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NEW SERIES.

CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1883.

VOL. 13.—NO. 142.

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ALMANAC FOR NOVEMBER, 1883.

MOON'S CHANGES.

First Quarter, 7th day, Th. 51.9m., a. m.
Full Moon, 14th day, Th. 24.8m., p. m.
Last quarter 21st day, Th. 31.1m., a. m.
New Moon 29th day, Th. 41.7m., p. m.

DAY OF WEEK	Sun	Moon	High	Days
M	riser	sets	water	len
Thursday	6 47	4 40	8 51	11 30
Friday	48	29 9	0	morn
Saturday	50	37 9	53	0 6
Sunday	51	36 10	41	0 19
Monday	53	34 11	25	1 41
Tuesday	54	33	11	2 1
Wednesday	55	32	0	3 2 50
Thursday	57	31	1	11 3 49
Friday	59	29	1	42 5 3
Saturday	7	0	28	2 13 6 21
Sunday	2	27	2	44 7 23 9 46
Monday	3	26	3	19 8 33
Tuesday	5	24	3	58 9 24
Wednesday	6	23	4	44 10 12
Thursday	7	22	5	36 10 57
Friday	9	21	6	36 11 42
Saturday	10	20	7	39 12 21
Sunday	12	19	8	45 1 28 9 30
Monday	13	18	9	53 1 59
Tuesday	14	17	10	58 2 47
Wednesday	16	16	morn	3 44
Thursday	17	16	0	1 4 49
Friday	19	15	1	2 5 58
Saturday	20	14	2	3 7 1
Sunday	21	13	3	3 7 51 15
Monday	23	13	4	2 8 40
Tuesday	24	12	4	56 9 20
Wednesday	25	12	5	59 9 51
Thursday	26	11	6	55 10 34
Friday	28	10	7	49 11 10

Prince Edward Island RAILWAY.

TIME TABLE NO. 29.
SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

To take effect on the 24th May, 1883.

TRAINS OUTWARD.

STATIONS.	EXPRESS.	MIXED.	MIXED.
Ch'town	Dp 8.45am	Dp 9.20am	Dp 4.15pm
Royalty Jc	" 7.00 "	" 10.50 "	" 5.25 "
N Wiltshe's	" 7.35 "	" 11.06 "	" 5.40 "
Hunter R'r	" 8.10 "	" 11.46 "	" 6.16 "
Bradalba'e	" 8.15 "	" 11.56 "	" 6.30 "
Co'y Line	" 8.26 "	" 12.12pm "	" 6.45 "
Freestone	" 8.40 "	" 12.37pm "	" 7.08 "
Kensington	Ar 9.05 "	Ar 1.15 "	Ar 7.45 "
Summ'side	Dp 9.25 "	Dp 1.45 "	
Misouche	" 9.40 "	" 2.08 "	
Wellington	" 9.59 "	" 2.37 "	
Port Hill	" 10.28 "	" 3.22 "	
O'Leary	" 11.20 "	" 4.53 "	
Bloomfield	" 11.38 "	" 5.20 "	
Alberton	" 12.03pm "	" 6.20 "	
Tignish	Ar 12.40 "	Ar 7.20 "	
Ch'town	Dp 4.00pm	Dp 7.00am	
Royalty Jc	" 4.15 "	" 7.23 "	
York	" 4.27 "	" 7.41 "	
Bedford	" 4.40 "	" 8.02 "	
St. Stew't	" 4.55 "	" 8.20 "	
Morpell	" 5.15 "	" 8.45 "	
St. Peter's	" 5.44 "	" 9.17 "	
Bear River	" 6.04 "	" 9.45 "	
Souris	" 6.39 "	" 10.11 "	
Ch'town	Ar 7.10 "	Ar 12.00m "	
St. Stew't	Dp 5.15pm	Dp 9.10am	
Carleton	" 6.11 "	" 10.33 "	
Georgetown	Ar 6.30 "	Ar 11.00 "	

TRAINS INWARD.

