

Right at Last

Joan was silent; what was the covert meaning in the question? "Well, now, I suppose you wonder why I don't come to my important business?" Joan did not assent; in words, but her eyes did.

"Well, I'm coming to it—"

"Perhaps I am de trop," said Mordant Royce. "I'll go and smoke a cigar with Mr. Harwood," and he moved towards the door.

"No, don't leave us, please, Mr. Royce," said Miss Mazurka, pleasantly.

"Miss Trevelyan, who is to be your wife to-morrow, can have no business in which you are not concerned."

Royce shrugged his shoulders and resumed his lounging attitude against the mantelpiece.

Joan motioned Miss Mazurka to a chair; she had been standing up till now, between the fire and the door.

"I shall be glad to assist you in any way," she said, gently.

"Will you answer me a few questions," said Miss Mazurka. "And when I ask that I want to say that it is for your good that I put them."

"My good?" said Joan, with surprise.

Miss Mazurka nodded.

"Yes; you can scarcely credit that; but you will presently. Don't think my first question a riddle one, but if you do, try and believe that I have a reason for putting it to you."

"I am sure that you would not ask it otherwise," said Joan, rather coldly.

"Thanks," said Miss Mazurka. "Now, then, Miss Trevelyan, most of us actresses have a stage name and a real one; have you?"

Joan hesitated and looked at the questioner curiously. She saw a strange expression of admiration and interest, and it almost seemed pity, on Miss Mazurka's face.

"Yes, I have a real name and a stage one," she said, quietly.

"And have you told Mr. Royce your real one?"

"No," said Joan, in a low voice.

Miss Mazurka turned to Mordant Royce smilingly.

"And you don't know it?"

He shook his head.

"You amuse me, Miss Mazurka, you are so extremely like a counsel cross-examining a witness."

"Are't you?" said Miss Mazurka, laughing; "never mind, but just fancy it's a whim of mine, and answer me."

"No; I don't know Miss Trevelyan's real name," she said, gravely.

Miss Mazurka nodded.

"Now, Miss Trevelyan, how long have you known Miss Royce? Since you became an actress?"

"Yes," answered Joan.

"And have you told him anything of your life before then?"

Joan crimsoned.

"Why answer me?" pleaded Miss Mazurka, with genuine earnestness. "Please be patient. You will understand everything directly and forgive me then for paining you now."

"No; I have told him nothing," said Joan, wonderingly.

"And you know nothing," said Miss Mazurka, turning to Mordant Royce.

"No, I know nothing. And really, Miss Mazurka—"

"Oh, I know what you are going to say, but if Miss Trevelyan chooses to answer my questions, you needn't mind about it, you know."

"But—"

Miss Mazurka turned away from him to Joan.

"Now, Miss Trevelyan, will you answer this. Is it your wish to marry Mr. Royce to-morrow? Answer me truly, and if you say yes, then—well, my important business will keep until after your return."

"My dearest," murmured Royce, as Joan, pale and trembling, looked from one to the other.

"You need not answer," said Miss Mazurka. "Your silence is quite enough for me."

Royce crossed over to her.

"Miss Mazurka, your presence here is an intrusion. You distress and annoy Miss Trevelyan beyond my endurance. I must ask you to leave us."

"I'm going directly, Mr. Royce," said Miss Mazurka. "You are not master here. This is Mr. Harwood's house and I shall remain, with Miss Trevelyan's permission."

"I will go," said Joan, rising.

Miss Mazurka put on her hand pleadingly.

"No, no. Don't. Listen to me for a little while. For your own sake. If you knew what I know—"

Then she arose and pointed her finger at Mordant Royce. "Do you know what that man is, the man you are going to marry to-morrow morning?"

Joan, pale and trembling, looked from her to Mordant Royce, whose face, set and calm, smiled sardonically at the accusing finger.

"You don't? Well, I will tell you. He's a swindler and a card sharper!"

Joan shrank back and caught at the back of a chair, overcome for a moment.

Mordant Royce sprang upright, his face ablaze, then went pale again and he laughed harshly.

"Thanks, Miss Mazurka. You have played your part very well, and we are intensely amused and interested. But please to remember that this is not the house of the Coronet, that it is a lady's drawing room, and that however deeply you may consider that you have been injured by me, it is not worthy of even you to slander me before Miss Trevelyan."

