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CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1884.

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### ALMANAC FOR FEBRUARY, 1884.

#### MOON'S CHANGES.

First Quarter, 4th day, 1h. 44.7m., a. m.  
Full Moon, 11th day, 0h. 35.4m., a. m.  
Last quarter 18th day, 1h. 0.2m., p. m.  
New Moon 26th day, 2h. 22.5m., p. m.

DAY OF WEEK	Sun	Moon	High	Days
	rises	sets	rises	water
1 Friday	7 28	4 59	9 24	1 0
2 Saturday	7 27	5 01	9 54	1 42
3 Sunday	7 26	5 03	10 24	2 24
4 Monday	7 24	5 11	11 00	3 06
5 Tuesday	7 23	5 11	11 56	4 48
6 Wednesday	7 21	5 14	12 48	6 30
7 Thursday	7 19	5 17	1 39	8 12
8 Friday	7 18	5 19	2 52	9 54
9 Saturday	7 17	5 20	3 58	11 36
10 Sunday	7 16	5 21	5 00	13 18
11 Monday	7 14	5 23	6 13	15 00
12 Tuesday	7 12	5 26	7 16	16 42
13 Wednesday	7 11	5 28	8 22	18 24
14 Thursday	7 10	5 29	9 24	20 06
15 Friday	7 09	5 30	10 24	21 48
16 Saturday	7 07	5 32	11 26	23 30
17 Sunday	7 06	5 34	12 27	25 12
18 Monday	7 05	5 35	1 23	26 54
19 Tuesday	7 04	5 36	2 23	28 36
20 Wednesday	7 03	5 37	3 23	30 18
21 Thursday	7 02	5 38	4 23	32 00
22 Friday	7 01	5 39	5 23	33 42
23 Saturday	7 00	5 40	6 23	35 24
24 Sunday	6 59	5 41	7 23	37 06
25 Monday	6 58	5 42	8 23	38 48
26 Tuesday	6 57	5 43	9 23	40 30
27 Wednesday	6 56	5 44	10 23	42 12
28 Thursday	6 55	5 45	11 23	43 54
29 Friday	6 54	5 46	12 23	45 36

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Apply at residence, Weymouth Street, from 8 to 10 a. m., and 4 to 6 p. m.

A. H. McPHERSON, Agent.

Sept. 25, 1883.—2aw

## STANDARD

### LIFE ASSURANCE CO.

MADE TO YOUR MEASURE

Cheaper Than Imported Ready Made.

D. A. BRUCE,

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At the 57th Annual General Meeting of the Standard Life Assurance Company, held at Edinburgh on Tuesday, the 24th of April, 1883, the following results for the year ended 15th November, 1883, were reported:—

3,038 new proposals for life assurance were received the year for \$ 9,754,085 38

2,561 proposals were accepted, assuring 7,239,048 13

The total existing assurances in force at 15th November, 1882, amounted to 66,936,302 91

(Of which \$7,753,031.15 was reassured with other offices)

The claims by death which arose during the year amounted, including bonus additions, to 2,462,226 59

The annual revenue amounted at 15th November, 1882 to 4,267,546 00

The invested funds at same date amounted to 29,503,416 00

Being an increase during the year of 1,062,648 35

JOHN LONGWORTH, Agent for Charlottetown.

THOMAS KERR, Inspector of Agencies.

Ch'town, August 3, 1883.

## DR. BENNET

CALLS attention to "THE ELECTRO MAGNETIC CORSET," exact pattern as worn by the Princess of Wales, the health-giving powers of which, especially in female diseases, are very great. Can be had at FRASER & REDDIN'S. To be worn as an ordinary corset and lasting longer and fitting superbly trimmed with Valenciennes lace.

Dec. 3, 1883.

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W. R. BOREHAM has now on hand the LARGEST AND BEST STOCK OF

BOOTS, SHOES, SLIPPERS, OVERSHOES & RUBBERS, ever shown by him. His motto is a good article at a moderate price.

LADIES' AND GENTS' FINE GOODS, a specialty.

A nice lot of LADIES' AND GENTS' FANCY SLIPPERS for the Holidays.

Try BOREHAM for a pair of GOOD BOOTS.

