

# The Examiner

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF POLITICS, LITERATURE AND NEWS.

"This is true Liberty, when Freeborn Men, having to advise the Public, may speak free."—Euripides

VOL. XXII.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, MONDAY, AUGUST 21, 1871.

[NO. 34.]

## The Examiner

IS PRINTED EVERY MONDAY BY  
**P. R. BOWERS,**  
AT HIS OFFICE, DORCHESTER STREET,  
A few doors West of the Catholic  
Cathedral.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:  
Ten Shillings per annum, in advance; or  
Twelve shillings when not paid in  
advance.

POSTERS AND HANDBILLS  
PRINTED AT THIS OFFICE.

CLUBBING RATES.

WE will send the "Examiner" for 1871,  
and any one of the following period-  
icals at the annexed rates, payable in  
advance:

American Agriculturist,	£0 18 0
Atlantic Monthly,	1 3 0
Harper's Magazine,	1 3 0
Galaxy,	1 3 0
Blackwood's Magazine,	1 3 0
London University Magazine,	2 0 0
London Review,	3 0 0
Edinburgh Review,	3 0 0
Edinburgher,	1 3 0
Westminster,	1 3 0
North British,	1 3 0
North American,	1 3 0
Every Saturday, Illustrated,	1 8 0
Appleton's Journal, de,	1 8 0
Harper's Weekly,	1 8 0
Harper's Bazaar,	1 8 0
Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,	1 8 0
Boston Pilot,	1 3 0
New York Ledger,	1 3 0
do Weekly,	1 3 0
do Herald,	1 3 0
do Tribune,	1 3 0
do World,	1 3 0

We can supply any of the English, American  
or Colonial Publications, at the lowest cash  
rates.

P. R. BOWERS.

## Business Cards.

Go to W. A. Weeks & Co for Cheap Goods.

**WILLIAM DODD,**  
Commission Merchant and  
AUCTIONEER  
QUEEN SQUARE,  
CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND.

**BENJAMIN WILLIAMS,**  
Surveyor of Lumber,  
Hillsborough Square,  
CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND.  
June 9, 1871. pat 3mo

**WILLIAM JAMES HENRY,**  
AUCTIONEER,  
General Broker, Accountant  
AND  
COMMISSION AGENT.  
WATER STREET,  
Summerside, - P. E. Island. 1y.

**COLFORD BROS.,**  
Importers and Dealers in  
**TOBACCO,**  
CIGARS,  
and Smokers Articles,  
HALIFAX ..... N. S.  
May 1, 1871. 1y

Go to W. A. Weeks & Co, for Cheap Goods.

**CARVELL BROTHERS,**  
AUCTIONEERS,  
Commission Merchants,  
AND  
GENERAL AGENTS,  
BANK BUILDING, QUEEN STREET,  
Charlottetown, P. E. Island

**A. McNEILL,**  
READING ROOM PROPRIETOR,  
COMMISSION MERCHANT  
AND  
AUCTIONEER,  
CHARLOTTETOWN.  
March 21, 1870. 1yr

**H. HAZARD,**  
Commission Merchant,  
GENERAL AGENT,  
AND  
AUCTIONEER,  
Upper, Queen Street,  
Charlottetown, - P. E. I.

N. B.—Orders from abroad, and the country  
will receive prompt attention.  
April 26, 1869

**AGENCY OFFICE!**  
THE SUBSCRIBER will attend to all or  
ders for the Selling, letting, purchasing,  
leasing &c., of Dwelling Houses, Business  
Establishments, and lands both in City and  
Country.

Parties wishing to dispose of or purchase  
Property of any description, to let or let-  
Houses, Stores &c., will please apply by in-  
ter stating particulars.

STRICTLY, when required, strictly  
observed.  
A. McNEILL,  
Exchange Buildings, Ch'town,  
May 15, 1871. } if

**FARM FOR SALE,**  
At St. Peter's.  
THE Subscriber offers for Sale a Valuable  
FARM of 84 Acres, 45 of which are under  
Cultivation. The remainder is covered with  
a good supply of Soft and Hard Wood.

There are on the Farm a Comfortable  
Dwelling-house, and commodious Barns and  
Out-houses.

The Land is in good condition, and is well  
watered. It is situated on the Main Road leading to  
St. Peter's. The position is covered with  
Central and is near Great and Saw Mills, School  
Houses and Church.

