

THE DAILY EXAMINER.

TERMS—FIVE DOLLARS A YEAR.

"This is true Liberty, when Free Born Men, having to advise the Public, may speak free."—EURIPIDES.

SINGLE COPIES TWO CENTS.

NEW SERIES.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1886.

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One month.....60

Advertising at moderate rates.

Contracts may be made for monthly, quarterly, half-yearly, or yearly advertisements, on application.

ALMANAC FOR DECEMBER, 1886.

MOON'S CHANGES.

First Quarter 3rd day, 10h. 12.5m., a. m., N. E. (below horizon).

Full Moon 10th day, 5h., 17.7m., a. m., W. Last Quarter 18th day, 2h., 26.6m., a. m., S. E.

New Moon 25th day, 5h. 42.1m., a. m., N. E. (below horizon).

D. DAY OF WEEK Sun Sun Moon High Day's rises/sets rises/sets water len'th

D. DAY OF WEEK	Sun	Sun	High	Day's
	rises/sets	rises/sets	water	len'th
1 Wednesday	7 28.4	8 11.44	1 31	8 41
2 Thursday	30	9 16.2	2 34	39
3 Friday	31	9 0.43	3 21	38
4 Saturday	32	9 1 9	4 23	37
5 Sunday	33	9 1 34	5 29	36
6 Monday	34	8 1 59	6 33	34
7 Tuesday	35	8 2 26	7 35	33
8 Wednesday	36	8 2 57	8 25	32
9 Thursday	37	8 3 31	9 10	31
10 Friday	38	8 4 11	9 52	30
11 Saturday	39	8 4 58	10 33	29
12 Sunday	40	8 5 54	11 14	28
13 Monday	41	8 6 56	11 57	27
14 Tuesday	42	8 8 4	12 39	26
15 Wednesday	43	9 9 10	1 23	25
16 Thursday	44	9 10 27	2 2	25
17 Friday	44	9 11 39	3 5	25
18 Saturday	45	10 10 4	4 13	25
19 Sunday	45	10 6 51	5 31	24
20 Monday	46	10 2 02	6 50	24
21 Tuesday	47	11 3 12	7 55	25
22 Wednesday	47	12 4 22	8 48	25
23 Thursday	48	13 5 28	9 34	25
24 Friday	48	13 6 31	10 16	25
25 Saturday	48	14 7 29	10 55	26
26 Sunday	49	15 8 20	11 34	26
27 Monday	49	15 9 5	12 0	26
28 Tuesday	49	16 7 47	0 10	27
29 Wednesday	49	16 10 16	0 45	27
30 Thursday	49	17 10 50	1 21	28
31 Friday	7 49	17 11 12	2 0	28

NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted to the Subscriber are hereby notified that all Accounts unpaid after the 15th day of DECEMBER next, will be handed into his attorney for immediate collection.

J. B. MACDONALD.

Ch'town, Nov. 25, 1886—dy & wk

POTATO BAGS!

JUST RECEIVED,

5,000 Shipping Bags.

WEEKS & BEER.

Nov. 27, 1886—1w cod.



—FOR—

BOSTON.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT

THE PALACE STEAMERS

OF THE
INTERNATIONAL S.S. CO.

Leave St. John for Boston, via Eastport and Portland, every Monday, and Thursday at 8.30, 2nd class; 8.50, 1st class.

For tickets and other information apply to
A. SHARP, P. E. HALE, S. E. L. STEAM NAV. CO.
P. O. 117, or to your nearest Ticket Agent.

Nov. 15, 1886—cod wk

L. ARTHUR & CO.,

GENERAL

Commission Merchants,

121 ATLANTIC AVENUE,

BOSTON, MASS.

Rices and Produce a Specialty.

July 15—dy, wkly

BARCLAY & CO.,

GENERAL

Commission & Shipping Merchants,

191 Atlantic Avenue, Boston

EIGHT years' experience in this market. Over fifty thousand bushels P. E. I. potatoes received by us last fall. Our patrons all satisfied. Vessels chartered for potato freights at short notice. Write for market reports.

Specialties—Potatoes, Mackerel, Canned Lobsters, Eggs.

June 17, 86—5mo cod

TREMENDOUS SLAUGHTER.

CLEARING OUT SALE.

J. B. Macdonald's

CONTEMPLATING making extensive alterations in my store, early in the new year, which will necessitate my closing for some time, I will

SELL OFF

MY ENTIRE STOCK OF

New and Seasonable Goods.

STAPLE & FANCY DRY GOODS

—AND—

C-L-O-T-H-I-N-G

AT A TREMENDOUS SACRIFICE.

All the stock of Fancy Dress Goods and Dress Cloths at 33 1/2 per cent discount.

All the Cloths and Tweeds at a discount of 33 1/2 per cent. Knit Wool Goods, Shawls and Mantles at 33 1-2 per cent discount.

Gray, White and Scarlet Flannels at 33 1-2 per cent discount.

Velvets, Plushes, Ribbon and all Millinery Goods at 33 1-2 per cent discount.

All the stock of Men's and Boys' Clothing, Gents' Furnishings, Overcoats, Reefers and Suits at a discount of 33 1-2 per cent.

All Cotton Goods at a discount of 25 per cent.

The entire stock must be cleared before the first of the New Year. You can depend on getting the BEST BARGAINS ever offered in this city.

All Goods Sold for CASH only.

J. B. MACDONALD,

QUEEN STREET.

Ch'town, Oct. 19, 86—dy wk

FUR GOODS.

