

Summerside Journal.

AND WESTERN PIONEER.

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

Vol. 2.

Summerside, Prince Edward Island, Thursday, August 8, 1867.

No. 44.

THE Summerside Journal

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Persons getting up CLUBS of TEN Subscribers will be entitled to the JOURNAL for one year. Mr. THOMAS GORDON, of Newcastle, N.B. is our Agent for that place.

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JOB PRINTING of every description, performed with neatness and despatch, at moderate rates, at the JOURNAL Office.

Summerside Markets.

SUMMERSIDE, August 8, 1867.

Oats per bush	2s 6d a 2s 9d
Barley per bush	3s a 3s 6d
Potatoes per bush	2s a 2s 3d
Turnips per bush	1s a 1s 3d
Butter per lb by Tub	10d a 1s
Lard per lb	9d a 10d
Tallow per lb	6d a 7d
Eggs per doz	4d a 5d
Beef per lb	4d a 5d
Mutton per lb	3d a 4d
Pork per lb by carcass	none
Cheese each	60s a 65s
Flour per bbl	18s a 20s
Oatmeal per cwt.	60s a 70s
Hay per Ton	1s 6d
Straw per cwt.	10s
Pine Boards	4s a 5s
Spruce Boards	4s a 5s

Business Cards.

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

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Grafton St., Queen's Square, Charlottetown
President—CHARLES PALMER, Esquire.
Cashier—JAMES ANDERSON, Esquire.
Discount Days—Mondays, Wednesdays, and 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. LYLIARD, 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.

S. W. DODD, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon,
RESIDENCE: JAMES M. PIDGEOON'S, Esq., MARGATE, P. E. I.
June 13, 1867. 3m

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

JOHN HOMER, M. D. F. M. M. S.
can be consulted at his office in Tryon;
and on Tuesdays and Wednesdays in Summerside, at the CLIFTON HOUSE.
July 11, 1867.

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.,
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 in Summerside, after the 20th of June, 1867.
June 13, 1867. tf

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.

Noth 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

NEW PUBLIC TION!
An Historical Romance of the British Provinces, entitled
"Twice Taken,"
BY CHARLES W. HALL.
Published by LEE & SHEPARD, Boston.
For sale at BERTRAM'S BOOKSTORE Summerside. m23

Business Cards.

WILLIAM M. HOWE,
Attorney-at-Law
AND NOTARY PUBLIC,
ST. ELEANOR'S, P. E. ISLAND.

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. ly

THOMAS KELLY,
Barrister - at - Law
AND
NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.
SUMMERSIDE, P. E. ISLAND.
aug. 9, 1866 ly

GEORGE ALLEY,
BARRISTER AND
Attorney-at-Law,
NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.
Telegraph Buildings, Water Street,
Charlottetown, P. E. ISLAND.

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

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

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

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.—ly

THE LONDON & LANCASHIRE FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,
HAVING A LARGE PAID UP CAPITAL,
Accepts All Classes of Risks,
At Reasonable Rates of Premium.
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 and 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 receipted, 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.

JABEZ HUDSON,
Authorized Auctioneer,
GENERAL AGENT, &c.,
TRYON, P. E. I.
June 27, 1867.

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

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

CRAWFORDS' 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.—ly

Business Cards.

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.

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

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

JOHN S. O'NEILL,
Commission Agent,
FOR
Prince Edward Island.
No. 13 North Side King Square.
ST. JOHN, N. B.
Orders executed without delay, and all Consignments promptly attended to.
Choice Wines and Liquors always on hand.
July 4, 1867.

J. F. HILL & CO.,
DEALERS IN
Potatoes, Apples, Onions,
Foreign & Domestic Fruits,
Cranberries, Beans, Green & Dried Apples
Stalls 107 and 109,
and Cellar No. 19, Faneuil Hall Market
SOUTH SIDE BOSTON.

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

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 and 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 receipted, 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.

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

CARD
WILLIAM BEAIRSTO,
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Summerside, P. E. Island.

JOHN ANDREW MACDONALD,
Importer of Dry Goods,
Hardware, Crockeryware, Groceries,
stoves, Furniture, &c. &c.
Summerside, P. E. Island.

POETRY.

NEVER DESPAIR.
Never despair! The darkest cloud
That ever loomed will pass away;
The longest night will yield to dawn,
The dawn will kindle into day!
What if around the lonely bark
Break fierce and high the waves of sorrow,
Stretch every ear! there's land ahead,
And thou wilt gain the point to-morrow!

