

Summerside Journal.

AND WESTERN PIONEER.

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

Vol. 3.

Summerside, Prince Edward Island, Thursday, October 31, 1867.

No. 4.

THE Summerside Journal
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Summerside Markets.
SUMMERSIDE, OCTOBER 31, 1867.

Oats per bush	2s 6d
Barley per bush	3s 3d
Potatoes per bush	1s 6d
Turnips per bush	10d 1s
Butter per lb by Tub	9d 10d
Lard per lb	9d 10d
Tallow per lb	8d 9d
Eggs per doz	3s 1 1/2
Beef per lb	3d 4d
Mutton per lb	3d 4d
Pork per lb by carcass	3d 4d
Geese each	1s 6d 2s
Flour per bbl	56s 6 20s
Oatmeal per cwt.	18s 20s
Hay per Ton	60s 70s
Straw per cwt.	1s 6d
Pine Boards	10s
Spruce Boards	4s 5s

Charlottetown Markets.
OCTOBER 31, 1867.

Beef (small)	4d 4 1/2
Do. by quarter	3d 6 1/2
Mutton	4d 6 1/2
Lamb per lb.	3d 1 1/2
Butter	1s 1 1/2
Do. by tub	1s 1 1/2
Cheese	6d 4 1/2
Tallow	9d 1 1/2
Lard	8d 9 1/2
Flour lb.	3d 3 1/2
Oatmeal 100 lb.	17s 1 1/2
Eggs	8d 1 1/2
Potatoes	1s 9d 2s
Turnips	15d
Barley	3s 4 1/2
Oats	2s 7 1/2
Boards (Hemlock)	4s
Spruce	4s 5 1/2
Pine	7s 9 1/2
Shingles	12s 1 1/2
Wool	1s 1 1/2
Hay	60s 70s
Straw cwt.	1s 6d 2s
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Calfskin lb.	5d 9 1/2
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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

DR. PRICE,
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.
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Charlottetown, June 20, 1867.—ly

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October 12, 1865.

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June 27, 1867.

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AND
NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.
SUMMERSIDE, - - - P. E. ISLAND.
aug. 9, 1866

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Permanent and transient Boarders accommodated on reasonable terms.

In connection with the above the subscribers have opened a
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where they will keep constantly on hand, Flour, Corn Meal, Provisions, Tea, Sugar, Molasses, and all articles usually kept in a Grocery Store.
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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.
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ROCKLIN HOUSE,
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Permanent and Transient Boarders will find the above House to give satisfaction. Ch'town, June 13, 1867.

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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

EVERY MAN HIS OWN FIRE BRIGADE.
"A little fire is quickly put out, which being suffered, never can be quenched."—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.
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58 Water Street, St. John, N. B.
or Mr. ROBERT YOUNG,
Queen Square, Charlottetown
Aug 29, 1867. tf

Carriage Factory!!
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
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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,
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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.
Summerside, April 11, 1867. 6m

MANN'S
LIVERY STABLE!!
THE subscriber wishes to inform the inhabitants of Summerside and the travelling public, that he is prepared to furnish HORSES & CARRIAGES, at all times and at the shortest notice. Parties stopping at the Hotel, and waiting a team and a driver to drive them out, can be supplied at all hours in the day.
JAMES MANN,
Water Street,
Summerside, Sept. 12, 1867. 3m

POETRY.

"MY CHILDHOOD DAYS."
How blithe and gladsome we were when
Our life was in its spring;
We felt no care, we knew not then
That time would sorrow bring.

Friends round our fire at evening met,
And merry songs were sung;
They're pleas'd n times to think of yet,
Those days when we were young.

Where now are those I loved so well?
Oh, some are on the sea;
And some in homes of splendor dwell,
And have forgotten me.

And by the graves of some I sit,
Where fading wreaths are hung,
And mourn, as o'er my memory fit
The days when we were young.

And I've seen many changes, still,
A happy lot is mine;
My home stands 'neath yon chattering hill,
And cotes round it twine;

The merry lays we sang of yore,
Are by my children sung,
And in their youth I see once more
The days when we were young.

CHARLES H. KEANE.

Select Literature.

THE ELOPEMENT.
A TALE OF REAL LIFE.
[CONCLUDED.]

