Summerside Journal
AND WESTERN PIONEER.

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

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Summerside Markets.
SUMMERSIDE, August 29, 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.	9d a 10d
Eggs per doz	6d a 7d
Beef per lb	4d a 6d
Mutton per lb	4d a 5d
Pork per lb by carcass	3d a 4½d
Geese each	none
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Business Cards.

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RESIDENCE:
JAMES M. PIDGEON'S, Esq.,
MARGATE, P. E. I.
June 13, 1867. 3m

D.R PRICE,
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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.
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Tryon;
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July 11, 1867.

DR. McNEILL,
Physician & Surgeon,
RESIDENCE—At George. Garret's, Esquire, Stanley Bridge.
New London, - - - - P. E. I.
Jan 24, 1867. 1y

KITSON CASEY, M D.,
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formerly Assistant Surgeon in the U. S. Navy, offers his professional services to the people of Summerside and vicinity. He can be consulted at his office in Summerside, after the 20th of June, 1867.
June 13, 1867. tf

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Business Cards.

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The trains for St. John leave the door twice every day. The charges will be found moderate, the table good; and the proprietor hopes by strict attention to the requirements of his customers, to ensure general satisfaction.
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July 10, 1867. 3m

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AND
NOTARY PUBLIC, &c.
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aug. 9, 1866 1y

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June 6, 1867. 3m

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Water Street . . . . . Summerside.
October 12, 1865.

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Charlottetown, June 20, 1867.—1y

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HAVING worked several Seasons under the instructions of some of the most popular Painters in the United States and British Provinces, wishes to announce to the public that he has opened a PAINT SHOP, and commenced in that line of trade, at SUMMERSIDE, where he is prepared to execute all kinds of Plain and Ornamental House and Sign
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Ceilings and Walls painted and decorated in Oil and Fresco, Graining, Paper hanging and Glazing done to please the employer, Ceilings whitened with neatness and despatch.
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Summerside, April 11, 1867. 6m

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

Business Cards.

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Gives personal attention to the Sale and Purchase of every description of Goods.
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British & Foreign Groceries
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Dec. 6, 1866. 1y

KIRKWOOD, LIVINGSTONE & CO.
Flour, Produce, Leather,
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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 Stirling Exchange, or Gold Drafts on New York. Drafts on New York being worth usually and to a ¼ 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.
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KIRKWOOD, LIVINGSTONE & CO.
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February 7, 1867.

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June 27, 1867.

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CHARLOTTETOWN - - - P. E. ISLAND

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Summerside, ---------- P. E. Island.

Papeta !
A STORY, abridged and arranged from the diary and private papers of M. Eugene Murat, by James Murray, of H. M. 1st Battallion, 22d Regiment, for sale at
BERTRAM'S BOOK STORE.

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

WHAT THE PEOPLE WANT!
A Watchmaker at Alberton!!
THE Subscriber wishes to inform the inhabitants of ALBERTON and vicinity, that he has located on CENTRE STREET, and would be pleased to receive a call.
Bring in your Clocks and Watches and have them adjusted.
Clocks will be carefully fastened when taken home so that no injury will occur.
The ladies will remember that here is the chance to get their jewellry repaired.
GEO. I. MOORE.
Alberton, Feb. 28, 1867.

POETRY.

CONSUMPTION.

CONSUMPTION, o'er its victims stealing,
Flushes the cheek, brightens the eye,
To the sorrowing friends revealing
That the loved one soon must die.

Fading, withering like a flower,
Nipped by the winds cold chilly blast,
Drooping, dying, every hour
Tells that life is ebbing fast.

But again the victim rallies,
Hope is bright in every eye,
For awhile death lingers—tarries—
Only tarries—for she soon must die.

See the sufferer calmly praying,
Waiting till her hour shall come,
Raising her meek eyes, and saying
"Father let thy will be done."

Now the hour draws nigher, nigher,
Pants she, gasps she now for breath,
Soars her spirit higher, higher,
Where's thy victory now, Oh Death.

Select Literature.

THE ARTIST'S DAUGHTER.

'DECIMUS, who is that beautiful girl coming out of that picture shop?' inquired Harry Beresford, of his friend, as they strolled down one of the fashionable Paris streets, after a morning lounge in the Tuileries.

'Well, really, Beresford, you can't mean that unpretending-looking young lady?' exclaimed Decimus, not catching a full view of the fair, though somewhat pale, face, the large, deep-blue eyes, and waves of auburn hair.