This desirable Property will be Sold at a reason-  
able Price. One half the money to be paid  
down, and the remainder in a term of years.

For further particulars, enquire at the EX-  
AMINER OFFICE, or of the Subscriber  
JAMES PRELAN,  
St. Peter's, Lot 39, July 3, 1871.

## Business Cards.

**CAS FITTING,**  
in all its branches, done at JOHN H.  
TORREY'S, Kent Street.

**Gasaliers, Cleaned & Repaired,**  
at JOHN H. TORREY'S, Kent Street.

**ALE PUMPS,**  
always on hand at  
JOHN H. TORREY'S,  
Opposite Rockin House, Kent Street.  
Ch'town, July 24, 1871. 1y

**CITY LUMBER DEPOT,**  
FOR SALE AT THE  
**CITY LUMBER DEPOT.**

ALL KINDS  
**OF LUMBER!**  
Pine and Spruce Boards, and Plank, Saw  
and Split Shingles (Cedar Pine & Fir), Cedar  
Posts and Fence Rails, Scantling, Studing  
and Laths.

Enquire at Mr. James Barrett's, Block-  
maker, Dorchester Street, near the R. C.  
Chapel, or of the Subscriber.

**DRICK AND STONE**  
FOR SALE AT THE  
**LUMBER DEPOT.**  
BENJAMIN WILLIAMS,  
Hillsboro' Square Ch'town, } piff  
June 19, 1871.

**Apothecaries' Hall,**  
The Old Stand, West Corner of Queen  
Square.

ESTABLISHED, 1810.  
By Steamer City of Cork from ENGLAND.  
Brigantine James from MONTREAL  
and other recent arrivals, the undersigned  
has completed his importations for the winter,  
consisting of

**GENUINE DRUGS & CHEMICALS,**  
Dye Stuffs, Varnishes, Paints,  
Oils, Colors, &c.

**PATENT MEDICINES, PERFUMERY**  
TOILET ARTICLES, &c. &c.

The whole of which will be sold at a small ad-  
vance on cost.

Special attention, by an experienced hand, to  
the preparation by day and night of Physicians  
prescriptions and private recipes.

T. DESBRISAY,  
Charlottetown, Jan. 2, 1871.

**Weeks & Co.**  
offer an  
ATTRACTIVE STOCK  
of  
**NEW CLOTHS**  
and  
READY-MADE  
**Clothing,**  
at the  
Lowest Prices.  
Please call and get  
SUITED.

**A. HERMANS,**  
Bell-Hanger, Gun and Tin-Smith,  
Dorchester Street,  
(Next to "Examiner" Office.)

**BEGS** to return his thanks to the general  
public for the liberal patronage extended  
to him since his commencement in business,  
and asks for a continuance of the same. He  
keeps constantly on hand

A neat Assortment of  
**TINWARE, KITCHEN UTENSILS**  
&c., &c.

ALL ORDERS in the above BUSINESS  
will be punctually attended to.

Having lately made large purchases in the  
Cheapest Markets, intended for House Builders,  
such as

**Gas Fitting, Water Closets,**  
Bell Fittings, &c. &c.

I am prepared to SELL THEM at RATES  
AS LOW AS CAN BE HAD IN THE CITY,  
and will fit them up in a good workmanlike style.

To a generous public, I would say, that all  
orders in THIS BRANCH OF MY BUSI-  
NESS will be attended to with Dispatch.

A Lot of First Class WATER COOLERS on  
hand.

**SAYER'S CRYSTAL BLUE,**  
Sold Cheaper than ever.  
July 12, 1869

**ROOFING GRAVEL,**  
For Sale!  
A quantity of the best kind of Roofing  
Gravel.  
WM. KOUGHAN  
Queen's Wharf, }  
May 8, 1871. }

**Carriage Builders**  
WILL FIND AT THE  
"City Hardware Store,"  
SPOKES, RIMS, Carriage Seats, Dasher  
Leather, Enamelled Duck and Drill, Malleable  
Castings, Bolts and Nuts, Patent Axles, and every  
other article in their line.

## Selected Poetry.

**MY HEROINE—A TRUE STORY.**  
BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX GEN-  
TLEMAN."

I know a little maid—as sweet  
As any seven years old child you'll meet  
In mansion grand or village street;

Her name, however charming they may be,  
She'll never know of this in verse  
When I her simple tale rehearse—  
A cottage girl, made baby-nurse  
Unto another baby.

