Summerside Journal.

AND WESTERN PIONEER.

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

Vol. 3. Summerside, Prince Edward Island, Thursday, October 10, 1867. No. 1.

THE

Summerside Journal

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BY

JOSEPH BERTRAM,

AT HIS OFFICE, CENTRAL STREET.

TERMS:

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Summerside Markets.

SUMMERSIDE, OCTOBER 10, 1867.

Oats per bush	2s a 2s 3d
Barley per bush	3s a 3s 6d
Potatoes per bush	1s 3d a 1s 6d
Turnips per bush	1s a 1s 3d
Butter per lb by Tub	10d a 1s
Lard per lb	9d a 10d
Tallow per lb.	9d a 10d
Eggs per doz	7d a 8d
Beef per lb	4d a 6d
Mutton per lb	4d a 5d
Pork per lb by carcass	3d a 4½d
Geese each	none
Flour per bbl	56s a 60s
Oatmeal per cwt.	18s a 20s
Hay per Ton	60s a 70s
Straw per cwt.	1s 6d
Pine Boards	10s
Spruce Boards	4s a 5s

Charlottetown Markets.

OCTOBER 10, 1867.

Beef (small)	4d a 7d
Do. by quarter	3d a 6d
Mutton	4d a 6d
Lamb per lb.	3½d a 6d
Butter	1s a 1s 3d
Do. by tub	10d a 1s
Cheese	4d a 6d
Tallow	9d a 10d
Lard	8d a 9d
Flour lb.	3½d a 3¾d
Oatmeal 100 lb.	17s a 18s
Eggs	8d a 10d
Potatoes	1s 6d a 2s
Turnips	
Barley	3s a 4s
Oats	2s 3d
Boards (Hemlock)	4s
Spruce	4s a 5s
Pine	7s a 9s
Shingles	12s a 15s
Wool	1s a 1s 3d
Hay	50s a 60s
Straw cwt.	1s 6d a 2s
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Sheepskins	9d a 1s
Calfskin lb.	5d a 9d
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Hours of Business—From 10 a.m. to 1 p.m. from 2 p.m to 4 p.m.

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Physician & Surgeon,
OFFICE—At the SUMMERSIDE DRUG STORE, next door to Bank, Central Street
SUMMERSIDE, ... P. E. ISLAND.
October 12, 1865.

DR. McNEILL,
Physician & Surgeon,
RESIDENCE—At George. Garret's, Esquire, Stanley Bridge.
New London, - - - - P. E. I.
Jan 24, 1867. ly

KITSON CASEY, M.D.,
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formerly Assistant Surgeon in the U. S. Navy, offers his professional services to the people of Summerside and vicinity. He can be consulted at his office, over the Store of Green & Schurman, in Summerside.
June 13, 1867. tf

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

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And Dealer in Provisions, &c.,
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St. John, N. B.

☞ Gives personal attention to the Sale and Purchase of every description of Goods.
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June 27, 1867.

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QUEEN SQUARE,
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Head of Queen Street,
CHARLOTTETOWN.

THE Subscribers beg leave to acquaint the public that, having entered into a Co-Partnership, they are prepared to execute all orders in the

CARRIAGE, SLEIGH,
OR
Blacksmith Business,
and having each had considerable experience, they are able to turn out a FIRST CLASS
Carriage or Sleigh.

Repairing of all kinds, together with all other work appertaining to their line of business, will be attended to.

Send in your orders immediately
PROUD & McCOUBREY.
Queen Street, Charlottetown,
Jan. 10, 1867. ly

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"A little fire is quickly put out, which being suffered, rivers cannot quench."—Vide Mr. Cardwell in the British House of Commons,

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A new Portable, self-acting Fire Engine, for the Extinguishing of fires in their early stages.

The little Engine can be carried on the back to any desired spot; throws a small stream of water, impregnated with eight times its volume of carbonic acid gas, which is the most simple and most effective means yet know to science for destroying fire. They have the advantage of being always ready for use. All that is necessary in applying them is to turn the tap with one hand, and with the other direct the stream upon the flame, which will instantly extinguish the fire. They are indispensible for houses, stores, warehouses, factories, public offices, halls, &c., &c.

PRICES—No. 3 $23. 4 $27, 5 $30, 6 $35.
Chemical Charges—No. 3 $1.10, 4 $1,40, 5 $1.80, 6 $2.25.

JAMES R. WOODBURN,
58 Water Street, St. John, N.B.
or Mr. ROBERT YOUNG,
Queen Square, Charlottetown
Aug 29, 1867 tf

Blanks of all kinds for sale at the "Journal" Office.