'Let us ask at the shop she has just left. Let me see, I want a little painting for Mademoiselle De Vere's boudoir. So come, Decimus!'

After having purchased a little scene on the Rhine, Beresford asked:

'Who is that lady that left here just before we came?'

'Miss Merivale, sir. Her father is an artist, and we purchase many of his pictures, for which we always get a ready sale, they are so beautiful. And Miss Merivale excels her father in some styles. This afternoon she came for some paints to finish off a splendid picture of the Holy Madonna, intended for an altar piece for the private chapel of the Count de Lisle.' And the man, being a Roman Catholic, crossed himself reverentially, continuing, with true French loquacity: 'The comte has been many times to see it, and is so pleased that he and his family are going to have their portraits in oil taken by her; and to-morrow, gentlemen, Mr. Merivale's studio is thrown open to the public, expressly that they may see 'Our lady.' And as I have tickets for disposal, by which only you can be admitted, I can give you a couple, if you like.'

'Thank you! We should like to go.'

And, taking the proffered cards with a renewal of thanks and a 'Good afternoon!' from each, they left the shop.

'What are your plans for the day, Beresford?' inquired Charles Decimus, on the following day, as the waiter removed the coffee and tongue from the breakfast-table in a large hotel where the two young men were staying.

'Why, one place I intend visiting is this Merivale's studio. Of course, you come also?'

'Well, no, I think. I have seen so many pictures in the galleries of Italy—the *chef-d'œuvres* of the great masters—that it would be as stale as the photographer's rooms after our famous old National Gallery in England. Besides, old boy, if I guess rightly, you go with the hope of catching a glimpse of the fair painter quite as much as that of seeing the work of her hand.'

'Maybe, Decimus. But it is all very well for you to be so indifferent, and talk of women as fickle, as false, and so forth. Let me find one so, then I will agree with you that the least said to them the better; but, before then, don't teach me your unsocial habits, or, like you, I shall ignore woman's society almost entirely.'

Decimus sighed. He had had his life's little romance—his early day-dreams nipped in the bud. He had never loved but one woman, and, just as everything was settled for an open engagement, her father had lost all his money, being reduced from affluence and luxury to live on the sole remaining dowry of pride and poverty—two things that cannot agree. Charles Decimus was not rich; besides his pay as a lieutenant in a cavalry regiment he had nothing, and what before this loss seemed a very desirable union, in point of family and *tout ensemble*, was now deemed an unheard-of thing by Ella's father, a stern and severe man, and Charles Decimus was peremptorily dismissed. But he would not go until he had spoken to or heard from Ella; and her father compelled her to write the coldest, most politely freezing note to the young officer, stating that her father's word was her law, and that he, she was sure, would see, with them, the utter absurdity of a union. Charles Decimus could scarcely believe it came from Ella, his affectionate darling, his first love; but the writing was hers, an undeniable fact. No one could *make* her write.

Yes, she was fickle! And Charles Decimus, proud and passionate, crumpled the letter in his hand and muttered between his clenched teeth, 'So be it.' He did as men usually do under the circumstances—went abroad, endeavoring to bury his passion in the deep waves of Lethe; but cupid would not let it die, always disentangling it from the surges, so Charles Decimus returned, and lived on the same life he had before knowing Ella—except that he was less light-hearted, and avoided ladies' society, so that he should not be caught again by the insidious snares of the little winged-god; not that there was much, if any fear of that, and the ladies declared 'Mr. Decimus was very unsocial—he must certainly have turned a mysogynist.'

Mr. Beresford rose from his chair, looked out of the window, and then said:

'Well, Charles, I am off; it is nearly eleven; we have breakfasted so late, and I shall be an hour in full finding this out-of-way studio, asking every one I meet the way there, and at last hailing a cabriolet to whirl me through the labyrinth of streets to my destiny. I shall not be too early, so adieu.'

'*Au Revoir*,' replied the other, calling after him as he left the room, 'Beresford, remember, I don't believe in Platonic love—there is no such thing!'

Beresford laughed, and was gone.

Mr. Merivale was a tall, handsome man, with compressed lips and a determined eye, and he explained first one subject of his paintings, then another, with such fluency of speech, and showed himself to be conversant on so many points of erudition, that the gentleman was betrayed in almost every action, as well as word. It was a known fact that Mr. Merivale had seen better days, a truth of which Beresford was soon aware, and he became deeply interested in the artist and his daughter; and as the latter accompanied her father to explain her own pictures, he was not disappointed of seeing her.