Till then how constant she at school!  
Her tiny hands of work how full!  
And never careless, never dull.

As little scholars may be,  
Her absence questioned, with cheek red  
And gentle lifting of the head,  
"Ma'am, I could not be spared," she said,  
"I had to mind my baby."

Her baby, oft along the lane  
She'd carry it with such sweet pain  
On summer holidays—full fair  
To let both work and play be  
Bet, at the school hour did to start  
She'd turn with sad divided heart

'Twixt scholar's wish and mother's part,  
"I cannot leave my baby!"

On day at school came rumours dire—  
"Lizzie has fallen in the fire!"  
And off in haste I went to inquire  
With anxious fear of knowing  
For yester afternoon at prayer  
My little Lizzie's face did wear  
The look—how comes it, whence or where?  
Of children who are—going

And almost as if bound for flight  
To say no prayers in angel's sight,  
Poor Lizzie lay—so wan, so white,  
So sadly life seeming—

Her active hands now helpless bound,  
Her wild eyes wandering vaguely round,  
As up she started at each sound,  
Or slept, and moaned in dreaming.

Her mother gave the piteous tale;  
How that child's courage did not fail,  
"Or else poor baby!"—She stopped, pale,  
And shed tears without number;

Then told how at the bedside warm,  
Lizzie, with baby on her arm,  
Slipped—threw him from her—safe from harm  
Then fell—Here in her slumber.

Lizzie shrieked, "Take him!" and upstared  
Her poor burnt hands, and seemed half dead  
Until a smile her features crossed  
As sweet as angels' features.

"Yes, ma'am!"—she said in feeble tone,  
"I'm ill, I know"—she brushed a moan—  
"But—here a look a queen might own—  
"But, ma'am I saved my baby!"

**Miscellany.**  
**A RAILWAY ADVENTURE.**

A Lawyer's office in summer-time is by no  
means an agreeable place of sojourn. There  
is a prevailing sense of dryness and a lack  
of verdure. The only green perceptible  
is in the conduct of the clients and in the  
green 'ferret' with which the sheets of  
parliament are bound together. Pastoral  
influences, too, are altogether wanting.  
There are no 'bleating flocks,' nor any bird  
to suggest their existence, unless it be the  
skins which have been stripped from their  
beaks and envered into the aforesaid parame-  
nt, in which sheep's clothing the ravenging  
wolves of the profession are wont to  
disguise their meaning, if not themselves;  
the only fountains are ink fountains; and  
there are no trees except those genealogical  
growths which flourish under the culture of  
Garter and Clarenceux.

The office of Messrs. Catehem & Estem,  
of Spiders Inn, formed no exception to the  
general truth of this description. I had  
been their bond-slave or managing clerk for  
some time, and was seated in my pri-  
on one fine afternoon during the month of June,  
186—, bewailing my hard lot in the inter-  
vals of labor. I rather suspect that I must have  
fallen into a doze. I had been engaged for  
some time in making out a bill of costs  
against some unfor-  
tunate debtor whom  
I had been grinding in our legal mill, and I  
remember that I had been speculating upon  
the remarkable analogy existing between  
the bestial and human excretions, and reflect-  
ing how precisely the tigers, wolves, snake,  
and wasps in the former are repeated in the  
lawyers, bill-discounters, doctors, and old  
maids of the latter dispensation. The reason-  
ness of the subject was, I suppose, too much  
for me, and I had taken refuge from the  
problem in sleep when I was suddenly  
aroused by the deep bass voice of my ven-  
erable superior, Mr. Catehem.

"Mr. Hojkins," said the voice "I find  
that I shall be unable to go down to De-  
borough to complete that purchase of Mr.  
Pousonby's, and therefore you will have to  
do. The appointment for completion is at  
ten o'clock on Thursday morning, so that  
you must leave town by the 5.15 train to-  
morrow afternoon, and be at Deborough,  
ready for the next morning. The purchase-  
money is paid into the London branch of  
Messrs. Musgrave's bank at Deborough; you  
will therefore only have to take a check  
with you for the amount, and get it cashed  
in the morning. Ready for the settlement.  
Come into my room to-morrow about four,  
and I will give you instructions. I am go-  
ing across the square to Squeezum & Seru-  
chem's. Back in half an hour."

