Summerside Journal.

AND WESTERN PIONEER.

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, SCIENCE, COMMERCE, AGRICULTURE, AND NEWS.

Vol. 2.—Whole Number 60. Summerside, Prince Edward Island, Thursday, November 29, 1866. No. 8.

THE
Summerside Journal
IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY
THURSDAY EVENING,
BY
BERTRAM & BARNARD,
AT THEIR OFFICE, CENTRAL STREET.

TERMS:

1 copy for one year, in advance, 6s. 3d.
" " half advance 7s. 6s.
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SUMMERSIDE, Nov. 29, 1866.

Oats per bush	2s 5d a 2s 6d
Barley per bush	3s a 3s 6d
Potatoes per bush	1s 1d a 1s 3d
Turnips per bush	1s a 1s 1d
Butter per lb by Tub	1s a 1s 1d
Lard per lb	9d a 10d
Tallow per lb.	9d a 10d
Eggs per doz	9d a 10d
Beef per lb	3d a 4d
Mutton per lb	3d a 4d
Pork per lb by carcass	5d a 6d
Geese each	1s 6d a 1s 9d
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SUMMERSIDE, ... P. E. ISLAND,
October 12, 1865. ly

Medical.

DR. McNEILL, lately of Bellevue Hospital, New York, would respectfully announce to the inhabitants of New London and Vicinity, that he has opened his SURGERY in Mr. J. M. Lydiard's House, at Stanley Bridge, (formerly known as Fell's Ferry) where he may be consulted in the various departments of his Profession, at all hours—day or night.
Stanley Bridge, New London,
Oct. 18, 1866.—tf

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Sept. 1866. 6m

THOMAS KELLY,
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SUMMERSIDE, - - - - P. E. ISLAND
aug. 9, 1866 1y

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Summerside, ---------- P. E. Island
Summerside, Oct. 12, 1865.

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Water Street . . . . . Summerside.
October 12, 1865. 1y

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AUCTIONEER
AND
Commission Merchant,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
Nov 1, 1865 1y

J. H. GIBSON,
Plain & Ornamental
HOUSE & SIGN
PAINTER,
Summerside, ... P. E. Island.
October 12, 1865.

A CARD.

THE subscriber having purchased the STOCK IN TRADE of JAMES L. HOLMAN at St. Eleanor's, the business in future will be conducted by him. As it is his intention to keep constantly on hand a variety of goods adapted for the country trade, he respectfully solicits a share of public patronage.
ALBERT L. ANDERSON.
St. Eleanor's, April 10, 1866.

JOHN ANDREW MACDONALD,
Importer of Dry Goods,
Hardware, Crockeryware, Groceries, stoves, Furniture, &c. &c.
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Marble Works,
Point Du Chene, Shediac,
Monuments, Tombs, Gravestones, &c.
American & Italian Marble constantly on hand.
Sold at a less price than at any other establishment in the Provinces.
Point Du chene, N. B., oct. 18, 1865.

COTTON WARPS.

WE would request the attention of those who use COTTON WARPS to the kind which we are now Manufacturing at the
New Brunswick Cotton Mills.
We spin Nos. 7's 8's and 9's and they are warped and sized by Machinery, thus saving much labor, and being better done than by hand.
They have been extensively used through the Provinces during the last year, and have been proved to be both better and cheaper than any imported from either England or the United States.
We intend to manufacture them largely for the next few months, and would wish parties in want of such Goods to give them a trial.
They can be obtained from the principal Dry Goods Houses in the City and throughout the Province.
WM. PARKS & SON.
N. B. Cotton Mills, Sept. 19, 1866.
Samples of the above may be seen on application in Charlottetwn, to
CARVELL BROTHERS, Agents.
Charlottetown, Oct. 19, 1866.—1m oct 25

POETRY.

THE PLEDGE OF LOVE.

This band, which bound thy yellow hair,
Is mine, sweet girl! thy pledge of love;
It claims my warmest, dearest care,
Like relics left of saints above.