It was past nine when his business was concluded, and he set out to return homeward. On his entrance, he proceeded to the drawing-room, which he found deserted, together with the library, and he passed on to the dining-room. Here he found Mrs. Rawson alone. She looked up from the paper she was trying to occupy herself with at his entrance. A slight degree of constraint struck him in her air. Adele has one of her nervous headaches, he thought, and has retired to her chamber. He seated himself on the lounge opposite, and took up a book, but the pages swam persistently before his eyes. He threw it down at last with an ill-suppressed yawn. Mrs. Rawson started, with a little nervous tremor.

"I beg your pardon, madam," he said, suddenly recollecting her presence. "Pray is Adele still this evening?"
"Adele," she answered, flushing a little, has gone to Mrs. Lorimer's."
It was his turn to start now.
"I am rather surprised, Mrs. Rawson. And pray, who is her escort?"
"My sister-in-law, Mrs. Hawley, and her son came in from the country yesterday. They called on us a few hours ago. They had an invitation to Mrs. Lorimer's this evening, and Adele allowed herself to accept their escort, in the unavoidable failure of yours."

She spoke at some length, more to cover the slight uneasiness she felt at the manner in which he might view this step of his betrothed than from any other cause. But only one sentence reached his ear, a name never to be forgotten, a blight, a curse.
"Your sister-in-law?" he repeated, taking up his book again, and opening it mechanically. "Your brother's wife—Hawley was your family name, I presume?"

She looked at him with a glance of perplexity, but interpreted his absent question and constrained air by her own matter of disquiet.
"No, it was my husband's. He took the name of Rawson on coming into possession of his uncle's property—his maternal uncle."
Colonel Lawson held his book suddenly to the light, as if struck by the glare of the astral. His healthy color faded into a singular paleness.
"Before your residence abroad, in what part of the country was your home?"
"In —"
Colonel Lawson was silent. His hand trembled perceptibly on the arm of the lounge. The air of the room grew strangely hot and suffocating.

A ring at the bell. It came to Mrs. Rawson with a sense of relief. She rose at once when she heard the servant's approaching step. But he only brought a letter, which he gave into his master's mechanically extended hand. Colonel Lawson was about to thrust it into his pocket, when the black seal riveted his eye, and he tore it open. It contained a few lines from his aunt, written by her physician, announcing her dangerously ill, and that she begged to see him at once. The last train to her suburban home went at a quarter to ten. It wanted little of that time, yet he might reach the depot by a rapid walk.

He flung the note hurriedly to Mrs. Rawson as an explanation, and hurrying into the hall, snatched up his hat, and was soon on the street. He reached the platform in time to spring upon the train as it was leaving, and in the short space of an hour was threading the dimly-lighted street which led to his aunt's house. A ring at the bell, an anxious inquiry, answered by a mournful shake of the head from the fearful servant, and he was ushered softly up the broad flight of stairs to the sick chamber.

At the dying woman's pillow sat the hired nurse, and the physician stood by the bedside with an expression of no little gloom on his benevolent countenance.

Colonel Lawson approached at once, and clasped the feverish hand which was feebly extended to him. As he did so, he gazed with anxiety the natural brilliancy of the large eyes, and the deep red which burned in the hollow cheeks.
"Was this kind, my dear aunt," he said, gently, "not to have written me before?"
"I thank you for your promptness, Frederick," she said, without appearing to heed his speech. "I have much to say to you—a painful secret. I felt as if I could not die until you came."
"She wanders," he said, aside to the physician.
"No," she repeated, firmly, her quick

ear catching the sound, "but I must speak with you alone."
"We will gratify her, at least," said the physician, speaking in a low tone; and making a motion to the nurse, they both quitted the room.

Colonel Lawson carefully closed the door after them at a gesture from the sick woman, and then returned to the bedside. She motioned him with a tremulous gesture to be seated.
"I know not how to make my humiliating confession, Frederick," she said, her voice scarcely articulate with emotion. "Frederick, you will despise me. I shall forever lose my place in your esteem."
He strove to speak, but she motioned him to remain silent.

"Frederick, you know how keenly I felt the disgrace which your late wife cast upon our family name. My anxiety to obliterate the story, and to prevent at the same time any future possibility of your reconciliation to her, led me to an act which I now regret."
She stopped. Her eyes fell beneath her startled look.

"Is it possible," he faltered, "you were connected with her flight? My poor Helen, I have forgiven her long ago; would from her grave forgiveness could come to me! My dear aunt, this is a most bitter subject. I pray you say no more."
She looked at him wildly. Anger, irresolution, remorse gleamed in her dark eyes.
"You would not, surely you would not forget her sin, and take her back to your home?"

