

Summerside Journal.

A AND W ESTERN P IONEER .

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

Vol. 3.

Summerside, Prince Edward Island, Thursday, July 9, 1868.

No. 40.

THE Summerside Journal, IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY EVENING,

BY JOSEPH BERTRAM, AT HIS OFFICE, CENTRAL STREET.

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.

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Almanac for July, 1868.

MOON'S PHASES.

Full Moon, 4th day, 4h. 27m., even. b. the hzn. Last Qtr., 13th day, 8h. 25m., evn. b. the hzn. New Moon, 19th day, 4h. 44m., evn. bear. N. First Qtr. 26th day, 9h. 39m., mor. below hzn.

D. MON.	DAY	WEEK	SUN					Sun sun's moon days					
			h	m	s	clock	sets	h	m	s	clock	sets	len.
1	Wed	4	18	7	49	3	35	23	5	2	15	15	31
2	Thu	19	19	49	3	47	23	0	2	56	30		
3	Fri	20	49	3	58	22	56	risen		29			
4	Sat	21	48	4	8	22	50	7	28	28			
5	Sun	21	48	4	19	22	45	8	27	27			
6	Mo	21	48	4	29	22	39	8	52	27			
7	Tue	4	22	7	48	4	38	22	32	9	25	15	26
8	Wed	23	48	4	47	22	25	9	56	25			
9	Thu	24	47	4	56	22	18	10	24	24			
10	Fri	24	47	5	5	22	11	10	23	23			
11	Sat	25	46	5	13	22	3	11	17	21			
12	Sun	26	46	5	20	21	54	11	45	20			
13	Mo	4	27	4	5	28	21	47	18	18			
14	Tue	28	44	5	34	21	37	0	18	15	16	15	30
15	Wed	29	44	5	40	21	27	0	54	15			
16	Thu	30	43	5	46	21	17	1	30	13			
17	Fri	31	42	5	51	21	7	2	20	11			
18	Sat	32	41	5	56	20	57	3	17	9			
19	Sun	33	40	6	0	20	46	3	7	7			
20	Mo	34	39	6	4	20	34	8	5	5			
21	Tue	4	35	38	6	7	20	23	8	57	15	3	2
22	Wed	36	37	37	6	10	20	11	9	34	2		
23	Thu	37	36	6	12	19	59	10	7	49			
24	Fri	38	35	6	13	18	46	10	40	57			
25	Sat	39	34	6	14	19	33	11	6	55			
26	Sun	40	33	6	14	19	20	11	45	53			
27	Mo	41	32	6	13	16	6	10	51				
28	Tue	42	31	6	12	18	52	0	16	49			
29	Wed	43	29	6	10	18	38	0	53	46			
30	Thu	45	28	6	8	18	24	1	33	43			
31	Fri	46	27	6	5	18	9	2	25	41			

Summerside Markets, June 20.

Oats per bush	3s 6d
Potatoes per bush	2s 8d
Turnips per bush	1s 3d
Butter per lb	10s 1d
Lard per lb	9d a 10d
Tallow per lb	9d a 10d
Eggs per doz	8d
Beef per lb	6d a 7d
Mutton per lb	4d a 5d
Pork per lb by carcass	3d a 5d
Flour per bbl	48s a 50s
Onion per cwt	18s a 20s
Pine Boards	10s
Spruce Boards	4s a 5s

Business Cards.

BANK OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND Corner of Queen & Water Sts., Charlottetown. President—HON. DANIEL BRENNAN. Cashier—WILLIAM GUSDALE, 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. Crofton 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. GARDNER. Cashier—E. L. LYDIARD, 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.

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.

Co-partnership Notice. The Partners have this day entered into Partnership as PLASTERERS, under the name, style and firm of Smith & McDonald.

Ships Carvings. FOR SALE, at the Store of Mr. DONALD RAMSAY, a good selection of SCROLLS and FIGURE HEADS, which will be sold for cash. Summerside, March 26, 1868.—lf

Business Cards.