Oh! I will wear it next my heart;
'Twill bind my soul in bonds to thee:
From me again 'twill ne'er depart,
But mingle in the grave with me.

The dew I gather from thy lip
Is not so dear to me as this;
That I but for a moment sip,
And banquet on a transient bliss:

This will recall each youthful scene,
E'en when our lives are on the wane;
The leaves of love will still be green,
When memory bids them bud again.

Oh! little lock of golden hue,
In gently waving ringlet curl'd,
By the dear head on which you grew,
I would not lose you for the world.

Not though a thousand more adorn
The polish'd brow where once you shone,
Like rays which gild a cloudless morn,
Beneath Columbia's fervid zone.

Select Literature.

A GHOST STORY.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY MRS. ANNIE T. WOOD.)

In 1839, I had hired at Verrieres, a charming village coquettishly situated midway on one of the wooded slopes of the forest which bears its name, a simple cottage where I designed to spend the summer with my wife and presumptive heir, a pretty and plump boy of a year old, raised in the country, and who, thanks to the fresh air, exercise, and healthy life of the fields, did, I assure you, credit to his nurse. My cottage consisted of a square pavilion covered with tiles, composed of a basement and one story, and situated at the extremity of the village in a retired lane leading to the country, as its name indicated: "*Road to the Vineyard.*"

An oblong garden, of about an acre, inclosed by walls garnished with trellises, and whose principal entrance was adorned by an iron gate with pillars, the only ambitious decoration of this modest retreat, lay before the cottage, which was built at the extremity of the inclosure, and reached by a gravelled walk, bordered on each side with fruit trees in full bearing. Before the house stood a group of Bengal roses, and on the right and left, fronting side porches, each lighted by two windows only, were grassy lawns of nearly four yards square, which had first attracted me, because I saw there a natural carpet very well calculated for the sports of my newly weaned baby, just beginning to learn to use his teeth and limbs.

The whole, furnished comfortably, not luxuriously, but with everything necessary in country life, had been let to me for five hundred francs, by the proprietor, M. Roux, ex-apothecary, Rue Montmartre, the inventor of a celebrated dentifrice. The young are not difficult; I was young, then, and had one conclusive reason for seeing life through my colored spectacles. United to a charming woman whom I idolized and who rendered me happy, I dreamed of perfect love, like an Arcadian shepherd, and these five words, *a cottage and her heart*, the eternal romance of youth, would have led me to the end of the world.

When spring came, and the lilacs, of which there were whole thickets in our inclosure, blossomed, arrived a fortunate couple to take possession of our little domain, my wife having never yet seen the house or garden; they pleased her, perhaps for reasons similar to mine. She was kind enough to find everything to her taste, even the gardener, expressly included in the inventory of fixtures, and who was not, to tell the truth, the least useful article of furniture.

Paid by the proprietor, all his duties were comprised in taking care of the garden, showing the cottage to visitors, and airing the apartments by occasionally opening the windows. If the situation was not very lucrative, it was not difficult to fill. So M. Roux had confided it to the first one who came to hand, that is to say, to a simple peasant of the neighborhood, the inhabitant of one of the only two houses which now stood on the road to the vineyards.

Blondas St. Foy, with an air as clownish as that witty singer, Gilkin, with his long, straight locks, his pug nose, his porcelain blue eyes, and fat, projecting cheeks, slightly ruddy, would have figured admirably as a rustic on the stage. A genuine peasant of the opera, he had both the physique and the character of the situation. So when, in the intervals of liberty allowed him by the culture of his fields, the produce of which he sent regularly to market, according to the invariable custom of farmers in the neighborhood of Paris, he had time to come and put sticks to our peas, water our strawberry plants, hoe our potatoes, and weed our carrots, which happened two or three times a week, and took about half a day each time; on those days, whoever had come to pay a visit to my wife or to myself and looked for us in the house, would certainly have lost his trouble.