When fortune frowns and summer friends,
Like birds that fear a storm, depart,
Some, if thy breast has tropic warmth,
Will stay and nestle round the heart!
If thou art poor, no joy is won,
No good is gained by sad repining!
Gems buried in the darkened earth
May yet be gathered for the mining!

There is no lot, however sad,
There is no roof, however low,
But has some joy to make it glad,
Some latent bliss to soothe its woe:
The light of hope will linger near
When wildest beats the heart's emotion—
A tallismen when breakers roar,
A bright star o'er the troubled ocean.

The farmer knows not if his fields
With flood or drought or blight must cope;
He questions not the fickle skies,
But ploughs, and sows, and toils in hope;
Then up and strive, and dare and do,
Nor doubt a harvest thou wilt gather
A time to work, a time to wait,
And trust to God for genial weather!

Select Literature.

LUCY EARLSTON;
OR,
THE ENGLISH HEIRESS.
BY SCOTIA.
(Continued.)

DURING this sad recital, little Lucy cried herself to sleep. Mrs. Earliston wept profusely, and it required some efforts on the part of Mr. Brookbank to prevent any moisture from appearing on his cheeks. Leaving sufficient money to meet their immediate wants, and renewing his promises of assistance, Mr. Brookbank took his leave. When he reached home he found his wife very uneasy on account of his prolonged absence. She had pictured to herself another scene, similar to that which had enacted a week previous, and was much rejoiced when, even at a late hour, her husband returned, safe and sound. He lost no time in recounting to her his adventures. The mutual conclusion was that Mrs. Earliston and Lucy, for the present, at least, should make their home under their roof.

Full twenty years had passed since this worthy couple had been joined in the holy bands of matrimony, but no tender responsibilities had appeared to gladden the household and cement more thoroughly the affection which existed between them. Mrs. Brookbank was a hard-working little woman; she toiled as diligently, though the wife of a rich merchant, as if she had been the helpmeet of a common laborer. Her charity did not come like her husband's, by fits and starts; her heart was always open, and the needy did not cry to her in vain. Upon her now involved the duty of having two strangers brought to her home. Mr. Brookbank gave the mission into her hands, knowing full well that the trust would not be betrayed.

The carriage was ordered to be in readiness at an early hour on the following morning, and Mrs. Brookbank departed on her errand of mercy. When she had arrived within a short distance of her destination, the running of men to and fro, the ringing of bells, the fire-hose stretched along the street, and all that peculiar racket and tumult attending fires, to which the inhabitants of a large city are so familiar, made it evident that a conflagration was raging somewhere in the vicinity.

Her coachman could not proceed any farther, and as it would have been dangerous for him to leave his horses to ascertain where the fire was, Mrs. Brookbank was obliged to leave the carriage, and pass along with the throng towards the point where it seemed to centre.

She managed to force her way to within one hundred feet of the place where, from the description given her, she knew the Earlistons lived, when a sight met her gaze which caused a cold chill to thrill her body. A large four-storied house, the identical one she was endeavoring to reach, presented a mass of blackened ruins; the walls were still standing, but the interior of the house was burnt out clean. The fire had communicated to the houses adjoining on each side, and the element of destruction did not yet show any signs of yielding to the strenuous efforts of the firemen. From the bystanders Mrs. Brookbank was able to obtain a fair account of the origin of the fire and the amount of damage already done.

A short time after midnight, one of the room-renters, a woman, who had been out seeing her friends, returning to her home in a very happy condition, although her brain was considerably muddled, evidently from having imbibed too much in the distillation of rye. Another of the tenants, who was lying awake at the time, remembered hearing her go up-stairs, singing in a very loud voice a ribald song. Some ten minutes after this the house was filled with smoke which issued from this unfortunate woman's room. When her door was burst open she was found suffocated in her bed, and every combustible article in the room was in flames.

The fire had spread rapidly, and thus far was not checked. Mrs. Brookbank's greatest solicitude was for Mrs. Earliston and her daughter, but they were nowhere to be seen, and nobody knew anything about them. Every effort to find whether they had perished in the burning building, or whether they had been rescued and removed to a place of

safety, proved futile, and she was obliged to return to her home without them.