DR. JARVIS Has Removed His Residence to the House (lately occupied by Mr McKinlay) next to Thomas Hunt's, Esq., St Eleanor's. He may be consulted every Forenoon at the Drug Store of W. T. HUNT & Co., Summerside. Lt. Eleanor's, May 18, 1868.

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

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

R. & W. T. HUNT, Commission Merchants, GENERAL AGENTS AND AUCTIONEERS. SALESROOM AND OFFICE Head of Queen's Wharf (Opposite the Store of Wm. T. Hunt & Co.) Summerside, P. E. Island April 2, 1868. ly

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

HANFORD BROTHERS, Successors to Thomas Hanford, Commission Merchants, And General Agents, 11 NORTH MARKET WHARF, ST. JOHN, N. B. Chas. U. Hanford, Fred. S. Hanford. Jan. 21, 1868.

James Greenough, FLOUR Commission Merchant, No 47 Commercial Street Corner of Clinton Street --- BOSTON. C. L. RICHARDS, Importer and Wholesale Dealer in British & Foreign Groceries.

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

Barber Shop! The subscriber respectfully announces to the people of Summerside, and the public in general, that he has opened a BARRER SHOP! on Water Street, in the room adjoining the Post Office, where he is prepared to do all work appertaining to his profession. Best assortment of Hair Oils, Hair Restorers, Tooth Powders, Dyes, &c.

Wesleyan Bazaar. THE LADIES OF THE SEWING CIRCLE in connection with the Wesleyan Church and Congregation at SUMMERSIDE intend holding a GRAND BAZAAR in the DRILL SHED, on the 15th day of JULY next. In connection with the Bazaar will be A Tea Meeting! Any contributions will be thankfully received by the President, Mrs. R. A. Strong; Mrs. Richardson, Mrs. Asher Macky and Mrs. C. W. Strong. MRS. A. McRAE, Sec'y. Summerside, May 28, 1868.

Dunk River Mills. THE Subscriber having granted the Property known as the DUNK RIVER MILLS, Lot 26, wishes to inform his friends and the public in general, that the whole of the same are now in good working order, viz., the Grist Mill, Saw Mill, Shingle and Carding Mill. Lumber of all kinds on hand and for Sale. Parties wishing to buy SHINGLES had better examine ours before purchasing elsewhere. June 4, 1868—lf DAVID ROGERS.

Notice. ALL Persons indebted to the Estate of JOSHUA MORRILL, late of Summerside, deceased, are requested to make immediate payment to SARAH MORRILL; and all persons having any claims against the Estate, are requested to hand in their Accounts duly attested, to the same. SARAH MORRILL, Executrix. W. G. STRONG, Executor. Summerside, May 25, 1868. 4in

Scrap & Old Cast Iron. The Subscriber will buy any quantity of the above, delivered at his Warehouse. JAMES L. HOLMAN Summerside, January, 1868.

Now is the time to subscribe for the Journal—only \$1 a year

Business Cards.

"FOUNTAIN HOUSE," CENTRAL STREET, SUMMERSIDE! THE subscriber most respectfully returns his thanks to the public who so liberally patronized him heretofore in the "Union House," and wishes to inform them that he has again opened up, next door to his old stand, a

Boarding House & Bar. Having plenty of yard room, and excellent and commodious STABLING, he is prepared to make all comfortable who may patronize the "FOUNTAIN HOUSE." DAVID GRADY, Fountain House, Summerside, Feb. 27, 1868. } tf

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

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.

Temperance House, The Subscriber has opened a House on the corner of Water and North Street, nearly opposite Holman's Wharf, Summerside, where permanent and transient boarders can be accommodated on reasonable terms. The House will be kept open to accommodate passengers in the Steamer. In addition to the above he has opened an EATING SALOON, where Luncheons and Temperance Drinks can be had at any time. JOHN B. SCHURMAN. Summerside, April 9, 1868.

