

# Summerside Journal.

## AND WESTERN PIONEER.

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

Vol. 3.

Summerside, Prince Edward Island, Thursday, January 23, 1868.

No. 16.

### THE Summerside Journal

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#### TERMS:

1 copy for one year, in advance, 6s. 3d. half advance, 7s. 6d. at the end of year 9s. Persons getting up clubs of TEN subscribers will be entitled to the JOURNAL for one year.

#### ADVERTISEMENTS

inserted at moderate rates and in good style. SPECIAL AGREEMENTS may be made on reasonable terms for a whole, a half, or quarter column, or by the year.

#### JOB PRINTING

of every description, performed with neatness and dispatch, and at moderate rates, at the JOURNAL Office.

#### Summerside Markets.

January 23, 1868.

Oats per bush	2s 6d
Barley per bush	3s 6d a 4s
Potatoes per bush	1s 9d a 2s
Mutton	10d a 1s
Turnips per bush	10d a 1s
Butter per lb by Tub	9d a 10d
Lard per lb	9d a 10d
Tallow per lb	9d a 10d
Eggs per doz	10d a 1s
Beef per lb	3d a 4d
Mutton per lb	2d a 3d
Pork per lb by carcass	3d a 5d
Cheese each	1s 6d a 2s
Flour per bbl	60s a 65s
Oatmeal per cwt.	16s a 18s
Hay per Ton	60s a 70s
Straw per cwt.	1s 9d
Pine Boards	10s
Spruce Boards	4s a 5s

#### Charlottetown Markets.

January 23, 1868.

Beef (small)	4d a 6d
Do. by quarter	2d a 4d
Mutton	3d a 5d
Lamb per lb.	3d a 4d
Butter	14d a 16d
Do. by tub	1s a 1 1/4
Cheese	4d a 7d
Tallow	9d a 10d
Lard	8d a 9d
Flour lb.	5d a 5 1/2
Oatmeal 100 lb.	17s a 18s
Eggs	2s a 2 1/2
Potatoes	1 1/2d
Turnips	15d a 16d
Barley	3s a 3 1/2
Oats	2s a 2 1/2
Boards (Hemlock)	4s
Spruce	4s a 5s
Pine	7s a 9s
Shingles	12s a 15s
Wood	70s a 80s
Hay	16d a 20d
Straw cwt.	5s 6d a 6s
Homespun	2s a 3s
Shoeleather	5d a 9d
Calfskin lb.	5d a 9d
Hides lb.	4d

### Business Cards.

**BANK OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND**  
Corner of Queen & Water Sts., Charlottetown  
President—HON. DANIEL BRENNAN.  
Cashier—WILLIAM CUNDALL, Esquire.  
Discount Days—Mondays & Thursdays.  
Hours of Business—From 10 a.m. to 1 p.m. from 2 p.m. to 4 p.m.

#### UNION BANK.

Grafton St., Queen's Square, Charlottetown  
President—CHARLES PALMER, Esquire.  
Cashier—JAMES ANDERSON, Esquire.  
Discount Days—Wednesdays & Saturdays.  
Hours of Business—From 10 a.m. to 1 p.m. from 2 p.m. to 4 p.m.

#### SUMMERSIDE BANK.

Central Street, Summerside, P. E. Island.  
President—HON. JOHN R. GARDINER.  
Cashier—E. L. LYDARD, Esquire.  
Discount Days—Tuesdays and Fridays.  
Notes for Discount must be in before 11 o'clock on Discount days.  
Hours of Business—10 a.m. to 1 p.m. from 2 p.m. to 4 p.m.

**KITSON CASEY, M.D.,**  
Physician, Surgeon & Accoucheur  
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.

#### DR. PRICE,

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

#### THOMAS KELLY,

**Barrister - at - Law**  
AND  
**NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.**  
SUMMERSIDE, P. E. ISLAND.  
Aug. 9, 1866

#### DAVID BERTRAM,

**Saddle and Harness Maker,**  
Water Street . . . . . Summerside.  
October 12, 1865.

**Co-Partnership Notice.**  
THE Subscribers have this day entered into a CO-PARTNERSHIP as BARRISTERS and ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, under the name, style and firm of  
**ALLEY & DAVIES**  
OFFICE—O'HALLORAN'S BUILDING, GREAT GEORGE STREET.  
GEORGE ALLEY,  
LOUIS H. DAVIES,  
Charlottetown, Oct. 18, 1867. oct 24

**FRANCIS LONGWORTH,**  
BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY-AT-LAW  
Office—PAVILION HOTEL.  
(next door to the Hon. Joseph Hensley's.)  
CHARLOTTETOWN - P. E. ISLAND.  
Jan. 17, 1867.

