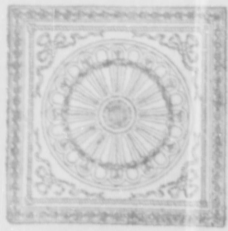


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GRAND

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—"Lord of the Waves We Are".....Fanning
 - (b) "Vale".....Fanning
 - Verse Apostrophe to Colonials 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 Suppe. 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 McKeznie.
 - Tableau arranged by Lieut. A. G. Peake.
 - 6. 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.

Dr. J. C. Houston
Physician & Surgeon
SOURIS, P. E. I.
Graduate McGill University, 1882.
OFFICE—Next Door to Merchants Bank.

RIGHTED AT LAST

BY MARY CECIL HAY

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

"No, I will go on, as you wish it," she said, acceding gracefully. "Next morning old Mr. Myddelton was found murdered in the wood beyond the straggly; the window of his room had been forced open, the lock of the secretaire wrenched, and the will was gone; and, more than that, upon the carpet lay Mr. Myddelton's candlestick and the velvet cap he always wore in the house, and on both were stains of blood."

"Judging by those premises," remarked Royden, "Mr. Myddelton had been struck within the room by the thief who had stolen the will; he had followed the thief across the lawn and through the shrubbery to the wood. Here there must have been another struggle, which ended in the old man's death. Was that the general supposition?"

"It was exactly so," returned Hervey, "and proved, of course, to have been Gabriel Myddelton's act."

"It was easy to prove, that," put in Mrs. Trent, with languid contempt. "Gabriel was caught in an attempt to leave England; and in the bag he carried were found fragments of the missing will. Of course there could not be a doubt after that, but, even if there had been, it was dispelled upon the trial."

"Whose evidence in court could go beyond the forcible fact of the destroyed will being found in his possession, and his being caught endeavoring to escape?"

"But, Mr. Keith, there was even further evidence, and that doomed the man at once," replied Theodora. "The

counsel for the prosecution brought forward a girl named Margaret Territ, who lived with her father in a cottage on the outer border of the wood, and she had terrible evidence to give, though she had with much trouble been prevailed upon to give it. On the evening of the murder, she said, Gabriel Myddelton had gone to their cottage, and told them of his quarrel with uncle. He had told them of old Mr. Myddelton's having made a will to disinherit him, and even where it was put. Her father could prove this, the girl added, for he had been present, and had waited to cheer young Mr. Myddelton a bit before he went to the miller, where he was on night-work. At night, when she was sitting alone in the cottage, Gabriel came again, very quietly and cautiously, she said, his face white and scared, as she could see, by the firelight, for he would not let her light a candle. He asked for water to wash his hands, and when he had washed them, he opened the back door of the cottage and threw the water on the soil; then he drew off his white wristbands, crushed them in his hand, and burned them to ashes in the fire; then he borrowed from her an old coat of her father's. The poor girl seems to have unquestionably done all the wicked fellow asked her; and she had even promised to hide or destroy the coat he left behind him. But I suppose her father's sense of justice came

to her aid, and prevented her running her promise. The coat was shown on the trial, and there, on one shoulder and on one wrist, were stains of blood."

"Stronger evidence was never brought against a prisoner. Of course they hanged him?"

"He was convicted, certainly," replied Theodora, "but he escaped."

A little silence fell upon the group, and then again Royden's voice coolly and easily broke the silence.

"How about the will, Miss Trent?"

"Fortunately," explained Theodora, with as much emphasis as her constitutional languor would permit, "Mr. Carter had a duplicate of the will, so that it did not signify about that copy having been destroyed by his client's act."

"If Mr. Carter had but told Gabriel that," exclaimed Honor, involuntarily, "nothing need have happened."

"Or rather," added Hervey, "the old lawyer might have been murdered, too."

"Exactly," assented Royden, with a nod of prompt acquiescence. "How did Myddelton manage the escape from jail?"

"Oh, pray do not begin another long story about that wicked young man, Theodora," cried Mrs. Trent, smiling graciously upon her guest. "You are wearying Mr. Keith. What interest can he take in such an account of crime and craft?"

