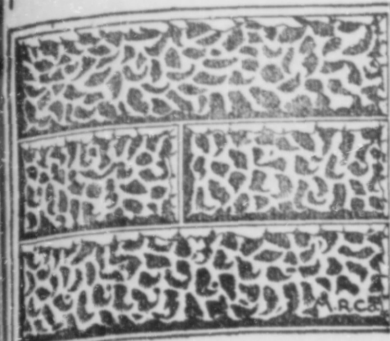


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Dividend Notice
Merchants Bank of P. E. Island.

CHARLOTTETOWN, May 31, 1900. Notice is hereby given that a half yearly dividend at the rate of 3 per cent. per annum on the capital stock of this bank has been declared, payable at its Banking house on and after July 2nd, 1900. The transfer books will be closed from the 1st to the 3rd July next, both days inclusive. J. M. DAVISON, Cashier.

RIGHTED AT LAST

BY MARY CECIL HAY

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

"No, there's no doubt that he will soon be taken, Miss Craven, by one or other of the victims of his fraudulent schemes," he resumed, more placidly; "and there are many. I could not enumerate, if I tried, the deceits which he has practised. Many families, whose names even you could remember, Miss Craven, are involved in ruin by him, though they do not know it yet. He has embezzled money he had to invest, and taken people in by sham mortgages. He has again and again suppressed certain deeds, and effected the sale of property previously mortgaged. More than one poor dupe has let him have every pound she possessed, to invest or place on mortgage, and the deeds have represented nothing but forgeries. One poor widow thinks she has bought, through him, the house she lives in, while it really belongs to a wealthy builder in Kinbury—for Mr. Haughton suppressed one set of deeds and supplied another. He has overdrawn his banking account, and borrowed money which is due. No, there can be no help for him, although his credit in Kinbury and the neighborhood is so good that the crash may not occur just yet; may not, I say, unless I take the matter in my own hands. My first move is to inform you, Miss Craven, that he is hiding now at the 'Anchorite,' in Thames street, and if you have any wish yourself to be the one to bring him to justice—"

Honor rose, her cheeks and lips white with anger. "You forget to whom you are speaking," she said, her tones as quiet as usual, though her manner was unmistakable.

Mr. Slimp made an effort to regain the ground he had lost by this one too daring step. Cunningly, long ago, he had discovered both the one passion of his master's life and the indifference with which it had been treated by his ward; and, judging by his own contemptible feelings, he had imagined that Honor might rejoice over an opportunity of repaying her old guardian for the persecution she had suffered at his hands. But this feeling could only last one minute, and he knew that it had been injurious to his cause. Still, he could regain his ground, he fancied; and it was an unctuous satisfaction to him, to lengthen his confidence against his erstwhile master. There was, too, the novelty of truth in so many of these cheering disclosures of fraud and duplicity. But he hurried now over the information, as if he feared its being still more summarily cut short. He might well fear. Honor had heard the one thing she wished to hear, and now no heed was paid to any further word.

"That inn in Thames street is a capital place to get abroad from, under foggy circumstances," Mr. Slimp resumed, with spirit; "and we can manage, if you really wish me to undertake it."

"I will think of what you tell me," said Honor, quite coldly, though she was actually trembling in her fear of this man in his treachery; "I will see you again."

The fear, so proudly battled with, took the form in Mr. Slimp's eyes of a new courage, and he gazed in servile admiration on the girl's beautiful, easy figure, now that she seemed to understand him at last.

"In the meantime, pray fix upon your own price," the word was uttered in the very refinement of scorn, and Honor's eyes swept over the narrow figure of the little traitor before her—"for secrecy, and I will purchase it from you—if the terms suit me."

"To you, Miss Craven, a thousand pounds is scarcely worth speaking of; therefore, you would not, I hope think a thousand pounds—"

"To effect my purpose," said Honor, quietly, while she raised her clear eyes fully to his crafty face, "one thousand pounds would be too little. Make your

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own terms, and I will see you here at this hour to-morrow."

An expression of immense self-satisfaction settled in Mr. Slimp's face. He could afford now to be confidential even on an almost extraneous subject.

