

Right at Last

"Arranging your patent leather boots and looking at the new coat, I suppose," said Emily, curtly. He laughed.

"Yes," he said. "You can't tell how well I look in my new clothes, Emily. When you see me to-morrow you will be sorry that you are not going to marry me yourself, as I have remarked once or twice before."

Emily tossed her head.

"Some people are not so easily taken in as others," she retorted, glancing at Joan mischievously. "I don't like tall thin men. Besides, I'm waiting for a real live earl. I shan't marry under-shall I, father? You'll be more civil, Mr. Royce, when I'm 'my lady!'"

There was general laughter at this sally, and the little dinner commenced. As it proceeded, Mordaunt Royce threw off the restraint and abstraction which Emily and Joan had noticed, and he grew talkative and amusing as usual.

Old Harwood, too, was in the best of spirits, and when he had a glass or two of champagne grew quite facetious, insisting upon drinking the health of the bride, and filled Joan's glass so that the wine overran.

"I think we ought to have reserved that toast until after the ceremony to-morrow, father," said Emily, with mock gravity. "There's many a slip between the cup and the lip, isn't there, Mordaunt?"

"If he had his glass to his lips as he spoke, and he set it down without drinking, and smiled."

"Quite true, Emily," he said, "but there is going to be no slip in this case. I've got the ring in my waistcoat pocket at this moment, and I'm going to call on the parson and the clerk myself to-morrow, and take them down to the church in handcuffs. When I get them there I shall lock them up in the vestry, and keep them in sight until the ceremony is over."

"What's the use of your parson and clerk if you haven't got the bride?" retorted Emily. "Suppose she doesn't come up to time to-morrow? And such things have been before!"

He smiled again, but a strange look crossed his face, which Joan, who was sitting next to him, noticed.

"If that were my parson," he said, with a faint laugh, "I should go up to the church steeple and throw myself off." Turning to Joan—"I give you fair warning, so don't be too late to-morrow."

"Nonsense!" said Emily, "the bride always is late, just to show her independence and start her married life as she means to carry it on! We'll keep him standing at the altar, looking down at his boots, dear, won't we?"

Joan smiled, but said nothing, and she and Emily rose and went into the drawing-room.

The old man pushed the bottle nearer to Royce.

"Take another glass, Mr. Royce," he said, "I suppose you are all anxious to follow them, but we must have another glass and drink your happiness. Ah, dear me, little did I think that night that beautiful young creature staggered into the old workshop that she was going to become a famous actress, and that I should have the honor of giving her away in marriage. You're a lucky man, Mr. Royce, a lucky man, and here's your health."

And the old man, whom the "Pomeroy" had mellowed out of his usual shyness, nodded and chuckled.

Royce drank and nodded in response, and Mr. Harwood, after a moment's pause, cleared his throat, and, stiffening himself with a comical air of dignity, said:

"Ahem, I suppose, sir, I stand somewhat in the light of a parent to this young lady?"

"Certainly, certainly," assented Royce, half absently, his thoughts following Joan.

"Yes, so I thought. Now, Mr. Royce, I hope you won't take offense at what I am going to say."

"I am sure I shall not," said Royce.

"Thank you, sir. But seeing that I am, as you say, a sort of parent to Miss Ida, it does not appear to me that I shall have done my duty unless I mention a little matter to you."

"Pray, go on," said Royce, politely.

"Well, Mr. Royce, we've known you for some time, you know, but I can't say that we know much about you—I don't put it offensively—I'm not a gossip. Mr. Royce, you know, and I can't twist words and put 'em nicely as you would do, but what I mean is this. It is said that you are a wealthy man. You're a well-to-do man, and what I should like to know is, what are your prospects? And he squared his shoulders and shook his head as he had seen the heavy fathers do on the stage.

Royce hid his impatience under a smile.

"Your question comes rather late in the day, sir," he said, pleasantly, and with mock respect. "But I am glad you have put it. My income is a very good one at present, and I am happy, for I like to be able to add that I have large prospects from an inheritance."

"Ah," said Mr. Harwood, still playing the part of the heavy father and enjoying it amazingly. "Very good; I am delighted to hear it. What might these prospects be worth now? A thousand a year?"

