

# 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, JULY 24, 1871.

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UNION HOUSE Charlottetown, and in  
selecting a continuance of the same, begs  
leave to inform the public that he has refitted  
the Union House at a LARGE COST in-  
side and out, and is now prepared to accom-  
modate the

TRAVELLING PUBLIC,  
and hopes to merit a share of Public Patronage  
if you want to be in the business part of  
Charlottetown, stay at the UNION HOUSE.

TERMS MODERATE.  
A FIRST-CLASS BARBER'S SHOP  
in connection with the Hotel, where you will  
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First Class Style,  
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at attentive waiters always in attendance. Come  
one! Come all! But don't get off the track.  
JOHN S. O'NEILL.  
Union House, Ch'town, }  
May 1, 1871. } 3m

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has completed the importations for the winter,  
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Charlottetown, Jan. 2, 1871.

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and asks for a continuance of the same. He  
keeps constantly on hand

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&c., &c., &c.

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DRY GOODS,  
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conversant in the trade, which enables us to  
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33 packages TEA, &c., 64 bags NAILS, &c.,  
460 bars Iron, Ten boxes Spring Steel,  
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The above GOODS are offered at a small ad-  
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SALE or RETAIL.

TERMS CASH.  
DAVIES & SON.  
May 15, 1871.

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The Travellers' Insurance Comp'y,  
OF HARTFORD, CON.

Cash Assets - - - - \$1,600,000.

Grants everything desirable in  
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ON THE MOST FAVORABLE TERMS.

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is hazardous. Hazardous risks taken at higher rates.

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the complications or the uncertainties of the note  
system. It sells Insurance rather than future  
"dividends." Its contract is a plain one, its se-  
curity is ample and unquestioned, and its rates of  
premium are exceedingly low. It prefers to do  
business on a cash basis, and thus gives its policy-  
holders advantages not attainable under the credit  
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Premium system, the favorite low rate cash  
plan.  
All policies non-forfeitable. Its ten, fifteen and  
twenty year policies can be converted into Endow-  
ments, at the option of the insured. This feature  
is original with this Company.

The Travellers' furnish everything desirable in  
either Life or Accident Insurance. It has issued  
215,000 general accident policies and Paid Fourteen  
Thousand Dollars for death or Injury by ac-  
cident; the amount thus returned to policy holders  
averaging about Seven Hundred Dollars a Day for  
every working day during the past seven years.  
In its Life Department it has written 12,500 po-  
licies; and its Low Rate Cash Plan is steadily  
growing in favor with the insuring public.

Example of Life Rates.  
The holder of a policy for \$1000 will pay an  
annual premium of \$7.20, but can secure in most  
other companies very nearly \$30 Hence the as-  
sured can secure in the Travellers' a Life Policy  
for over \$2000 for the same annual premium as  
charged by other companies for only \$1000, and  
the insurance take effect from date of policy with-  
out waiting for loans, &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c.  
and at least require the insured to have a  
guarantee of life for a number of years in order  
to realize.

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A Splendid Assortment  
LONDON HOUSE!

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NAILS.  
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Tons Blister, Cast, and Spring  
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Boxes Tin Plates, assorted sizes.  
Bundles Sheet Iron.  
Sets Plough Metals.  
Dozens Prime Nash's Scythes,  
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Dozens Cross Cut & Hand Saws.  
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SIMON DAVIES & CO.  
21st June, 1871.

ROOFING GRAVEL,  
For Sale!

A quantity of the best kind of Roofing  
Gravel.

WM. KOUGHAN  
Queen's Wharf,  
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Carriage Builders  
"City Hardware Store,"  
SPOKES, Rims, Carriage Bands, Dasher  
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Casing, Bolts and Nuts, Patent Axes, and every  
other article in their line.

As we have the Agency of the above  
articles, we will guarantee to sell at a lower rate  
than they can be purchased elsewhere

BOURKE GILLAN & Co.  
Aug. 22, 1870

## Miscellany.

What Charley Griffiths paid for  
his Company.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

'I hope Captain Griffiths is quite well?  
'Quite, thank you,' returned Laura.  
'I'm sure he must find Ireland dreadful-  
ly dull, and the accounts are so shocking  
too of all the murders and horrid things  
they do.'

'Indeed!'  
'O yes. Did you see to-day about the  
man they found out in a field, after walk-  
ing over I don't know how many mountains,  
covered with cabbages, and tracked by the  
dreadful blood on his shoes through two  
rivers?'