"Very well done indeed," said Miss Mazurka, nodding approvingly. "Oh, I didn't think you wasn't game, Mr. Royce, though you were brought up in the gutter. I knew you would make a fight of it, and you are aren't you? Quite right; but you won't find it much use. I tell this lady that you are a swindler and a card sharper. You deny it?"

"No; I don't take the trouble," said

Royce, scornfully. "If you had said a gambler, alas! I should have had to plead guilty. But I have touched cards for the last time, Miss Mazurka; I leave them and all the evil companions of my past behind."

Miss Mazurka flushed hotly under the covert insult.

"Will you desert Mr. Craddock, also?" she said.

"Mr. Craddock?" he said, with a beautiful look of bewilderment.

"Yes; Mr. Craddock, of Chain Court, who picked you out of the gutter! Mr. Craddock, the money lender, whose jackal you have been; the jackal who entrapped and enticed the victims into Mr. Craddock's den in the city. Are you going to desert him?"

His face quivered, but the smile still sat upon his lips gravely, as he turned to Joan, standing pale and amazed and bowed down under a sense of coming ill.

"I am afraid Miss Mazurka's love for romance is leading her into extravagance of imagination, Ida," he said.

"Don't you think this unpleasant scene has lasted long enough?"

"Not quite," said Miss Mazurka, before Joan could reply. "You don't know Mr. Craddock! It is not you who led Lord Dewsbury into his clutches? It is not you who go down at night to Chain Court, Fenchurch street; who received Mr. Craddock at your rooms in Mount street, Mr. Royce?"

"It certainly is not," he said, with a scornful smile.

Miss Mazurka went swiftly to the door and opened it, and Lord Bertie entered, pushing old Craddock by the shoulders in front of him.

Bertie thrust the old man against the wall, where he stood trembling and shaking, his small eyes gleaming at Royce like those of a rat caught in a trap, and Bertie went and took Joan's hand.

"Will you come away now?" he said. "Come with me and I will tell you all that this means."

But Joan shook her head and clung to her chair.

"I will not go," she said, trembling, but trying to keep calm. "I will not go. I must know all!"

Bertie pressed her hand and stood beside her protectingly, drawing still closer as Mordant Royce, white with passion, strode up to him.

"Lord Dewsbury," he said, between his clenched teeth, "this is an intrusion, and I resent it! Leave this lady's side, sir, and this house!"

Bertie, pale and stern, looked him full in the face.

"Keep out of my reach," he said.

And although that was all that passed his lips, Royce shrank back to his former position by the fire, where he stood, his dark eyes turning from Bertie to Miss Mazurka, as if he could slay them with a glance.

"Mr. Craddock," said Miss Mazurka, "this gentleman"—and she pointed to Mordant Royce—"says he doesn't know you. Is that true?"

Old Craddock looked around stealthily, and moistened his trembling lips, and steeled himself against the wall with his claw-like hands.

"N—o!" he croaked. "He knows me. I brought him up from a boy. I taught him everything. He's clever, but I picked him out of the gutter. Then he turned appealingly to Mordant Royce. "Royce, it's no use; the game's up. This woman—she's a devil!"—and he shook his claw at Miss Mazurka, who smiled sweetly—"she found it out—the old man knows how. They came and seized me at my office, and dragged me here against my will! But I'll have the law of 'em! I've got you under my thumb, my Lord Dewsbury, and you shall smart!" and he grinned threateningly at Bertie, who scarcely wasted a glance upon him.

Mordant Royce glared at him.

"What do you know?" he said, hoarsely. "That I, like many other men, have had dealings with you! That's all!"

Old Craddock shook his head despairfully.

"They know more than that, Royce!" he croaked. "I can't tell how much they do know!" he whined. At that moment Bertie moved slightly, and the old man's eyes fell for the first time upon Joan. With a shrill shriek he shrank against the wall. "Royce! Royce! Who's that? Look there! There! He's extended a shaking hand in the direction of Joan. Look at her!"

There was intense silence for a moment, and in that moment Mordant Royce screwed up his courage.