Arm in arm, and braving the hottest sun, madam, with her parasol and her pretty scarlet sun-bonnet, so becoming to her twenty years, and I, with an immense straw hat, worthy of a pure blooded American planter, closely followed Gilbert. The honest youth had scarcely arrived, when, proud of having a gardener, we went, like genuine Bœotians that we were, to sit beside him while he worked, with spade or watering-pot in hand, and you should see what a mischievous pleasure we then took in overwhelming him with a multitude of questions as absurd as his replies; in hearing him reason gravely on the rain and fine weather; discuss the influence of heat or cold; describe his hopes or fears relative to the approaching harvest; curse the race of foxes and weasels, nocturnal marauders, not waiting for license from the vintagers to ravage their best vines; in fine, to study in all its phases this honest villager, who, having arrived at the age of thirty, had a wife and child, paid his taxes, figured on festival days in a Gaulish blouse in the ranks of the citizen militia, and had never in his life, except in one excursion to Versailles, when he saw the great fountains play, lost sight of the steeple of his commune. What a curious type! what an excellent and kind nature! how many amusing simplicities, how many charming stories he had to tell! the foolish laughter which suddenly seized us in the midst of these stories, to the great astonishment of our countryman, always retaining his imperturbable *sang froid*, and looking at us with open mouth, unable to comprehend explosions of gayety!

We had hardly been installed in our rustic village a week, when, one fine morning, as we were making a bouquet in a magnificent border of violets framing one of the green lawns beneath our windows, and in the corner of which figured a well half hidden by a thicket of laburnums, my wife said to me:—

"Do you know, my love, what displeases me here, and what I would certainly have removed this very moment if it depended only upon me?"

Without being a fine lady, my wife is very impressible in her nature, and has her little superstitions. She believes in the influence of Friday and of the number thirteen; an overturned salt-cellar, two knives crossed affect her; a broken mirror would make her sick; at evening, the murmur of running water, the mysterious whispering of the poplars, vivid lightning, and the noise of the thunder produce an effect which she cannot avoid; adorable weakness, of which, in my opinion, I should do very wrong to complain.

"What is it?" asked I of my wife.

"That disagreeable weeping willow, which stands in the corner of the lawn on the right of the well," replied she.

"And why so?" returned I.

"You know very well," said she to me, "that I cannot endure those trees, even in the painting; an ordinary willow can be passed by in spite of the romance of Othello, but these weeping willows—oh, no! I cannot bear them."

"I understand you, dear friend; but we have no occasion for grief, the child is well, and we are both cheerful enough."

"Come, you jest when the gravest subjects are concerned. You undoubtedly have not forgotten the origin of my antipathy for that hateful tree, which should never be admitted into pleasure-grounds! On passing the shop of Lemonnier, that famous artist in hair, and examining the frames exposed in his window, have you not seen that melancholy shrub figure, beside yews and cypresses, and shading with its tearful tresses these mournful words: *He was a good husband and father. To our angel!* It is a tree suited only to a cemetry, and standing here on this turf, it annoys, it worries me."

"What a foolish idea," said I; "meanwhile I will promise to say a word on the subject to Gilbert the gardener; we will see when he comes whether he may not be able to remove it."

At evening, when Madame Gilbert returned from the fields bringing on her shoulder her cow's supper, I invited her to rest a moment as she was passing the garden gate, and informed her, that she might mention it to her husband, of the desire expressed by my wife.

"Madame is in the right," said she to me, "and she is not mistaken in her suppositions. They took very good care not to tell you when you hired the house; the proprietor, M. Roux, forbade us to do so, but there is indeed some one buried there, and, with her apprehensions, your wife is nearer the truth than you thought for. That turf and weeping willow conceal a tomb!"

You will easily imagine how astonished I was at this unexpected revelation.

We had come into the country to avoid the gloomy sights of the city, especially to flee from the spectacle of all those human miseries so little calculated to divert even the most philosophical, in that vast ant-hill of which the great Parisian society is composed.