"As God hears me, I would!" he answered, with a low vehemence, more thrilling than any passionate outburst of feeling could have been. "She was innocent of everything but imprudence; the last word has been added to that faith this very night. I would journey over the earth to find her, but since it is in a better home than even I could offer."

His head sank sorrowfully. Mrs. Clinton fell back upon her pillow, from which, in her excitement, she had half risen. A softer light broke over the fierce gloom of her face.
"I believe it too," she said, "but not till a few hours ago. A strange, haunting dream troubles me—a face I never saw before. It must have been his, urging me to right my wrong. Frederick, your wife lives!"

"In heaven," he answered, slowly raising his bowed head.
"No, on earth. I forged the short account of her death. I dispatched to you the false paper."
He grasped her hand with passionate force.
"Surely, surely you will not deceive me!"

"No," she answered, with a heavy sigh. "Helen lives. She earns her bread as a music teacher in F—. She had two pupils in the family in which I stopped some weeks before you returned to Europe." She gave the street and number. "One word more, Frederick, forgive me all this; forgive me for showing you in its darkest details her fault, for urging on your fiery resentment against her. She earned all she has suffered. I know not even now, passing as I am to another world, if I joy that I have given her back to happiness. I never loved her, cold, timid creature that she was."

Her mind seemed to lose itself in broken sentences. He took her hand again.
"My dear aunt, I forgive and thank you for the joy you have given me. It repays the past a hundred fold!"
She made no reply. Her failing senses had ceased to reply. The excitement had been too much for her. He rang the bell. The nurse came in, and hastily filling the cup from the table with a reviving draught, held it to her lips. But the fainting sands had been too rudely shaken; she was unable to taste. They laid her back on the pillows, from which she had started with feeble gasps for breath, and she sunk into a heavy stupor, imperceptibly deepening into the repose of death. With a gentle touch Colonel Lawson reverently drew the lids over the sightless eyes, and went down to one of the rooms below. His heart was full of agitated emotions. The solemnity of sudden death filled him with awe, but the meeting to which he now looked forward in a few hours, and as with one restored from the dead, filled every pulse with a rapturous thankfulness and joy no words can describe.

The first morning train saw him on his way from the house of mourning to the city of F—. Arrived at his destination, he took a carriage, in his impatience, early as was the hour, and proceeded on to her humble lodgings. He was shown into the parlor by the mistress, a cheerful looking young woman in the middling ranks of life, while she went to call her boarder. How his heart beat as in a few moments he heard that familiar step in the hall! She came in evidently surprised that a gentleman waited to see her, but probably regarding it as an application to receive fresh pupils. He rose at her entrance. At the first glance she turned pale, and stood still near the door, which she had mechanically closed behind her. For a moment neither could find voice, but Mrs. Rawson rallied first.

"To what am I indebted for this visit?" She sunk into a seat as she spoke, unable to bear up under her agitation. He knelt at her feet.
"Helen, my poor wife! forgive me!"
"It is I who need forgiveness," and she sunk into the arms which were outstretched to receive her.

Moments went by, and then they roused themselves from their trance of joy, the questions and words never meant to be answered, and sat down side by side on the little chintz-covered sofa. Lawson went over the past—the important events which on his side had crowded into the months of their separation—his providential meeting with Hawley in the exile to which he had turned to find forgetfulness—his dreary imprisonment—the never-to-be-called obligations it had brought about to the man who had broken the peace of both—the broken sentences which almost in the death pang from his pale lips had showed her innocence, though he listened to them then as uttered of a stranger. And here the tale of his singular engagement to Adele came in, preceded by the shock of the announcement of her death—a belief in which he had continued credulous up to his aunt's confession of the

past night. He told her all that was in his heart; he kept back nothing of those dark days, and though her eyes fell, and her warm cheek paled a little as he spoke of his betrothal to another, the light and the glow came back radiantly at the close. He had accepted his cheerless future as a recompense of his harshness to her! What fuller compliment could have reached her woman's heart.