W. R. BOREHAM,  
North Side Queen Square.

Ch'town, Dec. 10, 1883.—mo we fr 2m

## GRAND SALE OF DRY GOODS AND CLOTHING.

JOHN MACPHEE & CO. will, during the HOLIDAY SEASON, give special bargains in

Dress Goods, Knit Wool Goods, Mantles, Shawls, Flannels, Hosiery, Gloves, &c

CLOTHING. CLOTHING.

Men's Overcoats, \$3.90, \$5.00, \$6.50, \$7.50, up.

Men's Ulsters, \$4.95, \$5.25, \$7.00, up.

Men's Reefers, \$2.95, \$3, \$3.50, \$5, \$4.50, \$5.50 up.

Fur Caps, Kid Mitts and Gloves, Cardigan Jackets, Worsted Tweeds, Under-clothing, Buffalo Robes, Horse Rugs, Small Wares, etc.

## PARKS' WARP, CHEAP.

Cash Buyers can depend on getting REAL BARGAINS in every Department.

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JOHN MACPHEE & CO,  
ROBERT ORR'S OLD STAND.

Ch'town, Dec. 12, 1883.—2aw wkly pres pat.

## D. A. BRUCE,

### MERCHANT TAILOR,

IS OVER-STOCKED with the following GOODS, and offers them at a

REDUCTION OF TWENTY PER CENT.

Gents' Woollen Underwear, Flannel Shirts, Fur Caps, Kid Mitts, Sleigh Robes.

## OVERCOATINGS,

WHICH YOU CAN HAVE

MADE TO YOUR MEASURE

Cheaper Than Imported Ready Made.

D. A. BRUCE,

Dec. 20, 1883.—eod wkly 72 Queen Street, Charlottetown

## THE EXAMINER

### JOB PRINTING OFFICE

HAS LATELY BEEN REPLENISHED WITH

A Large Supply of Printing Types and Material

OF THE LATEST INVENTION AND BEST DESCRIPTION,

AND WE ARE NOW PREPARED,

Under the Careful and Skilful Supervision of Mr. J. W. Mitchell,

TO PRINT

BILL HEADS, LETTER HEADS,

BLANK CHEQUES, RECEIPTS,

NOTES OF HAND, POSTERS,

HAND BILLS, DODGERS, &c., &c.

On Short Notice, in Good Style, at Cheap Prices.

## FOUL PLAY.

By Charles Reade.

CHAPTER LI.—(Continued.)

"Come, come," said the General, "be quiet, both of you, and let me say my say." (To Robert.) "You had better turn your head away, for I am a straightforward man, and I am going to show her you are not a villain, but a madman. This Robert Penfold wrote me a letter, imploring me to find him some honest employment, however menial. That looked well, and I made him my gardener. He was a capital gardener, but one fine day he caught sight of you. You are a lovely girl, though you don't seem to know it; and he is a madman; and he fell in love with you. Helen uttered an ejaculation of great surprise. The General resumed: "He can only have seen you at a distance or you would have recognized him; but (really it is laughable) he saw you somehow, though you did not see him, and—well, his insanity hurt himself, and did not hurt you. You remember how he suspected burglars, and watched night after night under your window. That was out of love for you. His insanity took the form of fidelity and humble devotion. He got a wound for his pains, poor fellow, and you made Arthur Wardlaw get him a clerk's place."

"Arthur Wardlaw," cried Seaton. "Was it to him I owed it?" and he groaned aloud.

Said Helen: "He hates poor Arthur, his benefactor." Then to Penfold: "If you are that James Seaton, you received a letter from me."

"I did," said Penfold; and putting his hand in his bosom, he drew out a letter and showed it to her.

"Let me see it," said Helen.

"Oh, no! I don't take this from me, too," said he piteously.