And we had encountered precisely what we wished to avoid; we were, without having suspected it, the guests of Death; our garden was but a cemetery, our villa a funeral lodge standing in the midst of it, like those inhabited by the hired guardians of our burying-grounds. When our child, trying his new-born powers, was rolling about this thick turf, so green, so studded with white daisies, O horror! O sacrilegious profanation! it was over a sepulchre, over a cold corpse that, with his rattle in his hand, this dear little creature was playing! You will imagine that nothing more was necessary, not to speak of the water of the well from which we drank, and for the suspicious taste of which I thought I could not account, to induce us to remove immediately.

"But this is an act of bad faith on the part of the proprietor," said I to Madame Gilbert. "It is sufficient to cancel the bargain, for people will not endure such impositions. Who is buried there?" added I; "a criminal, a suicide! a miserable who died without confession and could not be buried in consecrated ground?"

"Not exactly," replied my interlocuter, "it is the former proprietress of the pavilion, Madame V——, the aunt of amoufas painter, I have been told, whose fine battle pieces Gilbert saw at the museum at Versailles one day when the grand fountains were playing."

"Has this person been dead long?"

"About five years, I think. Yes, five years at the approaching plum season."

"And why was she not buried, like other people, in the village cemetery?"

Madame Gilbert turned, and casting a slight glance to the right and left as if to see whether any one could hear what she was about to say, replied:—

"Madame V—— was a strong-minded woman, a philosopher. I have been told. You know there are often such in artists' families. She died at the age of eighty-six. In her youth, before the first revolution, she had been acquainted with many celebrated writers whom she often quoted and whose works she knew by heart; one M. Voltaire, who was a native of the village of Chatenay, near here; a certain Rousseau, Messieurs Didont, de'Alembert, and many others whose names I do not remember, although they were incessantly in her mouth. An amiable little woman she was, too, lively, witty, agreeable;; charitable to the poor, and much beloved by our peasants, whom she never hesitated to assist by her counsels or her purse. But when she died, scarcely bent by age, still coquettish, reading the newspaper daily without spectacles, it was yondor, there, beneath that arbor of honey-suckles, that she seated herself every morning; and I see her still, with her white sun-bonnet and farthingale of puce-colored silk, she wished to remain faithful to her principles, and as she did not believe in much of anything, never went to mass, entertained the curate only, as she laughingly said, in hopes to convert him, left a will in which, by a formal clause, she requested to be buried in her own garden, beside the se eglantines which she had herself set out and whose roses she loved to cultivate. Her heirs fulfilled her last wishes, and when Mr. Roux bought the property the obligation was imposed on him that he should respect this little nook of land.'

'Well, it is a disagreeable condition, and if the house and garden were to be sold again I would not buy them at any price. Meanwhile, I enjoin it upon you not to say a word of all this to my wife. I know her; if she should ever learn the least thing which could confirm her in her suspicions, she would not remain at Verriers one hour. As for me, I am going to Paris to have a talk with the proprietor.'

As I was going without even returning to the house to engage a place in the carriage of Barbu, a stage with ten seats which then made regular trips to the city, chance willed it that I should encounter on the way Father Michal, our baker, the deputy-mayor of the commune. I naturally repeated to him my dissatisfaction and the step I was about to take.

Father Michal was an excellent man; he held me in great esteem, because that before having established myself at Verriers, I had often made him a present of the game I had killed in that vicinity.

'It is useless for you to go to Paris,' said he to me; 'on Saturday last, at the request M. Roux himself, the municipal council decided to exhume Madame V——, and transfer her remains to the neighboring cemetery. You will imagine that the interests of the proprietor would prevail over the posthumous request of an old woman. The ceremony will take place at noon tomorrow. You will therefore do well to take your wife to Paris this very evening, and not return till the day after.'

I immediately returned to Gilbert and gave him my instructions. Calculating that an absence of twenty-four hours would be very short, I resolved (this was Monday) not to return till the following Saturday. It was agreed between the gardener and myself that he should remove, with the greatest care, all the turf covering the grave, replace it as carefully, levelling it so that his labor should not appear.

Five minutes afterwards I had invented a plausible excuse for the necessity of an immediate departure, which was nothing less than a serious indisposition of my mother, and at four o'clock we left the house, taking with us our entire family.