STATIONS.	EXPRESS.	MIXED.	MIXED.
Ch'town	Ar 8.00pm	Ar 3.45pm	Ar 10.15am
Royalty Jc	Dp 7.45 "	Dp 3.21 "	Dp 9.55 "
N Wiltshe's	" 7.11 "	" 2.25 "	" 9.04 "
Hunter R'r	" 7.00 "	" 2.08 "	" 8.48 "
Bradalba'e	" 6.36 "	" 1.27 "	" 8.10 "
Co'y Line	" 6.30 "	" 1.17 "	" 7.57 "
Freestone	" 6.19 "	" 1.01 "	" 7.42 "
Kensington	" 6.04 "	" 12.37 "	" 7.20 "
Summ'side	" 5.40 "	" 12.00 "	" 6.45 "
Misouche	Dp 5.00 "	Dp 11.30am "	
Wellington	" 4.42 "	" 10.35 "	
Port Hill	" 4.13 "	" 9.43 "	
O'Leary	" 3.22 "	" 8.20 "	
Bloomfield	" 3.05 "	" 7.54 "	
Alberton	" 2.38 "	" 7.15 "	
Tignish	" 2.00 "	" 6.00 "	
Ch'town	Ar 10.00am	Ar 7.00pm	
Royalty Jc	Dp 9.45 "	Dp 6.37 "	
York	" 9.33 "	" 6.20 "	
Bedford	" 9.20 "	" 6.00 "	
St. Stew't	" 8.55 "	" 5.23 "	
Morpell	" 8.15 "	" 4.15 "	
St. Peter's	" 7.55 "	" 3.42 "	
Bear River	" 7.22 "	" 3.00 "	
Souris	" 6.50 "	" 2.00 "	
Ch'town	Dp 8.55 "	Dp 5.20pm "	
Carleton	" 7.49 "	" 3.27 "	
Georgetown	" 7.30 "	" 3.00 "	

JAMES COLEMAN,
Superintendent,
Railway Office, Charlottetown, May 21, 1883.

Merchants' Bank of Halifax.

CHARLOTTETOWN AGENCY,
Savings Bank Department.

— WILL BE —
OPENED 1ST NOVEMBER, 1883,
on and after which date DEPOSITS OF \$5
AND UPWARD, will be taken and
interest at the rate of

Four Per Cent. Per Annum
ALLOWED THEREON.

For further particulars apply to
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Oct. 30, 1883. AGENT.

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Catechisms,
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Gospels.
Rosaries, Crucifixes, Holy Water Fonts,
and all goods pertaining to the Church
Service.
The Dublin Review, Brownson's Review,
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Fashion Papers, etc.
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and weekly newspapers in the city, for sale.
Corner Prince and Richmond Streets.
Ch'town, Oct. 29, 1883.

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Insures against accidents of all kinds. Rates
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JOHN MACEACHERN,
Agent for P. E. Island.
Ch'town, Oct. 16, 1883.

McLEOD, MORSON & McQUARRIE,

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SOLICITORS, NOTARIES PUBLIC, ETC.

OFFICES:
Reform Club Committee Rooms, Opposite Post
Office, Charlottetown, P. E. Island,
Merchants' Bank Building, Sum-
merside, P. E. Island.

MONEY TO LOAN, on good security, at
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Nov. 24, '82.—pres her

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Solicitors in Chancery,
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Jan. 16, '83.

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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Notary Public, &c.

OFFICE—West Side of Queen Street, Char-
lottetown, next door to Stevenson's Tin Shop
July 25, 1883.—dy wklly 6m

L. ARTHUR & CO.,

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Commission Merchants,

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April 26, 1883.—wklly tr

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OF ENGLAND.
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Lancashire Insurance Company

CAPITAL, FIFTEEN MILLION DOLLARS
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at current rates. Losses settled promptly
and equitably.
DESBRISAY & ANGUS,
General Agents,
Office—South Side Queen Square,
Ch'town, Sept. 15, 1882.