Business Cards.

NORTH BRITISH AND MERCANTILE
INSURANCE COMPANY.
FIRE AND LIFE.
Established 1809.
CAPITAL: TWO MILLIONS, Sterling.
HEAD OFFICES:
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G. W. DEBLOIS,
Agent at Charlottetown.
Forms of Application can be had by applying to Mr. J. BERTRAM, *Journal* Office, Summerside.
Charlottetown, June 20, 1867.—1y

DANIEL D. CREW,
Clock & Watch Repairer,
HEAD OF CENTER STREET,
Summerside, - - - - - P. E. I.
☞ All orders punctually attended to.
June 6, 1867. 3m

THOMAS FRIZZEL,
Boot and Shoe Maker,
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opposite Colin McLennan's Store.
Boots and Shoes of a superior quality constantly on hand, and for sale cheap.
Summerside, June 6, 1867. 1y

GEORGE ALLEY,
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Attorney-at-Law,
NOTARY PUBLIC, &C.
Telegraph Buildings, Water Street,
Charlottetown,----------P. E. Island.

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☞ Office—PAVILION HOTEL.
(next door to the Hon. Joseph Hensley's.)
CHARLOTTETOWN - - - P. E. Island.
Jan. 17, 1867. 1y

THOMAS KELLY,
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AND
NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.
SUMMERSIDE, - - - - P. E. ISLAND.
aug. 9, 1866 1y

WILLIAM M. HOWE,
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October 12, 1865.

ROCKLIN HOUSE,
Kent Street, Charlottetown,
SIMON D. FRASER, PROPRIETOR.
Permanent and Transient Boarders will find the above House to give satisfaction.
Ch'town, June 13, 1867.

North American Hotel,
KENT STREET, CHARLOTTETOWN.
JOHN MURPHY, PROPRIETOR.
Permanent and Transient Boarders will find good accommodation.
Good Stables in connection with the HOTEL, and a careful Hostler always in attendance.
Ch'town, Feb. 14, 1867. tf

CRAWFORD'S HOTEL,
No. 9 King Square, St.John N.B.
Permanent and transient Boarders accommodated on reasonable terms.

In connection with the above the subscribers have opened a
First Class Grocery Store
where they will keep constantly on hand, Flour, Corn Meal, Provisions, Tea, Sugar, Molasses, and all articles usually kept in a Grocery Store.
J. CRAWFORD & SON.
May 30, 1867.—1y

Fountain House Hotel.
King Square, (North Side,)
ST. JOHN, N. B.
The Subscriber having leased the above Hotel, and refitted the same, is now prepared to accommodate Transient and Permanent Boarders, and trusts by attention to meet a share of public patronage.
Having also leased the commodious Stable attached, and secured the services of a careful Hostler, who will be in attendance at all hours, travellers will be sure to get satisfaction at lowest rates.
JAMES W. THOMSON,
Proprietor.
St. John, N. B., July 4, 1867.—1y

R. M. GIBSON,
PAINTER AND GILDER.
HAVING worked several Seasons under the instructions of some of the most popular Painters in the United States and British Provinces, wishes to announce to the public that he has opened a PAINT SHOP, and commenced in that line of trade, at SUMMERSIDE, where he is prepared to execute all kinds of Plain and Ornamental House and Sign
PAINTING.
Ceilings and Walls painted and decorated in Oil and Fresco, Graining, Paper hanging and Glazing done to please the employer, Ceilings whitened with neatness and despatch.
☞ All orders left at the Commercial Hotel, Central St., next door to Bertram's Book Store, will receive prompt attention, and be done at moderate rates.
Summerside, April 11, 1867. 6m

POETRY.

PRESS ONWARD.

Young man, be up and doing,
Wring for the world a name!
Bid idleness and sloth depart,
Climb up the hill of fame;
Resolve to be a hero
In what you undertake;
Be first and foremost in the throng,
Active and wide awake.

Forget the past, press onward,
The present is your own;
Resolve, each evening's sunset
Shall find your duties done.
'Tis only by endeavor,
By stern and earnest will,
You can succeed in climbing
Fame's steep and rugged hill.

Yet, with a manly purpose,
And mind that knows not fail,
No barrier can interpose—
But which you may not scale.
Care not for scoffs or idle jeers,
All flattery despise,
"Excelsior," your motto be,
Onward and *upward* rise.

AUGUSTUS TREADWELL.

Select Literature.

THE ELOPEMENT.

A TALE OF REAL LIFE.