Exit Mr. Catehem, and up jumps Mr.  
Hojkins and executes a war-dance of a ju-  
bilar and triumphant description, indicative  
of his delight at the prospect before him.  
The spruce outside my window flew away  
in great disorder, evidently astonished at  
the indecorum of my behaviour, and only  
accustomed to the gravity of dmesor be-  
coming an inn of court. Invigorated by  
this little interlude, I returned to my bill  
of costs thinking that, after all, old Catehem  
was perhaps not quite so black as he had  
been painted. The point of view is every-  
thing, and seen through the medium of my  
country excursion, even he appeared to lose  
several shades of darkness.

Business over for the day, I walked home  
to my lodgings in Lavender Crescent, Cam-  
berwell, still in the same state of exhalation.  
'Jane,' said I, bursting into the passage,  
'I am going into the country for a  
few days: will you come with me?'

"Lor, Mr. Hojkins, Sir," said Jane, 'how  
can I? I couldn't leave missus and the  
'case, even if you was kind enough to take  
me. Is anything the matter, sir? Oh,  
don't, Sir, please! You promised me you  
wouldn't.' And Jane leaves my room  
with her cheeks considerably rouged, and a  
conviction, I think that I have been taking  
something besides exercise.

After tea I packed a carpet-bag ready for  
my country excursion; and then, in order  
to get over the intervening night, I lighted  
the pipe of peace, and sat myself down in  
my easy-chair to read Lady Sappho Godiva's  
delightful 'F-e-w-h-o-r-s' and to admire the  
gorgeous upholstery which is therein so min-  
utely described, and above all, the succulent  
moribundness of the female portraits. I cer-  
tainly found her 'ornaments,' as painters  
call them, deliciously warm and juicy, and  
the scene-painting all that could be desired.

In the morning I arrayed myself with a  
degree of care befitting the importance of  
the occasion, and departed joyfully for  
town, having first taken an affectionate  
leave of Jane, whose faint 'Don't!' sounded  
I thought, much more like 'Do!' The  
day dragged through at last, and punctually  
at four p. m. I knocked at Mr. Catehem's  
green-baz door, and was desired to enter.

"This is the conveyance," Mr. Hojkins,  
said the gentleman, 'which you will see  
properly executed before you pay the pur-  
chase-money; and take care that all the  
titles-deeds shown in the abstract are hand-  
led over to you at the same time. The  
money, as I told you, is at Messrs. Mus-  
grave's bank in Deborough, and here is a  
check for the amount, £1000. I can no  
cross the check, because you will have to pay  
in cash; so mind, if you please, that you are  
very careful of the check. The appoint-  
ment for completion is at Mr. Upton's office,  
in Deborough, on Thursday, the 21st, at  
£10 note is for your own expenses, for  
which you will account to me on your re-  
turn. Be very careful, if you please, and  
lose no time in getting off. Good-day.'

I returned my venerable superior's adieu  
with great a gravity, and shaking the dust  
of the office off my feet and my clothes, I  
balled a passing hansom, and was soon  
fully bowling off to the Great Northern  
Railway. In my private capacity I need  
hardly say that I did not ride much in  
cabs; but on occasions like the present I  
felt that I represented the firm of C. & E., and  
was determined that their dignity and offi-  
cial status should suffer no abatement at my  
hands.

"Two bob's captain, please," said the jer-  
vey, when I got into it, observe, by-the-  
way, that I am generally saluted gentle-  
man of doubtful exterior as 'captain,' which  
I suppose is intended as a delicate compli-  
ment. I paid him at once 'like a gentle-  
man,' as he was good enough to assure me,  
for, though I knew it was double his fare,  
I never haggle about the price when I am  
spending my employer's money. It is a  
kind of spoiling the Egyptians, in which, as  
in a revenge, there is, to use Lord Bacon's  
phrase, a sort of wild justice.

Following upon the same principle, I took  
a first-class ticket to Deborough, and econ-  
omized myself in the most comfortable car-  
riage I could find. I first paid a visit to  
the book-stall, to provide myself with some  
literature for possible contingencies. I made  
choice of a magazine containing a story  
called 'Gensarvus Spok's Will,' which pro-  
vided some interest to a lawyer, as I have  
generally observed that such histories con-  
tain some very remarkable legal incidents.  
The history of the old classical axiom that  
it is in the collar to stick to his last,  
King Solomon's dictum that there is nothing  
new under the sun is conclusively dis-  
proved by the history in question; for in it  
I find the ex-actors of a will signing the will  
as well as the testator, which I affirm to be  
an entire novelty.

