

GRAND Patriotic Concert

—BY—
Lodges Eton and Prince Edward
SONS OF ENGLAND

Under the Direction of Brother Professor W. Harry Watts, in Collaboration of

**St. George's Day,
MONDAY APRIL 23rd
Opera House.**

PROGRAMME.

- March..... Selected Professor Vinnicombe's Orchestra
 - 1. Society Ode "Red White and Blue" Solo by Bro. A. W. Mitchell. Chorus by members of the society.
 - 2. Patriotic Air..... Selected..... Orchestra
 - 3. (a) Chorus—"Lords of the Waves We Are"..... Fanning
 - (b) "Vale!"..... Fanning
 - Verse Apostrophe to Colonials Mr. L. A. W. Lamont
 - Verse apostrophe re Patriotic Fund Mrs. W. H. Watts.
 - 4. Song—"The Uncommercial Traveller" Mr. E. H. Mitchell.
 - 5. Recitation..... Storm Along John Miss Enid McLean.
 - 6. Song..... "After the Sun Went Down" Little Misses Fannie and Jean Gill.
 - 7. Song..... "Fionn"..... S. Adams Mrs. E. H. Norton.
 - 8. Patriotic song "Who Carries the Gun?" Mrs. W. H. Watts.
 - 9. Sword Drill and Royal Salute..... Capt. (Miss) Fitzgerald and twelve young ladies.
 - INTERMISSION.
 - Light Cavalry Overture by Von Suppe. Orchestra.
 - PART II.
 - 1. Solo and Chorus—"The Recessional"..... Mr. L. W. Cook and Chorus.
 - 2. Gipsy Scene—Scene arranged by Miss H. McDonald. By the Ladies of the Sword Drill.
 - 3. Song..... Selected Miss Earle, Piano, Professor Earle.
 - 4. Recitation "Our Bit of the Thin Red Line"..... Miss McKezize.
 - Tableau arranged by Lieut. A. G. Peake.
 - 5. Song—"Change Front on Pretoria"..... March Mr. W. F. Collings and Men's Chorus Picture by Lieut. A. G. Peake.
 - 6. (a)—Chorus. Soldiers' Chorus..... Faust (b)—Patriotic Chorus..... "Victoria." GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.
- Accompanists, Miss Amy Moore, Miss Stewart and Mr. W. McKie.
Director, Bro. Prof. W. H. Watts.
Tickets on sale at usual places on Thursday morning at 10 o'clock. Positively no ticket will be sold till 10 o'clock. Admission 35 and 25 cents.
Proceeds in aid of the Red Cross Fund.

RIGHTED AT LAST

BY MARY CECIL HAY

Author of "The Arundel Motto," "Nora's Love Test," "Back to the Old Home," Etc.

"Except—
It was Honor who began the sentence, and stopped, blushing vividly, even painfully.
"Except?" Mr. Keith echoed interrogatively.

"Honor, what pleasure can you find in dragging up forbidden subjects?" inquired Mrs. Trent; and Honor understood the hidden anger in the smooth, soft tones.

Hervey looked down upon his soup-plate, and Theodora attempted to quench her cousin with a glance and a curl of her lip; but Mr. Keith waited for his answer.

"I was going to say," Honor remarked, looking fully into his questioning eyes, while the bright pink faded slowly into its own delicate hue again, "except my own cousin, Gabriel Myddelton. I forgot that his name was never mentioned here. And I—I don't know why I should have spoken of him to-night. At home he is talked of only with horror and contempt. When I mention him, even myself, 't is simply in utter bewilderment."

"Why?"
For a moment she read his face with a frank, gentle gaze, and then she dropped her eyes again, and answered very quietly:

"I can see that you know why."
"Please don't bring up that horrible and detestable story again," exclaimed Theodora, with a well-feigned shudder; "we are not hardened to it by hearing it perpetually, as Honor says she does at home."

"No, Mr. Myddelton's murder is not quite a perpetual topic of conversation even at the Larches, Theodora," said Honor, speaking fearlessly, though her beautiful eyes had a great wistfulness in them.

"Mr. Keith," remarked Miss Trent, to change effectually the subject of conversation, "what a splendid horse you were riding to-day, and how tired he was! From where had you ridden?"

"From home."
Theodora glanced up with a start. One word or look of encouragement from him, and she could ask the question to which she longed to hear the answer, "Where is your home?" But there came no word or smile of encouragement, however slight, and she was fain to content herself with having achieved her primary object, and turning her guest's attention from a name which she would have given much to be able to expunge from the family tree.

Yet had Theodora quite succeeded, after all? She had shown her hatred of the subject; Mrs. Trent had skilfully withdrawn from it; Hervey had languidly ignored it; Honor Craven had blushed with a keen sense of pain or shame at mentioning it; yet no sooner had the servants left the room than this dreaded topic was uppermost once more and even being handled by each one of the little group with an apparent indifference. Was it because Gabriel Myddelton was now spoken of as old Myddelton's nephew, and not as a friend or relation of any one present? Or was it because there was one strong will

present, which, without evidence of its power, could lead where it chose, and chose thus?

"If I am really to go with you to Abbotsmoor," Royden said, "I must first hear the entire story of old Myddelton's murder, or what interest will there be for me in that place? Miss Trent, will you tell it?"

"I suppose I must, if you ask me," she answered smiling; "but it is a very horrible story to tell, and I am not sure that I shall be able to get through it. Honor, you look as if you were prepared to interrupt me in every sentence. Eat your grapes, please. Must I really tell it all, Mr. Keith?" and again she looked up, smilingly, into the handsome, dark face.