BY MISS MARTHA REMICH.

"PROBABLY it is too true!"

It was in a lady's boudoir, fitted with the appliances of wealth, that the two sat. The speaker, a fair lady of some three and twenty summers, with lines of thought and care already graven upon her brow, and a troubled light in the large hazel eyes, which were sorrowfully downcast, shrinking from the stern gaze of her companion. He was a dark, grave man, in the flower of life, numbering five and thirty years, with a firmly-curved mouth, and now an indefinable expression of struggling anguish and pride in his habitually calm face

"And I have been deceived madam, all these years, fearfully deceived!" He set his teeth hard together. "It has been reserved for a mere chance to tell me what my wife is. Fool! worse than a fool, to be taken with only a fair face."

She roused herself, and looked up firmly at him. "I deserve your reproaches, Colonel Lawson. But I have some excuses to plead."

"Excuses!" he broke forth fiercely. You own your elopement with Mr. Hawley, the whole shameful story! You own all that my good Aunt Alice has been pouring into my ear for the last half hour. You admit that this disgraceful episode compelled your mother to give up the old home and remove to this city. Would her choice had lighted upon another place! You have deceived an honorable man—entered an unblemished family. In heaven and earth what excuse is there for such baseness?"

"Only this," and the low voice struggled to steady itself. "I was very young. I thought I loved him. I did not, could not dream of his baseness, much less that he was the husband of another. I could not understand my mother's repugnance to him. His specious words persuaded me. I thought I was doing only what many others of my sex have done in eloping to marry."

He sneered.

"And so but for your uncle's timely pursuit where had you been? As it is, your reputation can never be cleared to the world, to me."

"I did wrong," she answered, struggling with her tears. "I should have told you all. But do me the justice to remember how long I wavered at your suit. Had I loved you less, Frederick, with such a past, I should never have become your wife. And the fearful secret has hung over me. It has poisoned every joy. Every hour of these three long years I have foreseen this to-day. And I have shrunk from it more and more as I knew your stern justice, your unconquerable pride."

"You should have thought of them before, Helen;" and though he spake her name, there was no softening in his tones. "The disgrace you have brought upon me can never be blotted out. Your name will soon be in every mouth. This revived story will take wings. It will not rest with Mrs. Bernard. The rich, the beautiful Mrs. Lawson!"

He started to his feet, and began to pace up and down the floor. He had known sorrow before. He thought so when he stood by his mother's death-bed, for he had been a most dutiful son; he thought so when he bent over the corpse of his young brother, snatched away in his promise by an untimely death—shot through the heart in a duel; but these were not to be named in the day with this.

He paused at length in his rapid walk, and stood before her, meeting the uplifted eyes and clasped hands with a brow of firm resolve. "I have a country residence Helen, which you have not yet seen; the old homestead where my father's father, and his father before him, lived and died. We will go thither to-morow." He took out his watch. "The train we take leaves early, at eight, and now it is not far from sunset. You will need to bestir yourself at once in packing. And put in your trunks all you want; it may be long ere you will return."

The pale sea-green hangings of the walls seemed to reflect a deadlier paleness on her already white face.

"Our child!" she faltered.

"Will remain here for the present."

"Oh, no! no!" and with a frantic cry she threw herself at his feet, clasping his knees.

"Pity me, my husband! have pity on me! I am innocent—I am innocent of all but imprudence and silence. Take me where you will, but do not part me from my child."

"Cease!" he answered, impatiently breaking from her hold. "You have been my wife; you bear my name, and are the mother of my child; for these I will not cast you to-day upon the world, or exact a formal separation. But the woman over whose reputation rests so dark a blot and who can so deceive, is not fit guide or parent for child of mine. I shall provide for our boys interests and future; and I may as well tell you at once, and end this painful scene, that henceforth he is dead to you."

He broke from her renewed clasp, but half turned, as he crossed the threshold, to see her extended insensible upon the floor. He hesitated for an instant, then rang for her maid, and bidding her attend to her mistress, passed on below to the dining-room,

Here he summoned the housekeeper, to whom he announced the morrow's journey and requested her to assist Mrs. Lawson's maid in packing for her mistress; as he plainly foresaw, from the state in which he had left his wife, that she would be quite unequal to the exertion.

"I might have withheld the last announcement until we were safe at Rothston," he muttered, as he passed on to the library. "But her wild appeal irritated me. How could she think I would trust her with the guardianship of our child?"