In the account of the fire, as contained in the afternoon papers, it was stated that some of those who had been rendered homeless had been sheltered in the Hotel. As soon as Mrs. Brookbank read this she set off again in search of the missing ones, and she was much rejoiced in being able to find them. She had them removed to her residence without delay, and warm, comfortable clothing provided for them. The shock occasioned by the fire, and the exposure during the several hours of a winter's night, had a fatal effect on Mrs. Earliston's health. The seeds of consumption had already been sown, and they needed but little to make them germinate and produce their deadly fruit. Kind, sympathizing friends, newly-made though they were, ministered to her wants, and did all that medical skill and careful nursing could do to alleviate her suffering, and if possible to prolong her life. But it was otherwise determined. Two weeks of patient, resigned suffering, and Lucy Earliston bade adieu to mortal scenes.

Little Lucy Earliston was now motherless. Her legacy was a mother's blessing, and a few articles of comparatively little value, save as keepsakes; among them, however, were the marriage certificates of her poor mother and grandmother, and the miniature portrait before mentioned.

But though she could never again know a mother's love, and receive her devoted care and attention, she had found one who would endeavor to fill the mother's place. Mrs. Brookbank had often thought of receiving some child into her household, to raise and educate, but she saw and heard so much about the trouble and anxiety of attending the rearing of children, that the idea had never been carried out. Now, however, a friendless child was in her house, whom she must either keep or send to the almshouse. In justice to her, we must say that the latter idea was not one of her framings. From the first time that she had seen the child she had been attracted by her, and she felt happy because the darling wish of her whole married life was to be realized, and there was now one to whom she could be as a mother, and who could be to her as a daughter.

Mr. Brookbank lost no time in fulfilling his part of the programme. Lucy was formally adopted by him as his child, and a codicil to his will was made, by which, in the event of his death, she would be entitled to one-half of his estate.

The next fifteen years of Lucy's life require but a brief mention. Everything that wealth could command, or love could bestow, was hers. She was daily grateful to her foster parents, and she did all that her happy disposition could invent or devise to repay them. Her genial nature made their house radiant with brightness, and a perpetual sunshine seemed to rest upon it, making everything cheery and glad. Mr. and Mrs. Brookbank thought that their previous life must have been a blank—a desert waste—when compared with the present. There are some angels in this world, few it may be, but where they do exist, the stern reality of life is robbed of half its terrors. To be sure, there was sickness and sorrow, and even death in the household; but these are part and parcel of ourselves; they will come to us, and we must meet them. Lucy could rejoice when all was well, and she could sympathize and comfort when consolation was precious.

During this decade and a half, Mrs. Brookbank had paid the debt of nature. Her devoted consort could not do otherwise than mourn for the loss of her who had been the partner of his joys and sorrows for many years; but his grief was tendered with the thought that there was one near him who could minister to him during his declining years, and when his lamp of life burned out could mourn for him.

There is time to weep and a time to be merry. The ever-varying scenes of life are bright as well as dark. Now to the bright.

A young lady of beauty, refinement, and of fortune, could not possibly attain her legal majority without having some aspirants for her hand.

The Brookbank mansion was the abode of hospitality. Visitors without number visited there—old and young, married and unmarried, rich and in moderate circumstances—attracted somehow, but all having real or ostensible cause for their visits. Of all these visitors there is but one with whom we have to do. Despite his common-place name, Charles Jones ranked high above the ordinary run of men. He was a lawyer, not a mere pettifogger, but an advocate well versed in all that pertained to the legal profession; one who, when his mind had become thoroughly matured, might, with honor to himself and credit to his country, be called upon to occupy a position in the supreme judicial tribunal of the land. A man of good family, a graduate of a far-famed university, handsome in person, and possessing an engaging manner, he was loved by Lucy Earliston, not for anything outward, but for real, intrinsic worth. This love was duly reciprocated, and their vows were pledged with the full consent of Mr. Brookbank; but he could not think for a moment of losing his darling, and so in deference to him the loving pair were obliged to postpone to some future day the solemn ceremony which should bind them together.

When Lucy was in her twenty-second year an event occurred for which she had long prayed and hoped. It was nothing less than the discovery of her father. It came to pass in this wise:

Mr. Brookbank was a member of the Mercantile Library, and in his daily visits down town, (he had some years previous returned from business) he very often dropped into the library to read the news. Here, as almost all know, are kept files of the leading English papers. One day Mr. Brookbank was looking over the London Times. This paper is supposed to be a true representation of the sentiments of the British people, and Mr. Brookbank, having some curiosity to know, although its utterances were very distasteful to him. On this particular day he became so disgusted with something it contained, that he caught a number of leaves of the journal, and threw them over with a jerk; in so doing a familiar name met his eye, and

his attention was fixed on an advertisement at the head of the second column of the first page. It was as follows:

"WANTED.—Information concerning William Doster, formerly of London. Address, EDWARD GREYSON, Solicitor, London.