'I don't read the newspapers,' interrupted  
Laura distantly.  
'I've so often wished to know you, Mrs.  
Griffiths,' recommenced Evy, after an awk-  
ward pause; 'it seems so stupid that we  
should not be friends, when I've known your  
husband so long, and was such friends with  
him ever so long ago; of course, before he  
knew you, I mean. Do you know I was  
quite jealous when I heard he was going to  
be married—wasn't it naughty.'

'Very,' said Laura with a slight sneer.  
'Because I really thought—only, of  
course, it was very stupid of me to think  
anything about it—but then nobody could  
help living him, and thinking just a little  
about it; and Evy gave a sigh and blushed  
a little.'

'We thought you were never going to ap-  
pear again,' she continued after another  
pause. 'I declare you've been quite like a  
nun since Captain Griffiths left—O dear,  
what a bad wife I shall be. I'm sure I  
couldn't stop in if my husband went away  
for ever so long.'

'But then, I'm so different to other girls  
—at least, so every one tells me—I sup-  
pose it is meant for a compliment, for Cap-  
tain Griffiths told me so too, only not like  
that of course; he says things so nicely. But  
you know that much better than me, don't  
you?' said Evy forgetting her grammar. Lau-  
ra turned away angrily; and a sudden lid-  
falling over the table, poor Evy's sentence  
was heard far and wide, much to her con-  
fusion and Laura's disgust.

Once upon a time, when he had felt rather  
badly treated on the whole during dinner,  
soon recovered her spirits, and held court  
on the fender stool with some of her dear-  
est friends.

'What were you chatting about, Evy,  
down-stairs?' they asked in a chorus.  
'Chatting indeed, I'd like to hear any  
one chatter with Mrs. Parker—why he's  
a perfect muff; dear; and Mrs. Griffiths  
is so cross, I couldn't get a word out of her  
either.'

'I thought you didn't know her,' said  
the girl.  
'We only know when we meet, you know;  
but then I know her husband, and that's as  
good as knowing her.'

'A good deal better,' sighed another.

CHAPTER IV.

Out of Laura's very clearness had grown  
a calm, deceitful enough to the outside  
world; and she had schooled herself to the  
captain's visits with such effect, that, save  
for a slight constraint between them, they  
might have been living thus for ever; but  
Laura's tattling was all sufficient in his  
mind.

And were these two deceived? It would  
be hard to answer for the man. Judged by  
his manner and appearance, the storm of  
the other night had passed him by, and left  
him cool and untroubled as of old; and he  
would chat with Laura by the hour—save  
for a queer sparkle in his eye at times—the  
same as ever; and it is his voice was a trifle  
dull, it was plain to see the dullness was  
but momentary, and cost him but an effort  
to put by. And so the world laughed and  
chattered with the captain, and went round  
in its old way, elbowing Laura into its  
train till she laughed and chattered too; and  
the blind old world trotted on right merrily  
thinking, in its conceit, all was smooth  
again.

Yet Laura was not deceived. For all she  
laughed and chattered of old, she saw beneath  
the mask of pleasant words that other man  
—waiting and watching for his opportunity  
—the man she left beneath the gas-lamp  
not many nights ago. She knew that what  
she dreaded, yet sought for, was but de-  
ceit—was lurking ready when the time  
should come—the time whose coming she  
had pleaded against once—the time she  
would never plead against again. And this  
was her constraint—this her dread. She  
cased herself against it with all armor, and  
was above all things particular lest their  
talking should drift any way from the com-  
mon track—staying her visitors or her maid  
with countless excuses, to hedge her in  
by their presence from this thing she feared.  
But the words had been spoken—were the  
fences ever so high, their memory would  
leap over—was the armour never so stout,  
their recollections would pierce through;  
and she knew it.

'You will be at Lady Helton's?' he  
was saying.  
'Ah! how well she knew it.'

'Yes, I suppose I must,' she answered  
listlessly.  
'Her balls are so good, and every one is  
sure to be there.'

But her thoughts were far away beyond  
the ball and the people—out on the dark  
wilds that lay on that far side she had yet  
to travel; and the captain seeing her si-  
lence, and half guessing its cause, took his  
leave.

It was splendid ball. The great hall of  
Elstrade never looked to more perfection  
than it did on that night; and the Lady of  
Elstrade never more radiant as she welcomed  
her guests in the blazing gallery beyond.  
Bright eyes, rustling dresses, trailing ex-  
celsis all were there, flooded with a thousand  
lights, and perfumed with the breath of  
lovely women.

Laura had arrived later, later than usual,  
and her eyes wandered restlessly round the  
crowded rooms with an eager hope that  
she might not be there. She was leaning on  
the arm of her host, decked in all the decan-  
ce of her beauty, and many turned as they pas-

sed to gaze again at that queenly figure,  
and strange eager face.