I was lost in admiration at the boldness  
of this innovation, when the door of the  
carriage was opened, and a lady entered in  
a deep mourning, and seated her elf in an  
opposite division; soon afterwards we got  
under way, and were joyfully rattling out of  
the smoke and noise of the great Babylon  
into the pure air of the country. My com-  
panion, though I still apparently a mere  
girl, was dressed in widow's weeds, or rather  
in that most becoming modification of them  
which is now prevalent, and in which one  
single heading of white crepe edging the  
black bonnet does duty for the hideous old  
widow's cap. So much as I could see of  
her, she was very pretty. Her complexion  
was perfectly pale, and she had large, deep  
gray eyes, which darkened in color at the  
corner of the iris, where it merged into  
the deep black fringe of the eyelash. Her  
mouth was hidden by the broad band of  
double crepe which edged her veil; but  
her lovely brown hair was displayed by her  
mitre of a bonnet, and was curled in massive  
luxuriant wreaths behind her beautiful head.  
She made no affectation of deep grief; but  
her eyes had that curious benumbed appear-  
ance which you sometimes see in an animal  
which is stricken with some great pain.

Sorrow always appears to me so sacred a  
thing that I felt no inclination to make any  
effort toward the usual acquaintance of fel-  
low-travellers, and accordingly devoted my-  
self to my book. But some trifling curi-  
osity broke the ice between us, and it seemed  
that my companion was anxious to obtain  
some information about her journey. Was  
I going to Deborough? and what time would  
the train get there? Could I tell her of  
any hotel at which she could stay for a short  
time? Would it be very expensive? She  
apologized for asking these questions by say-  
ing that she had lived for many years in  
France, and was utterly ignorant of Eng-  
land and its ways. Her beautiful eyes, filled  
with tears she spoke of France, and I  
could not help feeling for one so young  
who had suffered so much.

I gave her all the information I could  
upon the subject, and in return she told me  
some particulars of her story. She had  
lately come from Tours, where she had lost  
her husband after a year's marriage; and  
being left almost penniless, her friends had  
persuaded her to seek for a situation in a  
country like a cockney, who is impressed  
with the smoke and air of London. Every  
woman had preferred in France. This

place she at length found, as she hoped, in  
the family of a gentleman living near De-  
borough; she was to sleep at the town for  
one night, and to be fetched to the Cedars,  
her new home, in the morning. She feared  
an English hotel would be very costly  
after the French ones to which she was ac-  
customed. Would there be a *salon* in  
which ladies could sit, or must she take her  
meal in her bedroom? All this she asked  
in the most natural, innocent, childish man-  
ner imaginable; and I could not help think-  
ing what a very child she was, and how  
totally unfit to travel in England, alone, with  
her confiding, winning way, and pretty half-  
foreign accent. I told her in reply that I  
intended to have a sitting-room for my own  
use (which by the way, was a very sudden  
intention on my part), and that if she would  
brighten it with her presence during her  
evening meal, it would give me very sincere  
pleasure. She didn't know, *Might*  
she do so? Would it be quite *en regle*  
for a lady to do so? If she really *meant*  
—I assured her that she need not be uneasy  
on that score; and I felt really glad that  
it was in my power to act in some sort as  
her protector. Duty is delightful when it  
assumes the form of taking a lovely girl-  
widow under one's protecting wing.

As I stepped on to the platform at De-  
borough an inspector on duty inquired if  
my name were Hojkins. Wondering what  
prompted the question, I replied that it  
was; and having further made me give the  
address of my firm in London, he handed  
me a telegram which had passed my train  
upon the wires, and which told me that the  
purchase would not be completed till the  
Friday morning, as the deeds were not ready  
for delivery to the purchaser. "By all  
means," said I to myself, "so much the  
better. I shall be delighted to have an-  
other day in the country. I will go over  
and see this old place which Mr. Pousonby  
has bought." I have a special passion for  
old houses in the country. A good part of  
my boyhood was passed at one such, a  
"pleasant Herfordshire," and in memory  
of it I love them all. Movable I  
placed my companion and her traveling-bag  
in a cab, and drove with her to the Blue  
Crocodile, which was the house in Debor-  
ough that I had been advised to stay at.

