

Summerside Journal.

AND WESTERN PIONEER.

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

Vol. 3.

Summerside, Prince Edward Island, Thursday, November 7, 1867.

No. 5.

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.

ADVERTISEMENTS

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

JOB PRINTING

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

Summerside Markets.

SUMMERSIDE, NOVEMBER 7, 1867.	
Oats per bush	2s 8 1/2d
Barley per bush	3s 6 1/2d 4s
Potatoes per bush	1s 6d
Turnips per bush	10d 1s
Butter per lb by Tub	10d 1s
Lard per lb	9d 1s 10d
Tallow per lb	9d 1s 10d
Eggs per doz	3d 1s 4d
Beef per lb	3d 1s 4d
Pork per lb	4d 1s 4d
Pork per lb by carcass	4d 1s 4d
Geese each	1s 6d 1s 2s
Flour per bbl	56s 6d 60s
Oatmeal per cwt.	16s 1s 18s
Hay per Ton	60s 6d 70s
Straw per cwt.	1s 6d
Pine Boards	10s
Spruce Boards	4s 6d

Charlottetown Markets.

NOVEMBER 7, 1867.	
Beef (small)	4d 1s 6d
Do. by quarter	3d 1s 4d
Mutton	3d 1s 4d
Lamb per lb.	3d 1s 4d
Butter	11d 1s
Do. by tub	10d 1s
Cheese	4d 1s 7d
Tallow	9d 1s 10d
Lard	8d 1s 9d
Flour lb.	3d 1s 3d
Oatmeal 100 lb.	17s 1s 18s
Eggs	11d 1s
Potatoes	1s 6d 1s 2s
Turnips	1s 5d
Barley	3s 4d
Oats	2s 8d
Boards (Hemlock)	4s
Spruce	4s 4d 5s
Pine	4s 9s
Shingles	12s 1s 15s
Wool	1s 1s 1s 3d
May	60s 6d 70s
Straw cwt.	1s 6d 1s 2s
Homespun	5s 6d 6s
Sheepskins	9d 1s
Calfskin lb.	5d 1s 9d
Hides lb.	4d

Business Cards.

BANK OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND
Corner of Queen & Water Sts., Charlottetown
President—HON. DANIEL BREXAN.
Cashier—WILLIAM CURRIE, 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.

Co-Partnership Notice.

THE Subscribers have this day entered into a CO-PARTNERSHIP as BARRISTERS and ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, under the name, style and firm of

ALLEY & DAVIES
OFFICE, O'HALLORAN'S BUILDING, GREAT GEORGE STREET.
GEORGE ALLEY,
LOUIS H. DAVIES,
Charlottetown, Oct. 18, 1867. oct 24

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

FRANCIS LONGWORTH,
BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Office—PAVILION HOTEL.
(next door to the Hon. Joseph Henley's.)
CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND.
Jan. 17, 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, over the Store of Green & Schurman, in Summerside.
June 13, 1867. if

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

WILLIAM M. HOWE,
Attorney-at-Law and Notary Public.
ST. ELEANOR'S, P. E. ISLAND.

Business Cards.

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

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

CARD

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

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

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 an additional 4 per cent more than on Boston.

Every information as to the state of the market, present and prospective, given when required.

Consignments of Fish, Cod Oil, &c., carefully realized, and returns made with the utmost promptitude, or applied according to the wish of consignors.

Charges only made for actual disbursements and commissions not over those of responsible Houses in the line. Unquestionable references given when required.

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

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

James Greenough,
FLOUR
Commission Merchant,
No 47 Commercial Street
Corner of Clinton Street - - - BOSTON

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.

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

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

NORTH BRITISH AND MERCANTILE INSURANCE COMPANY.
FIRE AND LIFE.
Established 1809.
CAPITAL: TWO MILLIONS, Sterling.
HEAD OFFICES:
EDINBURGH & LONDON.
G. W. DeHOLIS,
Agent at Charlottetown.
Forms of Application can be had by applying to Mr. J. BERTRAM, Journal Office, Summerside.
Charlottetown, June 20, 1867.—ly

DR. MCNEILL,
Physician & Surgeon,
RESIDENCE—At George, Garrett's, Esquire, Stanley Bridge.
New London, P. E. I.
Jan 24, 1867. ly

Blanks of all kinds for sale at the "Journal" Office.

Business Cards.

CRAWFORD'S HOTEL,
No. 9 King Square, St. John N.B.
Permanent and transient Boarders accommodated on reasonable terms.

In connection with the above the subscribers have opened a
First Class Grocery Store
where they will keep constantly on hand, Flour, Corn Meal, Provisions, Tea, Sugar, Molasses, and all articles usually kept in a Grocery Store.
J. CRAWFORD & SON.
May 30, 1867.—ly

Mountain House Hotel,
King Square, (North Side),
ST. JOHN, N. B.
The Subscriber having leased the above Hotel, and refitted the same, is now prepared to accommodate Transient and Permanent Boarders, and trusts by attention to meet a share of public patronage.