"If poor Mr. Haughton's last move had not so signally failed him, Miss Craven," he began, in a tone for which she could have annihilated him where he stood, "the old and well-established name and business would have been saved, and his present difficulties never made public; but that last move did fail, and he himself had no power of getting out of his present scrape. He felt so very certain of the identity of Mr. Keith, of Westleigh Towers, with the man who murdered Squire Myddelton, of Abbotsmoor, eleven years ago, that, even with only the very slight and presumptive evidence which he was able to amass during almost two years of search and inquiry, he went in person to inform Mr. Keith that the whole proof was in his own hands, and that he would at once give him over to the law as the condemned and escaped criminal, Gabriel Myddelton, unless he chose to buy his immunity—you understand, Miss Craven? That move, as I said, most signally failed; for—a humiliating fact which we first learned in this interview—the innocence of Gabriel Myddelton is now legally established; and I myself saw the documents proving it. I came up to town on purpose, and read them all at the Home Office."

"His innocence!" Honor had no idea that the two words had passed her lips, and after their utterance her silence was intense.

"And more than that," resumed Bickerton Slimp, with an air of jaunty encouragement, "I do not, and never did, believe in the identity of Gabriel Myddelton with Mr. Keith, of Westleigh—who, by the way, seems dying rapidly. Of course I have helped—for my own purposes—in fastening the suspicion upon him, but I never saw our way clearly to a grain of tangible proof; and I always felt that if he had been the man whom, for eleven years, Lawyer Haughton has been trying to hunt down, he could never have had such doubts about him, or shown such hesitation and uncertainty in the case. He is not one to be delayed by scruples, and I always understood his one reason for not capturing his man, and the solution of those days and weeks and months of doubt which he underwent. If he had cause to feel sure in his own mind, the capture would have been sharp work. As for me, I doubted all along if this could be Gabriel Myddelton, and now I'll take my oath it is not."

The words all entered Honor's ears with a clear and almost appalling distinctness, and her heart was wildly beating; yet she stood there utterly unmoved until he departed, with an impressive reiteration of his intention to be at her service next day at that hour.

But the silence and the stillness left her when he left her. She moved softly and restlessly about the great silent room, repeating to herself these words which seemed to mean so much.

"Not guilty! Gabriel's innocence. Not Gabriel—not Gabriel! Dying! And Gabriel innocent!"

Gradually her brain grew confused, and she lost the sense of these reiterated words, while only that lately formed resolution of hers held sway. She must see Lawrence; she must see her old guardian to-night, for fear it might be too late.

Then there came over the girl a feeling of loneliness and dread most unusual to her. She listened and longed for the sound of Phoebe's return, while still she tried, with all her strength, to throw off this new and miserable foreboding, which had fallen upon her with such a terrible weight, and under which she could not even hope.

What was it? What had brought this crushing weight upon her? Was it fear for Lawrence, or—for whom? Had it fallen upon her when she heard of her guardian's crimes, or of Gabriel's innocence, or of that interview which one of Gabriel's cousins had had with the man on whom he laid so foul a charge?

She battled with the feeling, striving to dissect it, that, if possible, the action might dispel it.

"It could not be," she whispered to herself, "that a felon's fate should be my guardian's now, as it was—it could not be," she moaned, strangling each thought as it forced its way to her lips, "that there should be a fatal ending to the illness of one who has been wrongly judged. It cannot be! Oh! if Phoebe would but come, and speak to me of other things!"

The house seemed so large and silent, and she so solitary, that when at last Captain Trent came into the library unannounced, she greeted him with unfeigned gladness which filled his heart with an exquisite delight as unexpected as it was delusive.

"Honor," he cried, his joy overmastering him, "are you really glad to see me—are you really?"

"So glad!" she answered, speaking low in the gravity of her own engrossed thoughts. "Phoebe is away."

The last few words could not damp

him, for her greeting had given him just the slight encouragement which was all he needed; and once more—more urgently than ever, but for the last time now—he poured out the old story of what he called his unconquerable and unchangeable love. He never guessed what pain he gave her, and she did not blame him by one thought; because she saw that, as deeply as it was possible for him to feel, he felt this.

Softly and kindly she answered him as she had answered him often, but she saw how much more earnest he was now than he had ever been before, and she saw that only one thing which she could say could prevent this old scene being repeated. It would be well for Hervey. Once let him feel that this love of his was hopeless, and he would quietly submit, and live his new life still more earnestly; once feel that he must take his first love from his heart, and he would seek another love to take its place. No fear that Hervey's heart would break in solitary suffering.

And for herself? Well, it would be best for Hervey, and she could trust him now. She laid her right hand gently upon his, and looked up into his face with a glance so earnest and so true—so sorry for him, and so sorry for herself—that he felt instinctively that whatever words she uttered would be uttered solemnly from her heart, and must be sacred between them for evermore.

(To be continued.)

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