

# Summerside Journal.

## AN OLD WESTERN PIONEER.

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

Vol. 4.

Summerside, Prince Edward Island, Thursday, December 31, 1868.

No. 14.

THE  
**Summerside Journal,**  
IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY  
THURSDAY EVENING,  
BY  
**JOSEPH BERTRAM,**  
AT HIS OFFICE, CENTRAL STREET.

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of every description, performed with neatness  
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### Summerside Markets.

Dec. 24, 1868.

Oats per bush	2s 5d a 2s 6d
Potatoes per bush	1s 3d a 1s 6d
Butter per lb	10d a 1s
Lard per lb	9d a 10d
Tallow per lb	9d a 10d
Eggs per doz	11d a 1s
Beef per lb	3d a 4d
Mutton per lb	2d a 3d
Hides per lb	3d a 4d
Macerel per doz	2s a 3s
Codfish per qt	16s a 17s
Pork per lb by carcass	3d a 5d
Flour per bbl	45s a 50s
Ontmeal per cwt	11s a 12s
Hay per Ton	50s a 60s
Pine Boards	10s
Spruce Boards	4s a 5s

### Business Cards.

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

President—HON. DANIEL BRENNAN,  
Cashier—WILLIAM CUNDALL, Esquire.  
Discount Days—Mondays & Thursdays.  
Hours of Business—From 10 a.m. to 1 p.m.  
from 2 p.m. to 4 p.m.

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Grafton St., Queen's Square, Charlottetown  
President—CHARLES PALMER, Esquire.  
Cashier—JAMES ANDERSON, Esquire.  
Discount Days—Wednesdays & Saturdays.  
Hours of Business—From 10 a.m. to 1 p.m.,  
from 2 p.m. to 4 p.m.

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President—HON. JOHN R. GARDNER,  
Cashier—E. L. LYDIARD, Esquire.  
Discount Days—Tuesdays and Fridays.  
Notes for Discount must be in before 11  
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### DR. J. PRICE,

**Physician & Surgeon,**  
OFFICE—At the SUMMERSIDE DRUG STORE,  
next door to Bank, Central Street  
SUMMERSIDE, P. E. ISLAND.  
October 12, 1868.

### DR. JARVIS

Has Removed His Residence to the House  
(late 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., Summ-  
erside.  
St. Eleanor's, May 18, 1868.

### DR. J. N. FULLER,

**Graduate of Bellevue Hospital,  
Medical College, N. Y.**

Office in the residence of Rev. Mr. Desbriay, on  
Water Street—directly opposite the Establishment  
of J. L. Holman, Esq.,  
\* \* \* All calls promptly attended to.  
Summerside, October 15, 1868.

### THOMAS KELLY,

**Barrister - at - Law**  
AND  
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G. W. DEBLOIS,  
General Agent for P. E. Island,  
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### A. W. ANDRES.

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SIMON D. FRASER, PROPRIETOR.

Permanent and Transient Boarders will  
find the above House to give satisfaction.  
Citytown, June 13, 1868.

### Business Cards.

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**Commission Merchant  
And Auctioneer,**  
**COMMERCIAL HOTEL,**  
SUMMERSIDE, P. E. ISLAND.

REFERENCES:  
J. BERTRAM, Printer, Summerside, P. E. I.  
J. D. McLEOD, Merchant, Charlottetown,  
J. H. ADLES, St. John, N. B.  
Nov 19, '68

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

**R. & W. T. HUNT,**  
**Commission Merchants,  
GENERAL AGENTS AND  
AUCTIONEERS.**  
SALESROOM AND OFFICE  
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Summerside, P. E. Island.  
April 2, 1868. ly

**CARVELL BROTHERS,  
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Commission Merchants,  
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BANK BUILDING, QUEEN STREET,  
Charlottetown, P. E. Island

**WILLIAM DODD,**  
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And Auctioneer,**  
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**OLDEST INSTITUTIONS**  
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the year 1841, and commenced business in May, 1845.  
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it has issued policies upon the lives of more than  
**Fifty Thousand Persons,**  
and has paid in losses \$50,000 to the families and  
representatives of those who have deceased while  
members of the Company.

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EXCEEDS  
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vivors of those who have thus made provision for  
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the death of the wife before that of the husband,  
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to her children.

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which are available in payment of each Annual  
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dividends which can be used in part of the second  
and each subsequent Annual Premium thereafter;  
or the dividend may be allowed to accumulate, and  
subsequently used in whole or in part in the pay-  
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being PURELY MUTUAL, each member pays  
only the average cost of insurance, all surplus  
being annually returned to the Policy holders.  
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These Policies are coming into general request  
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available upon the death of the assured; on the  
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prior thereto.