Having also leased the commodious Stable attached, and secured the services of a careful Hostler, who will be in attendance at all hours, travellers will be sure to get satisfaction at lowest rates.

JAMES W. THOMSON,
Proprietor.
St. John, N. B., July 4, 1867.—ly

ROOKLIN 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. tf

North American Hotel,
KENT STREET, CHARLOTTETOWN.
JOHN MURPHY, PROPRIETOR.
Permanent and Transient Boarders will find good accommodation.

Good Stables in connection with the HOTEL, and a careful Hostler always in attendance.
Ch'town, Feb. 14, 1867. tf

EVERY MAN HIS OWN FIRE BRIGADE.
A little fire is quickly put out, which being suffered, rivers cannot quench.—Vide Mr. Cardwell in the British House of Commons.

L'EXTINCTEUR,
A new Portable, self-acting Fire Engine, for the Extinguishing of fires in their early stages.
The little Engine can be carried on the back to any desired spot; throws a small stream of water, impregnated with eight times its volume of carbonic acid gas, which is the most simple and most effective means yet known to science for destroying fires. They have the advantage of being always ready for use. All that is necessary in applying them is to turn the tap with one hand, and with the other direct the stream upon the flame, which will instantly extinguish the fire. They are indispensable for houses, stores, warehouses, factories, public offices, halls, &c., &c.

JAMES R. WOODBURN,
58 Water Street, St. John, N.B.
or Mr. ROBERT YOUNG,
Queen Square, Charlottetown
Aug 29, 1867. tf

Important to Shipbuilders
Blocks! Blocks! Blocks!
IF YOU WANT TO RAISE THE
Price of Vessels
in England, order a set of those SPLENDID BLOCKS, which everybody is praising, from
YOUNG'S.
Terms Liberal.
Water-st., Summerside, Sept. 26, 1867.

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
Blacksmith Business,
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,
Queen Street, Charlottetown,
Jan. 10, 1867. ly

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 Hotels, and wanting 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

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

POETRY.

TOO TIMID.
You look into my face as if
You had an anger in your heart;
Pray speak, and tell me if I have
In waking it apart.

You say you loved me. Ay, indeed!
You loved me as you loved your life;
And only wanted time to ask
That I might be your wife.

You waited time, Sir! Know that time
Turns liquid heat to frozen cold;
Withers fair flowers and rots ripe fruit,
And changes young to old.

How should I know your love, forsooth?
Your hand was always loose and child;
It never closed and sent through mine
A swift electric thrill.

How should I know your love forsooth?
You stood too far, and never came
To let the love-fire of your eyes
Set my thoughts all a-flame.

You staid too long; another spoke
And showed his love, a costly thing;
He looked it, lived it. Now I wear
Upon this hand the ring.

If you had spoken as he spoke
I might have answered to your claim;
But now too late. And not to me
But you belongs the blame.

Learn wisdom, Sir. A woman sees
All that a man may dare to show.
You showed me nothing. Now good-by;
I leave you here, and go.

Select Literature.

NORMA;
OR
THE HEIR OF CHESTERWOOD.
BY REBECCA FORBES.

Memory points us to a dreary old place—such a place as we seldom meet with. At the close of the Revolutionary War Peter Chesterwood selected it as a building-site, selected it for his home during the remainder of his life, and ever since each new successor had added improvement, until it was noted as the most beautiful spot in the state. It had a lovely view. Before it, but a short distance from the main building, a magnificent river was spread out; behind it arose a continuous chain of mountains, whose base was studied with trees, and from out of the centre of one of the gorges a silvery cascade leaped forth. There were grottoes, cliffs, natural and artificial arbors, flowers blooming in profusion, while over them majestic trees waved their long arms as if they were the guardian angels.

Its present master was an old, old man, who was awaiting the summons of death. "I wish," he murmured, feebly, as his eyes wandered over his vast estate, "I wish Ralph was home again. Oh! if my eyes might rest on my boy, who should have been the pride of my life, once more before they close in death!"

Then arose numberless regrets; he remembered how haughty and stern his boy had been, and how vain were his efforts to subdue his high spirit.

"I was too severe," he muttered, "too severe. I had no pleasure with him—he was so much like myself."

That recalled his own dissolute youth, and before him arose many a fair young face; but above them all were two which clung most affectionately to his memory; one was his wife—a frail woman who had died years ago—the other an Agnes Leighton.

"Oh," he repeated, shudderingly, "this near approach to death is fearful! How I am being punished for my sins. Alas! Alas! I cannot recall the past."