"Considerably over that, sir," said Royce, modestly. "I should think twenty or thirty thousand."

The old man started and stammered:

"Dear me. Really. Eh—eh—I hope you'll excuse me for seeming curious; but you see, as I say, I feel that I am a kind of parent."

"Just so," said Royce. "And now shall we join the ladies?"

"Well, I think I'll just stay and have a pipe," said the old man, flourishing a pipe and a glass of the bottle. "A pipe does me good after dinner, and—"

"With a chuckle, 'You won't miss me,' said CHAPTER XXXIX.

Royce left him and went into the drawing-room.

case comes of our marriage. To-night it may be if you were saying to me, 'Draw back while there is time! To-morrow will be too late! Draw back!' He smiled sardonically.

"And a voice says to me, dearest: 'Seize the happiness that awaits you, and fear not! Shut your ears to the voice, a false voice, that haunts you, and listen to mine! Ida, you ask me to release you?'"

"Yes! yes!" she said, eagerly, sadly, her hands clasped.

"And I answer, 'Not!' he said, in a low, calm, set voice.

She drew back from him, and his face set pale and cold.

"I will save you against yourself, dearest," he went on. "These fancies are unreal and unnatural; they are not worthy of you. You have been overworked of late; you have studied too hard, dearest, and then there was that excitement and strain of the fire. Ah, Ida, trust yourself to me! I cannot give you up, dearest! I will not! See, I hold your hands tightly and kissed them. 'Once you are my wife you will learn to love me. I will be content to wait! I will be patient! You said just now that I was patient, did you not? Well, you shall see. There shall not be a whim of yours ungratified!'"

"Ah, there it is still!" murmured Joan; "you treat me as a child. I am a woman!"

"The best, the sweetest, the dearest in all the world!" he exclaimed, passionately. "Give you up! I would rather give up life itself. Did you hear what I said just now to Emily when she said in jest there was many a slip between the cup and the lip, dearest?"

"Yes," murmured Joan, "and the words, spoken lightly as they were, set me thinking, and led me to speak to you. Poor Emily, if she only knew!"

"With an inward curse, Royce echoed: 'Poor Emily! Yes, indeed! She would be sorry enough if she knew that a few idle words had brought you such distress! But think no more of it, dearest! You have laid bare your heart to me, and I have concealed nothing. Joan hid her face in her hands. "You have nothing to reproach yourself for. My freedom is what you offered me, is it not?" and he smiled tenderly. "Well, you see, I declined it! I prefer to remain your slave, to lie in chains at your feet! No, I will not give you up, dearest, because I cannot! As well ask me to give my life itself, and I would sooner lose my life than you, my queen—my wife!"

Joan drew her hands from him.

"You have decided?" she said, in a low voice, and almost solemnly. "I have laid bare my heart to you; I have told you all that makes the thought of to-morrow a misery and dread to me; and you have decided?"

"Yes," he said, his face clearing; "I have decided! In the future, when I am inclined to be cruel to you, I will recall these words of yours, and we will laugh at them together!"

Joan rose and stood looking at the fire. A dull apathy seemed to have fallen upon her, the apathy of the condemned wretch who has said his last word and received his sentence, and for whom in this world there is no gleam of hope.

"You are tired now, dearest," he said. "I will go. You must go to bed early and look 'the beautiful bride' to-morrow."

He held out his hand and drew her towards him, but at that moment the door opened and Emily came in.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," she said, hurriedly, but—she paused and her face went from red to white.

Joan looked at her with a half-fearful glance. She was overstrung and nervous.

"What is it, Emily?" she said.

"Oh, nothing—don't be alarmed!" said Emily; "but there is someone who wants to see you on an important business."

"To see me?" said Joan. Then she smiled. "It is Mr. Giffard with our agreement about the new theatre, I expect. Why don't you let him come in, Emily?"

"It isn't Mr. Giffard," said Emily, glancing at Mordaunt Royce, who leaned against the mantel-shelf listening, with his calm, self-possessed smile concealing all traces of his recent agitation. "It is—Ida, dear, you'll never guess!"

