

Summerside Journal.

AND WESTERN PIONEER.

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

Vol. 4.

Summerside, Prince Edward Island, Thursday, October 22, 1868.

No. 3.

THE Summerside Journal.

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

Almanac for October, 1868.

MOON'S PHASES.

Full Moon, 1st day, 3h. 46m. evening, N. E. Last Quarter, 9th day, 2h. 1m., morning, N. W. New Moon, 15th day, 6h. 49m., evening, W. First Qtr. 23rd day, 5h. 30m., morning, S. Full Moon, 31st day, 6h. 53m. morning, W.

D. MOON	DAY	WEEK	SUN	SUN	SUN	MOON	DAY
			rise	set	sun	rise	long
			h m	h m	h m	h m	
1	Thurs	6	1 5	35 10	29 3	2 4	5 35 11 36
2	Frid	7	2	33 10	48 3	4 7	6 24 31
3	Sat	8	4	31 11	6 4	10	6 53 17
4	Sun	9	6	29 11	25 4	33	7 24 27
5	Mon	8	8	27 11	42 4	56	8 2 23
6	Tues	6	9 5	25 12	0 5	19	8 45 19
7	Wed	10	10	24 12	17 5	42	9 38 18
8	Thurs	12	12	23 12	34 6	5 10	10 33 11 14
9	Frid	13	13	20 12	50 6	28 11	11 35 11
10	Sat	14	14	18 13	5 6	5 11	morn 7
11	Sun	16	17	17 13	20 7	14	0 43 4
12	Mon	17	15	15 13	35 7	36	1 57 1
13	Tues	6	18 5	12 13	49 7	59	3 9 10 58
14	Wed	19	19	11 14	2 8	21	4 22 54
15	Thurs	20	19	10 14	16 8	53	5 52 52
16	Frid	21	21	8 14	28 9	5	6 50 47
17	Sat	22	22	6 14	40 9	27	6 43 47
18	Sun	24	24	4 14	51 9	49	7 20 40
19	Mon	26	31	5 15	2 10	11	8 2 39
20	Tues	6	28 5	115 12	10 23	8	5 1 33
21	Wed	29 4	59 15	21 20	51 9	40	30 20
22	Thurs	30	57 15	30 11	15 10	33	10 27
23	Frid	31	55 15	38 11	36 11	28	24 24
24	Sat	32	53 15	46 11	57	morn	21
25	Sun	34	52 15	52 12	18	0 25	18
26	Mon	36	50 15	58 12	28	2 24	14
27	Tues	37 4	49 16	4 12	59	2 24	12
28	Wed	39	48 16	8 13	19	3 22	9
29	Thurs	41	46 16	12 13	39	4 26	5
30	Frid	42	44 16	15 13	58	riser	2
31	Sat	43	43 17	17 14	18	5 30	0

Summerside Markets.

Commodity	Price
Oats per bush	2s 6d a 2s 8d
Potatoes per bush	1s 3d a 1s 6d
Turnips per bush	10d a 1s
Butter per lb by Tub	13d a 14d
Lard per lb	10d a 11d
Tallow per lb	9d a 10d
Eggs per doz	9d a 10d
Beef per lb	3d a 4d
Mutton per lb	2d a 3d
Hides per lb	4d
Mackerel per doz	2s a 3s
Codfish per qt	16 a 17
Pork per lb by carcass	5d a 5d
Flour per bbl	45s a 50s
Oatmeal per cwt.	15s a 18s
Hay per Ton	50s a 60s
Pine Boards	10s a 10s
Spruce Boards	4s a 5s

Business Cards.

BANK OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND. Corner of Great George & King Streets, Charlottetown.

President—HON. DANIEL BREXAN. Cashier—WILLIAM CHENDELL, 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. 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.

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. St. Eleanor's, May 18, 1868.

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

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.

Business Cards.

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 BEARSTO, Commission Merchant, Auctioneer & General Agent, WATER STREET, Summerside, P. E. Island. Jan. 21, 1868.

