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GRAND Patriotic Concert
 —BY—
 Ledges Eton and Prince Edward
SONS OF ENGLAND

Under the Direction of Brother Professor W. Harry Watts, in Celebration 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"
 (b) "Vale!" Fanning Verse Apetrophe to Colonial Mr. L. A. W. Lamont Verse apostrophe to 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..... "Fiona"..... 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 Sappe. Orchestra.

PART II.

1. Solo and Chorus—"The Recessional"..... De Koven 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 McKenzie.

Tableau arranged by Lieut. A G Peake.

6. Song—"Change Front on Pretoria"..... March Mr. W F Collins 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.

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BY MARY CECIL HAY

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

"The only child of old Mr. Myddelton's brother," put in Mrs. Trent, considering, perhaps, that her daughter's genealogical powers had been taxed to the utmost, "was the miserable and abandoned Gabriel, of whom, of course, you have heard and read; we will put him out of the conversation at once, if you please. There was no other child, and Lady Lawrence had none at all; so the remaining relations, or rather connections, are the children of Sir Hervey Lawrence's brother and sister and Miss Craven's brother and sister."

"The brother and sister of Mrs. Myddelton's husband, and the brother and sister of Mr. Myddelton's wife; do I understand that aright?" inquired her guest, quietly.

"Yes, that is it, exactly," put in Miss Trent, listening to take the conversation upon herself again. "Now, see how plainly I will describe them to you, Sir Hervey's sister had two sons—my father and Hervey's father—and his brother had one daughter, Mrs. Haughton, of the Larches, near here. She and her husband died years ago, but the son, Mr. Haughton, is a solicitor in Kinbury, and Miss Haughton keeps his house. Well, then, on the other side—Miss Trent illustrated her narrative by the action of her jewelled fingers, and Mr. Keith seemed ready to follow her—"Miss Craven's brother and sister had each an only daughter. The brother's daughter is to be here to-night, and the sister's daughter is Phoebe Owen, a silly girl, who tries one's patience more than Honor does."

"Then, except yourself, Miss Trent, all the relations of Mr. Myddelton are orphans—or rather, I should say, as Mrs. Trent did, the connections, for I fail to trace one single tie of real relationship."

"Yes, all orphans; but how funny it is," laughed Theodora, "to speak of Mr. and Miss Haughton as orphans! Why he is almost a middle-aged man, and she is older. He is the guardian of Honor and Phoebe, who have lived at the Larches ever since they left school."

"Mr. Haughton is a very clever lawyer," interposed Mrs. Trent, languidly; "but we do not visit, save just occasionally, to keep up appearances. They move in a different circle from ours."

"I don't believe they move at all, mamma," smiled Theodora; "they stagnate, I think, and Jane Haughton looks like a curiosity when she goes out anywhere."

"After all that rigmarole, Mr. Keith," remarked Captain Hervey from his position on the rug, "do you feel ambitious of being one of the group to be photographed in front of Abbotsmoor for Lady Lawrence's benefit? For the picture is to be sent to her ladyship as a delicate attention from her."

"A rather incongruous addition to the family group," smiled Mr. Keith.

"But I am bent upon having you among us," insisted Miss Trent. And, when she appealed to her mother, Mrs. Trent smiled assentingly, though even she could see how silly and inconsiderate was the request.

"Then," remarked Captain Trent,



It is easier to turn a blood-hound from the scent than to shake off a disease which is fairly rooted in your constitution. No doubling and twisting will deceive the hound until the trail is broken short off; and the hound of disease pursues just as relentlessly along the trail of weakness and debility.

Many diseases which are called by different names are all due to a weak, impoverished condition of the blood. The liver fails to sift out bilious impurities; the stomach cannot do its proper work; the system gets no nourishment, but is filled up with poison instead.

The appetite and strength, and vital energies fail, and frequently the delicate lung tissues become affected. But there is no use in cough syrups and "appetizers" and mere stimulating "extracts." This trail of wasting debility must be broken short off by getting at its fundamental causes in the blood, and no medicine in the world does this so scientifically and thoroughly as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

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breaking in upon the silence which followed her speech, "it is just five minutes to seven. You should speak to Honor Craven about being in good time."

"I did, Hervey, and she says you told her it was not comme il faut to be too early anywhere."

"I think the child is anxious to learn, Hervey," remarked his aunt, placidly, "and you are helping her to lose her gaucherie."

Reading Captain Trent's handsome, lazy smile, a suspicion crossed Royden's mind.

"But I will judge for myself," he thought; and just at that moment the drawing-room door was opened to admit the girl who had been so long sauntering from the Larches to Deergrove.

"Miss Craven."

Theodora rose to meet her cousin, but with such a very slow grace that the girl had come among them all before her hand was taken.

Royden looked up to see this "child" whom Captain Hervey was graciously instructing, and rose, prepared for his introduction. From that moment until he took his place opposite her at the dinner-table, he did not think of sitting again.