General Rolleston continued. "The day you sailed he disappeared; and I am afraid not without some wild idea of being in the same ship with you. This was very reprehensible. Do you hear, young man? But what is the consequence? You get shipwrecked together, and the young madman takes such care of you that I find you well and hearty, and calling him your guardian angel. And—another thing to his credit—he has set his wits to work to restore you to the world. These ducks, one of which brings me here? Of course it was he who contrived that, not you. Young man, you must learn to look things in the face; this young lady is not of your sphere, to begin; and, in the next place, she is engaged to Mr. Arthur Wardlaw; and I am come out in his steamboat to take her to him. And as for you, Helen, take my advice; think what most convicts are, compared to this one. Shut your eyes entirely to his folly, as I shall; and let you and I think only of his good deeds, and so make him all the return we can. You and I will go on board the steamboat directly; and, when we are there, we can tell Moreland there is somebody else on the island." He then turned to Penfold, and said: "My daughter and I will keep in the after part of the vessel, and anybody else that likes can leave the ship at Valparaiso. Helen, I know it is wrong; but what can I do? I am so happy. You are alive and well; how can I punish or afflict a human creature to-day? and, above all, how can I crush this unhappy young man, without whom I should never have seen you again in the world? My daughter! my dear lost child! And he held her at arm's length and gazed at her, and then drew her to his bosom; and for him Robert Penfold ceased to exist except as a man that had saved his daughter.

"Papa," said Helen, after a long pause, "just make him tell why he could not trust me. Why he passed himself off to me as a clergyman."

"I am a clergyman," said Robert Penfold. "Oh!" said Helen, shocked to find him so hardened, as she thought. She lifted her hands to Heaven, and the tears streamed from her eyes. "Well, sir," said she, faintly, "I see I cannot reach your conscience. One question more, and then I have done with you forever. Why in all these months that we have been alone, and that you have shown me the nature, I don't say of an honest man, but of an angel—yes, papa, of an angel—why could you not show me one humble virtue, sincerity? It belongs to a man. Why could you not say: 'I have committed one crime in my life, but repented forever; judge by this confession, and by what you have seen of me, whether I shall ever commit another. Take me as I am, and esteem me as a penitent and more worthy man; but I will not deceive you and pass for a paragon.' Why could you not say as much as this to me? If you loved me, why deceive me so cruelly?"

These words, uttered no longer harshly, but in a mournful, faint, despairing voice, produced an effect the speaker little expected. Robert Penfold made two attempts to speak, but though he opened his mouth, and his lips quivered, he could get no word out. He began to choke with emotion; and, though he shed no tears, the convulsion that goes with weeping in weaker natures overpowered him in a way that was almost terrible.

"Confound it!" said General Rolleston, "this is monstrous of you, Helen; it is barbarous of you. You are not like your poor mother."

She was pale and trembling, and had tears flowing; but she showed her native obstinacy. She said hoarsely: "Papa, you are blind. He must answer me. He knows he must!"

"I must," said Robert Penfold, gasping still. Then he manned himself by a mighty effort, and repeated, with dignity, "I will." There was a pause, while the young man still struggled for composure and self-command.

"Was I not often on the point of telling you my sad story? Then is it fair to say that I should never have told it to you? But, oh, Miss Rolleston, you don't know what agony it may be to an unfortunate man to tell

the truth. There are accusations so terrible, so defiling, that, when a man has proved them false, they stick to him and soil him. Such an accusation I labor under, and a judge and jury have branded me. If they had called me a murderer, I would have told you; but that is such a dirty crime. I feared the prejudices of the world. I dreaded to see your face alter to me. Yes, I trembled, and hesitated, and asked myself whether a man is bound to repeat a foul slander against himself, even when thirteen shallow men have said it, and made the lie law."

"There," said General Rolleston, "I thought how it would be, Helen; you have tormented him into defending himself, tooth and nail; so now we shall have the old story; he is innocent; I never knew a convict that wasn't, if he found a fool to listen to him. I decline to hear another word. You needn't excuse yourself for changing your name; I excuse it, and that is enough. But the boat is waiting, and we can't stay to hear you justify a felony."

"I AM NOT A FELON. I AM A MARTYR."  
(To be continued.)

## "EXPLAIN."

A PAPER READ BY MR. WILLIAM KENNEDY, BEFORE THE EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTE, CHARLOTTETOWN, FEB. 1ST, 1884.

It will be as well for those present to bear in mind the title of my paper, as they may wonder, as I proceed, what in the name of common sense the word "Explain" has to do with the subject in hand.