"Don't give her the trouble," said a voice, at the sound of which Mordaunt Royce started forward slightly. "It is Miss Mazurka, Miss Trevelyan!"

And that young lady entered and stood regarding Mordaunt Royce with a bland smile.

His face flushed hotly for a moment, then he came forward with a bow.

Joan, as she heard the name, felt a chill of pain run through her. This was the woman whom Stuart Villiers was going to marry! What did she want with her, Joan?

But with an effort she crushed down the sharp misery and jealousy, and in her graceful, gentle way crossed the room towards her.

Miss Mazurka bowed, her eyes fixed on Joan's face in an inquiring fashion; then as if something in its beauty and sadness had touched her, she held out her hand.

"I humbly beg your pardon for intruding at this late hour, Miss Trevelyan," she said. "I know it is almost unparliamentary, but I wanted to see you on an important business, and as I heard that you were going to be married to-morrow—you are, aren't you?"

"Yes," said Joan, in a low voice and without a change of color.

"And to Mr. Mordaunt Royce, I hear," said Miss Mazurka, with a sweet smile, and Mordaunt Royce bowed as easily and coolly as possible.

"Ah!" and Miss Mazurka breathed the speculation as if she wished them every happiness with it. "Well, I was rightly informed, wasn't I? And, of course, if you are going to be married to-morrow, why, you'll disappear from mortal ken—as we say on the stage—for two or three weeks, and my business being important—"

"Too important to wait a week or two?" murmured Royce, quite pleasantly, and with a charming smile accompanying the inquiry.

"Oh, quite too important!" she said, with the most marked amiability.

Mordaunt Royce watched her keenly,

FROM EVERY CORNER OF THE DOMINION

Come Reports of Cures Made by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Magdalen Islands, Quebec, Tell of Mrs. Cormier, a Sufferer for Six Years, Who Was Made a New Woman by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Amherst Island, Havre Aubert, Magdalen Islands, Que., March 27 (Special).—That suffering women in all corners of Canada are being restored to health by Dodd's Kidney Pills is shown in the press every day, and this island is not without its striking example. Mrs. Ester C. Cormier, a well known and estimable resident tells the following story of her cure:

"For six years I suffered with Rheumatism, Backaches and Nervousness. I could not sleep nor eat, and I was always tired. My limbs were heavy and I had a dragging sensation across the loins.

"Hearing of cures by Dodd's Kidney Pills I decided to try them. Seven boxes made a new woman of me."

For a score of years Dodd's Kidney Pills have been in use in Canada. They have been tried in thousands of cases and there is not on record a single case where they have failed to cure diseased kidneys. Thousands of Canadian men and women will tell you they owe their good health to Dodd's Kidney Pills.

while seeming to be entirely careless and politely indifferent.

"Miss Trevelyan," said Miss Mazurka, turning to Joan, "I have heard your name so often that I feel as if we were old friends. I don't bear you any grudge for taking my place at the Coronet—the poor Coronet! though I oughtn't to say 'look my place,' because you've gone higher than ever I went, or shall go—I must refer to the 'fairies' world, of course," and she laughed.

Joan smiled coldly. The question asked still remained unanswered. What did Miss Mazurka, Stuart Villiers' future wife, want with her? She looked at Miss Mazurka attentively. A subtle change had taken place in the girl; the features seemed softer and gentler; her manner more subdued and less imperious.

Mordaunt Royce noticed it too; but he was almost entirely engrossed in trying to guess what her amiable manner meant, and what envied thing lay beneath her pleasant smile and honeyed words.

"You are a good actress and a famous woman, but I don't envy you; I did at first but I don't now," she added, in a low voice. "I congratulate you with all my heart, and I'm sure the stage will sustain a great loss by your marriage."

Joan inclined her head.

"I am not going to leave the stage, Miss Mazurka," she said.

"No," said in Emily, "of course she isn't."

"Not?" said Miss Mazurka, glancing at Mordaunt Royce with upraised eyelids. "Really not? I thought you were going to be very rich."

Royce smiled.

"Miss Mazurka credits us with too much good fortune, Ida," he said.