"For shame!" he cried, turning on Lord Dewsbury. "Don't you see the condition of the old man you have brought, as you think, to confound me? He is out of his mind. Look at him! Ida, for heaven's sake, come away with me from these people!" and he took a step toward her.

Joan, scarcely knowing that she did it, shrank back, and put her hand upon Bertie's arm.

"Stand back!" he said, sternly, warningly. "He is not mad, and you know it. Who is this lady?" he demanded of old Craddock, who was still glaring at Joan.

"She's Joan Ormsby! Joan Ormsby, the old girl's granddaughter," he croaked, absently. "The girl Royce and I nearly found. 'No, no!' he croaked, suddenly, 'no, she's not! I forgot, Joan Ormsby was drowned, wasn't she, Royce? drowned!"

Joan rose white and trembling, and opened her lips as if about to speak, but Bertie gently forced her into the chair and whispered:

"No! say nothing."

"Joan Ormsby?"

Royce, scornfully: "I never heard the name! What numskully is this? Ida—"

"Address another word to this lady much use. I tell this lady that you are a swindler and a card sharper. You deny it?"

"You see," said Miss Mazurka. "Mr. Royce knows nothing of all this, Mr.

Craddock. He never heard of Miss Ormsby, this respected granddaughter of Lord Arrowfield. He knows nothing of a will which you and he have been looking for nothing at all!"

Royce forced a smile to his white lips.

"For the first time during this strange scene Miss Mazurka speaks the truth," he said. "I may have had dealings with this man Craddock. Like others, I have been the victim of his villainy."

"What?" shrieked old Craddock, shrilly; "villainy! You say that, Royce—you! You took from the gutter—you! I made what you are—"

"Silence!" said Bertie, sternly. "You deny all knowledge of this lady's real name and position, and of Lord Arrowfield's will. Are you mad? Do you forget it was I who found that will?"

"Found the will!" croaked old Craddock; "found the will! Royce, do you hear that?"

Mordant bit his lip.

"This is a conspiracy," he said. "I refuse to remain here to be baited by an old madman and a pair of vindictive fools," and he glanced scornfully at Bertie and Miss Mazurka. "Ida," and he turned swiftly to her with a sudden despairing, pleading tone and gesture, "for heaven's sake, send them away, or some with me. I will do anything, anything, Ah, come!" and he held out his hands.

She shrank back, her hand on Bertie's arm, and her eyes fixed on Mordant Royce's face as if she would read his soul.

She read there in his eyes enough to convince her. With a sigh that was almost a groan, she held up her hand as if to put him from her, and turned her head away.

With a cry, low and fierce, and full of infinite despair, he put his hand before his eyes, as if to shut out her gaze, then staggered unsteadily to the door.

"Quick!" cried Miss Mazurka, and as she spoke Bertie rushed forward, seized the retreating man by the arm, and him round against the wall.

"Give me the will!" he said, in a stern voice.

Mordant Royce looked at him with a world of hate and malice.

"You fool!" he hissed; "you will never see it! I have burned it! Let me pass!"

CHAPTER XL

Mordant Royce looked round with a scornful defiance.

"I have burned the will," he said. "A dead silence fell upon them all, and Bertie stood agliss and appalled for the moment.

Mordant Royce stepped back to the fireplace and regained his old attitude, his glance shifting from Miss Mazurka, who sat regarding him with the most marked self-possession, to Lord Bertie, who seemed utterly non-plussed by this admission of villainy.

"If you had listened to me," said Mordant Royce, hoarsely; "if you had treated me with common fairness, I would have dealt openly with you. But you forget that a man driven to bay is desperate. The will is burned," and as he spoke he drew a paper from his pocket and dropped it into the fire.

Emily saw the action and cried out, warningly.

"Look! He has thrown something in the fire just now!"

Lord Bertie sprang forward, but Mordant Royce, exerting all his strength, kept him back for the half-minute required to consume the paper; the rest seemed too paralyzed by excitement and Vienna when he had taken his herculean effort to make any attempt to save the document.

"You scoundrel!" exclaimed Bertie, sternly. "Do you realize what you have done?" and he pointed to where Joan stood, pale and sorrowful. "Do you realize that you have robbed the woman you professed to love? He paused, reluctant to use the word "love."