I always did like to hob-nob or fraternize with school teachers. They, unlike too many with whom we come in contact, are persons possessed of ideas, some of whom give emphatic expression to those ideas at the end of a birch rod. I am not sure but my hands and shoulders may still show signs of these communications.

Among the most pleasing recollections of my life are those of my intercourse with many teachers of New Brunswick and Eastern Maine during the seven years in which I kept a bookstore at Calais, Maine. Among my then school teacher acquaintances was a Prince Edward Islander named Donald Livingston. He was a gentlemanly person, of retiring disposition and habits; but said to say that shortly after I became acquainted with him, while teaching near St. Stephen, he passed to "that bourne whence no traveller returns." A touching tribute to the memory of his friend and co-laborer in the teacher's field—this same Mr. Livingston—may be found in one of the vols. of our venerable, gentle, and genial island poet, John LePage.

About the same time I became acquainted with another native of Prince Edward Island, a Dr. John Walker, who, in a short time, had worked himself into the good-will of the Calais community, and an excellent practice. The Dr. was not, nor ever had been, a school teacher, but he had been moulded as a lad by Prince Edward Island teachers so as to develop as a man into an intelligent gentleman, and a successful practicing physician. The Dr. often spoke to me of the Island, the home of his boyhood, and he was not too proud to tell me that when a boy he had often sold fish on the Square. It was the first time, and years before I saw it, that I ever heard of that memorable and historic spot, Charlottetown Square. It must be half a century since the Dr. stood as a lad on the Square, and this period of time would almost lead to the reflection as to how long the incense from the fish-carts had rolled up to the heavens from our local Billingsgate.

But, to return a little. The teachers of the time I speak of, and of which Mr. Livingstone and Mr. LePage were types, immediately followed the age of what I shall term the *Warrior Schoolmasters*, who were adepts in the use of the rod, the long flat ruler, and the "taws." It was my good or bad fortune, when a boy, to attend the school kept by one of the last—at least in the vicinity of where I was located—of these warrior teachers. Just as the last stroke of the 9 o'clock bell rung from the little tower at the top of the schoolhouse, the master would enter the portal of the schoolroom, and with stern countenance and determined mein, march up to the school armory, his desk, grasp the "taws," tuck the handle firmly under his arm, then turn and survey the room. It needed no crier to utter "silence!" That attribute or condition reigned supreme. I will try and describe that dreaded, but I now hope obsolete weapon, the "taws." It had a plural name, but was singular in its effects—nothing that I have ever seen had such power to stir the blood of the small boy, as the "taws." The handle of the article was about eighteen inches long, of veritable birch, with the bark left on, perhaps for ornament, and was better than an inch in diameter. The other part was a leather strap, about a foot long, slit with thongs for the greater part of its length, and the uncut end was firmly fastened to the birch stick. Mr. Haverly, the teacher I speak of, was a firm believer in the theory that the only practical way to convey information to the boy was by way of the fingers or shoulders, and not through precept and admonition. He was enthusiastic, judged from his actions, on the subject of the circulation of the blood as was Harvey the great discoverer. When a boy got a blow with the "taws," accompanied with words of wisdom, the howl—not of pleasure—convicted the master that the desired knowledge had reached the seat of intellect.

This warrior was succeeded by a gentle creature. He was the only specimen of a stage-struck schoolmaster I ever met. On the street, or in the schoolroom, he constantly assumed tragic attitudes. Great tragedians might have received "points," or hints, had they been fortunate enough to have met Mr. Lysle. It was a source of infinite amusement to the small boys and infants, when he would dismiss a culprit scholar, guilty of some infringement of school regulations, with "Degone! ye

wretch!" The small boy would "begone," and laugh and rejoice that so kindly, though erratic, was he had taken the place of the "warrior."

I must again request you not to lose sight of that word "explain," and at the same time beg permission to mention another of my school-masters. Then my parents moved to another village I was of course sent to school, and went one whole day, or rather to the two school sessions of one day. The master was known as "Jimmy" McBride. Perhaps the familiar term may lead you to think that "Jimmy" was young, diminutive, and possessed of little force of character. Not so. "Jimmy" was about 40 years of age, tall, slim, sedate, yet bland. When spoken to he was always politely accosted as Mr. McBride; when spoken of, the whole community, old and young, irreverently called him "Jimmy" McBride. Now, "Jimmy" was always dressed in the highest style of the tailor's art, with boots polished to perfection, and when he appeared on the streets, he always carried, in his hand a large silk handkerchief by the four corners, and when a speck of dust alighted on his immaculate boots, he would stop, summarily whisk it off, and then proceed on his way.