3000 BLOCKS, NOW READY FOR SALE AT COSTIN'S LOCK SHOP, SUMMERSIDE! THE subscriber begs leave to direct the attention of SHIP BUILDERS and SHIP OWNERS, to his BLOCK SHOP, where he has now, and will constantly keep on hand, a large lot of BLOCKS, of all sizes, which will be sold at the lowest Island prices, and 25 PER CENT. OFF FOR CASH.

CO-Partnership Notice. THE Subscribers have this day entered into 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.

THOMAS KELLY, Barrister - at - Law AND NOTARY PUBLIC, &c. SUMMERSIDE, P. E. ISLAND. aug. 9, 1868

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 Messrs Green & Schurman, in Summerside. June 13, 1867. lf

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

THOMAS FRIZZEL, Boot and shoe Maker, 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. ly

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, 1868.

POETRY.

THE TEMPTER. SAID the wind to the lamp on the lighthouse tower, "Come out and play with me; Thou shalt light my path in the midnight hour, Alone o'er the stormy sea."

He whistled in vain o'er the raging foam And woo'd—for no answer came; While safe and bright in its lofty home Burnt the coy and steadfast flame.

"Come away, come away, thou art a prisoner there; While others may revel free; My soft caresses come merrily share, Come hither and play with me."

"I may be lured from my eyrie above, To light thee o'er billow of foam; Much peril I see in thy boisterous love, Much safety for me in my home."

He toyed with the lattice so softly—as sweet At the zephyr of evening his breath— Till he laid full the warmth of his love at her feet! And she yielded to freedom—and death!

O, maidens! the lamp in that lighthouse tower Has no'er out of darkness arisen: Beware of the perilous love of an hour, Of the feeling that home is a prison.

Select Literature. RECOMPENSE. BY E. M. Concluded. "Have dinner promptly to-day, Anna," he said to his wife. "And, on the whole, perhaps you had better have it half an hour earlier, at half-past two. He will probably be here in a few moments. The steamer will sail at half-past five, and three hours will be little time enough to get through dinner, and reach the boat."

But half-past two came, and then the regular dinner hour, and again the family ate alone. Then Mr. Whitcomb started for the wharf, and remained till the steamer moved from her moorings, and turned her prow seaward.

The next morning, Mrs. Whitcomb was considerably surprised when her husband announced that he should not probably be home to dinner, as he was going to drive out to the Fremont Mines, and see why Mr. Sprague had not kept his engagement.

"Why, what all you, Alvan?" exclaimed she. "One would think that this Sprague was an old school-fellow or tried friend of years' standing, and that you had spent years with him, instead of barely an hour, at the strange interest you manifest in him. You are usually very shy and cautious in your friendships. Why do you vary your custom so in this case, and allow your enthusiasm to run wild?"

"Because Mr. Sprague is a brother in Masonry, and is far away from home and friends and all that is dear and sacred."

"Well, you Masons are a queer set. Do they all live up to this high fraternal standard?"

"All who are good and faithful members do. There are black sheep in all flocks, but probably no more in the Masonic folds than any other."

Mr. Whitcomb's carriage was driven up just at that moment; and he got in, spoke a pleasant good-morning, and was soon out of sight.

The day was bland and pleasant, one of those delightful ones which partial Nature seems to take delight in sprinkling the California climate with, and Mr. Whitcomb was longer than usual in reaching his destination. However, he reached there after a time, and his attention was almost immediately attracted by quite a large crowd collected around the cabin of Richard Sprague. Touching his horse up, he was soon on the spot; where he learned that Sprague had been found dead in his cabin the day before, and this was his funeral.

He had probably died some time in the night, and his body was cold and stiff when discovered. But it must have been a peaceful passing away; for his features were calm and placid, and betokened no symptoms of pain in the last moments.

husband had started for the Western El Dorado,—now between seven and eight years ago. They lived in a very modest style, much more so than was required of them from the amounts sent home by Richard, from which she had now in the bank a little over three thousand dollars. She cared little for display of any kind, and thought she would keep as much as she could against the day Richard returned, when, if he then willed, they should live in a little better style, and surround themselves with any luxuries that poor Richard might wish, after denying himself so long in the rude wilderness. Besides, she thought, some dreadful accident might happen, and he lose all he had, when it would be so useful.

