Summerside Journal.

AND WESTERN PIONEER.

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

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THE

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Summerside Markets.

SUMMERSIDE, NOVEMBER 21, 1867.

Oats per bush	2s 8½d
Barley per bush	3s 6d a 4s
Potatoes per bush	1s 6d
Turnips per bush	10d a 1s
Butter per lb by Tub	10d a 1s
Lard per lb	9d a 10d
Tallow per lb.	9d a 10d
Eggs per doz	9d a 10d
Beef per lb	3d a 4d
Mutton per lb	3d a 4d
Pork per lb by carcass	4½d a 5d
Geese each	1s 6d a 2s
Flour per bbl	56s a 60s
Oatmeal per cwt.	16s a 18s
Hay per Ton	60s a 70s
Straw per cwt.	1s 6d
Pine Boards	10s
Spruce Boards	4s a 5s

Charlottetown Markets.

NOVEMBER 21, 1867.

Beef (small)	4d a 6d
Do. by quarter	3d a 4d
Mutton	3d a 5d
Lamb per lb.	3½d a 4d
Butter	11d a 1s
Do. by tub	10d a 1s
Cheese	4d a 7d
Tallow	9d a 10d
Lard	8d a 9d
Flour lb.	3d a 3½d
Oatmeal 100 lb.	17s a 18s
Eggs	11d a 1s
Potatoes	1s 6d a 2s
Turnips	15d
Barley	3s a 4s
Oats	2s 8d
Boards (Hemlock)	4s
Spruce	4s a 5s
Pine	7s a 9s
Shingles	12s a 15s
Wool	1s a 1s 3d
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Straw cwt.	1s 6d a 2s
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Sheepskins	9d a 1s
Calfskin lb.	5d a 9d
Hides lb.	4½d

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

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THE Subscribers have this day entered into CO-PARTNERSHIP as BARRISTERS and ATTORNIES-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. oct24

THOMAS KELLY,
Barrister - at - Law
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SUMMERSIDE, - - - - P. E. ISLAND.
aug. 9, 1866

FRANCIS LONGWORTH,
BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
☞ Office—PAVILION HOTEL.
(next door to the Hon. Joseph Hensley's.)
CHARLOTTETOWN - - - P. E. Island.
Jan. 17, 1867. 1y

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. tf

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,
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ST. ELEANOR'S.................P. E. ISLAND

Business Cards.

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where they will keep constantly on hand, Flour, Corn Meal, Provisions, Tea, Sugar, Molasses, and all articles usually kept in a Grocery Store.
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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.
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SIMON D. FRASER, PROPRIETOR.
Permanent and Transient Boarders will find the above House to give satisfaction.
Ch'town, June 13, 1867.

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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.
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Aug 29, 1867 tf

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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.
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Head of Queen Street,
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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.
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Jan. 10, 1867. 1y

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Saddle and Harness Maker,
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October 12, 1865.

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at his
LUMBER YARD ON WATER STREET
all kinds of
LUMBER,
consisting of
Pine & Sgruce Boards, Deals, Scantling Laths, Pailings, Shingles, Studding &c, &c.
☞ Lumber constantly kept on hand.
JAMES CALDWELL.
Summerside, Jan 31, 1867. 1y

Business Cards.

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

JABEZ HUDSON,
Authorized Auctioneer,
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June 27, 1867.

CARD
WILLIAM BEAIRSTO,
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WATER STREET,
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WILLIAM DODD,
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KIRKWOOD, LIVINGSTONE & CO.
Flour, Produce, Leather,
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MONTREAL, - - - - - - - C. E.
The most careful attention given to the execution of orders for Flour, Grain, Seeds, Provisions. Leather, Hides, Coal Oil, and general Merchandize. 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 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.
Charges only made for actual disbursements and Commissions not over those of responsible Houses in the line. Unquestionable refernces given when required.
KIRKWOOD, LIVINGSTONE & CO.
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C. L. RICHARDS,
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Nov 1, 1865

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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. 1y

NORTH BRITISH AND MERCANTILE
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FIRE AND LIFE.
Established 1809.
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HEAD OFFICES:
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Forms of Application can be had by applying to Mr. J. BERTRAM, *Journal* Office, Summerside.
Charlottetown, June 20, 1867.—1y

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

POETRY.

HOPE ON.

HOPE on! how oft the darkest night
Precedes the fairest day!
Oh! guard thy soul from sorrow's blight—
Cloud's may obscure the day-god's light,
Yet shines it still as clear and bright
When they have passe l away.