### Business Cards.

**WILLIAM DODD,**  
Commission Merchant,  
And Auctioneer,  
QUEEN SQUARE,  
CHARLOTTETOWN - P. E. ISLAND

#### CARD

**WILLIAM BEAIRSTO,**  
Commission Merchant,  
Auctioneer & General Agent,  
WATER STREET,  
Summerside, P. E. Island.

#### James Greenough,

**FLOUR**  
Commission Merchant.  
No 47 Commercial Street  
Corner of Clinton Street - BOSTON

#### CARVELL BROTHERS,

**AUCTIONEERS,**  
Commission Merchants,  
And General Agents,  
BANK BUILDING, QUEEN STREET,  
Charlottetown, P. E. Island

#### JABEZ HUDSON,

**Authorized Auctioneer,**  
GENERAL AGENT, &c.,  
TRIN, P. E. I.  
June 27, 1867.

#### WILLIAM M. HOWE,

**Attorney-at-Law and Notary Public.**  
ST. ELIZABETH'S, P. E. ISLAND

**North British and Mercantile**  
**INSURANCE COMPANY,**  
FIRE AND LIFE.  
Established 1809.

CAPITAL: TWO MILLIONS, Sterling.  
HEAD OFFICES:  
EDINBURGH & LONDON.  
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

#### THOMAS FRIZZEL,

**Boot and Shoe Make,**  
WATER STREET,  
opposite Green & Schurman's Store.

Boots and Shoes of a superior quality constantly on hand, and for sale cheap.  
Summerside, June 6, 1867 1y

#### PRINCE COUNTY

**Tobacco Factory.**  
THE SUBSCRIBER would announce to his friends, customers and the public, that he has, at a considerable outlay for new moulds and machinery, so enlarged and improved the capacity of his FACTORY  
In Summerside,  
that he is now enabled to turn out an article of

#### Natural Leaf Tobacco.

equal to the very best, and superior to most Tobacco imported, which he will WARRANT IN EVERY RESPECT, and will sell nearly

#### Twenty per cent. Cheaper

than it can be imported into the Island. FLAT ON ROUND TOBACCO furnished to suit the taste of buyers.  
Try it and judge for yourselves.  
Dealers supplied on liberal terms.  
Be sure to ask for REILLY'S PRINCE COUNTY NATURAL LEAF, and take none other.  
Remember that the PRINCE COUNTY TOBACCO FACTORY turns out nothing but the BEST KIND OF TOBACCO.

#### PATRICK REILLY,

Summerside Dec. 6, 1866.

#### Ladies Sewing Circle.

THE LADIES of the SUMMERSIDE WESLEYAN CHURCH AND CONGREGATION have established a SEWING CIRCLE, assembling on Tuesday afternoons, at Messrs. Strong's Hall. Preparation for a BAZAAR towards liquidating debt on the Church is the object. Contributions of material or money will be gladly received.  
President—Mrs. R. A. Strong.  
Vice President—Mrs. Richardson.  
Secretary—Mrs. Alex. McLaure.  
Treasurer—Mrs. Charles Strong.  
Summerside, Nov. 14, 1867

#### Important to Shipbuilders

**Blocks! Blocks! Blocks!**

#### IF YOU WANT TO RAISE THE

**Price of Vessels**  
in England, order a set of those SPLENDID BLOCKS, which everybody is praising, from  
**YOUNG'S.**

#### Terms Liberal.

Water-st., Summerside, Sept. 26, 1867.

#### S A W S,

**SAWS! SAWS!**  
SAWS of the best quality, and at the following Cash prices, always on hand at the manufacture of the subscribers:—  
CIRCULARS.

DIAMETER.	DIAMETER.
36 in. \$20 each	34 in. \$18 each
32 in. \$16 each	30 in. \$15 each
28 in. \$12.50 each	26 in. \$11 each
24 in. \$9 each	22 in. \$8 each
20 in. \$7 each	18 in. \$5.75 each
16 in. \$5 each	14 in. \$4 each
12 in. \$3 each.	