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

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

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.

CARVELL BROTHERS, AUCTIONEERS, Commission Merchants, And General Agents, BANK BUILDING, QUEEN STREET, 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

C. L. RICHARDS, Importer and Wholesale Dealer in British & Foreign Groceries.

J. Head North Wharf, ST. JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK. Dec. 6, 1867. ly

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. Charlottetown, June 20, 1868—ly

A. W. ANDRES, Marble Worker, Point Du Chene, Shediac N. B.

MONUMENTS, TOMBS, GRAVE-STONES, &c., &c. AMERICAN AND ITALIAN MARBLE constantly on hand.

Can furnish Gravestones and Monuments at a less price than any other establishment in the Province, and pay a duty besides. ORDERS can be left at BERTRAM'S Book Store and at D. ENMAN'S, Esq., Summerside, or sent to

A. W. ANDRES, Point Du Chene, June 11th, 1868.

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, 1868.

CRAWFORD'S HOTEL, No. 9, King Square, ST. JOHN, N. B.

THE subscriber having thoroughly refitted and enlarged his HOTEL and STORE, is now prepared to accommodate Permanent and Transient Boarders on the most reasonable terms. ALSO, in connection a GROCERY STORE, where every article required for house use may be had. J. CRAWFORD & SON. Sept. 10, 1868. ly

FOUNTAIN HOUSE, North side King Square, (next to Park Hotel) ST. JOHN, N. B.

JAMES W. THOMPSON, PROPRIETOR. THE Proprietor of the above HOTEL takes this opportunity to return thanks for the liberal patronage hitherto received, and most respectfully solicits a continuance of the same. This HOTEL is very pleasantly situated, and commands a view of King Square, and other parts of the City. In connection with the Hotel, is GOOD STABLES, and a careful Hostler in attendance. Parties coming from Prince Edward Island with horses will find this establishment the most comfortable in the City, and a person always at the Cars on their arrival. St. John, Sept. 10, 1868. ly

Business Cards.

BARBER SHOP! THE subscriber respectfully announces to the people of Summerside, and the public in general, that he has opened a Barber 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., always on hand on the most reasonable terms. Boxes CRYSTAL BLUE also for sale. RAZORS carefully put in order. CHAS. OTTO WINKLER. Summerside, Jan 30, 1868.

Invitation to Shipbuilders! 3000 BLOCKS, NOW READY FOR SALE AT COSTIN'S BLOCK 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. Remember those are not the Blocks you read about which have no Dashing in the Sheaves, and 2 Rivets which is required. Parties purchasing Blocks should always drive out the pins and examine the inside, as many vessels have been lost in consequence of bad Blocks. The fastest vessels that ever sailed from this Island were furnished with Blocks from the subscribers Factory, (the New Dominion, Undine, Zuleka, Keewadin, and others.) ALSO—Ships Wheels, finished with neatness and made substantial. Deck Plugs, Pumps, &c., &c. Reference can be made to Hon. J. C. Pope, John Yeo, Esq., and Capt. Richards. JOHN COSTIN. Feb. 27, 1868. ly

HALL'S Threshing Machines, AND OTHER Farming Implements.

FARMERS wanting the very best THRESHING MACHINES, such as will enable them to get their grain threshed early for market, made of the best material, having the latest improvement, and much superior to the old style, will find them at the Establishment of the Subscriber.

FARMERS having Mowing Machines out of order and wanting them refitted and thoroughly repaired, can have it done at Hall's Establishment.

FARMERS wanting a good set of FANNERS that will raise the wind, can purchase them cheap at Hall's Establishment. In fact Farmers can obtain at Hall's Establishment every Farming Implement required on a farm—even a

Mowing Machine itself, as one is now being manufactured, and can be inspected at Hall's Establishment. Carts, Trunks, &c. on hand, and repaired at short notice.

IRON TURNING, such as axles, mill work, and every other description, done to order. THOMAS HALL. Summerside, July 2, 1868.