After passing a few days in the capital, we returned to our little villa. In the mean time I had been officially informed that the removal of the body had taken place, and the turf so ingeniously replaced as to leave no trace of the operation. The letter, which came from Father Michael, announced to me at the same time, by way of postscript, that my presence on the following Saturday was indispensable at Verriers, as the moon would then be at the full, and a whole family of weasels had been discovered, whose urgent destruction imperiously called for my devotions, that is to say, some hours watching in the forest at night.

At nine o'clock, therefore, on the evening of my return, I set out in search of my weasels. The weather was magnificent and the moon at the full. No night could have been more propitous, nevertheless my vigils were vain, for no sight of a weasel appeared, and after waiting till daylight I returned home.

I was but twenty paces from the house, whose white walls, illuminated by the rays of the moon, stood out from the dark ground of the thickets behind it, and was about to turn around the group of Bengal roses decorating its *facade*, when, casting my eyes mechanically toward the six feet of turf which, three days before, still covered the sepulchre of Madame V——, I remained petrified, immovable, dumb with fear and horror.

Beneath the weeping willow which formerly shaded the tomb, stood, wrapped in its shroud, the spectre of the departed. It was not an optical illusion, nor a hallucination of my disturbed mind. The phantom seemed to be awaiting me, waving its arms as if trying to disengage them from its white shroud; and while its head reached to the uppermost branches of the tree, its feet, nimbly agitating, hovered over, rather than touched the ground. They seemed to be making ineffectual efforts to detatch themselves entirely and advance to meet me.

A shudder of indescribable terror ran over me, and though not cowardly by nature, a cold sweat stood on my forehead. I tried to speak, but could not utter a word; I tried to walk, but my limbs refused to obey my will. At last, imagining myself to be the victim of some trick, I adjured the spirit to speak, threatening to fire upon it unless it answered my challenge.

I had scarcely uttered this threat when a flash of lightening, the first indication of an approacaing storm, illuminated the whole garden, and amid a gust of wind, which enveloped me in a whirlwind of dust, the phantom disappeared. This time I could not doubt that it was the shade of Madame V——, suddenly vanishing before my eyes, in order to save me a second profanation more sacriligeous than the first.

Shall I confess it? I crossed myself, and clearing in a few leaps without daring to turn my eyes in the direction of the well, the distance which still seperated me from the pavillion, I rushed, more dead than alive, into the bedchamber where my wife was quietly reposing.

I was very careful not to awaken her, and especially not to tell her of any nocturnal adventure; but a violent clap of thunder rendered useless the precautions which I had taken to make as little noise as possible on entering.

'Ah! it is you my love,' said she to me. 'You did well to return; I have been oppressed by a bad dream; light the candle, I beg, and see if all is right about the house.'

The night was terrible, and I never knew a more frightful storm. The disorder of the elements impressed me the more vividly that, in my state of mind, it seemed to be in consequence of my vision; and when day appeared and the tempest abated, I had not even then succeeded in closing my eyes.

I arose and dressed to take a turn in the garden; but at the moment of crossing the threshold of the door, I was so overcome that I retraced my steps, resolved not to visit the theatre of action until after breakfast, my wife and myself could go together and see the ravages of the storm.

As the cook came to pour out tea for us in the dining-room, Rosalie, the child's nurse, whose first duty every morning was to fill the fountain, entered. She held in her hand a bundle of wet linen.

'Ah, madame, I have been fortunate,' said she to my wife. 'Look, I brought these from the well in drawing my first bucket of water.'

'What are they?' asked my wife.

'The clothes of the little one which I hung out to dry last night on the weeping willow at the edge of the well; the wind blew so in the night that they fell in; fortunately they caught on the handle of the lower bucket.'

In spite of myself I burst into a fit of mad laughter, to the great amazement of my wife, who vainly questioned me on the subject of my unaccountable hilarity.

I had the secret of the enigma. But I will confess, and more than one strong mind would doubtless have shared my weakness, I believed for an instant in ghosts.

SABBATH OBSERVANCE.

