Should Be Very Careful About Marrying Foreigners

Canada is becoming a cosmopolitan sort of a country, containing large numbers of foreigners, and intermarriage is by no means unknown among us. Nor is to be considered objectionable from many points of view.

But the utmost care should be exercised at the time of marriage to ensure the pact's holding good in other countries. For in these days of travel it is not enough to rank as married in Canada only, and single elsewhere.

A Frenchman, for instance, must, under the code of France, have full consent of his parents if under twenty-five years of age. Otherwise his marriage, wherever and however solemnized, is null and void according to French law. No one could help a woman to any redress, whose husband, married without parental consent, deserted her to return to his own country.

Italian and Spanish Rules

If the foreigner is a German, and the marriage takes place under British laws, it is valid in Germany, "so far as the form is conserned," to quote a German consular document on the subject. But it is well to remember that in some parts of Germany a male German has to observe certain conditions, and if he ignors them, the marriage may involve legal disadvantages. It should also be borne in mind that a German who is under twenty-one years of age requires the consent of his parents.

Considering the large number of Italians residing in this country, it is necessary for a Canadian girl, who meditates marrying a subject of King Victor Emmanuel, to insist that her prospective husband shall conform to the laws of his country.

First of all, the banns of marriage must be published at his place of birth or domicile in Italy, and at the Italian consulate in whose district she and her sweetheart reside. If her lover is under twenty-five years of age, she must see to it that he obtains the consent of his parents or guardians, otherwise the marriage is not legal in Italy. It is essential that the marriage be registered at the husband's place of birth or domicile The Italian consulate will undertake the registration.

As regards Spaniards who wish to mary Canadian girls, if they are under twenty-four years of age, they must first obtain the consent of their parents. Without this consent the marriage is not legal. Nor is valid unless the registrar's certificate has been registered in the nearest Spanish consulate.

The marriage of a Canadian girl and a Russian is hedged by serious perils. Let those of our countrywomen who have accepted proposals of marriage from the subjects of the Czar remember that a civil marriage is not valid in Russia. A religious ceremony is absolutely essential, whether the bridegroom belongs to the Orthodox or any other church in Russia.

Before a Russian can get married he has to give the priest a certificate obtained from a recruiting office.

A recent Act of the English Parliament seeks to protect British subjects who want to marry foreigners, whether at home or abroad. If they are residing in the United Kingdom, and want to marry in a foreign country, they must give notice of the marriage to the superintendent registrar of marriages, but if their domicile is in a foreign or overseas country, like Canada, notice must be given to the marriage officer for the time being under the Foreign Marriage Act, 1892.

Certificates from either of these officials must be secured, showing that there are no impediments to the marriage. There are penalties if a certificate has been obtained under false pretences.

Cases have already occured of ill results from hastily or ignorantly constructed marriages in the Dominions. It is best in every instance to secure the very best legal advice before entering into marriage contracts with foreigners, if only for the protection of posterity.

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NEW DURHAM

(From our own correspondent.)

The attendance at church on Sunday night was small, no doubt on account of the cold weather.

Rev. C. Hackett preached a very able sermon here last Sunday evening. The attendance being small and the weather cold, he decided having the sacrament at some future date.

A number from here intend taking in the Valentine Social at Northfield Friday night which if all reports are true will be a decided success.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Murray, Mt. Zion, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. James Patterson.

Miss Ethel Will had the misfortune to run a crochet hook into her hand.

Mr. and Mrs Eugene Patterson have returned after spending a week in Brantford.

Rev. Mr. Gardiner will conduct the services here next Sunday

The Institute meeting will be held in the Methodist church here next Thursday.

KELVIN

(From our own correspondent).

TThere died at her late residence, on Monday morning. Mrs. Tutt, who met fith an accident by falling, a short while ago, which proved fatal Mrs. Tutt was an estimable lady, and was a consistent member of the Kelvin Methodist church for years and will be greatly missed in her family and also in the community. The funeral services were conducted on Wednesday by her pastor. Rev. C. Hakcett, assisted by Rev. Mr. Freeman. Many attended the funeral to pay their last respects to the departed dead Deceased leaves an aged husband and family to mourn the loss of an affectionate and gentle and loving mother. Our sympathy is extended to the bereaved in their sad bereavement. The remains were tenderly laid to rest in the Kelvin cemetery.

Again we are called upon to chronicle the death of an old and respected neighbor and friend, in the person of Mrs. Lewis, who passed away, at her late residence on Wednesday evening. On the 24th of last August she celebrated her 89th birthday, when her friends surprised her. The deceased was a life long member of the Methodist church, and was a whole-hearted Christian in every sense of the word and died rejoicing. The funeral services were conducted on Friday following, Rev. Mr. Simmons of Scotland officiating. Deceased leaves a grown-up family, who will have the deepest sympathy of a large circle of friends in their hour of sorrow.

Mr. A. Feely who has been spending a few months in this vicinity has returned to his home in Brantford.