"To love," filled in Mordant Royce. "Yes, I understand. I loved her—Heaven knows I loved her as well as deeply as you would do, my lord. And if she had stood by me and been true to me, I would have made her the woman of Vienna when he had taken his herculean effort to make any attempt to save the document.

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JUST ONE WOMAN IN THOUSANDS

Who Can Say "Dodd's Kidney Pills Made Me Well!"

Mrs. Louis Delorme, who was always tired and nervous and suffered from backache, tells how she found a cure.

St. Rose du Lac, Man., April 3.—(Special)—The story of Mrs. Louis Delorme, a well-known and highly respected resident of this place, is identical with that of thousands of other women in Canada. It is all the most interesting on that account. She was tired, nervous and worn out. Dodd's Kidney Pills cured her.

I suffered for five years from backache and too frequent urinating, which destroyed my sleep," Mrs. Delorme states. "My head would ache, and I was always tired and nervous. My limbs were heavy, and I had a dragging sensation across the loins. Dodd's Kidney Pills made me well. I used in all ten boxes, but they fixed me for good."

Thousands of other Canadian women who have not used Dodd's Kidney Pills are in just the condition Mrs. Delorme was in before she used them. Thousands of others who were in that condition and who used Dodd's Kidney Pills, are now well and strong.

We learn from the experiences of others, and those experiences teach us that the weary and worn women of Canada can find relief in Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"You will find it difficult to prove, my lord," he said, quietly. "I admit I may not even the existence of the will! Who has seen it? Who knows anything of it? You will find your charge difficult to substantiate. You talk of punishment; in punishing me you will subject this lady"—waving his hand toward Joan—"to a scandal which will live as long as she lives. As for me"—he shrugged his shoulders—"but I doubt whether she will care to appear in a crowded court and give her evidence against the man she was about to honor with her hand."

Bertie stood undecided, inwardly raging at the sinister cunning which met him at every point.

"You scoundrel!" he could only exclaim.

Mordant Royce smiled.

"Hard words are easily bandied, my lord," he said. "What do you intend to do? Will you give me in custody on this charge? I think not."

"He's clever! He's clever, is Royce?" Joan glided Craddock, who was covering a corner of the room, forgotten by all, but watching the scene with ghoul-like interest.

"Yes, he's very clever, isn't he, Mr. Craddock?" echoed Miss Mazurka, quickly, without removing her eyes from Royce's face.

Joan glided forward, and laid her hand tremblingly on Bertie's arm.

"Let him go, for my sake," she murmured. "Ah, let him go."

Bertie bit his lip and led her back again.

"For your sake, then," he said, gently. Then he turned to Mordant Royce. "The only way you have so far wronged pleads for you," he said; "but for her you should meet the fate you so richly deserve. You may go, Mordant Royce. If you value a sound skin and whole bones keep out of my sight the rest of your life. Go!"

(To be Continued.)

GOOD READING

is Not Necessarily Costly to Procure by the People.

Good prose that paints a picture and imparts an idea is a democratic thing; John Bunyan was a tinker, and George Fox was apprenticed to a shoemaker before he began that work which ended in the Society of Friends; yet, both have written such prose as many more fortunate in the world's estimation would be glad to write if it gave them like fame. "Pilgrim's Progress" can be found in any public library, and good editions of the book, English and American, may be bought for very little money; the "Journal of George Fox" is easily had. Now, both these men write a language that for simplicity, strength and sweetness is hard to beat, and their words are those of the people, not of those that learn from mere academic sources and thereby perhaps insensibly lose touch with the people. The prose of such men as Fox and Bunyan is part of the music of the people; where one has read the "Essays" of Sir William Temple, a thousand have read enrapt the wonderful story of Christian and Great-heart, and Fox will in a sentence or two paint to you such a picture as shall be vivid to the eye. Nobody is asked to read a parable in a letter of business or to be graphic where exactness is of the essence of the matter, but none can escape the duty of precision; and this can be learned by each man for himself by reading, but reading what is good—Christian Science Monitor.

HIS OATH

(Pittsburg Gazette.)

John D. Rockefeller, jun., at the recent reunion of the Bible class of which he is vice-president, said of a somewhat abusive magazine writer:

"He attacks my country's greatest men, when I read his attacks, I can't help thinking that he is rather like old Uncle Rastus.