FOUL PLAY.

CHAPTER I.

THERE are places which appear at first
sight inaccessible to romance; and such a
place was Mr. Wardlaw's dining-room in
Russell Square. It was very large, had
sickly green walls, picked out with alder-
men, full length; heavy maroon curtains;
mahogany chairs; a Turkey carpet an inch
thick; and was lighted with wax candles
only.

In the centre, bristling and gleaming
with silver and glass, was a round table,
at which fourteen could have dined comfort-
ably; and at opposite sides of this table sat
two gentlemen, who looked as neat, grave,
precise and unromantic as the place—Mer-
chant Wardlaw and his son.

Wardlaw senior was an elderly man, tall,
thin, iron-gray, with a round head, a short,
thick neck, a good, brown eye, a square
jaw that betokened resolution, and a com-
plexion so sallow as to be almost cadaverous.
Hard as iron; but a certain stiff dignity
and respectability sat upon him, and
became him.

Arthur Wardlaw resembled his father in
figure, but his mother in face. He had, and
has, hay-colored hair, a forehead singularly
white and delicate, pale blue eyes, largish
ears, finely chiselled features, the under lip
much shorter than the upper; his chin oval
and pretty, but somewhat receding; his
complexion beautiful. In short, what
nineteen people out of twenty would call a
handsome young man, and think they had
described him.

Both the Wardlaws were in full dress,
according to the invariable custom of the
house; and sat in dead silence, that seemed
natural to the great, sober room.

This, however, was not for want
of a topic; on the contrary, they had
had a matter of great importance to
discuss, and in fact this was why they
dined *tele-a-tele*; but their tongues were
tied for the present; in the first place, there
stood in the middle of the table an
epicure, the size of a Putney laurel-tree;
neither Wardlaw could see the other, with-
out craning out his neck like a rifleman
from behind his tree; and then there were
three live suppressors of confidential inter-
course—two gorgeous footmen, and a
sombre, sublime, and, in one word, episcopal
butler; all three went about as softly as
cats after a robin, and conjured one plate
away, and smoothly insinuated another,
and seemed models of grave discretion; but
were known to be all ears, and bound by a
secret oath to carry down each round of
dialogue to the servants' hall for curious
dissection and boisterous ridicule.

At last, however, these three snug hypo-
crits retired, and, by good luck, trans-
ferred their suffocating ergone to the side-
board; so then father and son looked at
one another with that conscious air which
naturally precedes a topic of interest; and
Wardlaw senior invited his son to try a
certain decanter of rare old port, by way of
preliminary.

While the young man fills his glass, hurl
we in his antecedents.

At school till fifteen, and then clerk in
his father's office till twenty-two, and
showed an aptitude so remarkable, that
John Wardlaw, who was getting tired, de-
termined, sooner or later, to put the reins
of government into his hands. But he
conceived a desire that the future head of
his office should be a University man. So
he announced his resolution, and to Oxford
went young Wardlaw, though he had not
looked at Greek or Latin for seven years. He
was, however, furnished with a tutor, under
whom he recovered lost ground rapidly.

The Reverend Robert Penfold was a first-
class man, and had the gift of teaching.
The house of Wardlaw had peculiar claims
on him, for he was the son of old Michael
Penfold, Wardlaw's cashier; he learned
from young Wardlaw the stake he was
playing for, and, instead of merely giving
him one hour's lecture per day, as he did
to his other pupils, he used to come to his
rooms at all hours, and force him to read,
by reading with him. He also stood his
friend in a serious emergency. Young
Wardlaw, you must know, was blessed or
cursed with mimicry; his powers in that
way really seemed to have no limit, for he
could imitate any sound you liked with his
voice, and any form with his pen or
pencil. Now, we promise you, he was
one man under his father's eyes, and an-
other down at Oxford; so, one night, this
gentleman, being warm with wine, open-
ed his window, and seeing a group of un-
derrated chattering and amusing in the
quadrangle, imitates the peculiar grating
hoops of Mr. Champion, vice-president of
the college, and gives them various reasons
why they ought to disperse to their rooms
and study. "But, perhaps," said he, in con-
clusion, "you are too blind drunk to read
Boak in crooked letters by candle-light in
that case—And he then gave them some
very naughty advice how to pass the
evening—still in the exact tones of Mr.
Champion, who was a very, very strict
moralist—and this unexpected sally of wit
tickled all the hearers, except Champion
itself who was listening and disapproving at
another window. He complained to the
president. The ingenious Wardlaw,
not having come down to us in a direct line
from Bayard, committed a great mistake—
he denied it.