**THE NON-FORFEITURE PLAN.**  
This Company originated and introduced the val-  
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which is rapidly superseding the old system of life  
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has been adopted generally in a less favorable  
form by all Life Companies. A party, by this  
table, after the second year, cannot forfeit any  
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Tables of Rates, Circulars, Examples of  
Dividends, Forms, &c., can be had by applying to  
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**MEDICAL EXAMINERS:**  
DR. MACKIESON, Dr. R. JOHNSON.  
Agent for P. E. Island:  
HENRY A. HARVIE.  
Citytown Nov 19, 1868.

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20 " "	" 1,000
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300 " "	" 50
450 " "	" 25
600 " "	" 10
300 Elegant Rosewood Pianos	Each \$300
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REFERENCES.—We select the few following  
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Philip McCarthy, Louisville, Ky,  
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James Rogers, Washington, Musical  
Box, \$150.  
Miss Emma Walworth, Milwau-  
kee, Wis., Piano, \$500.  
S. I. Ferris, New  
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firm is reliable, and deserve their success."  
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know them to be a fair dealing firm."  
—*N. Y. Herald, Feb. 28, 1868.*  
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prize, which was promptly received."  
—*Daily News, March 3, '68.*

Send for circular giving many more refer-  
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**Every Package of Sealed Envelopes  
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Six Tickets for One Dollar, 13 for  
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All Letters should be addressed to  
**PARKER, MOORE & CO.**  
195 Broadway, New York.  
December 17, '68—2m.

**The Canada  
Life Assurance Company**  
Established 1847.  
Incorporated under Special Act of Parliament.  
Manager—A. G. Ramsay, F. I. A.  
HEAD OFFICE HAMILTON, ONTARIO.  
Capital—One Million Dollars!

HALIFAX, N. S.  
Honorary Directors:  
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The Hon John W. Ritchie,  
William Hare, Esq.  
Medical Adviser—W. J. Almon, Esq. M. D.  
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The Terms and conditions of Assurance of  
this old established Company, are as liberal  
and unrestricted as those of other good com-  
panies, and the rates which are founded on  
the higher interest obtainable in Canada than  
in Great Britain, are lower than those of  
British and American Offices.  
Endowment Policies payable during life-  
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LIMITED NUMBER OF YEARS.  
Liberal regulations as to foreign residence,  
travel and occupation.

AGENTS FOR P. E. ISLAND.  
Charlottetown—W. D. STEWART,  
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Medical Adviser—F. D. BEER, M. D.  
Tables of Rates for the more general forms  
of Life Assurance, and every information may  
be obtained at any of the Agencies, which are  
established on the Island.

J. W. MARLING,  
General Agent.  
October 29, '68 2m

**HANFORD BROTHERS,**  
Successors to Thomas Hanford,  
**Commission Merchants,  
And General Agents.**  
11 NORTH MARKET WHARF -  
SAINT JOHN, N. B.  
Chas. U. Hanford Fred. S. Hanford

### POETRY.

#### REQUIESCAT IN PACE.

A REPLY TO THE BEAUTIFUL LINES WHICH  
WERE WRITTEN BY THE LATE MRS.  
KELLY, SHORTLY BEFORE  
HER DEATH.

Pure sweet spirit thou art now at rest,  
Thy trust in God. He knoweth all things best—  
For thee, indeed, it would be vain to weep  
Do we not know that his beloved sleep?  
Not death, cold death, but everlasting bliss—  
A world of love, of light and happiness  
Is in thy sleep, which will forever be  
Glorious and bright to eternity.

The shining wreath is twined around thy brow,  
Sweet angels guard thee, love thee, bless thee now,  
And with this land thou dost increasing sing  
Praise without end to the Almighty King  
The true, faithful friends thou leavest here on earth  
Cannot but bless thy new and holy birth—  
E'en while they weep their dire and bitter loss,  
God give them grace to bear this heavy cross,  
And p'haps His love, so holy is His will,  
May give thee power to hover round them still,  
Lending their hearts to peacefulness, thro' pray'r,  
Blest in the thought, to "meet each other there,"  
And when, like thee, their earthly course is run,  
To sing in praise, "O Lord, thy will be done."  
BEATRICE J. —  
Toronto, N. B., Dec 1st, 1868.

### Select Literature.

#### ROSE TERRACE; OR, The Trail of the Serpent.

Continued.