Not long afterwards a stranger might have been noticed canting over the gravelled carriage pathway. His eye wandered all around him and a smile of satisfaction played around his sensual lips. He took his hat off his head and let the winds play with his black curling hair; his forehead was smooth and white; his eyes were brown, but so shaded with long, black lashes, that a short distance away you would imagine them black as the darkest midnight, brilliant and scintillating, while in them was an expression at once fascinating and repelling, like that in the eye of a serpent. And through all there was a certain air which bespoke a wild, dissolute life.

He was not at all excited. He seemed to enjoy the scenery, and was in no way in a hurry to reach the old but handsome mansion.

"Enchanting, I vow!" he ejaculated. "Truly I must have been born under a lucky star—the fates must have been propitious at my birth!"

Then hastening the noble steed on which he was seated, he soon reined up at the front entrance, gave his horse into the hands of the hostler, who had noticed him coming, and inquired—

"Is Mr Chesterwood in?" in a loud, pompous voice, which brought back a meek response of—
"He is, sir."
"I wish to be shown into his presence immediately," he said, as he was admitted.

"Ralph! My son—my son!" cried the old man, pressing his hand in his, while the tears stole down his withered cheeks. "God be praised that you are returned to me! My boy, forgive and forget the past; his voice trembling with emotion, "and remain with me during the few more days I have to live."

"I will," he replied, in a softened voice. "I will stay with you while life is spared to you; it may be for months yet."

"Nay, that is impossible," shaking his head, "though I feel this blessed coming home of yours has given me a new lease of life."

Then his eyes eagerly scanned his boy's features, and if he was disappointed by the traces of "fast living" he saw there; he made no remark, sighing to himself—
"It is all my fault. I drove him to it!"

It seemed strange that he should have become so softened and penitent in his old age, he who used to be so cold and stern. But his son was not much affected; he gazed around him with a sort of triumphant look at the elegance which surrounded the poor old father, as he thought how soon he could be master of it all himself.

"I only wish," was his mental conclusion, "that this estate was farther south, or that slavery extended into this state; it would be so much better to have a parcel of slaves than those up-start white hands."

"Where is your baggage, my boy?" the old man inquired.
"At the—House,"
"Then I will send for it immediately."

"Joe," as a servant answered the summons which he had given, "go directly to the—House and bring Mr. Ralph Chesterwood's baggage here. If there is any bill, settle it. I want you to be as comfortable here as possible, Ralph," addressing the gentleman; "you know everything is at your service and your disposal. Only make known your wishes and they shall be obeyed."

"You are very kind, father, kinder than I deserve," taking the old man's hand. "No, no, my boy, not that. Only be happy—that is all I wish. You have not asked after Gracie—I hope you have not forgotten her—or, in a lower tone, "poor Cliffe."

Ralph colored to the tips of his ears, and betrayed for a second a look of nervous dread.
"In my pleasure of seeing you," he returned, "I forgot aught else. I hope you will pardon me, and reward me by telling me of both."

"Certainly," and a smile crept over his pallid lips; it was so pleasing to know that he had occupied his son's heart so closely as to exclude thoughts concerning any one else; "certainly, my dear boy, but not now, only that ten years has improved Gracie wonderfully, and Cliffe still lives. After you become rested—this evening, if nothing occurs and you are willing—I have much to tell you which I am eager to tell you for fear death should steal a march on me."

"Any time I will be willing and ready to listen. Hadn't you better lie down and rest awhile? I will leave you so that you may sleep."

"I will," he answered, loth, indeed, to have him leave his sight; but yet he did not wish to confine him in that room. "He is so noble," he sighed as the "boy" left the apartment, "but perhaps the story of my life will be a lesson to him. I must tell him all, even though it will be humiliating to me."

In his youth this old man had been of a warm, impulsive nature, though unprincipled; but years had rendered him cold and stern; now his heart was melting within him, and becoming like it was in his early years. All he desired was his son's future welfare, the son who, as the door shut behind him, exclaimed impatiently—
"I am so glad that interview is over! I hope the old fool won't expect me to stay in there with him all the time; if he does, however, I suppose I must make a martyr of myself, for he can't last long anyway!"

Then he strode out into the open air and re-viewed the beautiful prospect before him; he went into the stable, patted his horse on the back, viewed with a satisfied air the perfect order and well kept animals.

"Any place for hunting round here now-a-days?" he asked of the servant who was accompanying him.
"Excellent hunting grounds, sir," was the response.

"Glad of that," he said, aloud. "It will help to wile the time away," to himself.

Then he returned to the house and was shown into his apartments, which consisted of a chamber, a bath and dressing room, a most luxuriously furnished library, and a smoking room, though all the house was at his service.

"Anything you desire, sir?" inquired a servant.
"Nothing, I believe, at present," casting his eye around him. "At what time do you have tea here?"

"An hour from this, sir; at least, Mr. Chesterwood always has his carried to him then. You can have it at whatever hour you please, sir," replied the obliging waiter.