And she went over her little history; how in the grey twilight of a winter morn she had stolen away from the still, monotonous scenes which were crazing in her despair, and with the few jewels she possessed before her marriage and a scanty sum in her purse, took the early train to F—. Here, at first, she took lodgings at a hotel, under the assumed name she still bore, and issued an advertisement for pupils, as a music-teacher, in a daily paper. For a time she was unsuccessful, both in obtaining pupils and in her search to procure respectable but less expensive lodgings. It was not until the last remainder of happier days had been parted with at the pawn-brokers, and the last dollar paid from her purse, that help was graciously supplied to her necessities.

Looking upon her husband and child as dead to her, she had struggled alone with her hard fate, hopeless and discouraged, longing for the peace of the grave. The only fear that disquieted her was that of being recognized and forced back to the dismal abode she had quitted; and this fact alone withheld her yearning heart from attempting to get sight of her child. The glimpse she caught of her husband's aunt, in her visit to F—, temporarily disturbed her sense of security, but she encouraged herself with the reflection that that lady too cordially disliked her to make known her retreat to her nephew, lest some unforeseen chance might, in the course of time, bring about a reconciliation, of the utter hopelessness of which she was probably not as well informed as herself.

It was near noon when Colonel Lawson tore himself away, and took the train back to C—. The disclosure of his wife's restoration to life, and their reconciliation, he knew well would bring up afresh the tale of her early imprudence and his jealousies; but though at any previous time his pride would have shrunk keenly from the scandal, now in his overflowing happiness he wondered at himself to find how little power it possessed to disquiet him. Very embarrassing was the announcement which must be made at once to his guests—more especially to his late betrothed—and he resolved to save a possible scene by making the avowal of his strange discoveries by letter.

Adele met him in the hall on his entrance to his home. Her bright face was shadowed a little, and her sweet laugh hushed, for she knew the errand which had summoned him away, and read the gloom of a death bed on his somewhat shadowed face. He stooped to kiss her fair brow in silence, but with more to fraternal affection than the tenderness of a lover, and hurried past into the library, leaving her startled at his abruptness and silence.

Many sheets, I think, were written and torn up before Colonel Lawson could settle himself upon his subject:—
"MY DEAR ADELE:—I know not how to begin my embarrassing confession. Last night, from my aunt's dying lips, I learned that my unjustly suspected and deeply injured wife yet lives. A few hours ago also revealed to me her innocence of a charge which wrought in a great measure our unhappiness and separation. In view of our reconciliation, let me entreat your sympathy and kindness. As my ward still, no sister or daughter I could be dearer than you will be to us both. My obligations to your father can never be forgotten or obliterated from my grateful heart. Complete my happiness, my dear Adele, by suffering me to be to you a tender and devoted brother, and to your mother a dutiful and affectionate son."

He rang the bell, directed the servant to take his letter to Miss Adele, and impatiently awaited a reply. It came at the expiration of nearly an hour, which seemed to him an interminable space. He broke eagerly the seal of the delicate scented envelope. Only two finely traced lines met his eye:—

"COLONEL LAWSON:—Accept my sincere congratulations at your new-found happiness. My father's wishes, as you are aware, led to my acceptance of your suit, and I have for some time questioned our sympathy for each other. ADELE."

A faint sigh escaped him as he crushed the little missive in his hand.
"Well she will soon forget her disappointment in a happier choice."

The morrow saw Mrs. Lawson reinstated in her former home, restored, after her long separation, to her husband and child, and, stranger of all life's mysteries, bestowing the graceful hospitalities of a hostess on the wife and daughter of the man for whose fickle fancy, seven long years before, she had well nigh sacrificed reputation and all earthly good. But with a tenderer heart and a fuller faith she now took up anew the earthly mission. And Colonel Lawson? To his dying day the tempted and the sorrowful never sought his compassion in vain. The sad experience he had passed through was fruitful to him of the richest good. Happy in each other, honored and beloved, they passed on through the journey of life; and now their path slopes peacefully towards the valley of age, and the grave which leads to the country of eternal youth and blessedness.

The New York Evening Gazette says: "Sad are the stories that float in upon us from the carnival life at Long Branch, Saratoga, and other of the fashionable summer resorts. Frivolities we expect. A measurable amount of dancing and gaiety is not surprising. But we do not look to see ladies and gentlemen who are prominent in metropolitan social life engaging in downright carousals. We mean drinking and drunkenness—not one whit more or less. This has been the shame and curse of the season. It has left a blight which will sadden many lives through long years. It has, to our certain knowledge, taken two persons straight down to death."

The rattling of the dice is often the funeral bell of a whole family.