

Schoolday Memories

(By L. P. TANTON)

Reading notice of the death of Miss Nellie Dawson a short time ago carried me back to these interesting days of childhood with their bitter as well as flowery memories.

My first school was on Sydney Street, several buildings east of Trinity Church. I was only two or three days battling with my A.B.'s when a constable entered and arrested the teacher, "imprisonment for debt."

His successor was to me a fiend in human form. Space forbids recounting of even a sample of his cruelties. Though I never felt the sting of his reprimand "Cat," I was so terrified by his brutal treatment of scholars that I could not learn, and wasted so in flesh that my parents compelled removal to another school, located in what is now the Guardian building, taught by a man named Douglass, nicknamed by scholars as "Dob."

This was located in Brimmer's lane in a building in rear of the burnt Duvar Garage. To me it was in simile a transit from hell to Heaven.

Miss Lawson, if I am correct (friend Henry Smith would know) was not a daughter, but an adopted daughter of the late Henry Lawson. She was of slighter build than the Lawson's, with more narrow countenance, of rich complexion, endowed with a smile that never wavered.

From thence to Miss Alice McKenna's, third floor of a barn or warehouse in rear of Welner's, Ltd. Then to Scotts Hall, the classic of government schools. This was taught by Ronald Montgomery, later M.P.P. for Belfast, and Supt. of Education. Here I made splendid progress, for a time, leading in every subject, (except grammar.)

Montgomery spent his evenings at our house, a checker fiend, with my father. He was constantly boasting of Lewis, his white-headed scholar. I was booked for all the first prizes. When the Island Argus was published, with examination results, it was a blow to me that destroyed for years any ambition to further learning. School was to me rather a prison house, than any form of a paradise.

While I was in bed sobbing myself to sleep my father called "Ronald" to account. My listing was 1st prize in Arithmetic, and 2nd in Geography. I could never forget his answer. "You know, John, my weakness for the fair sex, the girls got pleading with me to put their names in the paper; I knew Lewis wouldn't mind, and I gave way to them, but he was first as I told you."

Yes Montgomery was an excellent teacher, and like all of his name intelligent, courteous (in my case I thought too much so to the fair sex) generally and mild-mannered to all. As the member for Belfast a very popular representative, and one of the best superintendents of education in the history. His death at an early age was a distinct loss to the province.

But Lewis was not a grown up with those mature faculties for rivalry. He was a child of ambition and accomplishment, receiving a fatal set back in life.

son Hon. Louis H. Davies. I asked John: "What would you give if you could make a speech like that?" He quickly replied, "I could write a better one," and I verily believe he could. It was Sir Louis' mellow silver voice that was the inspiration of his popular eloquence.

The Father, Henry, in force of reasoning, power of diction, and solidity of substance had no superior and few equals amongst the editors of his day. In his province at least his editorials were amongst the classics, and in educational matters his sons and daughters inherited the father's brilliance. I expect that it was because he was too big a man for so small a province that he moved to the larger sphere to become editor of the E. O. Colonist.

From many items I recall two incidents from my teacher, S. F. Hodgson which had an amusing feature. A Murdock Cameron, introduced the following dialogue, "Please sir, can I go out?" "Of course you can," Murdock, had in hand, was making for the door. "Cameron, where are you going?" "Out sir," "who gave you permission to go out?" "you did, sir." Teacher Hodgson's reply was in fact a lesson to the whole school, "You asked me, 'Can I go out?' Of course you can, if you have two legs. You didn't ask, 'May I go out?'"

It was during the Prohibition election that I momentarily sat in Editor Nash's chair, when S. F. Hodgson entered asking, "Can I use your telephone to which I answered, 'Of course you can, if you have a tongue.'" After speaking he asked my meaning of that phrase. When I recalled the incident he was rather tickled, complementing me on my memory, and application.