Mrs. J. H. Ramsay was calling on some of her friends the other week.

Several from here attended the funeral on Thursday of the late Cyrus Wardell at Scotland.

Mr. and Mrs. G. G. Biggar of Mt. Pleasant spent one day last week with the former's aunt, Mrs. A. G. McCrimmon.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Slaght entertained a few of their friends to an oyster supper the other evening.

We are having real old fashioned winter at present.

SCOTLAND

(From our own correspondent.)

The auction salt of Mr. J. Potts, was a success.

There was a fairly good attendance at the dance given by the Pleasure Club on Friday night last, despite the bad night.

Mrs. Dunlop, Mount Pleasant is visiting friends and relatives in and around the village.

The entertainment given by the women on Tuesday night, was well attended.

A load of the young people went over to Burford on Thursday night of last week and report a good time.

The remains of Mr. Wardle were brought to the home of his daughter. Mrs. M. Halliday's from which place interment took plaec on Friday to the Scotland cemetery.

LANGFORD

(From our own correspondent.)

Rev. Mr. Cook preached a very interesting sermon on Sunday, Not many out, being so very cold.

There will not be any service here next Sunday on account of anniversary services at the Brant church.

Mrs. A. B. Cornwall and little Miss Margarie returned to their home at Blue Lake on Sunday.

Miss Daisy Westbrook will read at the entertainment at Cainsville on Wednesday the eleventh, also at Middleport on the 17th. at an entertainment.

Mr. H. M. Vanderlip spent a couple of days in Toronto last week.

Mrs. Charlie Watson spent Sunday in the city.

Mrs. M. E. Vanderlip spent the week-end with her sister, Mrs. C. Flanders.

MARINER PASSES AWAY.

KINGSTON, Ont., Feb. 11— The death occured this morning of Capt. John Boyd, well known in marine circles and for many years connected with the Montreal Transportation Co., but for the past few years living a retired life. He was a resident of Kingston for over 60 years. A widow and three daughters survive. One daughter is Annie Boyd, a teacher in Morrisburg High School, and another Miss Mabel, is principal of the Ottawa Ladies' CSollege.

GAME HUNTER DEAD.

BRANDON, Man., Feb. 11—C. C. Helliwell, born in Toronto seventy years ago, a member of one of the oldest families in that city, died after an operation. As expert in big game hunting he accompanied the present King during his Canadian tour of Senator Birchhoffers' shoting base at York Lodge. He was clerk in the local land titles' office of recent years.

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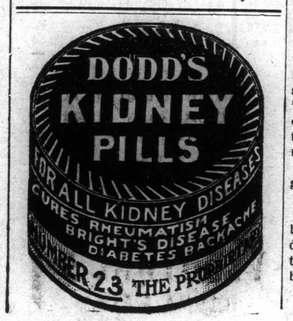

WITHIN THE LAW

By MARVIN DANA
From The Play of
BAYARD VEILLER

Copyright, 1913, by H. K. Fly Company.

"Burke," he said pleadingly, "give me a chance. I'll leave for Chicago in the morning. Give me twenty-four hours start before you begin hounding her."

The inspector smiled acquiescence.

"Seems reasonable," he admitted.

"No, no, Dick!" the father cried. "You shall not go! You shall not go!"

The inspector shot a word of warning to Gilder in an aside that Dick could not hear.

"Keep still," he replied. "It's all right."

"You give me your word, inspector," Dick said, "that you won't notify the police in Chicago until I've been there twenty-four hours?"

"You're on," Burke replied genially. "They won't get a whisper out of me until the time is up."

"Then I'll go." Dick smiled rather wanly at his father. "You know, dad, I'm sorry, but I've got to do what I think is the right thing."

It was not until the door was closed after Dick that Burke spoke.

"He'll go to Chicago in the morning, you think, don't you?" he asked.

"Certainly," Gilder answered. "But I don't like it."

"Best thing that could have happened! You see, he won't find her there."

"Where did she go then?" Gilder queried, wholly at a loss.

"Nowhere yet. But just about the time he's starting for the west I'll have her down at headquarters. Demarest will have her indicted before noon. She'll go to trial in the afternoon, and tomorrow night she'll be sleeping up the river. That's where she is going."

Gilder stood motionless for a moment. "But," he said wonderingly, "you can't do that."

"Well, perhaps I can't, but I will!" Suddenly his face grew hard. His heavy jaw shot forward aggressively as he spoke.

"Think I'm going to let that girl make a joke of the police department? Why, I'm here to get her, to stop her anyhow. Her gang is going to break into your house tonight."

"What?" Gilder demanded. "You mean she's coming here as a thief?"

"Not exactly," Inspector Burke confessed, "but her pals are coming to try to pull off something right here. She wouldn't come, not if I know her. She's too clever for that. Why, if she knew what Garson was planning to do, she'd stop him."