The school to my mind was a little pandemonium. Each scholar was studying his lesson aloud. The classes in reciting were obliged to shout still louder, and the effect was ludicrous in the extreme. When I went home towards evening I told my father that I should go to that school no more, and gave my reasons. The sense of the ridiculous was always strong in my father, and what with the air of precocious wisdom I assumed, and the story told of the scenes in the school room, he actually acquiesced in my abstention from school-going. The next day "Jimmy" called, and I was compelled to tell him to his face my eleven-year-old objections to his method of school-teaching. "Jimmy" smiled a sorrowful smile, and mildly said that I was too young to form an opinion. It seemed to me, however, that away back of that smile, and the seemingly benign look, I could perceive a somewhat ferocious gleam of old Adam, which plainly said: "You young scamp, if I only had you alone for fifteen minutes in my schoolroom, I would teach you better manners than that of criticising your elders."

Now I never was a schoolmaster, nor ever expect to be one, yet I stand in a position somewhat like the young man who boasted that he came near being married once—he asked a young lady to have him, but she said "no," had she said "yes," he would have been married sure enough. I was strongly urged once in Nova Scotia to teach a school; but fully recognizing the great responsibility resting on the school teacher, in common with the young lady mentioned, I resisted the wooing and said "no," also.

As to whether I would have been an accession to the teaching fraternity, I am too modest to express an opinion. Under these circumstances, perhaps I am not competent to offer suggestions to teachers; but at the risk of exciting your disapprobation or derision I shall offer an opinion on the subject of grammar-teaching, suggested by my own experience as a boy and a scholar.

And this is the exact place where that word "Explain" comes in. Every teacher should be a walking dictionary of easy words in several volumes. They should explain and explain, and reiterate their explanations of the terms in grammar met with by young scholars. And here let me also say that no scholar should be compelled to study that which he is not able to comprehend. Their age and capacity to receive should be carefully considered. At the time I speak of I know that studies were forced on myself and others not suited to our undeveloped mental capacity. I hope such is not the case to-day.

Not a single term in grammar should be slurred over by teacher or scholar. Every possible way should be used by the teacher to enable the scholar to grasp and comprehend grammatical terms. I was made to memorize certain lessons in grammar which informed me (or rather did not inform me, as I did not understand their meaning) that etymology, syntax and prosody, constituted the great principles of grammar; and I repeated, parrot-like, rules about indicative, imperative, and potential moods, and past, present, future and pluperfect tenses, etc., etc.

The real meaning of the words were not explained to me nor to my fellow scholars, that I can recollect; and I am free to say that even at this time I do not fully know the meaning of many of the grammatical terms I encountered when a boy, for in after life, whenever I came across the terms, I recognised them as old enemies, and vigorously skipped them.

If not out of place I would remark that all those hard-headed old chaps who wrote grammars, seem to have had a soft spot about them. Every grammar which fell under my observation seemed got up as a text-book on sparking. All of them had several pages devoted to the term of "I love," and as if it was a sweet morsel to roll under the tongue they rung all the changes on the term which the language would permit; and the old dogs called it "a verb." They furthermore told us that a verb denotes action—to be, to do, or to suffer. How much they may have differed in connection with the term in question is past finding out, as Dundreary would say, but the small boy has always suffered terrible tribulation from it, and as he becomes so disgusted with the term in school days, I wonder he has ever anything to do with the subject in after life.

The grammar maker, after blurring out "I love," as misery likes company, immediately follows with "Thou Lovest" and He Loves, thus showing that they understand all about other people's business as well as their own.

And now, as I have no doubt, brought to your minds the old matter of the few grains of wheat amongst an immense mass of chaff, I shall conclude this learned and exhaustive paper with a quotation from one of the great poets—as it is Milton who wrote:

"A little nonsense now and then,  
Is relished by the best of men."