With a heavy sigh Mrs. Lawson awoke from the deadly fainting fit into which she had fallen, and met the anxious face of her maid bending over her. The dark day had come—the disclosure to which she had looked forward from the very commencement of her married life. Why was she signalled out for so dark a fate? she asked herself, bitterly, as she buried her face in the pillows of the lounge to which she had been raised from the floor. "Why in my thoughtless school days was it permitted for Mr Hawley to cross my path? Why were his evil passions roused by my poor face to follow me to my home, to seek entrance into the society which surrounded me, to leave no wile unpracticed to win my confidence? Why did no guardian spirit, no invisible prompter, withhold me from the rash step which branded my name to the world—to all but my nearest kin? Why was I suffered to enter so tamely into this marriage, with the heavy burden of concealment weighing upon my heart? Well, Mrs. Clifton never liked me; I know well that this cruel tale has lost none of its bitterness from her lips; she could well afford the disgrace to see me rent from her nephew's heart. You may leave me Lucy," she said, suddenly conscious that her maid was still waiting beside her. "I am better. I wish to be alone."

The girl hesitated.

"The colonel said you were to pack for Rothston, this afternoon, and would want my assistance."

Her pale face flushed. She half started up, and then sunk back helplessly.

"I am quite unable, and said Murray. "You will ask Mrs. Miles to assist you."

The girl still lingered. She would have asked some directions, but the repressed suffering in her mistress' face checked her, and after pausing irresolutely a few moments, she quitted the room in silence.

Hour after hour passed, and Mrs. Lawson still lay with her hands still clasped over her throbbing temples. The sunset faded into twilight, and the twilight deepened into a starlit darknses. The tea bell rang, but the summons passed unheeded, and only when the clear chimes of nine rang upon the hushed city she rose, and stood mechanically before her mirror to smooth back her disordered tresses. "I must not let them see me thus;" and a faint shudder passed over her as she thought of the servants' curious eyes. The next moment she smiled bitterly. "Why should I care? The whole town may know my disgrace and banishment to-morrow."

She turned, and quitting the room, passed on with trembling steps to the nursery. Her eager hand was upon the door; she essayed to open it, but found to her dismay that it resisted her touch. A few moments were spent in ineffectual attempts, and then recollecting herself, she went back to the boudoir she had just quitted, and rang the bell. Her maid soon appeared.

"Is Colonel Lawson in?"

The girl looked at her with curious eyes.

"Yes, madam. He is in the library."

"Ask him to come up—but stay; I will go to him."

Without allowing herself time for reflection, she brushed past the maid and descended the stairs. At the door of the library she paused. Nothing but the errand upon which she came could have borne her again into his presence. As it was, she half drew back to retrace her steps; but her mother's heart overbore, and she pressed on.

He looked up from the desk at which he was busily writing, and paused with his pen in his hand. A faint expression of surprise mingled with the sternness of his half-averted face.

She saw the look, the involuntary gestures of repulsion, and it steadied strangely her fluttering nerves. She approached him at once.

"Colonel Lawson, why am I debarred from the sight of my child, when there is so little time we may spend together?"

"To spare a painful scene," he answered, coldly, "and to spare as far as may be the gossip of the servants. Also for his sake; young as he is, he may retain some recollection of your emotion which were better otherwise."

She sunk down into the chair by which she stood.

"I will be very calm," she said.

"You shall see him to-morrow in my presence."

He resumed his writing. She looked at him despairingly. This cool disdain touched her to the heart. A thrill of anger stirred her bosom. Should she humble herself to further entreaties? The low, continued sound of his pen hurriedly tracing lines upon the sheet before him alone broke the deathlike stillness. She rose at length. He took no notice of the movement, or the rustling of her dress as she turned to go.

In the solitude of her chamber a rush of bitter recollections came over her. She looked with wild eyes upon the splendor which surrounded her, and then approaching the window, put back the heavy crimson curtain, and gazed forth into the deep starlit night. To-morrow she would be in Rothston. To-morrow in the lonely country home whose gloomy walls were henceforth to close around her. Full well she penetrated her husband's purpose toward her; they had dawned as a lightning flash in his speech, the banishment to which his stern heart condemned her. Alas, she was kinless, friendless. She had no choice but to submit.

The morning broke clear and bright, a fair spring day. It broke on sleepless pillows and aching temples in the home of Colonel Lawson. The early breakfast bell was unanswered by the mistress, and the peal was barely tasted by the Colonel. He sent a message, when he rose, to his wife's chamber, to bid her be in readiness for the carriage, and he waited with some little uneasiness under his self-possessed air the return of the servant. It was somewhat delayed, and he stood looking out of the dining-room window, on the little spring garden beneath, already bright with purple crocuses and golden moss. Something in the former affected him unpleasantly, he scarce knew why. They brought back his wife's fair girlhood, her innocent tastes and loves. He turned away, stifling an impatient sigh. "What keeps Bridget so long? Surely Helen will not dare to exaspirate me. Last night must have shown her my firmness."