SUMMERSIDE LIVERY STABLES, (HOLMAN'S WHARF.) HORSES & CARRIAGE (open and covered), furnished at the shortest notice, and at moderate prices.

Horses boarded on reasonable terms. A competent person will be in attendance, day and night, on arrival of the steamer, to convey Passengers and Baggage to and from the Hotels. Residence nearly opposite James L. Holman's Wholesale Warehouse. JAMES MANN, Manager. Summerside, Aug. 17, 1868.

Phoenix Livery Stables. THOMAS CARNS, PROPRIETOR. Near Summerside.

HORSES, CARRIAGES, &c., of every description to let. Coaches and Horses in attendance at all hours. Boarding Horses kept on reasonable terms. Parties coming to this part of the Island to purchase horses will do well to call at these stables. Passengers on board the steamer can receive instructions as to locality &c. on application to the steward of boat. Aug. 6, 1868

Job Work done at the Journal Office with neatness and despatch.

MAILS. SUMMER ARRANGEMENT. THE Mails for the United Kingdom, the neighboring Provinces, the United States, &c., will, until further notice, be cosed at the General Post Office, Charlottetown, as follows, viz:—

For Canada, New Brunswick, and the United States, via Shediac, every Tuesday and Friday Evening, at 7 o'clock.

For Nova Scotia, via Pictou, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday evening, at 7 o'clock.

Mails for Great Britain, Newfoundland, and the West Indies, every alternate Monday and Wednesday evenings, at 7 o'clock, as follows:—

Day	Time	Destination
Monday	Aug. 10	Monday, do 19
Wednesday	do 12	Wednesday, do 21
Monday	do 24	Monday, Nov'r 2
Wednesday	do 26	Wednesday, do 4
Monday	Sept 7	Monday, do 16
Wednesday	do 9	Wednesday, do 18
Monday	do 21	Monday, do 30
Wednesday	do 23	Wednesday, Dec 2
Monday	Oct 5	Monday, do 14
Wednesday	do 7	Wednesday, do 16

Mails for Summerside, St. Eleanor's, and Bedouet, to be forwarded per Steamer, will be closed every Tuesday and Friday evening at 7 o'clock.

And Mails for Georgetown and Sonris, per Steamer, every Friday evening, at 7 o'clock. Letters to be registered, and newspapers, must be posted half an hour before the time of closing the Mails.

THOMAS OWEN, P. M. G. General Post Office, Ch'Town, } May, 4 1868. }

POETRY.

AT THE NARROW GATE. Faint and weary is my heart, Bleeding are my wayworn feet; Streaming are my eyes which smart

With the blinding dust and heat; Burdensome hath been my load On the hard and rugged road.

Dark have been my crimes, and great. Long I've trod the path of sin; Knocking at the narrow gate, Now I feign would enter in; I would leave my load behind, Peace and pardon I would find.

Contrite is my broken heart, Overcome my stubborn will; I can nevermore depart; Thou though slay me I must still Trust thy mercy and thy grace. While I hide my blushing face.

I am full of sin and guilt, Filthy garments cover me, But for me that blood was spilt Which was shed on Calvary; Wash me in the purple gore, Wash me that I sin no more.

Wash me white as drifting snow, Cleanse me in the flowing tide; Only Christ then will I know, Christ, my Saviour, crucified, Thou who dying bled for me, Set the panting captive free.

Jesus, take my trembling hand, Open wide the heavenly gate; Lead me to that holy land, Up the narrow way and straight, I will follow thee always, Even to life's latest day.

Select Literature.

CARFIELD'S WILL.

We cannot stand still in this world; we must either go backward or forward; so Trevanion galloped on to the bad as fast as he could. He quarreled with Edward, and once even struck him; but although the young man turned deadly pale, he did not return the blow, but endeavored to mollify Trevanion who being generally in a half-mad state was easily managed. Trevanion had an iron constitution, and would not die, although he was, with Edward's assistance, doing his best to get into the grave.