Her life almost consisted in reading her husband's letters, and caring for and educating little Willie. Every little while, as he grew older, she detected some new feature of Richard in his sweet face, or noted a new movement or peculiarity that was so like her husband that she could almost see him before her as he was before he took that cruel journey, a row prolonged to such an extent, growing more unaccountable each day of the time that lately passed on.

It had been six months since she had heard a word from the wanderer, and she was growing almost frantic. His longest silence had never exceeded two months, and then three letters came together. He made it a rule to write almost ever mail, and she wrote as often to him. And what to make of this long silence she did not know. The box Mr. Whitcomb had sent never reached her, for the simple reason that the gentleman had happened to open one of her letters written from a little country place where she was boarding for a few weeks, and no one there knowing about her, the box was kept the usual time, and then sold to some bidder, who appropriated the contents that were valuable and burnt the rest.

Another six months passed on; and Margaret Sprague determined to know the worst, resolved to go herself in search of her husband, and find him alive, or learn his fate if dead. So she secured and got together what means she was in possession of, and, after paying her passage, found she still had about twenty-seven hundred and fifty dollars. This she thought would enable her to search for Richard, and then, if successful, get him home again with enough to keep starvation off until she could go to teaching, or procure some other means of livelihood.

And so it happened that within a few days of nine years after Richard Sprague landed in a rude town rapidly receiving additions of adventurers from all parts of the world, his wife set foot on the wharf of what seemed to be a finer city than the one she had left, because here the buildings were all new, and of more modern build. She had just looked around upon the beautiful city with admiration, and was wondering which hotel she should go to, when she suddenly thought she would reward the porter of the boat, who had been very kind to her on two or three occasions, and who had just brought her last bundle ashore. But what was her dismay, when she felt for her purse, to find it gone. Then she felt for her valuable papers, which she had received from the clerk not more than fifteen minutes before, and which she surely thought she had placed in a secure place; but they were also gone. She was a stranger in a strange city, three thousand miles from home, and not a cent in her pocket.

For an instant, as the dreadful truth flashed upon her, she grew faint and dizzy, and almost fell. But, recovering herself, she made known her loss, and then asked a gentleman standing by what she could do. He was only noncommittal, and suggested three or four methods of procedure, which a glance showed her were impracticable. The hackmen, who a moment before were almost ready to fight over her baggage, and only awaited a nod from her to seize it greedily, and assist her and Willie into the carriage, now grew as shy of the baggage as though it contained a body just dead with the small-pox, and looked at her loweringly, inwardly cursing her for making them lose another passenger, whom they all thought, from his dress,—of less consequence than her.

Officers were immediately started on the track of any and everything upon which to base a claim, but discovered nothing.

"Don't cry, mother," said Willie, his own heart almost ready to burst, and his eyes looking suspiciously red. "I'll warrant we can get a place to sleep for a few days; and, if we don't find father, I can get some work to do."

Spoken bravely for a twelve-year-old; and, until one gets a reputation, the laziest, most thievish ones to be found seem to be in just as much demand as the honest, faithful, and carefully nurtured ones.

"If this will be of any service to you, madam," remarked a gentleman who had stood there long enough to hear her story, "you are welcome. Some of these people may be able to do something. It is well to be under Christian influences. I am pretty well acquainted in the city, and think your best course will be to call on some of these gentlemen. They are presidents and treasurers of the various religious charitable institutions of the city."

Poor Maggie took the paper and the gentleman passed on.

Getting permission to have her baggage placed in a store on the wharf for a day or two, she took Willie by the hand, and set out in search for her husband. She soon found where the Fremont Mines were, but found that it was some distance from the city, and it would not be advisable for her to start that day. So she thought she would look for a place to stay over night, and get something to eat.

