

THE MORNING GUARDIAN.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1898.

THE DREYFUS CASE

The frightful scandal of the condemnation and exile of Dreyfus grows with each succeeding revelation. It now seems from Esterhazy's confession, made from his safe refuge in London, that the entire case against Dreyfus was made up of hundreds of forgeries, in which Esterhazy as well as the suicide, Col. Henry, had a part. It now also becomes probable that the famous "borderan" the chief incriminating document, was actually in the handwriting of Esterhazy, as Zola charged it was. Esterhazy claims that he acted by order of his military chiefs, whom he will now expose. No scandal of modern times can surpass the blackness of the awful crime now coming to light and smirching the character of many of the high officers of the French army.

EDITORIAL NOTES

The Roman Catholic clergy at Santiago who made application for their salaries out of the customs collections at that port have been met with refusal. The Spanish government had formerly paid them, but the United States has no state church and could not continue the practice. This decision meets with the approval of Archbishop Ireland, who is quoted as follows:—

"There will be no union of church and State, such as is established by custom or concordat in certain Catholic countries of Europe. There will be complete protection of all properties and of all persons with such principles. Catholics in the United States are satisfied, and Catholics in our new possessions will be satisfied. It may not be easy for them at first to adapt themselves in all cases to this situation, but the embarrassments felt will be temporary. The people will soon realize that it is their duty to support religion by voluntary and personal contributions. In the greater number of parishes, moreover, church properties yield ample revenue to meet all expenses."

THE ASS AND THE TRAP.

Fable X.

The Poultry once brought a Petition to the King of the Barnyard, praying for Protection against the Fox. The Case was referred to the King's Learned Councilor, the Donkey, who set about devising a means of restraining the Fox. In due time he produced a Trap of his own invention, which he brought in triumph to Chanticleer. "But are you certain it will catch the Fox?" asked the King. "Sire," replied the Donkey, "I have not merely my own opinion of its merits, but the Fox, who has carefully examined it and seen it work, is greatly in favor of it as well." "In that case," replied King Shanghai, "it won't do. Whatever suits the Fox is a good thing, for the Poultry to avoid."

MORAL.—It is a good thing to find out what your Enemy wants you to do and then do the Opposite.

THE CHARLOTTETOWN MAILS

The mails close at the Charlotte town Post Office as follows (Local Time).

For points west (with connections) to Summerside and Tignish on line of railway, 8.15 a.m. and also at 3.40 p.m., with p.m. connections to North Tryon, Tryon, Crapaud, Victoria, Carleton, North Carleton and Sealestown.

For points east (with connections) to Souris and Georgetown on line of railway, 6.45 a.m.

For Souris and Georgetown only, 2.30 p.m.

For Courier route to Southport and all points thence to Belfast, 6.15 a.m.

For Courier route to North River and all points thence to Victoria, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, 6.15 a.m.

For United States, New Brunswick, Ontario, Quebec and the Northwest, 8.15 a.m.

For Nova Scotia, 6.30 a.m.

For Great Britain, Tuesday, 10 p.m. Letters are collected from street letter boxes of 6 a.m., 2 p.m. and 8 p.m.

In the Log School.

The following reminiscences were taken down almost verbatim from a worthy Yeoman living within a few miles of Summerside:—