I am never braver under any circum-  
stances, and, sick with terror, I could not  
long defend myself against the drunken  
strength of the young noble. I uttered a  
hazy cry of despair, and turned my face  
desperately away from him. At that mo-  
ment a step came crashing through the  
undergrowth behind, and before I had time  
to realize the vicinity of a third person the  
young Frenchman was struck to the earth,  
and Lionel Chester, with flashing eyes and  
death white face, stood in the path by my  
side, terrible as a young lion in his rage.

"Dastard!" he hissed. "Dare to ad-  
dress further insult to this lady, and your  
life shall pay the forfeit!"  
"Thank heaven, Lionel! I am safe!"  
He turned to lit me quite in his arms as  
I spoke, gazing into my face with a ten-  
derness I could not mistake; then, as if  
suddenly remembering himself, put me  
away from him.

"Walk slowly back to Rose Terrace,  
Lillian, and I will shortly join you. I have  
something to say to this man which you  
must not hear."  
My fears prevented a completion of this  
sentence. I grew faint with a new ter-  
ror.

"Fight him, Lilly?" he interposed, and a  
scornful smile curved his laughing lips.  
"No; he is quiet beneath a gentleman's  
notice."  
At this the marquis, who had picked  
himself up with a crestfallen air, began to  
bluster a little, and obedient to Lionel's  
imperative gesture, I left them together.

I had scarcely gone a dozen yards  
before he joined me. There was nothing of  
tenderness about his manner now, and he  
drew my hand through his arm in cold si-  
lence.

"How came you to be wandering alone  
in those woods, Lillian?" he asked, almost  
sternly. "It was fortunate I chanced to  
follow you."  
"I was tired, and wanted a walk," I  
answered, wearily. "It was wrong, I  
know, but I was so lonely."  
"Poor child!" he said.

And straightway I began to weep, like a  
child, at the words of sympathy.  
"O my lord! Do you know what the  
Marquis D'Orme said of me? Did you  
hear—"  
"Hush, hush, little one!" he cried, in  
sudden agitation; "do not weep! Will  
our proud Lillian allow such a title to  
cause her tears?"

"No—no! It is not wholly that, but I—  
oh, take me home! I shall be better soon!"  
Lionel Chester lifted me in his arms as  
though I were an infant, and carried me in  
silence, while I sobbed helplessly upon his  
shoulder. He held me closely—so closely  
that I felt the rapid beating of his great,  
strong heart against my own; it frightened  
me at last into stillness, the intensity of  
his clasp, and I asked him to allow me to  
walk. He complied instantly, but in si-  
lence, and neither spoke until we entered  
the park gates. Then Lionel said,—

"I have a message for your mamma,  
Lillian, which I had forgotten to deliver.  
Will you walk up to the house with me,  
or, rather, wait here until I return?"  
"I will wait here," I said.  
He led me to a seat near by, raised my  
hand to his lips, and left me. And after  
he had gone I kissed the hand he had so  
honored.

And then I calmly thought of what had  
happened that day and of many things  
which had happened in my life of late, and  
I made a resolution—a resolution which  
gave me agony even in contemplation, but  
from which I would not shrink. And when  
Lionel returned, with the same cold grav-  
ity in his face, I had almost entirely re-  
gained my composure, and was thus en-  
abled to say, with tolerable calmness,—

"If you please, Lionel, I should like to  
talk with you a little while. Are you in  
too great haste to listen?"  
"No, Lillian," he replied, with some  
surprise marking his handsome face. "I  
am never in haste when you wish to be  
otherwise."  
It was nothing unusual for him to make  
statements of this kind, so I passed his  
response over as a thing of course.

"I have been thinking," I commenced,  
unsteadily, "of what that man said—which  
I am thankful you did not hear. It is true,  
but from being true, as you know, and I  
know; but because even he, that bad  
man, has said it—"  
His coldness was gone in a moment; his  
eyes lit shed, and he set his teeth firmly  
together.

"Whatever he has dared to insinuate  
shall be dearly paid for," he said, fiercely.  
"But yet the knave is not worth heading.

Dismiss him and his words alike from your  
mind, Lillian, nor allow your peace to be  
disturbed by the ranting of a half-drunken  
fool. He shall settle this score with me at  
a time not far distant!"  
I was frightened at the dark frown which  
winked that handsome forehead, and  
hastened to say, with great inward trep-  
idation, though outwardly calmness,—

"No, Lord Chester, you must promise  
that you never again will exchange  
words with the marquis on this subject.  
Do not shake your head—for I have my  
own good reasons for requiring it."  
"Reasons, Lillian? State them, and I  
may be convinced."