Mill Saws 5 1/2 feet, \$5 each; Buck Saws 28 in. \$7 per dozen, set and sharpened.  
A. RICHARDSON & Co.  
St. John, N. B. April 11, 1867-y

### Business Cards.

**KIRKWOOD, LIVINGSTONE & CO.**  
Flour, Produce, Leather,  
AND GENERAL  
Commission Merchants,  
MONTREAL, C. E.

The most careful attention given to the execution of orders for Flour, Grain, Seeds, Provisions, Leather, Hides, Coal Oil, and general Merchandise. Freights secured and Insurances effected at lowest current rates.  
Merchants in the Lower Provinces will find it to their interest to forward their orders for Flour to us for execution, as an extensive acquaintance with Western Millers, and as Agents for some of the most popular Brands in Canada, we can with safety assure them of every satisfaction.  
Remittances against orders when not otherwise provided for, may be made with Sterling Exchange, or Gold Drafts on New York. Drafts on New York being worth usually up to a 4 per cent more than on Boston.  
Every information as to the state of the market, present and prospective, given when required.  
Consignments of Fish, Cod Oil, &c., carefully realized, and returns made with the utmost promptitude, or applied according to the wish of consignors.  
Charges only made for actual disbursements and commissions not over those of responsible Houses in the line. Unquestionable references given when required.

**KIRKWOOD, LIVINGSTONE & CO.**  
503 St. Paul Street,  
Montreal, C. E.  
February 7, 1867.

**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 20, 1867.—1y

**Commercial Hotel.**  
NEW ARRANGEMENT!  
COACH FARE PAID!

IN FUTURE the COACH FARE of all travelling by the Railway Station and Steamboat Landings in this City to the COMMERCIAL HOTEL, King Street, who make their stay one day or upward, WILL BE PAID by the Proprietor.

**FARE AT THE HOTEL:**  
TRANSIENT.  
One Day, ----- \$1 00  
One Week, ----- 5 00  
PERMANENT.  
Per Week, ----- \$3 25 to \$4 50

The HOTEL is situated on the best business street in the city, and nearly opposite the WAVERLY. It is handsomely fitted up and calculated to accommodate some fifty persons very comfortably.

D. P. HOWE, Proprietor.  
St. John, N. B., Nov. 7, 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

**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. 1y

**THOMAS HANFORD,**  
AUCTIONEER

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

**C. L. RICHARDS,**  
Importer and Wholesale Dealer in  
**British & Foreign Groceries.**  
1, Head North Wharf,  
ST. JOHN, N. B. - - - - - NEW BRUNSWICK.  
Dec. 6, 1866.

**J. H. ALLEN,**  
Commission Merchant,  
And Dealer in Provisions, &c.  
MARKET STREET,  
St. John, N. B.

Gives personal attention to the Sale and Purchase of every description of Goods.  
May 9, 1867.

**Apprentice Wanted!**  
A LAD, not more than 15 years of age, to learn the Tailoring Business. One from the country preferred.  
ANGUS McSWEEN.  
1867

### POETRY.

#### WINTER.

THE never pausing seasons as they roll—  
The Spring's reviving, and the Winter's death,  
Are but the mirrors where the unresting soul  
Sees its own changes; and the blighted heath,  
The flowerless meadows, and the songless woods,  
And cloud-mailed storms so sternly marching o'er,  
But shadow forth the heavy gloom that broods,  
Over the heart when hope smiles there no more.

How cold the oblique sunbeams fall upon  
The shrouded earth; and thus the joyless light  
Of life, its warmth of love and pleasure gone,  
Glimmers upon the sad heart's wintry blight,  
Only revealing by its empty gleam  
The desolation we would fain forget—  
Love's early blasting, and joy's silent stream,  
And frosts of calamity more fearful yet.

But the tempest that goes forth to meet the Spring,  
Screaming defiance, will return ere long.  
Her gentlest messenger; and from its wing  
Will shower o'er all the land the rich floods of song;  
Thus the same blast that chills the earth,  
Endowed  
With life and love recalls her from the tomb,  
And the snow-crystals of her winter shroud  
Will soon in flowers o'er all her meadows bloom.

Hence learn, repining one, where'er thou art—  
Love is omnipotent; sorrow and care  
Her servitors, visit no human heart  
Except to hear some richer blessing there.  
Yes, learn from nature's great apocalypse—  
Grief's but the cloud whence showers of joy descend;

What we call death is but a brief eclipse—  
Life is eternal—Love can never end.