LADIES'

Astracan Jackets,

Fur-lined Cloaks,

Fur Tippets,

Muffs, in

Seal,

Beaver,

Otter,

Persian Lamb,

Astracan,

Monkey,

Belgian Seal, &c.

Ladies' Caps,

Children's Caps,

Muffs, &c.

—ALSO—

A Full Line of Staple

and Fancy Dry Goods.

at Lowest Prices.

Sleigh Robes,

Fur Coats,

Fur Caps,

Fur Gloves,

—ALSO—

A large assortment of

Men's Furnishings,

Shirts,

Collars,

Cuffs,

Braces,

Hosiery,

Ties,

Paramatta and Rubber

Coats,

Underclothing, &c., at

Prices as Low as any

in the trade.



STANLEY BROS.,

Brown's Block, Opposite Market House.

Ch'town, Nov. 16, 1886—dy & wk

The Study of English Literature.

That great and good man, Lord Macaulay, pronounced a beautiful panegyric upon our English Literature, when he referred to it as "that noble literature, the most splendid as well as the most durable of the many glories of England." But he might just as truthfully and sensibly with great emphasis, have declared it to be one great factor in the formation of English character; that which has for centuries been directing the channel of English thought and feeling; and which to-day stands pre-eminently the best index to English life and institutions.

Away over the waters, looking out upon the stern wild bosom of the German Ocean, stands the mighty upland of Whithy. There, under the shadow of the grand old monastery of St. Hilda, more than 1200 years ago, Godwin, the first true English poet, sang the "beginning of created things." How many the years that have passed away since then! and yet we still feel the thrill of that very music which resounded through the banqueting halls of King Oswin. The voice of the poet, indeed, is hushed, but the song still flows on, for we find that almost ten hundred years afterwards, the same strain which sounded its choral note in the parsonage of Godwin, and which had been re-echoed through century after century, rose into the sublimity of melody when the Puritan poet of England sang the song of the loss of Paradise. Thus we see the continuity of English verse, and they who, to-day, sing the beauties of the English Language are only re-echoing in a higher and, let us hope, a purer strain, the melodies of the grand old masters of English poetry.

But not alone in the region of poetry do we find this continuity exemplified; the same fact is equally observable in the sphere of prose. From the time of that illustrious Saxon, King Alfred, to his worthy successor, our beloved Queen upon the throne, not a link is wanting in that chain which connects us with the prose of the past. Volume after volume has, within the past century, been added to the accumulated millions of centuries; but the same spirit, the stern, patriotic, English nobleness, meets us alike in the histories of Bede and Orosius, as in the more elaborate works of our own Home, Robertson and Gibbon. It is the same in every other department of prose literature; and the fact that our English literature of to-day is the same literature, grown older, that was born upon the heights of Whithy, is a fact fraught with "mighty and interesting influences" to the world at large, but especially to that lesser world with which we teachers are more particularly concerned—the world of youth, with all its susceptibility and all its liability.

Is it, then, with the study of English Literature, in its applicability to the school and the world that I wish to make a few remarks—remarks which, I feel it my duty to explain, are founded upon a very shallow experience. Passing through the elite assemblies of foreign capitals, where the "pets of fortune" gather round the festal board, to do honor, it may be, to the departed great, one cannot but be struck by the brilliancy of the scene. The magnificence of splendor which crowns the occasion is not lost to the eye of the spectator. He fully enjoys the luxury of beholding, and vainly imagines that every detail of the wondrous panorama is indelibly imprinted upon his mind. But let, in rapid succession, pageant succeed pageant, and festivity reign after festivity, to him dash down the cup with one hand, as he rushes to grasp anew the brimming bowl with the other, and then, after time has lent a breathing space, let him go back into these scenes, and he will surely find that all he can gather of the past tournaments is but a glimmering of lights, diamonds and names.

Thus, it seems to me, it is with the study of English Literature as it is pursued in our common schools. Within the short period of a few months, the student gallops through saucers of song and fragments of prose, is introduced to one author here and another one there, reads selections from Bunce, Addison, Goldsmith, Shakespeare, Byron, Mackenzie, and a host of other worthies, until he has practically exhausted the range of brilliant writers; and when he comes forth from such a course of study as this, what does he really know about English Literature? Can he say that he has truly entered into the spirit of even one author? Does he know how to weep with kindred spirit? He has only been whirling, with lightning speed, through the hundred avenues of prose and verse, and he will surely come forth from the enchanted land with a mere glimmering of lights, diamonds and names—the toys, the trifles, the veriest foibles of literature. He has never felt himself go out from himself, never lost himself amid the delights of fascinated imagination, never wandered into the mazes of another's making; and until he has done so, he knows not how to study, or rather enjoy, literature.

But surely such efforts as these are above the capacity of the common school student, and by the common school student I wish to be understood to mean any pupil who has perfected himself in the subjects of the Fifth Grade. Are we not imposing a task upon him beyond the powers of his immature mind? I think not. Were he to put at the disposal of one, three, or even five celebrated authors, the time and energy which he now expends in roaming over vast territories of prose and verse, how much more would it profit and instruct him? Besides, the labor would be far less difficult. How much easier is it to grasp the idea from a poem presented in its entirety than to do so from a mutilated fragment, and how much of the beauty, the individuality, the pretty connection, the variety, the truth, of the work is lost sight of in the petty selection. I take up the Fifth Royal Reader, and the book opens at page 64—it is the "Parting of Marmion and Douglas." Who wrote this poem? Sir Walter Scott. 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