The first gentleman she called on was treasurer of one of the institutions. She stated her case, and asked him if he could advise her what to do. But he could think of no place at that moment; he should be glad to offer her a little money; but, to tell the truth, their field was not at home, but abroad. They worked in connection with societies in the East, for the redemption of heathen souls in India. Thought she had better apply to one of the home societies.

To one of these she went. The agent received her blandly, listened unconcernedly to her story, and then said he was very sorry, but their last collection had been very light, and they had not realized near enough to translate the Bible into

Chinese, for the benefit of this rapidly increasing population of San Francisco.

Another society was organized solely to send tracts to the people of the Sandwich Islands; was out of their line; regrets, &c.

"Can you tell me," asked Maggie, as the man was bowing her off the steps, "if there is a society in the city for the purpose of sending cotton-flannel under-shirts to the little children of Africa?"

"The door closed with a slam, and the poor wife pursued her way, to meet with a rebuff at almost every turn.

Footsore and heart-sick, Maggie at last reached the mines where her husband had been. As luck would have it, the first place she reached was a little open spot near where Richard's cabin stood, still unoccupied, surrounded by a verid others. She saw a couple of men approaching, and waited till they came up.

"Can you tell me anything about Richard Sprague?" she asked, in a faltering tone, awaiting breathlessly the answer.

"His wife, I reckon," said one, in a low tone, turning to the other, "come to cry over his grave. Handsome, though, ain't she?"

"Yes, ma'am," said one. "His cabin's right thar. He's down under the big pine tree at the foot of you hill."

"Oh! praise the Lord!" she cried joyfully, breaking away, and running down the hill. "Come Willie! in one minute we shall be clasped to your father's heart and then all our troubles are over."

"Guess the gal misunderstood my meaning," said the miner, looking after the two. "Can't be she don't know Dick's dead? She's handsome, ain't she?"

Maggie reached the foot of the hill, and looked all around. All was still. There was a tall pine-tree, but no one was under it. Suddenly her eye rested upon something, and she trembled with apprehension. She drew nearer, and saw on a coarse stone,—

RICHARD SPRAGUE, Died. —

She gave a shriek, and fell directly across the little mound. But Willie brought water in his hat, and bathed her face, and under this treatment she soon revived. Seeing the two men standing at the top of the hill, she sent Willie to make enquiries concerning the dead husband and father. When Willie returned, she seemed quite resigned and collected again; but her face was pale and haggard, and her eyes blood-shot.

"The men say that Mr. Whitcomb took all father's things with him to the city," said Willie. "They don't know his other name; but they said he came in a carriage to the funeral, and threw some evergreen into the coffin."

Maggie did not take the meaning of the last sentence, until, after several days of fruitless search, she had about given up in despair. Then she thought how dull she had been, and looked in the first newspaper she found for the names of the officers of some Lodge. Then her search was easy. She found Mr. Whitcomb, and asked him about the effects of Richard Sprague.

After he had told her all he knew of him, and how he had sent his effects to her, she told her story, and prepared to take her departure.

"But what are you going to do now," he asked.

"I don't know, sir," she replied. "Only He knows who w'tches over and protects the widow and the fatherless."

"And I" has sent me to answer the question," said Mr. Whitcomb. "I am not a drone in the hive of nature, and am doing a large mercantile business. Our house appears to be, as a curt home to the girl of ten years came bounding into the room just then,—her's the playmate for your boy there. She's a good little girl, and tries to make every one around her happy. Don't you, Pet?"

Her answer was only a saucy shake of her curly head, and a smile and an affectionate glance cast at the mother and her son.

Mrs. Sprague's story somehow got into the papers, to which she owed the following, received one day about a month afterwards:—

Dear Madam,—I saw a notice of you in the papers some days since, and hasten to make the following confession:

Going through the country of the Fremont Mines nearly two years ago, I entered the cabin of a miner, who was known as Dick Sprague, early one morning