For the few minutes before the butler announced dinner, she chatted with no appearance of even seeing how her two cousins held themselves aloof from her, and with no mauvaise honte in the frank occasional glance she gave to Royden Keith. In vain he looked for the gaucherie; in vain he looked for a glimpse of the anxiety for Captain Hervey's instruction; he only saw a young and beautiful girl, whose manners had a free and natural grace which was as far removed from Theodora's languid elegance as is the flight of a swallow in the air from the gliding of a swan upon the water.

With curious intentness he watched her through those waiting minutes, and the study seemed a fresh one to this man who travelled over half the world, and studied the beauty of so many races; and who, though a little more than thirty years of age, had lived a wider, larger life than most of the gray-haired men he met.

Honor Craven rose when the servant announced the dinner, for which Captain Trent had been anxiously waiting; and for the moments that she stood there in the daylight, Royden's eyes were fixed upon her. She was a girl of apparently eighteen or nineteen years of age, slight and tall, with a figure rounded to the perfection of womanhood, yet possessing the supple grace and freedom of a child. Her dimpled arms and neck shone with a smooth and silky whiteness through her transparent dress. Her hair—rich, soft hair, of bright chestnut brown—was twisted in a coil high upon her head; and, though no one could see how, the ends fell naturally into loose rich curls—as they do when Honor lets it down at night—still every one could see the soft, natural wave, where it lay across her forehead, and was brushed from her smooth white temples. Her eyes were gray, long and beautifully shaped, ready in an instant to brighten to a sunny smile, and ready in an instant, too, to darken to a grave and tender sympathy. Her nose was small and straight; and her white and even teeth would have given beauty to any smile, even without the flash of the brilliant eyes.

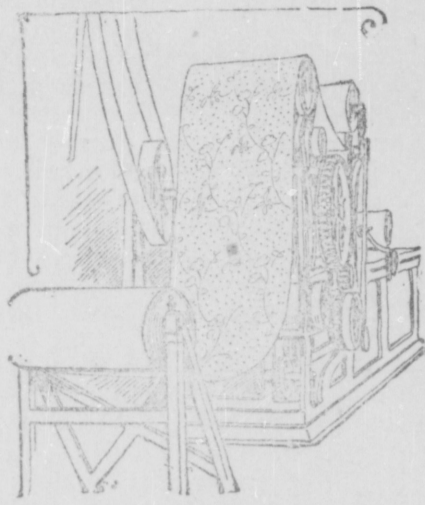
All this he saw, yet he could not even have attempted a description of Honor Craven's face, because its rare and matchless beauty was a beauty not of form and tint alone.

"Hervey, I must entrust both the young ladies to you."

Mrs. Trent said this with a wave of the hand in Honor's direction, intended as a gracious encouragement for the girl to come forward and share with Theodora the ineffable advantage of Captain Hervey's support across the hall. Then the hostess laid her plump hand on Royden's sleeve, and, under his silent escort, followed the young people as near as the length of Theodora's train would allow. The few remarks she made were bland and comfortable ones, yet was she all the time keenly aware of a little scene enacted before her; and the sight brought a smile of satisfaction to her lips, and a thought which was compassionately pleasant.

"Poor child, she always feels de trop with Hervey and Theodora."

Mr. Keith, too, had been watching the three figures in front; and, though no smile stirred his lips, there was a glance of keen amusement in his eyes, for Honor had refused Captain Trent's arm, and was walking in her own way to the dining-room, with a pretty, quaint nonchalance which she did not attempt to hide or disguise. There were two feet at least of space between Captain Hervey's unoccupied arm and the smaller, gloved hand of the girl; and the watcher behind would have seen whether Captain Trent comprehended this behavior in the pupil who was so eager to be initiated by him into the mysteries of "good form," and who knew nothing of "society" save what he kindly exhibited before her; but the back of Captain Trent's fair head alone was visi-



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ble, and that, at all events, was unruffled.

"My nephew offered you his arm, Honor," remarked Mrs. Trent, as she motioned the girl to the solitary seat on her left hand; "you should have taken it, my dear."

"Should I?" questioned Honor. "You will be tired presently of telling me what I should do or leave undone; won't you, Mrs. Trent?"

"Not if you will try to learn," was the benignant reply. "Theodora and I will be patient with you to the end, and Captain Hervey is really anxious to see you study appearances. His eye, of course, is offended by awkwardness, but otherwise he is, I am sure, pleased to see you always."

"Hervey," the girl said, turning her eyes fully upon her cousin, as he took his seat at the foot of the table, "when shall I cease to offend your eyes, so that the delightful time will come when you will be pleased to see me always?"

"I am pleased to see you now," remarked Hervey, with lazy patronage; "I was saying to Theo only this morning, that your manners were very much improved."

"At least," observed Mrs. Trent, indifferently, "you said they were a pleasant contrast to Phoebe's."

"Only this morning," echoed Honor, with willful misconception; "I'm glad you only said it that once. Unfortunately, you have not taken so much trouble with Phoebe as you have with me," she added, stooping to inhale the fragrance of the flowers beside her plate; "you must make allowance for us both, but especially for her."

"Phoebe Owen, Mr. Keith," said Miss Trent, turning to Royden, who sat beside her. "Is the only one of Mr. Myddelton's relations whom you do not know now."

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