"That is as good a time as any," he said, haughtily, waving his hand for the servant to leave.

Then he drew himself into a chair, and buried his face in his hands; he remained in that position a few moments, then raised his hand erect with a self-satisfied air, arose, made some change in his toilet, and then closely inspected each room.

"I will carry it to the door for you, sir," he remarked, and Ralph followed him.

"I will take it here," taking the waiter out of his hand; "now open the door. I have brought your tea myself," he observed, "thinking that perhaps it might taste better," as he sat it down before the old man, whose eyes were instantly dimmed with tears.

"God bless you, my son," he murmured, touched by this simple proof of his affection.

It was like bread to the hungry, water to the thirsting, this kindness to the feeble father's soul.

"He has blessed me already," was his meek response, "in giving me such a parent as you are. He will bless me more if he will only prolong your life!"

And he went out, followed by blessings. Then, after he had partaken of his tea, he wandered out of the house, lit his cigar, and sauntered forth down the long avenue leading to the river. He found a neat little boat at the moorings, and unfastening it, he jumped in, and sailed leisurely down the river, still puffing away at his cigar. After he had drifted round long enough to satisfy himself, he took the oars and speedily rowed back to the land.

"Confound the long yarn I have got to listen to to-night," he mumbled. "I had better go in now or he won't get through between this time and daylight!"

So he sauntered back to the house, threw away the stump of his fragrant Havana, and entered his father's presence. He drew up a chair just opposite the aged vandy, and sat down.

"I hope, dear father," he remarked, in a tone fraught with the deepest concern, "that you will not allow me to weary you too much on this the first day after my arrival home."

"You do not weary me, Ralph, my boy; you refresh my very soul! Oh, I am so glad that you have forgotten my harsh treatment of you when you were a youngster! Believe me, it was not a natural malignity which influenced me then; it was the desire that you would become, as I hope you have become, a worthier man than ever your father was."

"I can scarcely hope to ever be so worthy," he replied, in a pathetic tone. "To me, you, my father, appear the best man that ever God made!"

"Alas! I must indeed tear the veil from your eyes and show you what I really am! You have waited patiently to hear what I have to tell you, so I will commence now away back to my boyhood."

For a moment he was perfectly quiet, but there was a strange twitching about his lips.

"Ralph," he resumed, "I was, as you know, an only son. I was self-willed and imperious, and, unfortunately my parents, humored me in all my freaks. I was gay, led a gay life, but a gentle remonstrance was all I ever met with in shape of a rebuke at home."

"I went abroad at will. I wandered wherever chance took me. I was delayed at a farm house one day, and there I met with a girl who excelled in beauty all other females that I had ever met with. She was one unlearned and simple, and the idea of taking her to my proud home never entered my head, but nevertheless I began to make love to her. I was not a novice in that art, my son, then, for already I had crushed too many young lives and hopes by my falseness, so I was successful. I promised to return to her, telling her that the three months which I had spent in that village was the happiest time of my life, as soon as I could gain my father's consent to our union."

"I left then, and have never seen her since. Agnes Leighton's face, however, has never ceased to reproach me. I sent her money, but what is that? It is nothing! Now that I want, Ralph, my boy, is this—that you will lay your hand on this Bible, and swear that you will try to find her son, and if he is in need, aid him. He is as much my son as you are. Swear, Ralph, do; it will render me happier than I have been this many a long year."

Well it was that he did not see the almost fiendish light which lit up his son's eyes, for if he had he would have shuddered.

"I swear," he said, solemnly, laying his hand on the volume of scripture, "I swear that I will obey your will!"

"God will reward you for it," he said sadly, even though this is a very tardy repentance. Now, I will continue. I married your mother after I had returned home. You were my eldest son, and my second and last, I believe God made not only an idiot, but hideous and deformed, to punish me for my transgressions, which it did, for your mother died, shortly after his birth, of grief.

"Cliffe lives yet. But I warn you, Ralph, never to go near him, for he is fearful. I believe if he had his liberty he would commit murder. However, he is my son, he is your brother, and he must be cared for to the end of his days; I trust him to you."

"And what about Gracie?" he asked.
"Ah! You are impatient. Well, Gracie was only twelve when you left here; a little, timid girl in short dresses and pantalottes, whom you used to be very fond of, though not more so than she was of you. She is twenty-two, a graceful and beautiful woman, heiress to all of her father's property, which, you know, adjoins mine. It has been agreed between us old folks, ever since you two were babes, that these estates should be joined, and I believe that Gracie herself has very vivid recollections of you. You will call on her, will you not?"

"At the earliest moment possible," was his dutiful reply. "Though, perhaps, I may not be successful," he added, stroking his silky mustache.

Visions of her wealth was dazzling his eyes, and if he did not win her it would not be his fault.