She looked very lovely—quite as much so as the beautiful Madonna that glowed in soft coloring on the canvas before them. And when Harry Beresford stepped forward for a closer inspection of the picure, or, in reality, to ask some question of the pretty painter concerning it, as she held back the green covering, she let it suddenly fall, exclaiming:

'Oh, be careful!—the slightest dust will injure it, and it is scarcely dry!' And the color rose to her transparent temples, in the excitement of the moment.

Harry thought he had never seen anything so lovely. Instead of saying a word of contrition, he gazed at her so long that she turned away and smiled at his expression, interpreting it as one of surprised indignation that she, an artist, should speak so to him. But Harry was really growing very much in love with Emily Merivale, and he asked all sorts of questions when she explained her paintings; he could not understand why this was there, and that was not, and he really quite forgot what she had told him about that picture in the corner—would she mind telling him again, he was so fond of pictures. It was strange that he understood, and never wanted a second explanation of Mr. Merivale's paintings, some of which were much more abstruse to understand, the subjects coming from a deeper and duskier imagination. And then, lastly, he should like a portrait of himself for his mother, in England. When would it be convenient for him to come?

Mr. Merivale said to-morrow, and so it was arranged, that at half-past twelve on the succeeding day, he should come again for his first sitting.

Mr. Merivale proposed that he should call on him; but that would not answer Harry's purpose; so, in great trepidation, he said something about Mr. Merivale's time being so precious, and that he (Harry Beresford) had really nothing else to do, and so he came at half-past twelve the next day, according to appointment, and was shown into a room where Mr. Merivale was ready to receive him with the clean canvas stretched on the sand, and Emily sat busily painting at the farther end of the room. After he had arranged himself in truly artistic negligence, and operations had commenced, Mr. Merivale said:

'You are not going to be photographed, Mr. Beresford, as it is not imperative for you to keep perfectly still. If you will look at this object,' he said, pointing to a vase, 'you can move your eyes, and indeed your head, if you will kindly look at the vase indicated when I ask you, as you will then maintain the same position.'

Harry gladly availed himself of this permission, and when his eyes were off the vase, they were on Emily, and *vice versa*—a fact which did not escape Mr. Merivale's keen sight; and at the next sitting, Emily and her easel were removed to another room, so that Mr. Beresford gazed at the vacant place, then at the vase, and fancied the time considerably longer than before, and wondered if he should see Emily to-day. But he was disappointed—Emily was absent all the while, and the next time also, except when she came into the room to fetch something; then Mr. Beresford's eyes were so unruly that they would follow her round the room—and, since he could not see her he talked of her. So he said to her father after she had left the room:

'Miss Merivale has great talent.'

'She has,' was the curt reply. But Harry was not so easily 'shut up,' as the expression is, and continued:

'May I ask if you taught her yourself, or has she learnt at any Italian school?'

She had masters when young, but natural talent has been her tutor, as it was mine. I never took a lesson in drawing.'

'Indeed? Astonishing! But is it not a very precarious way of earning a livelihood, and very fatiguing?'

Mr. Merivale bit his lip, then said, bitterly:

'Anything to keep the fiend Starvation from our door, young man. Poverty is a curse, especially to those brought up in the lap of luxury. Who would have thought of me painting portraits for a livelihood—paid for such a thing—thanking my customers for their patronage?

'Then you have not always done so?' inquired Harry, longing to know, yet fearing to be thought intrusive.

'Always? Only two years. Before then I had an ample fortune, and people were proud to know the well-descended Wilfred Mont—Merivale. They liked my parties, my hounds, and my preserves. But where are they now? Gone—Friends and fortune go together, young man—if you have one you will have the other. But why need I weary you with all my troubles? I am weak—childish!'

And with a trembling hand he continued tracing the well-formed features.

Harry Beresford was conning over this disclosure some weeks after, as he sat in an arm-chair, smoking a cigar, opposite his friend Decimus, who was doing likewise. The latter, through the recent death of an uncle, had come into a fortune which, with his pay, rendered him very comfortably off as regards this life's necessaries; and, although not as wealthy as his friend Harry, he was quite contented, Beresford's meditations had evidently brought him to some decision, for, rising hastily from his chair, and flinging the end of his cigar into the fire, he abruptly left the room. Decimus had a suspicion of where he was going, for Harry's admiration had grown to ill-concealed infatuation. The former once asked him if it were wise for a fellow of family and fortune to encourage a love for a girl of neither; and Harry answered, fiercely, 'that Miss Merivale was his equal in every respect,' so Decimus held his tongue on the subject.