I found the hotel one of the pleasant,  
old-fashioned, comfortable houses—now  
alas, becoming scarcer every year—in which  
the buxom landlady receives one as an old  
friend, and caters for one's comfort with  
the kind solicitude. A great contrast to the  
"half-managers" of the modern monster  
hotels, who sit in an inaccessible office, and  
is far too grand to take any interest in the  
welfare of the guests, whom she knows only  
as "No. 537," or whatever the numeral in  
which their identity is lost may chance to be.  
My companion would have nothing but  
old-fashioned, comfortable houses—now  
alas, becoming scarcer every year—in which  
the buxom landlady receives one as an old  
friend, and caters for one's comfort with  
the kind solicitude. A great contrast to the  
"half-managers" of the modern monster  
hotels, who sit in an inaccessible office, and  
is far too grand to take any interest in the  
welfare of the guests, whom she knows only  
as "No. 537," or whatever the numeral in  
which their identity is lost may chance to be.  
My companion would have nothing but  
old-fashioned, comfortable houses—now  
alas, becoming scarcer every year—in which  
the buxom landlady receives one as an old  
friend, and caters for one's comfort with  
the kind solicitude. A great contrast to the  
"half-managers" of the modern monster  
hotels, who sit in an inaccessible office, and  
is far too grand to take any interest in the  
welfare of the guests, whom she knows only  
as "No. 537," or whatever the numeral in  
which their identity is lost may chance to be.  
My companion would have nothing but  
old-fashioned, comfortable houses—now  
alas, becoming scarcer every year—in which  
the buxom landlady receives one as an old  
friend, and caters for one's comfort with  
the kind solicitude. A great contrast to the  
"half-managers" of the modern monster  
hotels, who sit in an inaccessible office, and  
is far too grand to take any interest in the  
welfare of the guests, whom she knows only  
as "No. 537," or whatever the numeral in  
which their identity is lost may chance to be.  
My companion would have nothing but  
old-fashioned, comfortable houses—now  
alas, becoming scarcer every year—in which  
the buxom landlady receives one as an old  
friend, and caters for one's comfort with  
the kind solicitude. A great contrast to the  
"half-managers" of the modern monster  
hotels, who sit in an inaccessible office, and  
is far too grand to take any interest in the  
welfare of the guests, whom she knows only  
as "No. 537," or whatever the numeral in  
which their identity is lost may chance to be.  
My companion would have nothing but  
old-fashioned, comfortable houses—now  
alas, becoming scarcer every year—in which  
the buxom landlady receives one as an old  
friend, and caters for one's comfort with  
the kind solicitude. A great contrast to the  
"half-managers" of the modern monster  
hotels, who sit in an inaccessible office, and  
is far too grand to take any interest in the  
welfare of the guests, whom she knows only  
as "No. 537," or whatever the numeral in  
which their identity is lost may chance to be.  
My companion would have nothing but  
old-fashioned, comfortable houses—now  
alas, becoming scarcer every year—in which  
the buxom landlady receives one as an old  
friend, and caters for one's comfort with  
the kind solicitude. A great contrast to the  
"half-managers" of the modern monster  
hotels, who sit in an inaccessible office, and  
is far too grand to take any interest in the  
welfare of the guests, whom she knows only  
as "No. 537," or whatever the numeral in  
which their identity is lost may chance to be.  
My companion would have nothing but  
old-fashioned, comfortable houses—now  
alas, becoming scarcer every year—in which  
the buxom landlady receives one as an old  
friend, and caters for one's comfort with  
the kind solicitude. A great contrast to the  
"half-managers" of the modern monster  
hotels, who sit in an inaccessible office, and  
is far too grand to take any interest in the  
welfare of the guests, whom she knows only  
as "No. 537," or whatever the numeral in  
which their identity is lost may chance to be.  
My companion would have nothing but  
old-fashioned, comfortable houses—now  
alas, becoming scarcer every year—in which  
the buxom landlady receives one as an old  
friend, and caters for one's comfort with  
the kind solicitude. A great contrast to the  
"half-managers" of the modern monster  
hotels, who sit in an inaccessible office, and  
is far too grand to take any interest in the  
welfare of the guests, whom she knows only  
as "No. 537," or whatever the numeral in  
which their identity is lost may chance to be.  
My companion would have nothing but  
old-fashioned, comfortable houses—now  