"Uncle Rastus, testifying in a certain lawsuit, refused to be sworn.

"'Ah will affirm,' he said.

"'But Uncle Rastus, said the judge, 'how is this? Last week in the Calhoun case, you swore readily enough.'

"'Yo' honoh,' said Uncle Rastus solemnly. 'Ah was mo' sursh o' mah facts in dat case dan in dis one.'

HOW TO SAVE MONEY

A Pointer to Housekeepers.

Look at the financial side of Zam-Buk's use. A cut sustained in the home, the store, or the workshop, a sore which is untended, results, say, in festering or blood-poisoning. You have to lay off for a day or two. What does that mean when pay day comes round? Zam-Buk insures you against that loss! A little Zam-Buk applied to such an injury prevents all danger of blood-poisoning, takes out the smarting and healing.

Members of families know how costly doctoring is. Be wise and act on the preventive line. A box of Zam-Buk in the home is so all-round useful. The baby's rashes, the older children's cuts and bruises, the inevitable burn, cut, or scald—for all these, as well as for more serious ailments, such as piles, ulcers, eczema, ringworm, etc., Zam-Buk is without a rival.

Dangers of Shaving.—You get a cut at the barber's shop. A little Zam-Buk smeared on the wound prevents all danger. If any ailment has been contracted, Zam-Buk cures. Mr. George Hobden, 108 Manitoba street, writes: "I have used Zam-Buk on the contracted barber's rash, and the whole of my left cheek broke out in a mass of red, watery pimples and sores. These spread to the other parts of my face until face and neck were covered with running sores. How far the disease would have spread had it not been for Zam-Buk, I don't know. I applied this balm, and in a short time Zam-Buk effected a complete cure."

Zam-Buk Soap is as good as the balm, but in a different way. Washed in Zam-Buk Soap the skin is disinfected and disease germs lying upon it are killed. Mothers will find it unequalled for baby's bath.

Zam-Buk Balm and Zam-Buk Soap are sold by all druggists and stores at 50c for the balm and 25c tablet for the soap.

HERE YOU ARE!

Hints for You When Crossing-Intersecting Streets.

Don't pause 'mid car tracks to admire a harem skirt—

Or to philosophize on some favorite passage from Browning—

Or to adjust hatpins or any portion of your attire—

Or to examine your shopping list or investigate the contents of your valise—

Or to decide which way you want to go—

Or to flirt—flirting, always idiotic, appears extremely so when done in the middle of a car track—

Or to admire an oncoming auto—or to test your ability to recognize its make before its name is within reading distance, and about all—

Don't fail to remember that there are four avenues of approach to intersecting streets and that this means eight "right-of-way" to teamsters, cabmen, delivery wagons, automobiles, pushcart men, messengers on bicycles, etc.; therefore, after flashing a glance in the four directions, level one eye on the direction indicating aim of the policeman, and the other on your destination, take a good, deep breath (it may be your last), and hurry manly to the corner you are aiming for, concentrating all your attention on the fact that you may accomplish it without a sequel of ambulance or morgue.

CAN QUICKLY REPORT.

(Washington Star.)

Col. Roosevelt, while not active in the manager's office, is near enough to be numbered among those present at short notice.

Any tramp will tell you that a dog in the manger is worth two in the front yard.

WAITING IN THE SPRING

How to Get New Health and New Strength at this season.

Even the most robust find the winter months trying to their health. Confinement indoors, often in overheated and nearly always bad-ventilated rooms—in the house, the office, the shops and the school—takes the vitality of even the strongest. The blood becomes thin and watery, clogged with impurities. Some people have headaches and a feeling of languor; others are low-spirited and nervous; still others have pimples and skin eruptions; while some get up in the morning feeling just as tired as when they went to bed. These are all spring symptoms that the blood is out of order, and that a medicine is needed. Many people rush to purgative medicines in the spring. This is a mistake. You can not cure these troubles with a medicine that gallops through your system and leaves you weaker still. What you need to give you health and strength in the spring is a tonic medicine that will enrich the blood and soothe the jangled nerves, and the one always reliable tonic and blood-builder is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These Pills not only banish spring weaknesses and ills, but guard you against the more serious ailments that follow, such as anemia, nervous debility, indigestion, rheumatism and other diseases due to bad blood. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make new, rich red blood, which strengthens every nerve, every organ and every part of the body, and makes weak, ailing people bright, happy and strong. Mrs. James McDonald, Harcourt, N.B., says: "In my opinion Dr. Williams' Pink Pills do all that is claimed for them. My system was run down, and I was so weak I could hardly do my work, and taking care of my baby added to my difficulties. I used a few boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and they made me feel like my own self. I very cheerfully recommend the Pills to all who are weak or ailing."

Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

THE "TASK SYSTEM."

An Explanation of "The Kernel of Scientific Management."

From Will Irwin's "The Awakening of the American Business Man" in the April Century.

When Frederick W. Taylor and his earnest apostles of efficiency set about to revolutionize machine production, they had to reckon from the very first with the workmen's set, negative conservatism. He had learned his trade under the old hit-or-miss system; to do certain things in certain inefficient ways was habit with him. The scientific struggle between capital and labor, which began in the oppression of the English textile operatives, had rendered him sullen and suspicious. Taylor understood from the first that methods of scientific management, which worked out so wonderfully in the laboratory and on paper, must have the consent and co-operation of the worker before they could be applied.

The most obvious method to accomplish this was the "piece-work" plan, but industry learned that the efficacy of such a system. On piece work certain operatives push far ahead of others. Their earnings become so great that they make what seems to the management an undue war, cut in rate follow the wages of the expert few reach a higher level than the rest, and many go down toward the starvation point. The operatives work beyond all reasonable hours of work irregularly; the "piece-work" system, reduction of the working life follows, until finally we arrive at conditions like those of the "sweatshop" in their most pernicious and both sides lose.

Taylor, therefore, built on the "task" system. He was an expert in the collection and correlation of data, the quickest method of performing any given task, discovered at the time the average operator could apply it without injury to his immediate strength or his permanent health, and made that the standard. The proper task discovered in this manner, he encouraged the men to apply it by a system of bonuses. "What the workman most wants, after all," Taylor writes, "is the right to work as his standard the way which the workman had been receiving under the old system."

That is, but each workman, who after instruction from the teacher or foreman, learns to perform the task in a new way and in the allotted time, get a bonus. The bonus, as the worker is concerned, still remains the kernel of scientific management.

FOCUSSED SOUND WAVES.

Few people are aware that sound can be focused just as light can. All are familiar with the burning glass of focusing lens which, if placed in a beam of sunlight will focus the rays into a small spot, which is so hot as to be able to set fire to a piece of paper. Light is a wave in the ether, but sound is a wave in a material medium, generally the air.

If we make a convex lens out of rubbers or collodion and fill it with gas heavier than air, say carbon dioxide, we shall have a sound lens analogous in nearly all respects to a glass lens for light. It will be found that we can focus sound waves in the following manner: Take a watch and place it some feet away from one side of the lens and put your ear on a line with the watch and the centre of the lens, but on the other side, and move outward from the lens. While moving out you cannot hear the watch until you get to a certain point where the waves are focused, at which place you will hear it plainly. This is called the conjugate focus of the watch.—New York Tribune.

Shiloh's Cure

quickly stops cough, cures cold, soothes the throat and lungs.

WOMEN SHOULD BE CAREFUL.

(Montreal Gazette.)

By a judgment rendered in the Superior Court in this city the marriage of two Roman Catholics, contracted in this Province, has been declared null, on the ground that the clergyman who officiated was a Protestant. The civil union in the case gave effect to a decision of the Roman Catholic Church authorities, who, in the spirit of the Ne Temere decree, held unions contracted under such circumstances to be non-sacramental and void. The wisdom of making the civil law subsidiary to the ecclesiastical law in such cases is not in issue just now. There are precedents for the decision. What is in issue, however, is that men and women, especially women, should be careful that when they consent to marriage the ceremony shall be performed under circumstances that will not permit of its validity being questioned. Neglect of this may subject them or their children to humiliation and shame and grief.

Shiloh's Cure

quickly stops cough, cures cold, soothes the throat and lungs.