Hope on! though Disapp intment's wings
Above thy path shall soar;
Though Slander drive her rankling stings,
Though Malice all her venom brings,
Though festering darts detraction flings,
Still must the storm pass o'er.

If slave to poverty thou art,
Bear bravely with thy lot;
Though keen her galling chains may smart,
Strive still to rend their links apart;
Hope on! for the despairing l eart
God surely loveth not.

Hope on! hope on! though drear and dark
The future may appear;
The sailor in his storm-tost bark
Still guides the helm and hopes to mark,
Amid the gloom some beacon spark,
His dangerous way to cheer.

Though wealth take wings, or friends forsake,
Be not by grief oppress;
Stern winter binds with us the lake
But genial spring its bands shall break;
Hope on! a firmer purpose take,
And leave to God the rest.

THEODORE A. GOULD.

Select Literature.

NORMA;

OR

THE HEIR OF CHESTERWOOD.

BY REBECCA FORBES.

[CONCLUDED.]

ON the eve of the third day Norma arrived; Ralph would have gone to have met her if she had only stated when she would be at the depot. She was a tall, majestic woman. Her hair, black and glossy as a raven's plume, was coiled and recoiled around her queenlike head; her forehead was as white and smooth as though cut out of a block of marble, and beneath it was set a pair of eyes, so fringed with drooping lashes that it was almost impossible to state what color they were; her mouth was pretty, her lips scarlet as a ripe berry, and betrayed a strong contrast to the white face.

Gracie welcomed her enthu-iastically. and then turned to present her to her husband.

"You are very welcome here," he said, in his musical voice, extending his hand.

She laid her hand in is, and he felt it flutter like a bird; her eyes drooped to the floor, then they were lifted to his face with a varying expression, she half started, gave him a look of recognition, drooped her eyes again, saying, in a soft, dreamy voice,—

"Thank you—your kindness will be appreciated by me. I am so utterly desolate."

"You need never be desolate more," he said, softly.

Then the three went in from the portico into the richly furnished sitting-room, from thence Garcie showed her up into the room she had prepared for her, and then left her to rearrange her toilet. She looked around her.

"How grand everything is," she said, slowly; "and to think that insufferable little milk-and-water chit is mistress of it all!"

Then she commenced to make her toilet. She put on a crimson dress, trimmed with rich lace, which brought out her beauty to advantage; it was cut low in the bosom and had short sleeves, and around her throat she clasped a set of handsome pearls and in her hair she placed a single sprig of crimson flowers, and then descended to the sitting-room again. Never had she looked more radjantly beautiful.

The softest tint suffused her cheeks as she entered and found no one there but Ralph. He sprang up and offered her a seat. In some way, her hand came in contact with his, and he retained it.

"You have not forgotten me, Norma," he said, passionately, as his eyes fell on the pearls around her throat.

"Poor Norma never forgets a friend," she replied, drawing a heavy sigh, and letting her eyes droop beneath his passionate glance.

He stooped over her—he was tempted to kiss her, but at that moment Gracie appeared. This was but one among the many scenes which followed. Every day they met, and she forgot about going governessing. They wandered together down to the brink of the river; they went out to sail in the little boat which was fraught with so many reminiscences of her courtship and still earlier youth to Gracie; they rode horseback together, while she, poor child, was forced to remain at home. He was enthralled with the bewitching woman—the Norma whom he had flirted with before.

One day, when he returned from a ride with her, a servant approached with—

"Sir, a beggar woman will insist upon seeing you. We tried to drive her away, but could not."

A scowl settled upon his brow as he went to where she was waiting for him.

"You here!" he exclaimed.

"Yes," she replied. "I'm here! I want money to keep me from starvation; if you have no natural feelings left, give it to me because it was I who put you—"

"Hold your tongue, you cursed witch!" he shouted. "Take this," flinging her a purse, "and don't you ever dare to venture here again! Go! go! I command you!" and he pushed her rudely from the door.

"I will go, but my cruse will rest upon you," she hissed. "I have lost all the patience I ever possessed."

He only gave a bitter smile as he turned away—he did not believe that she meant what she said.

Weeks passed on—weeks of bitterness to Gracie, and then another drop was added to her almost overflowing cup of sorrow. Her father, the only friend she had remaining on earth, was found dead in his bed—died of heart disease! Ralph expressed no grief; this was the event he had looked forward to.

When Ralph and Norma, the evil star of his existence met again, there was a strange meaning in their eyes.

"He is gone, Ralph," she said, exultingly.

"Yes, Norma, my darling, he has gone. Norma, I love you devotedly. It would be heaven to spend my life with you," drawing her so close to him that her head rested on his shoulder, and his warm breath swept over her hair, "but Gracie! If—" he waited for her to finish the sentence.