His other instance was on a reading of the trial of Warren Hastings. "His was a distinguished and stately carriage." The class were asked, "What kind of a carriage was that?" Answers varied from four wheeled, two wheeled, a wheelbarrow, to a girickshaw. All were wrong. And he impressed with this the lesson of personal dignity in gentlemanly behaviour.

I remember his colleague Hickey, taking us to task for referring to our "sums" in arithmetic. "Everything that requires an answer, is a question? what we called a sum was a question, calling for an answer, and was not a sum."

In those days school life was full of incidents, amusing, instructive, and very often painful in more ways than one, most especially when the master held the handle end of a ruler, or a leather "cat-o-nine-tails," the extempitiles of which had been purposely crissed to hardness by the blaze of a fire.

Result of Monday night's game between Alexandra and Pownal put Alexandra in first place in the league.

The same night the fast skating Royals of East Royally bowed to the Alexandra Arrows. The Royals without their full team looked good even though defeated.

Frank Clark's Flags presented a fast skating hockey team and looked good. They look like defeat like hockey players should. (Patriot Please Copy)

F. J. Buckley, Adelaide St. Saint John, N.B. Patrick E. Trainor at the advanced age of 92 years. The deceased was born in Kinkora, P.E.I. in 1847 and with the late Mrs. Trainor came to Saint John in 1905, where his family of four sons and six daughters were settled. He entered business at once and by good business ability he succeeded and at the age of 80 years he retired to live with his family and found a true home with tender care with his daughter, Mrs. Buckley.

He suffered the loss about twelve years ago of his faithful wife who assisted him with all the arduous of a true helpmate.

The late Mr. Trainor was a man of sterling qualities and all through his long life was respected by his friends and loved by his family. He was a devout member of the Catholic Church and never wavered in his loyalty to its priests and sisters.

He was buried from St. Peter's Church on Friday, Jan. 20th. Rev. J. A. Butler and Rev. Albert Butler sang the Requiem Mass and his pall bearers were six grandsons.

He is survived by two daughters and three sons. 29 grandchildren and 9 great grandchildren and numerous friends who mourn and pray that Eternal Light may forever shine on a well beloved parent. R.I.P.

NORTH WINSLOW SCHOOL The following is the report of North Winslow School for January: Grade X (Jr.)—1. Margaret Craswell.

Grade IX (A)—1. Marion Ford; 2. Veda Roberts; 3. Eunice Oudmore.

Grade IX (B)—1. Eric Laird; 2. Preston Oudmore.

Grade VI—1. Vera Nunn; 2. Catherine MacNaughton; 3. Jessie MacNaughton.

Grade IV (Sr.)—1. Charlotte Moreside.

Grade IV (Jr.)—1. Lea Roberts; 2. Lois Craswell; 3. Heath Craswell.

Grade III (Sr.)—1. Ralph Shaw; Grade III (Jr.)—1. Donald MacNaughton; 2. Grant Laird.

Grade I—1. Robert Craswell. Arithmetic prizes awarded to Lea Roberts, Heath Craswell and Donald MacNaughton.

Literature Prizes awarded to Lois Craswell and Vera Nunn. Perfect attendance, Vera Nunn. Esther C. Harper, Teacher. (Patriot Please Copy)

GREEN BAY SCHOOL Honor Roll for January: Grade X—1. Lizzie McQuaid.

Grade IX—1. Alice Costello and Evelyn McQuaid, (equal).

Grade VIII—1. Bertie Costello.

Grade VII—1. Dorothy Groves; 2. Noreen Costello; 3. Charles Costello.

Grade VI—1. Leo Carragher; 2. Rena Currie; 3. Mable Graves.

Grade III—1. Leo Costello; 2. Gage Currie.

Grade II—1. Louis Carragher; 2. Colin Currie.

Grade I—1. Louis Costello; 2. Colin Currie.

Prize for spelling: Dorothy Graves.

Prize for Arithmetic, Noreen Costello.