It was brought home to him, and the
president, who had laughed in his sleeve at
the practical joke, looked very grave at the
falsehood, rustication was talked of, and
even expulsion. Then Wardlaw came sor-
rowfully to Penfold, and said to him:

"I must have been awfully out, for I don't
remember at all; I have been wining at
Christchurch. I do remember slanging the
fellows, but how can I tell what I said?
I say, old fellow, it will be a bad job for
me if they expel me, or even rusticate me;
my father will never forgive me; I shall be
his clerk but never his partner; and then
will find out what a lot I owe down here.
I'm done for! I'm done for!"

Penfold uttered not a word, but grasped

his hand, and went off to the president,
and said his pupil had wined at Christ-
church, and could not be expected to re-
member minutely. Mimicry was, unfortu-
nately, a habit with him. He then pleaded
for the milder construction with such
zeal and eloquence that the high-
minded scholar he was addressing ad-
mitted that construction was possible,
and, therefore, must be received. So the
affair ended in a written apology to Mr.
Champion, which had all the smoothness
and neatness of a merchant's letter. Ar-
thur Wardlaw was already a master in that
style.

Six months after this, and one fortnight
before the actual commencement of our
tale, Arthur Wardlaw, well crammed by
Penfold, went up for his final examination,
throbbing with anxiety. He passed; and
was so grateful to his tutor that, when the
advison of a small living near Oxford
came into the market he asked Wardlaw
senior to lend Robert Penfold a sum of
money, much more than was needed; and
Wardlaw senior declined without a mo-
ment's hesitation.

This slight sketch will serve as a key to
the dialogue it has postponed, and to sub-
sequent incidents.

"Well, Arthur, and so you have really
taken your degree?"

"No, sir; but I have passed my examina-
tion. The degree follows as a matter of
course—that is a mere question of fees."

"Oh, then, now I have something to say
to you. Try one more glass of the '47 port.
Stop; you'll excuse me; I am a man of
business; I don't doubt your word; Heaven
forbid! but do you happen to have any
document you can produce in further con-
firmation of what you state—namely, that
you have passed your final examination at
the University?"

"Certainly, sir," replied young Wardlaw;
"my Testatur."

"What is that?"

"The young gentleman put his hand in his
pocket and produced his Testatur, or 'We
bear witness,' a short-printed document in
Latin, which may be thus translated:

"We bear witness that Arthur Wardlaw,
of St. Luke's College, has answered our ques-
tions in humane letters.

GEORGE RICHARDSON,
ARTHUR SMYTHE,
EDWARD MERVILLE,
Examiners."

Wardlaw senior took it, laid it beside
him on the table, inspected it with his
double eye-glass, and not knowing a word
of Latin, was mightily impressed, and his
respect for his son rose forty-five per cent.

"Very well, sir," said he. "Now listen to
me. Perhaps it was an old man's fancy;
but I have often seen in the world what a
stamp these Universities put upon a man.
To send you back from commerce to Latin
and Greek, at two-and-twenty, was trying
you rather hard; it was trying you doubly;
your obedience and your ability into the
bargain. Well, sir, you have stood the
trial, and I am proud of you. And so now
it is my turn; from this day and from this
hour, look upon yourself as my partner in
the old established house of Wardlaw. My
balance-sheet shall be prepared immediately,
and the partnership deed drawn. You will
enter on a flourishing concern, sir; and you
will virtually conduct it, in written com-
munication with me; for I have had five-
and-forty years of it; and then my liver,
you know; Watson advises me strongly to
leave my desk, and try country air, and
rest from business and its cares."