'Are you looking for any one?' asked the  
baronet.  
'No; O no! I was thinking how well  
every one looks.'

'I thought so too, until Mrs. Griffiths  
appeared.'

'What! compliments already, Sir George?  
You forget what old married people we  
are.'

'Still the captain did not appear.'

'Oh, he does not come!' thought Laura  
starting herself with the vehemence of her  
wish, and half fearing she had uttered it  
aloud.

'One o'clock!' she looked at her tiny  
watch; in another hour I can go; and  
she shrank back among the cushions, as if  
to hide herself from sight. How slow the  
minutes pass! Still the same everlasting  
wait! How long it seems! Will it never  
be over? How the maze of figures twine  
and circle past! And the air, how hot and  
feverish! Only five minutes gone! And  
a sad, aching pain sets down like a cloud  
upon her, and beats an echo to the heart-  
ache below.

'I was afraid I had missed you,' said a  
well-known voice at her side. 'You are  
not unwell, I hope? you look so pale.'

'No, she answered with a shudder—no.  
I don't think I am! How cold it seems!  
Have you been here long?'

'I have only just come in; the trap  
broke down half-way, and made me late.  
Are you not dancing?'

'As you please.' She was like a child  
before him now.

He led her away, and then joined the  
throng in the centre of the room. But  
Laura was tired, and after a few turns ac-  
cused to sit down, so they strolled away to  
find a cooler place. It was a long corridor  
with a row of air-lifting the heavy branch-  
es that closed around the open windows—  
dim with the light of coloured lanterns; the  
air dry with the odour of the orange  
trees and the splash of a fountain. Through  
the open doors floated the distant music and  
the hum of voices. All else was still and  
silent. There was a crimson fauteuil in the  
window near them, with great cushions  
flung invitingly upon it, and a thick tra-  
very of orange-leaves in front.

'Shall we sit a little here?' he asked; and  
without waiting her assent, he led her to the  
seat.

An icy dread crept over her, deadening  
all sense and will, as she sat down, for she  
knew the dreaded time had come.

'Laura!' he said, and his voice grew  
thick and husky, 'this cannot go on!' re-  
peated must chuse between us. See! I give  
all—friends, honour, everything that man  
holds most dear and sacred—for you! I  
will risk all—everything for you! All  
that a man can give I give!'

'And the woman, is it nothing that she  
gives?' said Laura, in a tone so low, so fal-  
tering, but for her looks he would not  
have caught the words.

'Herself—she gives herself; and who  
can claim a greater right—her husband?  
O Laura, put away such poor conventional-  
ities, fitted only for the poor loveless souls  
about us. Surely love like mine is not to  
be meshed by such poor measure! For a  
few rash words uttered, would you condemn  
yourself to drag along a life fettered by a  
man you cannot love? Would you cast  
from your every look, and hang on your  
every word?'

'And you—can you dare all this for me?  
'Dare all? What have I not already  
dared? Am I not perjured friend and con-  
fided already? Is it not trifling to have cast  
all the ties of these years—the thoughts  
that make a man better than the brutes—  
the training of a life spent among men  
whose very life is bound with that which I  
have broken! Can it be little, the love that  
has done this? Can such be bought but  
truth! And you ask me if I can dare?'

For an instant he paused, as if waiting  
for an answer, but none came; save for the  
heaving of her breast, she might have been  
of stone, so motionless she sat.

His eyes were blazing with a wild, rest-  
less fire, as he drew her all unresisting, to-  
wards him, and laid her half-palpitating  
on his heart—stealing his strong right arm  
around her in all the paroxysm of his  
eagerness.

'Laura!' he whispered, and he shook as  
with an ague-fit—'Laura! will you be mine?  
The mail leaves in an hour. It is but a  
word, a look, and the worst is over! To-  
morrow, we shall be far hence, where no  
one need know, to live together—to love  
together—to die together—away from the  
cold world, alone with ourselves, and our  
great love! Laura! you can't, you won't  
say no! Look up my own, and tell me  
that you love me! and for that love, will  
do all this! The burning words raised  
from his lips; his hot breath swept across  
her cheek—nearer and nearer he drew her  
half-tranced head, crushing the daintily  
glowed fingers in his, and gazing on her  
pliant beauty.

He bent his head, and listened for his  
fate. A slight breath stole across his brow  
—was it a sound, or his own mad heart  
beating the requiem of all his hopes.

The words came distant and low, floating  
on the heavy air, rather than born of human  
voice. 'I dare not—no, I cannot. Oh,  
do not ask me!'