Perfect attendance, Leo and Louis Carragher, Noreen Costello, Teacher, Helen Carragher. (Patriot Please Copy)

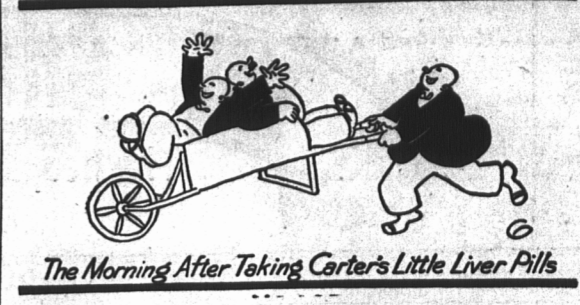
"This column is reserved for news of local interest but advertising of a new nature may be inserted at 4 cents a word strictly payable in advance.

"SUBSCRIPTIONS to the Charlottetown Guardian may be handed to their Rept. Archie Hume

Eastern Guardian

By J. R. Williams

OUR BOARDING HOUSE With Major Hoople



The Morning After Taking Carter's Little Liver Pills

Grade I-1. Louis Costello; 2. Colin Currie. Prize for spelling: Dorothy Graves. Prize for Arithmetic, Noreen Costello. Perfect attendance, Leo and Louis Carragher, Noreen Costello, Teacher, Helen Carragher. (Patriot Please Copy)

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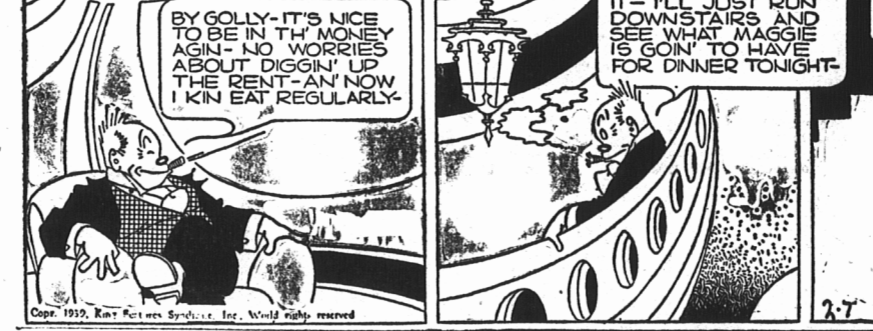
OUT OUR WAY



SLENDERNESS GUARANTEED

By J. R. Williams

BRINGING UP FATHER



By George McManus

Thimble Theatre, Starring POPEYE



By Edwina

TIPPIE and "CAP" STUBS



By Westover

TILLIE THE TOILER



By Westover

Prosecutor and Girl in Dock

Counsel's "Triumph" Meant Doubtful Justice

Great advocates are usually good showmen. Skill of this kind is sometimes an important factor in influencing a jury.

A successful prosecution may be, in part, the triumph of a fine piece of acting. But the prisoner has his feelings, and the advocate's victory may be purchased at the price of his agony.

Grant Hewison, an eminent K. C., was a first-class showman, and enjoyed his days of dramatic conquest. He got a thrill out of his triumphs, particularly when he found himself arrayed against a certain fellow-lawyer.

When Christabel Milson, though innocent, was sent to three years' penal servitude, through Hewison's prosecuting, she nursed during that time a resentment which caused her on her release to seek Hewison and make him realize what wrong he had done.

He had forgotten about the prisoner, as soon as the case had added one more victory to his score. But they are destined to meet again in very different circumstances — circumstances, this time, more favourable to the girl who was once "the prisoner at the bar."

This is the theme taken by Miss Pearl Bellairs in her latest story "Christabel," which The Guardian has secured for serial publication. In the first instalment, which starts next week, Miss Bellairs begins to unfold a drama involving a tense conflict of love and hate.

The author of "Velvet and Steel" and "The Prisoner's Sister" has written again a fine human document, a story irresistible in its appeal, and fascinating in the manner of telling.

Starts in The Guardian Next Week