The old gentleman thought that this person was certainly some relation of his Lucy, possibly her grand father; and taking a memorandum of the solicitor's name and address, he hurried home. As before mentioned, the desire to know something about her relatives, especially her father, was a long cherished one of Lucy's. The subject had been talked over and over, time and again, but thus far no definite plan of action had been agreed upon.

Mr. Brookbank thought he had now some news that would prove very acceptable to Lucy. Perhaps his haste was too good, or his mind was in a perturbed state. Be this as it may, when about half way home he discovered that some of the light-fingered genies had been so kind as to relieve him of his pocket book, in which was the slip with the name and address aforesaid, which he could not trust his memory to reproduce correctly. (This was the second pocket book he had lost while his thoughts were about Lucy.) Should he return to the library, or go home and tell what he had learned? Happily, as the sequel will show, the latter course was decided upon.

That afternoon Mr. Brookbank indited a letter, the purport of which was that Lucy Earliston, the grand-daughter of William Doster, deceased, formerly of London, had been an inmate of his house for the last fifteen years; that the identity of said Lucy Earliston could be proved, if necessary; and that for the reliability of the writer, the solicitor was referred to the well-known mercantile house of Brown and Brown, with whom he had been long acquainted.

The letter was enveloped, and wanted only the superscription to be ready for mailing. This desideratum would be supplied when Mr. Brookbank should visit the library on the following morning.

The next day found him again in the library, standing opposite the file of the London Times. He turned over several leaves until he brought to view the first page of the latest copy received. But what caused him to tighten his eye-glasses, and fasten them more securely on his nose? What caused that curious, puzzled expression?

"Have I been dreaming? This is surely not what I saw yesterday," he muttered to himself, as he read:

"WANTED.—Information concerning Lucy Earliston, daughter of William Doster, deceased, formerly of London. Address, CARSTAIN AND SON, Solicitors, London."

For awhile he pondered, and then turned back to the paper of the next previous date. But again he arranged his eye-glasses, and the bewildered expression was renewed. He now read:—

"WANTED.—Information concerning Lucy Clayton, who married William Doster, formerly of London. Address, RICHARD BOTHOKE, Solicitor, London.

"This is the most astonishing thing I ever saw! Am I in my right senses?" came forth from his lips.

Again he thinks, and after a few minutes he turned back to the issue of the next preceding date, where he found the advertisement that he had seen the day before, which had been inserted first, and which was first seen by him. It required considerable turning over of the papers, and no small amount of calm reasoning, to dissolve the mystery. His conclusions were that the first advertisement had suggested the second; that the first and second, conjointly or singly, had led to the third; and that the two latest papers had been placed on the file since his last visit.

When his mind had become settled he made verbatim copies of the three advertisements. The mail steamer would sail the next day. In order to lose no time he repaired to the bank, of which he was a director, and there directed the letter written the day before, and also wrote two other letters somewhat similar to it. The three letters were stamped and deposited in the post-office.

We will forbear giving any of the innumerable conjectures made by Lucy and Mr. Brookbank, and await the developments.

(Conclusion in our next.)

CAPACITY OF THE HUMAN LUNGS.

Nearly all the quadrupeds, as well as man, have a vocal apparatus nearly alike. There is an elastic semi-cartilaginous box, called a *larynx*, in which are two thin membranes put upon the stretch, like two short, thin ribbons—edge to edge. Below are the lungs, acting on the principle of bellows, which force a current of air up through the windpipe, and as it rushes between the tense margins of the vocal chords or ribbons, makes them vibrate. Such is the origin of the voice. Modified by the shape of the mouth, play of the tongue, movement of the lips, and the opposing firmness of the teeth, in connection with the cavities in the cheek-bones and nose, we have the human voice. All animal gradations below humanity, where the brain is less in volume and inferior in capacity, there is rarely much more than a simple characteristic voice, as the lowing of an ox, the bray of an ass, the barking of a dog, etc., which is a vibration of the vocal chords without much modification. Monkeys, orangoutangs, and the quadrumania generally, at most can only howl and chatter without giving any distinct, articulate sounds.

Our voices, then, are produced by the tremor or vibration of the chords, such as the sound is produced in the hautboy by a double reed. In birds, however, the reed is placed at the lower end of the windpipe, near the bellows—and any variation of tone which they are able to produce is by opening and closing the bill—equivalent to raising or closing a finger-hole on a flute. Insects are furnished with means of making sound by quite a different kind of mechanism, as they are without lungs or vibrating chords.