He paused a moment; and the young man
drew a long breath, like one who was in the
act of being relieved of some terrible
weight.

As for the old gentleman, he was not ob-
serving his son just then, but thinking of
his own career; a certain expression of pain
and regret came over his features; but he
shook it off with manly dignity.

"Come, come," said he, "this is the law
of Nature, and must be submitted to with
a good grace. Wardlaw junior, fill your
glass." At the same time he stood up and
said, stoutly, "The setting sun drinks to
the rising sun; but could not maintain
that artificial style, and ended with,
"God bless you, my boy, and may you stick
to business; avoid speculation, as I have
done; and so hand the concern down
healthy to your son, as my father there
(pointing to a picture) handed it down to
me, and I to you."

His voice wavered slightly in uttering
this benediction; but only for a moment; he
then sat quietly down, and sipped his wine
composedly.

Not so the other; his color came and
went violently all the time his father was
speaking, and, when he ceased, he sank
into his chair with another sigh deeper
than the last, and two half hysterical tears
came to his pale eyes.

But presently, feeling he was expected to
say something, he struggled against all this
mysterious emotion, and faltered out that
he should not fear the responsibility, if he
might have constant recourse to his father
for advice.

"Why, of course," was the reply, "my
country house is but a mile from the sta-
tion; you can telegraph for me in any case
of importance.

"When would you wish me to commence
my new duties?"

made his appearance, and brought in a
card.

"Mr. Christopher Adams"
Now that Mr. Christopher Adams should
call on John Wardlaw in his private room,
at nine o'clock in the evening, seemed to
that merchant irregular, presumptuous and
monstrous.

"Tell him he will find me at my place of
business—tomorrow, as usual," said he, knit-
ting his brows.

The footman went off with his message,
and soon after, raised voices were heard in
the hall, and the episcopal butler entered
the room with an injured countenance.

"He says he must see you; he is in great
anxiety."

"Yes, I am in great anxiety," said a quav-
ering voice, at his elbow; and Mr. Adams
actually pushed by the butler, and stood,
hat in hand, in those sacred precincts.

"Pray excuse me, sir," said he, "but it is
very serious; I can't be easy in my mind
till I have put you a question."

"This is very extraordinary conduct, sir,"
said Mr. Wardlaw. "Do you think I do
business here, and at all hours?"

"Oh, no, sir; it is my own business. I
am come to ask you a very serious question.
I couldn't wait till morning with such a
doubt on my mind."

"Well, sir, I repeat this is irregular and
extraordinary; but as you are here, pray
what is the matter?" He then dismissed the
lingering butler with a look. Mr. Adams
cast uneasy glances on young Wardlaw.

"Oh," said the elder, "you can speak before
him. This is my partner; that is to say, he
will be as soon as the balance sheet can be
prepared, and the deed drawn. Wardlaw
junior, this is Mr. Adams, a very respect-
able bill discounter."

The two men bowed to each other, and
Arthur Wardlaw sat down motionless.

"Sir, did you draw a note of hand to-day?"
inquired Adams of the elder merchant.

"I dare say I did. Did you discount one
signed by me?"

"Yes, sir, we did."
"Well, sir, you have only to present it at
maturity. Wardlaw & Son will provide for
it, I dare say." This, with the lofty non-
chalance of a rich man, who had never
broken an engagement in his life.

"Ah! that I know they will if it's all
right; but suppose it is not?"

"What d'ye mean?" asked Wardlaw, in
some astonishment.

"Oh, nothing, sir! It bears your signa-
ture, that is good for twenty times the
amount, and it is endorsed by your cashier.
Only what makes me a little uneasy, your
bills used to be always on your own forms,
and so I told my partner; he discounted it.
G