"Oh, then you'll be none the richer for your marriage," said Miss Mazurka. (To be continued.)

CROWNING OF KING AND QUEEN

Five Million Dollars Royal Durbar at Delhi, India.

Coronation There Will be a Scene of Oriental Magnificence.

A London cable says that a million sterling is to be spent on the Coronation Durbar in India gives an idea of the magnificent character of the ceremonies that are being arranged and the gorgeousness of the scenes in which the King and Queen will be the central figures at Delhi. Everything is to be done on a scale of unexampled splendor, as befits the first visit of a King-Emperor and his consort to the vast territory over which they reign.

Although the date of the Durbar is not yet officially announced, there is no doubt that it will be on December 12 this year. The first intention was to have it in January next, but that was abandoned because of the night climate in Delhi in that month and the possibility of rain. The date of December 12 has the advantage of falling before the commencement of the great Mohammedan fast of Mohurrum. It was also intended at first that the ceremony should take place in the fort at Delhi, but that proposal was quickly abandoned, his Majesty deciding that the same site should be used as in 1877 and 1903.

A gigantic amphitheatre will be constructed for the ceremony. The decorations will be on a lavish scale and the actual service will include the placing of their crowns on their own heads by the King and Queen. Nothing of the kind has been seen since Napoleon the Great placed upon his head the Iron Crown of Lombardy. A considerable portion of the royal regalia will be conveyed to India, including both crowns.

Their Majesties are selecting a large suite to accompany them, and they will travel in a liner specially chartered for the occasion with a powerful escort of war vessels. They will proceed to Bombay, and from there direct to Delhi. Lord Hardinge, who has recently been named as viceroy, will be the Indian viceroy, and will be accompanied by the visit of the King, goes to Delhi next month to discuss the final arrangements for the Durbar. He will meet there the committee appointed by his Majesty, of which the president is Sir John Hewitt, and the members are the Maharajahs of Gwalior, Bikaner and Idar and the Nawab of Rampore; all the honorary aides-de-camp to his Majesty; Sir T. R. Wynne (Foreign Secretary); Colonel Cox, Colonel Bamber, Colonel Maclagan, Lieutenant-Colonel Maxwell, Mr. W. M. Hailey, Lieutenant-Colonel Grimshon, Lieutenant-Colonel C. F. T. Murray and Mr. E. V. Gabriel.

The location of the camps is to be again between the famous ridge and the canal. There is ample space available for the selection of the ground is due to the desire to make the Royal camp for the King and Queen one of unparalleled magnificence. Close to it will be the camps of the ruling chiefs and that of the Government of India.

Apart from the actual Durbar there will be other imposing ceremonies. These include the arrival and passage of the King and Queen and their departure. There will be processions through the city, and the route is not yet settled, but to facilitate movement and inter-communication a circular railway is to be built.

It is anticipated that their Majesties will stay in Delhi ten or twelve days, and it is expected that the King will give private audiences to some of the more important ruling princes.

There is reason to anticipate that an elephant escort of native chiefs will not be a feature of the procession to the amphitheatre, as it was at the Durbar held by Lord Curzon, and that the King, accompanied by the Viceroy and other high officers of state, will proceed to the Durbar on horseback.

Four divisions of infantry and two divisions of cavalry, with a quota of Imperial service troops, are to be mobilized for the Durbar, and there will be encamped close to Delhi between 80,000 and 90,000 men. The Maharajah of Gwalior has lent his company of sappers and miners and his transport corps to assist in making the necessary camp works.

After the ceremonies at Delhi have been completed the King will proceed to Terai, on the Nepal border, for tiger shooting for ten days or so, and will then visit Calcutta. The royal stay there is not expected to extend beyond three or four days; and it will terminate with the embarkation of the King and Queen for England.

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USING PURGATIVES

IMPROVES HEALTH

What You Need in Spring is a Blood Building Tonic.

A spring medicine is an actual necessity to most people. Nature demands it as an aid in carrying off the impurities that have accumulated in the blood during the long winter months and indoor life. Unfortunately thousands of people who recognize the necessity for a spring medicine do not know what is best to take and dose themselves with harsh, gripping purgatives.