The inspector paused suddenly. For a long minute his face was seamed with thought. Then he smote his thigh with a blow strong enough to kill an ox. His face was radiant.

"I've got her!" he cried. He went to the desk where the telephone was and took up the receiver.

"Give me 3100 Spring," he said. As he waited for the connection he smiled widely on the astonished Gilder.

"Headquarters?" he called. "Inspector Burke speaking. Who's in my office? I want him quick." He smiled as he listened, and he spoke again to Gilder. "It's Smith, the best man I have. That's luck, if you ask me." Then again he spoke into the mouthpiece of the telephone.

"Oh, Ed, send some one up to that Turner woman. You have the address. Just see that she is tipped off that Joe Garson and some pals are going to break into Edward Gilder's house tonight. Get some stool pigeon to hand her the information. You'd better get to work quick. Understand?"

The inspector hung up the receiver and faced his host with a contented smile.

"What good will all that do?" Gilder demanded impatiently.

"She'll come to stop 'em. When we get the rest of the gang we'll grab her too. Just call your man for a minute, will you, Mr. Gilder?"

Gilder pressed the electric button on his desk. At the same moment, through the octagonal window, came a blinding flash of light that rested for seconds, then vanished. Burke was startled by the mysterious radiance.

"What's that?" he demanded sharply.

"It's the flashlight from the Metropolitan tower," Gilder explained. "It swings around this way about every fifteen minutes. The servant forgot to draw the curtains."

CHAPTER XIII.

The Burglary at Gilder's.

THE entrance of the butler brought the inspector's thoughts back to the matter in hand.

"My man," he said authoritatively, "I want you to go up to the roof and open the scuttle. You'll find some men waiting up there. Bring 'em down here. They're police officers. You get 'em down here, and then you go to bed and stay there till morning. Understand?"

The butler looked at his master for guidance. Receiving a nod, he said:

"Very well, sir."

"How do you know they're going to break into the house tonight," Gilder demanded of Burke, "or do you only think they're going to break into the house?"

"I know they are. I fixed it."

"You did?"

"Sure; did it through a stool pigeon."

"Oh, an informer!" Gilder interrupted, a little doubtfully.

"Yes," Burke agreed; "stool pigeon is the police name for him. Really, he's the vilest thing that crawls."

"But if you think that," Gilder expostulated, "why do you have anything to do with that sort of person?"

"Because it's good business," the inspector replied. "We know he's a spy and a traitor and that every time he comes near us we ought to use a disinfectant. But we deal with him just the same because we have to. Now, the stool pigeon in this trick is a swell English crook. He went to Garson yesterday with a scheme to rob your house. He tried out Mary Turner, too, but she told Garson to leave it alone. But he met Griggs afterward and agreed to pull it off. Griggs got word to me that it's coming off tonight, and so, you see, Mr. Gilder, that's how I know."

"I see," Gilder admitted without any enthusiasm. "But why do you have your men come down over the roof?"

"It wasn't safe to bring them in the front way. It's a cinch the house is being watched. I wish you would let me have your latch key. I want to come back and make this collar myself."

"But why not stay, now that you are here?"

"Suppose some of them saw me come in? There wouldn't be anything doing until after they saw me go out again."

The hall door opened, and the butler re-entered the room. Behind him came Cassidy and two other detectives in plain clothes. At a word from his master the disturbed Thomas withdrew.

"Now," Burke went on briskly as the door closed behind the servant, "where could these men stay out of sight until they're needed?"

There followed a little discussion which ended in the selection of a storeroom at the end of the passage on the ground floor.

"And now, Mr. Gilder," the inspector said energetically, "I'm going to give you the same tip I gave your man. Go to bed and stay there."

"But the boy," Gilder protested. "What about him? He's the one thing of importance to me."

"If he says anything more about going to Chicago just you let him go, that's all! It's the best place for him for the next few days."

"You're in charge here," Burke said to Cassidy, "and I hold you responsible. I'm coming back to get this bunch myself, and I'll call you when you're wanted. You'll wait in the storeroom out there and don't make a move till you hear from me, unless by any chance things go wrong and you get a call from Griggs. He's got a whistle, and he'll use it if necessary. Got that straight?" Cassidy declared an entire understanding of the directions.

(To be continued).

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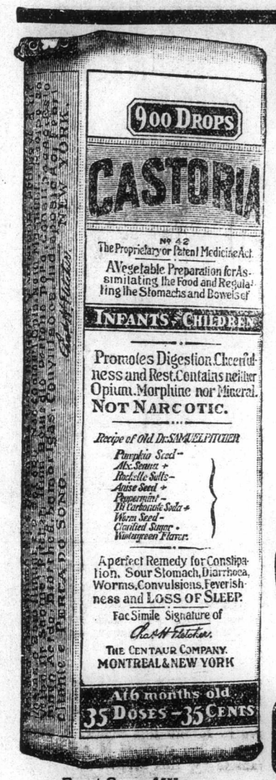

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