In the midst of this dreadful life the unhappy man seemed sometimes to realize his degradation, and would pause with the glass half raised to his lips, and then set it down like one in a dream, and remain motionless for some time, with his eyes fixed on vacancy and his breath coming convulsively. In these moments his thoughts would revert to George; and one day he said to Edward, in a voice he could not keep from trembling with oppressed emotion.

"Write to George and tell him to come back. Do you hear? Tell him to come back! He may have treated me ill, but I forgive the lad. I must see him once more."

The letter was written, and Trevanion put his scrawl to it; but Edward took care that it never reached George. Trevanion waited and waited. Day after day he looked for his George, but the familiar step was not heard in the hall, nor the sweet voice in Trevanion's room. And the master of Garfield House would sit in the twilight of the evening without speaking until the punch bowl appeared, when he would gulp the liquor down savagely, seeming to say to it, "Why don't you kill me?" He became more and more low spirited, and quarrelled more with Edward who bore it like a saint, but who would curse him heartily behind his back. Trevanion hunted more than usual, and practised at his mark; and, alas, his red face became purple as a plum, and his figure became bloated, from his trips to the punch-bowl. He appeared to grow weary of Edward's company, and when the young fellow was, as usual, ready to shoot with him, he turned on him.

"Stay where you be," he said, pettishly; "I won't have you dogging me, Ned. I'm going to shoot alone here hereafter." And he put his flask to his lips, and after a long draught strode off. Edward ran after him to remonstrate, but got a rain for his pains; and Trevanion departed alone, and did not return for so long a time that Edward began to hope he had broken his neck. But toward midnight he came back in a ferocious humor, and smashing everything in his way staggered into the picture gallery, locking the door after him. He remained there a long time and when he came forth he shook his fist under Edward's nose with a stentorian laugh, at which Edward had to get out of his presence that he might relieve himself by swearing in a manner that even Trevanion could not equal.

But confusion must come some time to the wrong-doer, and swiftly came it to Edward, one of the servants was taken ill, and when the doctor informed him of Edward's schemes—how he had lied about George, never sent the letter, bribed the servants, etc., etc.

Trevanion sent up a howl like that of a doomed sinner. "My poor George!" he cried, "my good boy! But that young villain hasn't my yet. Thank God I've done right!" His words were mysterious. "Thank God I've done right!" sounded strange coming from the lips of the man who had wronged the only relation whoever loved him.

"Come he said to the servants who had entered, thinking their master had gone mad, "come all of you!" And, bursting with rage, he caught Edward by the throat, and, followed by everybody, hastened to the picture-gallery. On the threshold Trevanion suddenly paused, relaxed his hold, and, without a word, fell insensible.

The doctor was sent for, and announced, in a half triumphant tone, a repitition of his previous warning to Trevanion: "Stupid ass," as Mr. Garfield was pleased to call me," he said, "begs to

state that the gentleman has been stricken with paralysis." Thereupon there was a great uproar. "Silence!" said Edward, "take your master to bed."

This was done, and the next day the doctor pronounced that Trevanion could not recover, the stroke had paralyzed the whole right side and deprived him of speech. It was a fearful visitation from God upon the wretched man. The tongue which had year after year taken its Maker's name in vain, now hung speechless forever; the arm which had been so merciful to those around him was now a helpless mass of flesh and bone. Trevanion was not, however, deprived of hearing for the left side was not affected by the paralysis, and when Edward told him, with wicked exultation, that he could not live, the livid lips of the sufferer writhed themselves into a ghastly smile of mocking contempt. Edward was alone with Trevanion at the time, and with a muttered oath he struck the fallen man on the cheek hissing into his ear:

"Remember the blows you gave me, old dotard!" Trevanion's eyes cursed him for the deed, and he shrank back appalled. But he soon recovered, and at once assumed control of things, and in ransacking among his uncle's papers to his joy found the will which made him heir to the Garfield estates. He flouted it before Trevanion's face.