Beresford had gone to the artist's, and, after a long talk to him, every matter was confidentially explained, and it only waited Emily's consent for her to be his affianced bride.

'I will call her, and you shall ask her yourself,' said Mr. Merivale (or Montrose, as he said his real name was). 'Though, of course, she will never be so foolish as to say 'No.'

In a few minutes Emily came in, a flush on her cheeks, and a strange light in her eyes, which, however, she instantly shrouded by the fair lids and long, dark lashes.

'Miss Merivale—Emily, your father has doubtless told you the purport of my visit. Tell me—am I to meet with success in the one great hope of my life? It rests with your consent to be mine.'

No answer came, and Harry, confident from what her father had said what her answer would be, drew her towards him, taking silence for consent.

She held back, and lifting up her eyes to his face, said:

'It can never be, Mr. Beresford!'

Harry thought at first it was coquetry, but when she remained firm in her decision, he was surprised and disappointed.

'But your father,' he begun, having forgotten eloquence in earnestness, 'approves of it fully. Oh, Emily, can you never love me? Am I so very detestable?'

'No, no!' she answered quick, 'but ——'

'But what?' he asked, eagerly.

She gave him no reply, save in the rosy blush that suffused her cheeks; and the torturing thought of a rival passed through his mind.

'Tell me,' he asked—'you love another? Then why did your father not say so? He must have known.'

And sinking into a chair, he buried his face in his hands. Emily felt for him. She knew from experience what it was to love, and, touching his arm gently, said:

'My father does not know that I love still—it was long ago, and ——'

Beresford started up; he could not bear it; he was angry with himself, with her, and this unknown rival, and catching up his hat, he rushed unceremoniously from the house, and bursting into the room where Decimus was still sitting, exclaimed passionately:

'Women are false fickle, what you like—the most perverse, obstinate creatures under the sun!'

Charles guessed in a minute what had happened, and tried to soothe him.

'Harry, you are refused, I see. Well, never mind, old boy, you will soon get over it.' And he sighed as he thought how he still treasured his old love, and yet he was telling another he would soon forget it.

'You are too good for an indigent artist—a common girl—who——'

'No, no, Decimus, she is a lady, a perfect lady; their real name is Montrose, and she *is* so beautiful!'

Decimus colored, then turned deadly pale and endeavoring to hide his emotion, asked:

'Beautiful? Describe her.'

Beresford was too much absorbed in his own thoughts to notice the change of color in his friend's face.

'Auburn hair, and such eyes—ah me! made to fool men, I believe, so full of feeling, and yet she has none. Still she says she loves another, a love of years. It appears highly romantic!'

And Harry grew sarcastic in the bitterness of his disappointment.

Without another word, Decimus rose and left the room with a heart full—full of hope, and beating fast. He strode rapidly to the artist's house; and having gained admittance, he scarcely knew what to say; but his embarrassment was soon put to flight by the entrance of Emily Merivale, or, more properly, Ella Montrose—his Ella. The recognition was equal on both sides, and when, half an hour after, Mr. Montrose entered, what was his surprise at seeing Ella and Charley side by side on the sofa! The former rose as her father entered, and Decimus explained the whole affair, laying considerable stress on his increase of income, and finally asked for Ella's hand in marriage.

Mr. Montrose readily granted consent on condition that peace was made satisfactorily with Mr. Beresford; and as the latter was more infatuated than in love, and heartily glad that his friend Decimus was made so happy, that was easily accomplished, and the marriage ceremony took place in London not long after—Decimus as bridegroom—Harry as best man.

Mr. Montrose threw up his house in Paris, and lived with his daughter and son-law.

Before many months had elapsed, Harry Beresford had married a young lady whom he truly loved, and the first to congratulate him was old friend Charlie Decimus.

THE "CAT" RESTORED IN ENGLAND.—The grand jury of the City of London, in making a presentment to the Recorder with regard to the recent violent assaults and robberies in the streets, point out that this form of offence appears to be on the increase, and indicates a growing disposition on the part of the criminal portion of the population to become year by year more savage and outrageous in their actions. The grand jury suggest a liberal application of the lash as the fittest punishment, and suggest their opinion that there is nothing from which the ruffian shrinks so much as from physical suffering, of which, though insensible to it when inflicted on others, he is keenly sensible on his own person. There can be no doubt that the grand jury have taken a perfectly correct view of the disposition of the garrotter. Prison can have but few terrors for a wretch who has passed most of his existence within its walls. But if we are to form any opinion from the manner in which flogging-sentences are heard and