"If you will—unless your cousin will help you."

He did not mention which cousin, but Honor very suddenly began to attend to her grapes.

CHAPTER III.

"I know, Mr. Keith that you have not been in this part of the country very long," Miss Trent began; "but still you must have heard of old Mr. Myddelton. You must have heard how he saved and accumulated his wealth until the very mention of old Myddelton's money became a proverb conveying the idea of unlimited riches."

"Our uncle's existence was one long course of amassing and hoarding," remarked Honor, speaking almost absently, while her clear, listening gaze was fixed upon Theodora's face, "and I think the people about Abbotsmoor are quite right when they whisper that wealth acquired and used so—must bring the very reverse of a blessing to its possessor."

"Its probable possessor do not happen to think so," put in Captain Trent, lightly.

"They know, of course," added Royden Keith, as he raised his wine-glass slowly to his lips, "that it depends upon themselves and upon their use of the wealth."

"You really want to hear the story of old Mr. Myddelton's murder, do you, Mr. Keith?" inquired Miss Trent as she deliberately peeled the peach which she could not stop to taste; leaning forward a little, so that when she turned to Royden she could see the expression of his listening face. "I wish you had seen Abbotsmoor before I told you. We shall be there on Thursday, and I will show you the window through which the murderer forced his way."

"I have seen Abbotsmoor; I know the window," remarked Royden, calmly.

Miss Trent looked round surprised. "Oh, I did not know," she said, vexed it would seem, "Then Lady Somerset, I suppose, anticipated our picnic? That was very unkind of her, because I told her of it two weeks ago."

"No, I went alone," said Royden, in his cool, grave tones. "One evening, as I passed the lodge, I was tempted in to see the gloomy old place."

"You will not think it a gloomy old place on Thursday," observed Theodora, with her most charming smile. "But I must get on with my story, or you and Hervey and mamma will be bored to death."

For an instant Royden glanced across at Honor, as if wondering why she should not be bored, too. The girl's look of eager, yet sorrowful interest, was answer enough.

"I told you, didn't I, that old Myddelton's brother had only one son—Gabriel? He was educated for no profession, because, of course, he was known to be his uncle's heir. After his parents died—they died when he was quite a child—he lived entirely at Abbotsmoor. His uncle did not send him to college; and he wasn't very well educated, was he, mamma?"

"As I remember him," remarked Mrs. Trent, indifferently, "he was a quiet, gentlemanly young man, amiable and easily led, but with a pernicious habit of arguing certain matters with his uncle. At that time I never imagined what awful passions lay beneath his quiet demeanor; still I always, even then, considered him inexcusably ungrateful for what was done for him, of a moody nature, and sadly deficient in refinement of taste. He could not bear the restraint of a regular life at Abbotsmoor; indeed he made no secret of the fact that the order and punctuality of his uncle's house were irksome to him."

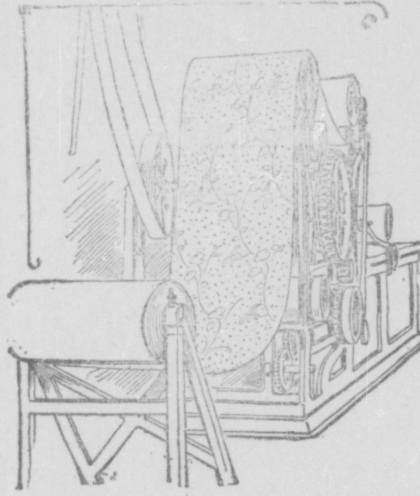
"But order and punctuality were not all, Mrs. Trent," put in Honor, speaking with quiet earnestness. "I have often heard that life at Abbotsmoor was utterly sordid and utterly solitary."

"And Gabriel Myddelton," remarked Royden, "was perhaps by nature neither utterly sordid nor utterly solitary."

"He proved himself both to no mean extent," returned Captain Trent.

"Miss Craven, I believe," said Royden, "is the only one at all allied to him. How does she bear the yoke of such a connection?"

As he glanced into Honor's face, he saw her cheeks burn; and knowing the color must be born of a great pain or



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a great shame, he turned the question aside.

"Now, Miss Trent, what a long time we hover on the verge of that murder!"

"Honor, do not interrupt me again," said Theodora, once more taking up the thread which it pleased her to fancy that Honor had broken. "Well, Mr. Keith, once Gabriel and old Mr. Myddelton had a quarrel, and it ended in Gabriel's either being turned out of the house, or voluntarily leaving it. A message was sent at once to summon Mr. Myddelton's lawyers—the firm in Kinbary was Carter & Haughton in those days; now Mr. Haughton (I told you he was one of old Myddelton's relations and Honor's guardian) has the whole business. Well, Mr. Carter came, and Mr. Myddelton made his will, leaving his property, as I told you, to his sister, Lady Lawrence, to be, by her, bequeathed among his connections. The lawyer was at Abbotsmoor nearly all day, and when he left the house at last, he met Gabriel returning to it. They stopped a little time talking, and Mr. Carter, being a silly, chatty old gentleman, told Gabriel of the will he had just left in his client's secretaire, and which would leave him penniless instead of a millionaire; adding a word of advice to him to try to regain his old position before it was too late.

"Then they separated. That night—oh, this is a dreadful story to tell!" cried Theodora, interrupting herself with a clasp of her white hands. "I wish you had not asked me, Mr. Keith."

"Perhaps some one else will finish the story for you," he suggested.

But Theodora had no real desire for another to take her place as long as she could win—even by this story from which she pretended to shrink—a claim on his undivided attention.

(To be continued.)

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