This is a serious mistake. Ask any doctor and he will tell you that the use of purgative medicines weakens the system but does not cure disease. In the spring the system needs building up—purgatives cannot do this—they weaken you still more. The blood should be made rich, red, pure and only a tonic medicine can do this. The best blood building, nerve restoring tonic medical science has yet discovered is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Every dose of this medicine actually makes new, rich blood. This new blood strengthens every organ, every nerve and every part of the body. This is why Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure headaches and backaches, rheumatism and neuralgia, banish pimples and eruptions, and give a glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. Men, women and growing boys and girls who take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills eat well, sleep well, and feel light, active and strong. If you need a medicine in the spring—and most likely you do—try this great reviving tonic and feel the new life, new health, and new strength it will put into you.

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.

MAKING WATER POWER WORK.

The second nature giant that man learned to control was the power of flowing water. We all know that water rises from the ocean as vapor and, dropping as rain on the mountains, makes its way in rivers to the ocean again. The explanation is simple enough, but when we see a mighty waterfall like Niagara, we realize at once that we are in the presence of a powerful giant who can do the work of armies of us, if properly harnessed.

But it was long before man learned how to do this.

Up to that time each one had to grind his own grain, a little at a time, by rolling it between two flat stones; but when he learned the use of the water-wheel he was able to grind with larger stones, such as he himself could not even move, and produce enough meal for his own use; and a whole village besides. And now, to crown all, we have the turbines, which takes vastly greater power from the passing water, and the manufacturing industries have made our country famous the world over, and the giant water-force is doing its full share in turning the wheels. We can also see the power of water in use in a canal-lock by means of which a boat may be taken uphill; and in hydraulic mining where it digs the dirt and washes out the gold at the same time. The modern systems of sanitary plumbing, safeguarding the health and of irrigation, by means of which vast tracts of desert lands are made to bloom, both depend upon the power of falling water.—From Raymond Perry's "Name Giants That Man Has Conquered" in April St. Nicholas.

Face Sores and Eruptions

Zam-Buk Will Quickly Heal.

The approach of spring finds many people with unsightly face sores, eruptions, boils, etc. In this connection Zam-Buk is invaluable. An illustration of the way in which it cures even the most serious and chronic cases of eruptions, sores and ulcers, is provided by Mr. R. H. Barker, of Glenora, Ont. He says:

"I never could have believed that any remedy could cure so quickly and at the same time so effectively as Zam-Buk cured me. My face began to be covered with a kind of rash, which itched and irritated. This rash then turned to sores, which discharged freely and began to spread. I first tried one thing and then another, but nothing seemed to do me much good, and the eruption got worse and worse until my face was just covered with running sores.

"Apart from the pain (which was very bad), my face was such a terrible sight that I was not fit to go out. This was my state when someone advised me to try Zam-Buk. I got a supply, and within a week I could see that the sores were rapidly healing. A little longer, and Zam-Buk had healed them com-pletely, and my skin was as clear as if I had never had a sore. We shall never again be without Zam-Buk in the house."

Zam-Buk is unequalled for spring rashes, eruptions, children's sores, scalp diseases, ringworm, ulcers, abscesses, eczema, tetter, piles, cuts, burns, bruises, and skin injuries and diseases generally. All druggists and stores sell at 50c box, or post free from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price. Refuse harmful imitations. Zam-Buk Soap, which may be had from any druggist at 25c a tablet, should be used instead of ordinary soap in all cases of eruptions and skin diseases.

A VAGUE IMPRESSION.

(Washington Star.)

"What is your idea of the character of Lady Macbeth?"

"Really," replied Mrs. Cumrox, "there is so much gossip about people connected with the stage that one scarcely knows what to believe."

Shiloh's Cure

quickly stops coughs, cures colds, hoarseness, and throat and lung troubles. 25 cents.

WILD SILK.

Tussah silk is usually known as wild silk, being the product of an ant-eater-like caterpillar of China and India.

Shiloh's Cure

quickly stops coughs, cures colds, hoarseness, and throat and lung troubles. 25 cents.

Marriage is generally a partnership arrangement, with one silent partner.