"She was not here!" she said, looking up into his eyes, "and you know the vaults—she might be missing?"

He caught her meaning. Clasping her hand, he raised it to his lips, and then sought to kiss her lips.

"Not yet," she said, "Gracie has the right to your kisses yet!"

"Grace—you forever cast that up to me!" he exclaimed. "But it shan't be so much longer."

There was an exulting smile on the lips of the siren. All her scheming and planning was about to be fulfilled. Chesterwood would be at her command! There would be no need of her going out as a governess.

"Bah!" she ejaculated to herself, "Governess forsooth! I never cherished such an absurd idea!"

It was not many days afterward that there was a loud outcry at Chesterwood. Gracie, the gentle young mistress, beloved by all who knew her save the two who had plotted so successfully to deprive her of her rights, was missing! The servants turned out to search; the neighbors, the aristocratic portion of the town all joined in the vain search. At last the little boat which had so long been moored at Chesterwood Place, was found some miles down the river, where it had caught so ne trees in its downward course. It was capsized. There was no more doubt as to her fate now. She had gone out in the boat alone, and was drowned.

Ralph appeared like one distracted; he was hypocrite enough to play his part well. He had heavy weeds on his hat, and every gate and every door was festooned with crape. The insignia of death was imprinted everywhere.

Then came the parting. Norma had to leave Chesterwood Place for awhile; it would not look well for her to remain there now, especially as his attentions to her had been so noted before his wife was missing. There were many tears shed, and then she went on her way rejoicing. There was nothing now to debar her from becoming the lady of Chesterwood, and she was triumphant.

As for Ralph, he was infatuated by her; he would dare the wrath of earth and hell for her, and he belived that she would do the same for him. Ah! he forgot that when a woman can become so dabased, so utterly lost to everything pure and good, as to aid or devise plans for the ruin of one of her own sex, that she will not expose herself to danger for any human being. She is a frail support for any man to put his trust in, for, if it would be any gain to her, she would not hesitate to betray him. There is no vow too sacred for her to break, for a bad woman is but a fiend in female garb.

During Norma's stay abroad, Ralph remained at home to take care of his captive. Down into one of the cells he had forcibly taken poor Gracie. Day after day, as he had an opportunity, he carried her food. He showed her the crape on his hat, informed her that he was having a very large monument erected to her memory, and, moreover, told her that but a few months would expire before he would bring a new wife home to preside over his house. At first she begged to be released with many tears, but when she found that he was determined, she became silent and melancholy.

"Could this be Ralph whom she had loved since her earliest childhood?"

She asked herself that question over and over in her solitude. Then she began to suspect that he had been the instigator of Cliffe killing his father; but she shuddered and tried to banish the thought.

She asked him to provide her with knitting needles and yarn, and, though she little expected it, he granted her request. After that she knit, ravelled, and re-knit, feeling that if her fingers were not occupied she would soon become insane, and every day she felt her mind slowly becoming weaker. Oh! how she prayed for death to end her miserable existence.

Nine months had scarcely elapsed since the disappearance of Gracie, ere Ralph Chesterwood left his home and proceeded towards where Norma was awaiting him. The nine months of their separation to him had been very long and drear. He had to be where he was reminded of his guilt every moment of the day. With her it had been but a short period. She had been bountifully supplied with money by him, and she had mingled in the gayest society. She scarcely ever gave him a thought now, and had any other as eligible an offer presented itself, she would have no scruples about accepting it, so utterly worthless and destitute of honor was this beloved Norma of his.

However, she met him with a great display of motion; she vowed that he had occupied her thoughts during every second of their separation, and he believed it. He would wait no longer; she must consent to an immediate union with him, and their nuptials were solemnized by a very select few, who were bound as yet to keep it secret. Then, at her earnest persuasions, he returned home to wait three months longer before he was to take her hence as his wife.

"You know, dear Ralph," she added, in her soft tones, "that it would look so very bad to the people there if you should marry before your mourning year expires."

So, with a deep, muttered curse on his lips, he went back alone, and she plunged deeper into fashionable amusement. Now that Chesterwood was secured, she was not particular as to what kind of reports reached his ears; so she flirted and fascinated even more than she had done before; and he fumed and swore about it, writing to her that if it continued he would go and claim her as his wife and bring her home. But she treated his threats with scorn, replying to him that if he had a "wax doll to deal with he hadn't one now."

At last the time was drawing near that he was to bring her home. He felt dreadfully depressed in spirits; a gloom seemed to enshroud him, and in vain he strove against it—he could not banish it away. He "pshawed!" and "poohed," and tried to laugh at his own silly fears, but all was useless.