The nations of the earth which now most respect the Sabbath, and most discourage labor, pastimes, and mere amusements, during its sacred hours, are the freest, the happiest, the most prosperous, and the farthest advanced in progress of art, manufacture and invention; and that city, town, village or community, of any Sabbath-respecting nation, which best keeps the Sabbath as a day of rest for body and mind, is the most noted for all that is orderly, lawabiding and substantial, and that family, of any Sabbath-loving community, which best observes by quiet, by religious worship, and the performance of Bible duties, is most substantial and respected and reliable in that community, while any individual member of a Sabbath-keeping family who most spends the hours of that sacred day in meditation, in worship, and prayerful reading of the Scripture, will uniformly be found to follow a blameless life, to possess the respect and confidence of the whole community; and all men will know where to look for him, however evil may be the times—to wit; on the side of justice and right, and liberty and law, and sterling principle.

No man can be so blind as not to know that the Sabbath is least respected where there is most of all that is vulgar and profane, and abandoned; and those who are the least for it are literally thieves and murderers, drunkards, prize-fighters, horse-racers, and the utterly depraved of all classes; and that these, the wicked, "do not live half their days." As a means, then, of longevity, of worldly prosperity, of individual elevation of character, every citizen will not only do what is possible in himself to secure a religious observance of the Sabbath day, will not only countenance and encourage others to do the same, but will *volunteer* his pecuniary aid to further these things in the community around him.—*Hall's Journal.*

A PLACE TO BUY GOODS.—Our readers who are about making their purchases will please remember that the wide-awake business men of their community are the ones of whom they can make the best purchases, and secure the best goods, and the invariable rule by which to discover this class of men, is to look into the columns of your newspaper. Live business men know the value of advertising, and always profit by it, while the antiquated fossils, who are content to see the same goods upon their shelves for half a century, and to see no new customers in the course of their existence, put the few dollars they should spend in advertising in their pockets, keep their goods over from year to year, and lose the reward of a lively business, and a rapid renewal of stock which is the invariable result of advertising. Business men who advertise are always up with the times. They have the prettiest goods and latest patterns, and in consequence of the heavy trade which advertisements bring them, can sell at a lower margin than those who depend upon chance or accident to inform customers where they do business, or what they have to sell.—*Always deal with Advertisers.*

UNDERGRADUATE IGNORANCE. — From an article by a London *Times* reviewer we make the following extract:—There is a peculiar flavor to a University man about undergraduates' ignorance. Judicious selections from Little-go-papers are a favorite source of laughter. Mr. Don mentions the unpublished addition to the parable of the Good Samaritan. After repeating the Samaritan's saying to the innkeeper, "When I come again, I will repay thee," the unlucky examinee added. "This he said, knowing that he should see his face no more." Our author gives us a candidate for his degree stating the substance of St. Paul's sermon at Athens, to be crying out for the space of two hours. "Great is Diana of the Ephesians," and another when called upon to trace a connexion be the Old and New Testament referred to the circumstance that Peter vith his sword cut off the ear of the prophet Malachi. But of those which we have heard tell ourselves one of the neatest for its conception in the plain style of unhesitating faith is the description of the ascent of Elija into heaven:—"And then came two she-bears out of the wood and said unto Elija' Go up, thou bald-head, and he went up." The fullest development of the combination of a good memory with an inferior sense of the traditional order is the account of the death of Jezebel. The examinee feeling sure of his ground, prefaced the account with the statement, "It is most

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JOHN CLA
Centreville, Dec. 20, 1866

gned in."
'Do you love him, Helen?"
'Well enough to get along. He adores, and that is much more to the point."
'But Nellie—his—his—intellect."

cents from Europe, Asia, or Africa, as the case might be?"
"Yes—look!" and she pointed to the signature at the foot of the letter.
"Lawrence Hastings," read Nellie.
"You don't mean—"

THOUGHT.—Thought engenders thought. Place one idea on paper, and another will follow it, and still another, until you have written a page. You cannot fathom your mind. There is a well of thought there which has no bottom; the more you draw from it the more clear and fruitful it will be.

Summerside, January 3, 1867.