It is now considerably over sixty years since I went to school in my native village of Granville, Nova Scotia. Without occupying time to contrast the building, furniture and general equipments with those of to-day, I shall confine my remarks to the teacher, whom I shall call Smythe, an Irishman, and a genuine specimen of the old school. He has long since been gathered to his fathers in peace, a mode of departure anticipated by few of his pupils. I was probably no worse than the average boy at my age; but stating the case mildly, my relations with the teacher were by no means pleasant; I can still show scars as evidence that battles were fought. My last encounter with the teacher was of a serious kind, and barely missed ending in signal disaster. The class of some dozen boys and girls, from twelve (my own age), to five or six, had just stood up for morning scripture reading. The boy next me erred in some point, and, like a flash, the master's ebony ruler was up in the air. I being the taller got the blow in the head, causing an ugly gash, from which blood literally streamed. The testament in my hands belonged to the teacher, and doubtless in revenge for the blow, I held it open, turning the leaves and smearing the volume with blood from beginning to end. Discovering the trick, and now thoroughly enraged, the dominie started off for a beach tree near the building, which, for generations, had furnished weapons for tears, and cut a murderous-looking gad, as the instrument was called. Knowing that I would be the victim, and now maddened with pain, I looked about for means of defence and of offence too, as it happened. A great fire-place, with its hearth of broken brick, furnished just what I wanted. I seized a half brick and waited until the dominie appeared in the doorway. The missile took him right in the brow and he fell as if shot. I of course concluded his days of bloodshed were over and decided to run. The only means of egress were across what I considered the teacher's lifeless remains, and clearing this barrier with a bound, I was soon speeding homewards. The consequences of my rash act now loomed before me; I would be hanged certain sure, as in my excitement I had even a trial stood between me and the scaffold. Fearing to go home, I skulked into a place of concealment and engaged in vigorous thinking, when all at once my attention was arrested by the appearance of two boys running towards me at the top of their speed, one of them the boy at whom the blow was aimed that caused the whole fracas. They had doubtless come to spread news of the murder; what consternation the report would create, I imagined; while few cared whether the schoolmaster lived or died, yet I would stand before the public as guilty of murder. With these thoughts charging each other through the brain I at once gave up all idea of flight; I would stand like a man; with this decision I stepped out on the road and coolly asked, "Well boys, where are you going?" The elder boy, Israel Blank, by the way now an M.P.P. in New Brunswick, replied, "We are going after you and you had better come back or we'll make you." "Who says I had better go back," I demanded. "The master says so," replied Israel, "and if you don't get the worst trouncing you ever got I don't know muelh." "Isn't he dead," I exclaimed. "Dead?" replied Israel contemptuously, "who ever heard tell of a dead schoolmaster? I guess you never saw him so much alive as at this very minute; but you are going to catch it! Come on now for I want to see him wallop you while he has blood in his eye." Though I was more than relieved at learning that I wasn't guilty of murder and wouldn't suspend from a gallows, I had no intention of facing the schoolmaster till his wrath had gone down. But Israel thirsted for gore and was determined I should go back by means fair or foul; finding words unavailing he seized me by the collar but I wrenched myself clear and the result was a fight, after some skirmishing I landed a heavy box on his nose and for the second time that day I shed blood. Israel had more than enough of it and both boys went back while I went home and gave all the gruesome particulars together with the information that I would not go to

school any more.

The story of the teacher's brutality spread like thistle down in a gale, its seeming enormity increasing in the direct ratio of distance, public opinion was all on one side, for if the boy (whom I shall call Henry Webster) did not act strictly in self-defence, he was acting out the old testament rule of inflicting wailing for maiming. Shortly after the blood-shedding affray the trustees held an investigation resulting in the teacher's dismissal, a sentence erring very much in its feature of mildness, as the brute should have got the penitentiary for a couple of years. I may state incidentally that at the investigation the most important evidence came from two small lasses named Smith not long out from England; these in their peculiar Yorkshire dialect maintained Henry's innocence stoutly in such words as, "nim wasn't to blame, indeed him wasn't." The grammar was unquestionably bad, but the English spirit of fairness came into view, not long after the incident quoted Henry's parents crossed the strait and made P. E. Island their home where honest industry was followed by the usual results, namely, prosperity. After some years and when Henry was a young man of 18 or 20 he coaxed his father to make with him a trip to their former home in the land of the Mayflower. Many changes had taken place since their departure; the log school had been replaced by one more in keeping with progress and the Smith girls were now blooming maidens at their best. One in particular drew our hero's attention and stirred up feelings to which he had been a stranger up to this time. The following June a second visit was paid, but I shall not weary the reader. Finally he carried the young lady back as a bride, a choice which he never had occasion to rue.

A MOTORMAN ESCAPES.

How Benjamin Bacon Escaped from a Terrible Position.

Toronto, Sept. 19.—Benjamin Bacon, motorman No. 150, in the employ of the Toronto Street Railway Co. tells the following story of his escape from a situation in which death menaced him daily.

"I have, for a year past, been a great sufferer from severe pains in my back. My doctor told me I had the first stage of Bright's Disease. He could not help me, nor did the many advertised medicines do me any good. At length, I gave Dodd's Kidney Pills a trial. The result is that to-day I am a new man, sound and well and strong in every respect."

The New Brunswick and P. E. Island branch of the Woman's Missionary Society will meet at Fredericton, N. B., on Wednesday, October 5th, at 9 a.m. Executive will meet on Thursday evening at 8 o'clock. Arrangements have been made for return tickets at single fare. Full particulars will be given at a latter date.—ROBERTA M. HYDE, law & w.

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