Towards dark, the day before he was to start, after he had overseen all the preparations which had taken place to receive the "bride," he wandered out alone. He was somewhat annoyed by seeing a bevy of gentleman coming up the gravelled pathway, and for a moment he thought of hiding himself; but before he had come to any definite conclusion, one of them stepped forward and slapped his hand heavily on his shoulder, saying,—

"You are my prisoner!"

He started—turned pale.

"This is a rude joke!" he exclaimed, with assumed calmness. "What am I arrested for, pray?"

"For being an imposter!" was the response.

For a moment he quailed, then tried to brave them out.

"It is only a joke, gentlemen!"

"A real joke, sir," clapping a pair of handcuffs on him, "there is proof positive. Here is the true heir," and one of the new comers stepped forward.

"You here!" he exclaimed, unguardedly.

"I am here, Lester Leighman, "was the response; "your nefarious plot has not succeeded."

We will pass over his transition from master of Chesterwood to the confines of a prison. Proof had been brought forward that he was only an imposter.

Years before, he and Ralph Chesterwood met in California. The close resemblance which they bore to one another was very often marvelled at, but by none so much as Ralph himself. At last a crime was committed. Testimony came forward to convict one of the two—he having been seen in a certain place at a certain hour. Ralph pleaded innocence, but Lester, who had previously arranged it with some guilty companions, brought forth proof that he had been elsewhere. As soon as he had seen Ralph safely deposited in jail on a false charge he started homewards. He went direct to his mother, Agnes Leighman of yore, now an old, withered crone, told her of the marvellous resemblance between him and old Chesterwood's son. Then for the first time she made him acquainted with the fact, that he was his father, and that he and Ralph were half-brothers. She told him all the history of the Chesterwoods, which she had gleaned from different sources, described to him the place, and proposed to him to go and act as his son—the heir.

That was the very course he had decided on. He had heard Ralph relate many little incidents of his youth, and mention his early engagement with a little Gracie Trevor, so he anticipated no trouble. He succeeded, we well know. But, through some means, after several years' imprisonment, the true Ralph was set at liberty, and started for home.

When he arrived there he found that his father had died, that his enemy under false pretences had become the heir, and was supposed to be the real Ralph. He turned away, disheartened; he knew that it would be hard for him now to dislodge the enemy. The first person he met was an old beggar woman, who insisted upon telling him his "fortune." At first he would not listen to her, but she persisted. Then she told him the whole story of his youth, of his false imprisonment, of his enemy, and finally told him that she was Agnes Leighman, the impostor's mother.

He took her to a lawyer, and had her strange story written down; she moreover assured them that there was a curious mark on Lester's arm which could be proof. She was kept secure so that she could not escape before the trial. They gathered up other evidences, and at last he was arrested.

In the court Agnes Leighman swore to all which she had stated; the servants identified her as the beggar who had visited him, and she arose and confronted him.

"When you so basely turned me away from your door with the threat which you had uttered that you would murder me, I swore to be revenged! You were my son, but you had no natural feeling for your mother! Impostor, you are exposed!"

He was committed to jail again, and there word was brought him that his guilty accomplice, Norma, hearing of the desolation which had befallen him, had fled with a French actor, from a third-rate theatre. Also, that she left word behind her th "Chesterwood had his wife confined the vaults." He listened as if dum struck; made a movement forward; utte ed a groan; a blood vessel ruptured, an he was lying unconscious on the floor. A few moments afterward, he was dead! A piece of paper was found about him, in which was written the whole confession of his crimes.

Ralph Chesterwood had a search immediately instituted in the vaults for Gracie. They found her just on the verge of death from starvation. He had her removed to the house, where a physician was called in, but despite all their efforts a long and severe fit of illness set in, and months elapsed before she became conscious. Then the dreadful tidings of the changes which had taken place was broken to her gradually. She did not weep; she could scarcely comprehend it all, but she breathed freer; she felt that she was secure from further persecution.

"I must leave here now, Mr. Chesterwood," she said to Ralph, when he was admitted to see her after the revelation which had been made.

"No, I cannot permit it Miss ——, Mrs. ——," he stammered; what should he call her now?—"Gracie, I am about leaving home for several months; stay here."

"You are very kind, Mr. Chesterwood," she replied, as she saw how this Ralph and the Ralph of her girlhood was the same; "but, indeed, I cannot. I have an aunt—a quakeress—I will go to her."

"If you wish it;" he said, in a di- ened tone, "it shall be so!"

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