"Now I am safe," he cried; "you will never live to make another. You may see George as often as you please."

So George who had been refused admittance many times, was now permitted to see Trevanion, and as his tears fell upon the convulsed face of his former benefactor the dying man uttered an articulate moan, so wild, so full of inexpressible anguish, that George drew back in terror. Trevanion's eyes moved not from his face, and he passed his left arm around the young man's neck, and drawing him close in a passionate embrace, kissed him with lips which were never again to utter his name, to ask his forgiveness or to tell how he had always loved him. Weeping bitterly George said:

"Oh, Trevanion! oh, my uncle! fully and freely do I pardon you for the wrong you have done me!"

The hand of the sufferer clasped George's tightly, and could not relinquish it. Then, breathing with difficulty, he closed his eyes and laid so quiet that George thought he had died; but suddenly he seemed to wake from a perplexing reverie, and his eyes began to talk to George. The young man dimly understood that he wanted to be raised in bed. He was right. But this was not all. Trevanion pointed to an arm chair. It was evident he wished to be placed in it. George turned to the doctor, who had just entered.

"May I do as he wishes?" he asked, explaining Trevanion's desire.

"Certainly not," said Edward, who had followed the physician; "my uncle is dying, and it would be cruelty to move him."

Trevanion waved him aside with a gesture of contempt, and turned his imploring eyes to George and the servants, who had gathered around the bed. The mute entreaty could not be disregarded by George.

"He shall at least have his whim gratified," he said; "it may afford him some satisfaction."

An eager grasp of Trevanion's hand thanked George, and the sufferer was placed in the chair. He was so exhausted that for a few moments he became almost insensible with pain and weakness. However, he soon rallied, and made fearful efforts to speak. His powerless tongue refused its office, and his breath came thick and fast. George, trembling with agitation, could scarcely regard the scene, but Edward looked on with a sneer.

"He had better be put back in bed," observed the doctor; "this excitement will only hasten his death."

Trevanion motioned him away, and pointed to the door which led to the picture gallery. There was a movement of surprise. What could he want? George asked him. "Did he wish to go to the picture gallery?" Trevanion's eyes answered "Yes."

"This is folly," said Edward, impatiently; but he could not meet Trevanion's terrible eyes, and turned away with further objection, and George, who could not resist his uncle's mute appeals, finally wheeled him into the gallery, followed by the rest. He motioned George to stop before a certain picture. It was a large, full-length picture of his favorite ancestor, the one he used to drink to and talk to. At first George thought Trevanion simply desired to see the painting before he died; but the look of anguish which came over the striken man's face when he saw he was not understood, convinced George that there was some mystery which his uncle desired to reveal.

"He has something on his mind connected with that picture which he wishes to communicate," said George. "Does any one know anything about it?"

"Of course no one knew, and Edward laughed contentiously. "The old drunkard is mad," he said.

"Be merciful," cried George; "remember he is dying."

"Stop!" said the doctor, "he still has the use of his left hand; give him paper and pencil, and let him write."

Alas, Trevanion could not write! His signature was the only mark he could make, and George shook his head.

"It is useless," he said, sadly, and Trevanion's clenched hand showed how his not being able to reveal his secret in writing affected him. The servants whispered among themselves:

"Master's lost his senses, and don't know what he wants."

George was the only one who watched his uncle's convulsed face closely. It bore a look of stony despair which would have moved a fiend to tears. For a few moments there was no movement in the room. Trevanion seemed to be deeply thinking. Suddenly he raised his arm and made a movement toward the picture. No one could understand him. He repeated it. George could make nothing of it. Trevanion's hard eyes, which for years had been dry and bright as those of a serpent, were now filled with great tears, and cold sweat of mortal agony stood upon his brow. He heaved a sigh.

"Take him back!" ordered Edward. The chair was slowly rolled toward the door; but as it crossed the threshold a violent convulsion seized Trevanion. His eyes flared open, he writhed