often portrayed in your columns. I had always supposed that the spirit of Christianity was foreign to such malicious reviling. It is difficult to see how any man with the slightest claim to a Christian name could so completely give himself up to a course of personal reviling wherein there never was the most shadowy foundation of truth. It is worth asking if your conduct may not be fittingly described as "horribly iniquitous" the words you apply to me on a false accusation. When you charge me with blasphemy, and characterise me as a "notorious infidel" your motive is to injure me to the extent of your ability. There was not the slightest desire on your part to inform your readers of the true state of the matter on which you found these charges. You did not publish a line of my address at Truro, nor did you pretend to give the language on which the charge of blasphemy was founded. Had you published my Paper in full I very much doubt if your intelligent readers would have found in it anything more characteristically "infidel" than your Church charges against every Protestant. There was in the Paper a clear insistent recognition of the existence of a living God; there was a definite recognition of the place and efficacy of prayer and the superior value of the Scriptures. Not a disrespectful word about religion can be found in the Paper, and that the religion of the Gospels should have a prominent place in the schools was set forth as desirable. If you call that "infidel" and irreligious then you are determined to use words without reference to their current meaning.

Touching the charge of blasphemy. All my adult life I have been a believer in the existence of one God. This was a cradle faith and I never saw reason to depart from it. I have written and published a good deal on many subjects, but no person can find an atheistical hint in a line of mine anywhere. Neither would a rigid canvass of those who know me personally discover an oral expression that pointed in that direction. In view of this fact is it probable that I would stand up before an audience and defy the God of the Universe to put me down? On that occasion it never was in my mind to utter a blasphemous word. Dr. Forrest had already gone to the President of the Association and enquired why this "notorious agnostic" had been invited to read a paper there. He was intolerant enough to have kept out a notorious Roman Catholic if he could. When I had the floor he was determined to interrupt me in order to gratify his personal spleen and a cantankerous nature. I have not always the patience of Job. His persistent attempt to silence me aroused my fiercer fellow and I remarked that I would not be put down by any lord

John or lord almighty. At such a moment one is not to be taken literally. "Goaded by sharp occasions we lay nice manners by," as Shakespeare has told us. We are apt to talk faster than we think. It is a short-lived madness to which all mortals are liable. In such moments we are not sane enough to wish the sun to go down on our mad mood. My intention was to convey the idea that I was not to be put down by this lord John Forrest no matter how important he seems. Had I not used the well-known sobriquet of the president of Dalhousie there would not have been spoken a word that needed explanation. If you, Mr. Editor, think God is angry with me and would second a verdict that condemned me to death by stoning that you so sternly demand, then how is the "DIVINE MAJESTY" affected by the atrocities committed by your own Church in the name of the Christian Religion? Your references to me have been so grossly bad that an honored member of the teaching staff of Saint Francis Xavier was constrained to assure me in writing that he was so far from being the author of these maligning paragraphs that he had protested, and many other Catholics were also of his opinion. This he did of his own motion in order to clear himself of the suspicion of authorship. I was able to assure him that I never had associated him with such atrocious conduct. He gave me to understand that such publications would cease, and so far as I know that has been the case the last two years, but now the offence has broken out afresh. I ask you to publish this letter and discontinue all further libellous attacks. You have gone already too far and there must be a remedy for such rank misdemeanours. R. R. McLEOD.

[We wrote the paragraphs which appear elsewhere, after reading Mr. McLeod's letter in the *Halifax Herald* of the 13th inst., and before the above letter was received. We have only to add that we have criticised the public utterances of Mr. McLeod at various times during the past ten or eleven years. If there was a lull at any time, it was when we saw nothing demanding our attention. We have never exceeded the bounds of fair criticism; and within these bounds we shall continue our comments upon Mr. McLeod so long as he makes it necessary for us to do so.—ED. CASKET.]

## Cape Breton Notes.

Frederick McPherson, yardmaster of Point Tupper, was killed on Friday by falling between two freight cars. He was a young man and married six weeks ago to a daughter of Thomas McLennan, Port Hastings.

A fourteen year old boy named Gillis, nephew of Rev. R. McInnis, was crushed between two freight cars at McKinnon's Harbor on Monday. He was brought to North Sydney and an amputation performed as the only hope of saving his life, but he died shortly after the operation.

Thirty thousand tons of iron ore are being landed at Sydney and North Sydney every week from the mines at Wabana, Nfld. Special importations are also being received at Sydney from Sweden, Spain and Lake Superior. The receipts from the latter during last week amounted to over five thousand tons.

The Cape Breton fox farm at Upper North Sydney had an attractive exhibit at the Provincial Exhibition. It consisted of three live foxes, two silver greys and one red. A large number of visitors daily visited their booth and the enterprise of the company was favourably commented upon. The foxes were brought back to North Sydney and liberated at the farm.

The wage earners of Sydney have inaugurated a movement having in view the establishment of a co-operative store. The board of provisional directors was appointed to report at the meeting as to further details connected with the scheme. It was decided to call the concern the Sydney Co-operative Society, Ltd., and is it proposed to begin business this fall.

At Mabou, on Saturday night, John McDonald (Alexander's son) while trying to prevent Daniel Nicholson from forcing an entrance into the house of James Basker to obtain liquor, was shot in the head by the latter. Dr. Cameron was called in, but dared not extract the bullet. The patient was sent to the hospital at Halifax Monday morning. Basker was committed to jail at Port Hood.

## The War.

No heavy fighting has occurred since the great battle of Liao Yang. Latest reports say a big battle is imminent near Mukden, to which point the Japanese are advancing with eight divisions. It is believed, however, the Russians who now have the road clear for retreat, will not make a decisive stand, notwithstanding Kuropa kin has been largely reinforced since the battle of Liao Yang. The Japanese are in full possession of Southern Manchuria, except Port Arthur. The Manchurian railway from Mukden south, with all its branches will be operated by Japanese. All the harvest of that rich country will be available for their food, and the 500,000 men that they have now on the mainland of Asia will be able to pass the winter there without danger or privation. If the Russians retreat to Harbin, as is anticipated, the Japanese situation renders the Japs in a better position than the enemy to renew operations in the spring. Large additions in men and supplies are easily forthcoming.

Port Arthur was attacked on Sept. 16, and the attackers were again repulsed.

A despatch from Che-foo, dated Sept. 20, says a general attack was then commenced on Port Arthur, and was continued after dark.

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