With a wild shudder, he listened, drink-  
ing in the very breath that spoke to him;  
a cold dew broke out on his forehead—the  
room—orange trees—all seemed dissolved  
in some shadowy mist—then came voices,  
merry ringing words, now nearer, now  
the rustle of a woman's dress, the deep tones  
of a man in low earnest talk, then another peal  
of quickly uttered words.

What was it that so startled Laura?  
The chosen seat was darkened by the  
branches, and all but hidden by a curtain  
—her secret, at least, would pass unaltered;  
—yet she springs from her lover's arms, and  
bending eagerly forward, peers through the  
curtain—one hand upon it, the other  
stretched out in a queenly gesture of re-  
treat; her head thrown back, her teeth  
set fast. With a binding sense of failure  
heavy on him, Clements gazes on the sud-  
den change; then he sees the cause. There  
was no mistaking that laugh, challenging  
the very echoes, or the toes of showering  
curls, as little Evelyn James, radiant in  
her fantastic beauty, and quiet, piquant

ways tripped past him. There was a small  
halo of delight thrown round her by the  
devotion of the moustache by her side, that  
made the little lady shine forth in a love-  
liness that was all her own, and the corridor  
rang again and again with her pealing  
laugh of victory. As long as she was in  
sight, Laura's eyes never left her; they fol-  
lowed every motion through the leaves, with  
a wicked expression not pleasant to look  
upon. Then, as the voices died away in  
the distance, she seemed to slowly unbind;  
her arms dropped, her fingers relaxed; and  
her head, the fire died out of her eyes, and  
with a sigh of pain and relief, she turned to the  
captain.

'John!' she said, dropping the words  
from her one by one, as if measuring them;  
'I will go with you! Who ever there is  
to be done, do it as quickly as you can! I  
will leave in ten minutes. You can see me  
to the house, and then I am yours forever!'

A moment, and he had crossed his great  
arms round her, and pressed her to his  
heart.

'Come, John!' she said, gently freeing  
herself; 'what is to be done must be done  
at once. In five minutes I will meet you  
in the outer drawing-room. See! the dance  
is over, and we shall be observed. Re-  
member, in five minutes! and she pushed  
aside the heavy foliage, and was gone.

Lady Helton's regrets were profound  
when Laura came to bid her adieu; but a  
convulsed headache, which, indeed, was  
not altogether inconsistent with her flushed  
face, changed regrets into sympathy, and  
Laura was able to slip away comparatively  
unnoticed. In the corridor, Captain Clemen-  
ts was waiting.

'We have just twenty minutes to catch  
the train in,' he said, speaking low.  
'I shall be ready at my door in ten  
Good-night!' she said aloud, and the broad  
moon drove off into the darkness.

Just as the early mail was starting, a  
gentleman, accompanied by a closely veiled  
lady, hurried on to the platform.

'Look sharp, sir!' cried a porter; 'only  
just in time. Any luggage?'

'None! Put me in a carriage by my-  
self! and the porter's hand made a quick  
motion towards his waistcoat pocket. A  
slamming of doors, a shrill whistle, the deep  
throb of the engine, and the train passed  
slowly out of the station, carrying with it,  
at least, two heavy hearts, and widening  
the breach between a betrayed home and a  
man's honour with every revolution of its  
wheel.

And so they went!  
Not many hours afterwards, the 'down'  
express rattled into the station. One of  
the first passengers to jump out was Charley,  
his cherry face all a glow in its nest of  
furs and travelling. Ten minutes later he  
was at the house in Waterloo Terrace,  
hardly noticing the puzzled expression on  
the servant's face, he pushed past her, and  
flung open the drawing room door; then,  
finding it deserted, left it swinging wide,  
and tried the dining-room, with like success.  
Then he stamped up stairs, and there he  
found his feet on the bed room, and into  
the little dressing-room beyond. Then he  
came back.

'Where's Mrs. Griffiths? Where's my  
wife?' he called from the landing-place.  
The servants were huddled in a group  
in the hall, but none were anxious to an-  
swer him.

'Missus came home after the ball, sir,  
last night and went off again with some  
one else. I didn't see her face.' Thus said  
Laura's maid, bolder than the rest in her  
honest sympathy.

'His face! heavens! what is this you're  
keeping from me? Mrs. Griffiths, I say—  
my wife—where is she? Does she live  
here still?'

'O yes, sir,' repeated all in chorus.  
'Then, where is she? Fools! can't you  
speak?'

'She went out late last night, sir, and  
hasn't come back!'

'Gone out—gone out! What message  
did she leave?'

'She said we needn't wait up for her,  
sir, as she wouldn't be home all night.'

'There was a dull feeling creeping into  
Charley's heart, that would not be said any  
—a feeling of something all wrong, an un-  
defined something—like a black shadow set-  
ting upon him—which he could not shake off