alas, becoming scarcer every year—in which  
the buxom landlady receives one as an old  
friend, and caters for one's comfort with  
the kind solicitude. A great contrast to the  
"half-managers" of the modern monster  
hotels, who sit in an inaccessible office, and  
is far too grand to take any interest in the  
welfare of the guests, whom she knows only  
as "No. 537," or whatever the numeral in  
which their identity is lost may chance to be.  
My companion would have nothing but  
old-fashioned, comfortable houses—now  
alas, becoming scarcer every year—in which  
the buxom landlady receives one as an old  
friend, and caters for one's comfort with  
the kind solicitude. A great contrast to the  
"half-managers" of the modern monster  
hotels, who sit in an inaccessible office, and  
is far too grand to take any interest in the  
welfare of the guests, whom she knows only  
as "No. 537," or whatever the numeral in  
which their identity is lost may chance to be.  
My companion would have nothing but  
old-fashioned, comfortable houses—now  
alas, becoming scarcer every year—in which  
the buxom landlady receives one as an old  
friend, and caters for one's comfort with  
the kind solicitude. A great contrast to the  
"half-managers" of the modern monster  
hotels, who sit in an inaccessible office, and  
is far too grand to take any interest in the  
welfare of the guests, whom she knows only  
as "No. 537," or whatever the numeral in  
which their identity is lost may chance to be.  
My companion would have nothing but  
old-fashioned, comfortable houses—now  
alas, becoming scarcer every year—in which  
the buxom landlady receives one as an old  
friend, and caters for one's comfort with  
the kind solicitude. A great contrast to the  
"half-managers" of the modern monster  
hotels, who sit in an inaccessible office, and  
is far too grand to take any interest in the  
welfare of the guests, whom she knows only  
as "No. 537," or whatever the numeral in  
which their identity is lost may chance to be.  
My companion would have nothing but  
old-fashioned, comfortable houses—now  
alas, becoming scarcer every year—in which  
the buxom landlady receives one as an old  
friend, and caters for one's comfort with  
the kind solicitude. A great contrast to the  
"half-managers" of the modern monster  
hotels, who sit in an inaccessible office, and  
is far too grand to take any interest in the  
welfare of the guests, whom she knows only  
as "No. 537," or whatever the numeral in  
which their identity is lost may chance to be.  
My companion would have nothing but  
old-fashioned, comfortable houses—now  
alas, becoming scarcer every year—in which  
the buxom landlady receives one as an old  
friend, and caters for one's comfort with  
the kind solicitude. A great contrast to the  
"half-managers" of the modern monster  
hotels, who sit in an inaccessible office, and  
is far too grand to take any interest in the  
welfare of the guests, whom she knows only  
as "No. 537," or whatever the numeral in  
which their identity is lost may chance to be.  
My companion would have nothing but  
old-fashioned, comfortable houses—now  
alas, becoming scarcer every year—in which  
the buxom landlady receives one as an old  
friend, and caters for one's comfort with  
the kind solicitude. A great contrast to the  
"half-managers" of the modern monster  
hotels, who sit in an inaccessible office, and  
is far too grand to take any interest in the  
welfare of the guests, whom she knows only  
as "No. 537," or whatever the numeral in  
which their identity is lost may chance to be.  
My companion would have nothing but  
old-fashioned, comfortable houses—now  
alas, becoming scarcer every year—in which  
the buxom landlady receives one as an old  
friend, and caters for one's comfort with  
the kind solicitude. A great contrast to the  
"half-managers" of the modern monster  
hotels, who sit in an inaccessible office, and  
is far too grand to take any interest in the  
welfare of the guests, whom she knows only  
as "No. 537," or whatever the numeral in  
which their identity is lost may chance to be.  
My companion would have nothing but  
old-fashioned, comfortable houses—now  
alas, becoming scarcer every year—in which  
the buxom landlady receives one as an old  
friend, and caters for one's comfort with  
the kind solicitude. A great contrast to the  
"half-managers" of the modern monster  
hotels, who sit in an inaccessible office, and  
is far too grand to take any interest in the  
welfare of the guests, whom she knows only  
as "No. 537," or whatever the numeral in  
which their identity is lost may chance to be.  
My companion would have nothing but  
old-fashioned, comfortable houses—now  
alas, becoming scarcer every year—in which  
the bu