#### Select Literature.

#### THE MISER'S STORY.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

"By the grace of God, I am what I am! I was born in England. I remember nothing but poverty—stalking crime and absolute want. The houses where I lived were all in various stages of filth and decay. Whether the old bear-skin was my father, I never knew. Whether the woman who sometimes fed and often beat me, was my mother, I cannot say. All I know is that I had a miserable drag-along life of it, going round after cold victuals, knocking smaller boys down to get the contents of their broken baskets, and hunting for rags in the gutter.

I suppose I was rather a good-looking boy; they call me good-looking now for an old man. I know I was smart, comparing myself with children as I see them. Of course I was like the rest of my class I could fight a little, and swear a little, steal a little, and eat a good deal—that is, when I got the chance, which was seldom.

I was ignorant, didn't know one letter from another, and didn't want to. What did I care about education, I who never saw a book from one year's end to another. And love, gratitude, hope—I could of course understand neither. Nobody loved me, therefore I loved nobody. Nobody had ever made me grateful—had ever held out hope to me.

Some strange impulse was given me one day. I waked up, sprang from my bundle of straw, and involuntarily the words came from my lips—"I'm going to do something to-day." What that something was, I had not the remotest idea, but I put on my apologies for clothes, and sallied out in my vagabond way, whistling, caring for nobody.

It was about noon, and I had not yet tasted a morsel of food. I was hungry, and skulked about grocery shops hoping I could get an opportunity to take an apple, or something that would stay my appetite till I felt in humor for begging. Passing under the corner of a public street, I saw a genteel-looking man standing at his horse's head, gazing about him somewhat perplexed.

"Boy," he cried out, "won't you take care of my horse for half an hour?"

"Yes sir," said I.

I think it was the first time I had ever put on the stir.

"There's a man!" he exclaimed; "I've got considerable fruit here, and you must guard it well. Here's a couple of peaches for you; just stand here quietly—I guess nobody'll disturb you."

He went away and I stood for a while, till I was tired. Then, thinks I, I'll get a hatful of the fruit and run. But for the first time I felt an instinct of shame at the suggestion. "He trusted me—he saw I was a mean-looking fellow, too, but he trusted me; and I won't abuse his kindness."

"Oh, nothing, only I had to fight for your stuff there," says I.

"You did, hey? You've got a black eye for it."

"No matter," says I. "I meant them boys should not steal a cursed peach, and they didn't neither."

"Well, you've got good luck, my boy; here's a dollar for you—but don't swear." My eyes stood out.

"A whole dollar?" says I.

"Yes; do what you please with it, but I'd advise you to buy a pair of shoes."

"Thank you," says I, with a beating heart. "It pays to be good, don't it?"

He smiled a curious smile, asked me several questions, and ended by taking me home with him in his wagon.

"Home? I thought I was in heaven, albeit I had seldom heard of such a place. My heart beat heavily every time I put my feet upon those rich carpets. The mirrors were something new to me.

The next day there came a man to see me. I was washed clean, and had on a good suit of clothes. Says he:

"Youngster, I'm going in where you live, and probably I shall make a bargain with your people. I want a boy—just such a spunky, clever boy as you are, and if you will behave yourself, I promise you you shall have as pleasant a home as you desire."

Well, that was good. I hardly dared to speak, to breathe, for fear of breaking the illusion. I never was so happy clear through as on that day. They gave me some light tasks to do—I wished they were more important.

From that day I was treated as a member of the household. The man was a widower, and had no children, consequently I became to him as a son. He educated me handsomely, and when I was twenty-one, he died and left me seventeen thousand dollars.

Well, I considered myself a rich man. I gloated over my wealth, it became as an idol to me. How to increase it was now my first desire. I consulted competent men, and under their counsel put my money out at interest—bought stocks and mortgages. I grew wealthier—my business (my benefactor had stocked me a fancy store) prospered, and I was in a fair way, I thought, to marry Lucy Manning.

Sweet Lucy Manning! the most artless, winning maiden in all the world to me. I loved her deeply, dearly. She was blue-eyed, auburn-haired—her disposition was that of an angel, and I had plighted my vows to her.

One night I was invited to the house of a prosperous merchant, and there I met a siren in the person of his niece, a black-eyed girl whose charms and whose fortune were equally splendid! She was an heiress in her own right—she was beautiful and accomplished. Heavens! what a voice was hers—pure, clear, sweet, ravishing. I was charmed, and she was pleased with me. Alas! I met her too often. In her presence I forgot my gentle Lucy; she anguished, thrilled me. It was a triumph to feel that so beautiful, gifted and wealthy a woman loved me—who had been brought up in the parlours of a city—who had known misery and corruption all the first years of my life.