"I do not know that I can explain my-  
self perfectly," I continued, still unflin-  
glingly; "but the thought came to me this  
afternoon, as I stood in terror before that  
man's bold eyes, and heard his insulting  
words, that—that I was not quite circum-  
stanced like other girls of my age. It  
seemed, for the time, that all who chose  
had a right to scoff and jeer at my moth-  
er's daughter, even as he did. I know there  
is a mystery about the seclusion of my life  
at Rose Terrace; I never receive visitors;  
of the many young ladies who pass the  
park gates daily I know not one; and I  
tancy many ride by with averted faces if I  
chanced to be within sight. I do not  
know why this is; I scarce know whether  
it is all, except in my own imagin-  
ation. But the thought has weighed heav-  
ily in my mind ever since—you know  
well, Lionel."

He was leaning carelessly against a tree,  
surveying me attentively. I faltered sad-  
ly here, for I could not allude to the night  
and mamma's disgrace without tears. He  
understood the import of meaning, and  
changed his position for one nearer me,  
while a look of deepest pity stole over his  
face.

"Poor little girl!" he said, softly,  
throwing one arm around my shrinking  
form.

The look—the tender words—the firm  
clasp of his arm, almost overpowered me.  
I knew I should not be able to say what I  
must if I remained within reach of that  
magnetism of touch, and withdrew my-  
self quickly.

"I have something more to say, Lion-  
el," I resumed, with forced composure.  
You know I am only seventeen, and I  
think, I have even less of the woman  
about me than most girls of that age. I  
understand very little of the world and its  
ways. But some of the knowledge which  
every unprotected woman should have  
has come to me of late, and revealed to  
me what I never saw before. Lionel—I  
know not how to avoid displeasing you by  
this that I am about to say—but I must  
speak. I understand now how my name  
must suffer by its mingling with yours—I  
know what the world says of Lord Chester's  
kindness to Marguerite Bernard's daugh-  
ter. This is why I wish you to pay no  
heed to the words of the Marquis D'Orme.

I was trembling so violently when I  
ceased speaking that I was obliged to  
support myself by the back of a garden  
chair which stood near. He looked at me  
with a strange expression on his face, and  
would have spoken had I not detained  
him with a gesture.

"You must have anticipated what all  
this leads to, my lord. You have been  
very, very kind to me, and I have been  
so happy I could scarcely contain it, and  
went on rapturously—so happy that the recol-  
lection of my past happiness will make the  
rest of my life miserable when it has fled  
forever. And yet, kind as you have been  
and sadly as I shall miss you, Lord Chester  
must come no more to Rose Terrace."

"I did not look at him; I dared not;  
trembling like an aspen-leaf I stood almost  
paralytic with the struggle it had cost me  
to speak that wretched sentence. There  
was a moment's pause, and then Lord  
Chester's passionate words cut through  
the silence.

"My god! And you can stand there,  
Lillian, and calmly speak my banishment,  
—Oh, you speak falsely when you call  
yourself a child! You are a woman, and  
cold as marble!"  
He paused abruptly, with the air of one  
who has spoken unguardedly, and turned  
a most fire-ely away, walking quite out  
of sight. He did not return for full five  
minutes, and then came and faced me.

"You are quite right, Miss Melville," he  
said coldly, "and have spoken well and  
wisely. I will come no more to Rose  
Terrace."  
I shivered as he said it; oh, it was a bit-  
ter, bitter struggle.

"More than that," Lord Chester con-  
tinued, "I will leave for London—Eng-  
land—will put ocean between us, so that  
by no possible chance shall my name  
again cast reproach on that of Lillian  
Melville. I will marry, and remove my-  
self forever from your life. We shall part  
this very hour. Will you say good bye,  
Lillian?"

"Ah, it was cruel of him! My face  
paled not hid my sufferings, but grew  
paler at his every word.  
"Part how—Lionel? So soon!"  
"Why not? It ou take a such heed  
to the world's unkindness, and so  
little friendship of one who truly regards  
you, we will end the face at once."

The bitter words seemed to force me  
back from the position of right-doing into  
one of decided wrong. And yet I was  
surely not in error, I thought.

"The woman who hesitates is lost"  
That one moment's indecision gave Lion-  
el an advantage which he was not slow to  
improve. He came close to me, and drew  
me towards him, gazing tenderly down  
into my sorrowful face.  
"Shall I go Lillian?"  
How could I answer yes? I broke out  
with sobs and tears.

"Oh, my