He heard the girl's step at that instant. She came in.

"Mrs. Lawson is ready, sir. She wishes to see you."

"She trusts to my promise," he thought. "Well, it was hard, but better than to leave an impression on his mind which might never be removed."

He went up to her room at once. She was already attired in her grey travelling habit, and but for the marble pallor of her cheek and brow, and the dark circles round her eyes, his searching glance might have fallen in vain for a trace of the anguish at her heart. Neither spoke, and he passed on in silence to the nursery. The key grated softly in the lock, and they stood in the chamber. The early sunrise lay warm and bright over the soft white couch and the peaceful sleeper. With a sudden movement, Colonel Lawson gently withheld his wife's passionate impulse to approach the bed. "Remember!" he whispered, warningly. "For his sake as well as your own."

"My child! my child!" she faltered. "When shall we meet again? Let me hold him to my heart only this once!"

"Hush! you will wake him," he answered, sternly. "You promised self-command. I was wrong to allow even this."

The door-bell rang. The carriage had arrived. He drew her from the chamber, closing the door noiselessly after them, and offered his hand to lead her down. She shrank from him with a gesture of anguish, and drawing her veil closely over her face, slowly descended. The coachman, who stood in waiting on the steps, assisted her into the carriage. Colonel Lawson sprang in after her, and took a seat opposite; the trunks were lifted on, and in a few moments they were whirling away to the railway station.

Twilight was beginning to fall when the train halted at Rothston, and they entered the stage which stood in waiting for passengers. An humble conveyance for the proud and courted Mrs. Lawson, crowded in with a promiscuous group; but she felt nothing of this minor discomfort. She saw mechanically the bleak country through which they were passing, the gray, scattered farmers' houses, the rough barns, the leafless orchards, and bare fields. The stage halted at length before a low, old-fashioned edifice. They had reached their destination, and she looked around her with a shuddering movement as she alighted. A plain, elderly woman, in a close cap and short gown, came to the door to bid them welcome, and ushered them into the quaint little sitting-room.

Mrs. Lawson sunk down on the old oaken settee, too wearied with mental anxiety and the fatigue of her journey to keep up longer. The good dame busied herself kindly in divesting her of her bonnet and cloak, to which she submitted with a kind of dreary despair.

"Your supper is quite ready," she said. "You must be tired and hungry with your long ride. I only got the Colonel's letter two hours ago. I am very sorry I had so little time to prepare."

"It does not matter," said Mrs. Lawson, languidly. "I do not want any tea. Be so good as to show me to my room."

"Not want any tea?" said the good dame, quite bewildered, "and after so long a ride? You will think better of it, my dear lady. I have had a fat chicken roasted—I knew you would not get much dinner on the way—and have baked some hot wheat cakes, with a fine cup of tea, and a dish of raspberry preserves."

"I am too wearied to eat," said Mrs. Lawson, impatiently. "Be so kind, my good woman, as to show me to my room."

Mrs. Mason obeyed, but with a dissatisfied air, and led the way up the narrow, uncarpeted stairs. On the landing, she threw open a door to the left.

"The Colonel had this fitted up for himself when he was here six years ago," he was here five weeks—the longest time he ever spent at the old farm since he was a boy. He thinks the place so lonesome, and so it is to a gentleman of his habits. But his brother had been dead only a little while then, and I reckon he took it mightily to heart at first, and liked to be by himself till it wore of a little."

(To be Continued.)

The miniature ship "John T. Ford," which lately crossed the Atlantic was capsized by a sudden squall, when nearly at her destination, and two lives were lost.

Although we regret the occurrence of this accident, we hope it may serve to discourage such experiments as endeavoring to cross the Atlantic in shells, attempting Blondin rope feat and other useless undertakings which belong only to the foolhardy or madly-adventurous.

The *Nord* says the Paris Exhibtion building will not be pulled down as soon as the Exhibition is over, but will be used for an international bazaar, in which the productions of all parts of the world will be offered for sale. A canal is to be made between the Seine and the Camp de Mars so as to place the building in direct communication with the river.

ON DIT.—That Major-General Doyle is shortly to take the Lieutenant Governorship of Nova Scotia, in place of General Williams who is to return to Great Britain. —*Amherst Gazette.*