"It does interest me, Mrs. Trent," Hervey answered, with grave courtesy; "I have been a barrister, and such things still interest me keenly."

"Have been a barrister?" echoed Theodora, wonderingly, and not too politely.

"How strange that seems! I only mean," she added, in graceful confusion, "that you seem so young to talk of what you have been in a profession, too, where a man must bring the experience of years to follow it successfully; besides—"

But Theodora stopped there; she could not add aloud the wonder how he had travelled so much, and was so rich and idle now, if his profession had only been that of a barrister.

"If you have been a barrister, Mr. Keith," said Hervey, gazing curiously at him, "I wonder you are not at fault in this story of young Myddelton's trial and escape."

"I have heard of it, but no one ever gave me the particulars exactly as you have done. I did not read a word of it in the papers at any time."

"That was odd."

"Very odd," assented Royden, lazily; "besides which, another thing strikes me as odd. You said that Gabriel Myddelton was weak and cowardly; if so, how did he manage his escape after conviction? Such a thing would, I should imagine, require skill and courage."

"I think," said Theodora, hastily putting in a reply, "that when you hear the particulars of his escape, you will see that it was chiefly managed for him—he had but little need of skill and courage himself."

"But who would care to run such risks for a condemned criminal?"

"I think you will see when I tell you the story," replied Miss Trent; "but you must wait for that until we are at Abbotsmoor on Thursday. Mamma will not object then; will you, mamma, dear?"

"Even I have never heard the whole story of Gabriel's escapes," said Honor, breaking the attentive silence; "but of course it was Margaret Territ, or her father, who planned it, and helped him."

"You were but a little child when the murder was committed," observed Royden; "you do not, I suppose, remember Gabriel Myddelton?"

"No, it was ten years ago, and I was only eight; but I've seen the picture at Abbotsmoor."

"A weak face, had he?"

"I can hardly say. It is very boyish, I think, and delicate."

"It does not remind you of the Chamber of Horrors at Madame Tassaud's?"

"Oh, no!" she answered. Then her pretty laugh broke off suddenly, and her eyes darkened with an anxious wistfulness. "Mr. Keith, do you feel sure that my cousin Gabriel was guilty of that theft and murder?"

She could not help her eyes betraying her longing that he should contradict this fact—which no one yet had ever doubted; nor could he help that one bound which his heart gave, when he saw how she waited for his answer.

"There seems no room for doubt," he said. "The flight and escape are both terrible stumbling-blocks to any belief in Gabriel Myddelton's innocence."

"Oh, no," she interrupted, eagerly, though her tone was very low. "You forget, Mr. Keith, that the escape was after the conviction. It was too late for any innocence to save him then, even if—"

"Even if he had been innocent—yes," returned Mr. Royden; "but I see no

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loop-hole of escape from such a verdict as the jury brought."

"And you think he was guilty?"

There gathered a strange, warm light in Royden's eyes as he answered her with quiet earnestness:

"You must let me answer this question on some future day. I have not even heard the whole history yet."

"You shall hear it at Abbotsmoor on Thursday," put in Theodora, graciously, "and then you will see—as I told you—all old Myddelton's connections together—of course excepting Gabriel."

"Of course excepting Gabriel," assented Royden. "And about the property? It, I suppose, went as was willed; and Lady Lawrence holds the power of dividing it among you, or bequeathing it to one alone?"

"Yes, it rests with her entirely; and at Christmas she is coming over to make the acquaintance of all the family, preparatory to making her will. We receive these messages through her solicitors in London, for she herself never writes to any of us."

"She is a widow, I presume?"

"Yes, and she has been a widow for many years, with no family of her own."

"A good thing for us," put in Captain Hervey, placidly, "for you must own there are plenty of us to choose from."

"And both her possible heirs," added Theodora, with a little quiet malice, "are named after her husband or herself. Old Sir Hervey Lawrence belonged to this neighborhood, you see; and so we have Hervey Myddelton Trent here, and Lawrence Myddelton Haughton at the Larches."

"And all we girls have Myddelton for a second name," put in Honor, laughing.

(To be continued.)

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