Gradually I broke off my intimacy with Lucy. I received no token from her—she was too proud. But that cheek grew pale,—that heavenly eye languid, and though I seldom met her, I knew in my heart that she was suffering, and branded myself a villain.

At last she knew with certainty that I was to marry Miss Bellair. She sent me a letter, a touching letter, not one word of reproach, not one regret! Oh, what a noble soul I wounded! And she could calmly wish me joy, though the effect made her heart bleed—I knew it.

I tried however, to forget her, but I could not. Even at the time of my magnificent wedding, when my bride stood before me radiant in rich fabrics and glittering diamonds, the white face of my poor Lucy glided in between, and made my heart throbb guilty.

Oh, how rich I grew! Year after year, I added to my gold. My miserly disposition began to manifest itself soon after my marriage. I carried my gold first to banks, and then to my own safes. I put constraint on my wife—for very generously she had made over her whole fortune to me—and began to grumble at expenses. I made our living so frugal that she remonstrated, and finally ran up large bills where and when she pleased. Against this I protested, and we had open quarrels more than once. My clothes grew shabby; I could not afford to buy new ones, although the interest on my investment was more than I could possibly spend for rational living.

I grew finally dissatisfied with everything but my money. I neglected my wife, and grew careless of her society. Several gentlemen came to my house, among them a would-be author and celebrity. He came, I thought, too often for my good name, and I ordered my wife to discontinue his company. She refused. I locked her up in her room. How she managed to get herself free I never know, but in the evening, when I returned, she was gone from the house. That caused me some uneasiness, not much, for I was soon absorbed in taking accounts of my gains. It was perhaps nine in the evening. I had just managed to take up a paper for a moment, to read out its business details, when the door opened, and in came my wife dressed bewitchingly, as if just from an evening concert, followed by that mustached celebrity.

"Good evening, my dear," she said, in the coolest way imaginable, and placed a chair for her friend. "Stop!" I cried my jealousy roused; "that man sits not down in my house."

"That man—a gentleman, and my friend, shall sit here, if I please," said my wife, firmly.

My passion was excited then as it never was before, and I collared the scoundrel. He was my match—but, God of heaven, my wife coolly put a dirk-knife that she drew from a cane into his hand, and he stabbed me. I fainted, and remembered no more, till I found myself in a bed in my own chamber, watched over by my housekeeper.

"Where—aro—hey?" I gasped.

"Gone," was all she said.

It occurred to me then like a flash of lightning, that nobody was near me at the time I was wounded, that my keys were about my person, and that I had been robbed, perhaps, of all my available property. The thought threw me into agony of fear. I ordered my clothes to be brought to me. The keys were there. Taking one of them out, I told Mrs. Hale, my housekeeper, to go to my safe and bring me the papers that were there. She returned, her face white with terror, to say there was nothing there, and all the little doors were open.

"Robbed! robbed!" I yelled, with curses and imprecations, and again my senses deserted me.

Brain fever ensued. For weeks I lay deprived of reason, literally treading the verge of the grave. One morning I was conscious only of a sinking, deathly feeling, as I feebly opened my eyes. Was it an angel I saw, standing beside me, her soft eyes veiled with pity, looking down upon me with the most commiserating gentleness? For a moment I thought I might be in heaven—but no, I reasoned with myself, I loved money too well. My treasure was all of the earth, earthy. Again I opened my dim eyes. The vision seemed wavering now, but, oh, did it not wear the wondrous beauty of sweet Lucy Manning? A quiet, unutterable peace took possession of my entire being. I forgot wealth, health, everything. My past life seemed blotted out, and I was once again innocent, untouched by the gripping hand of avarice; true, loving and loved—and Lucy Manning was my idol.

But I recovered slowly, and at last as my strength surely returned, I missed her. As soon as she saw I could be left with safety, she had left me, and oh, the blank—the dreadful blank!

I wandered around my rooms, now so desolate, and saw the many evidences of my miserly habits. I know not why, but towards my wife my feelings seemed to have undergone a revulsion. I fear I hated her. She had nearly beggared me, had deceived me, shattered my health, destroyed all my hopes.

Months passed before I was able to estimate the damage that had been done me. Every means that could be put forth were used for the recovery of my money, but all in vain.

One night I sat by the fire, a cheerless, disappointed and