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A stylish and charming new model, for medium and petite figures, combining the advantages of the girdle top, with those of the medium long hip corset

Produces lines of exquisite shapeliness and grace, imparts absolute comfort and a superb figure.

Made of Imported Coutil; rust-proof boning thruout, one of the best sellers ever made

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DOMINION CORSET CO., Mnfrs.

Quebec, Montreal Toronto.

PRINCESS ZARA

BY ROSS BEECKMAN.

(Continued)

I was determined that there should be no phase of Russian life which could hide itself away from the skill of my investigating forces; from palace to hovel, from the highest official in the Russian diplomatic service and in the army to the meanest servant or laborer, my sources of knowledge must extend, and every detail of it all must necessarily be so complete as to render it not only exact, but absolutely under my personal control and direction, without however in any way creating the suspicion that I was personally interested. Presently you will understand more perfectly how this all came about, and in quite a natural way it would seem, for always things accomplished seem easy enough to the casual observer; and you who read are only observers after all. You are receiving a bit of unwritten history which closely concerned the Russian empire and without which the assassination of Alexander would undoubtedly have happened many years before it did, for I give to myself the credit of having extended the days of that really great but much misunderstood Moscovite gentleman.

At the time of my appearance in St. Petersburg the forces of nihilism had assumed proportions greater than they had ever attained before or will ever attain to again, thanks to my activities. The palace itself was a hotbed of conspiracy; the rank and file of the army was so disaffected that the officers never knew whom they could depend upon or whom they might trust; a secre pressure of the thumb, indeterminate in its character but nevertheless significant, was likely to be received from any hand clasp, no matter where given or with whom exchanged, and a princess or a countess was as likely to bestow it upon you as any ordinary person whom you might chance to meet. The pressure itself was merely a tentative question which might be translated by the words: "Are you a nihilist?" and you might understand it and reply to it by a returning pressure of acquiescence, or ignore it utterly, as you pleased. The pressure itself was so light, was carelessly given and might so readily be attributed to a careless motion of the hand that it could not betray the person who made it; nor could the answering pressure do so.

I had not been long at the palace before I discovered that many of the high officials who had ready and constant access there had become inoculated with the nihilistic bacilli and although I had no doubt that many of them were at heart loyal to the emperor, I already knew better than they did the immensity of the obligation they had undertaken in swearing allegiance to an association of persons dominated by fanatics and by actual criminals whose trade was murder and whose chiefest pleasures and relaxation was the study of how best to bring about entire social upheaval.

The confession of Moret enabled me to read every sign however slight that was made by these persons and the four weeks of my domicile in the apartment of the palace that had been assigned to me served me as nothing else could have done in this respect.

You have already been told that this was by no means my first experience in St. Petersburg and with nihilism; but I must confess that extensive as my information had been and was I had never for a moment contemplated the vast resources of this revolutionary order, its unlimited ramifications and its boundless possibilities for evil. To discover as I speedily did that princes of the blood, that ladies high in place, that generals in the army and lesser officers under them were among the ranks of the nihilists, was an astounding fact which I had not contemplated and which I was ill prepared to receive so soon after my arrival. It extended the requirements of my operation; it increased ten fold, nay a hundred fold, my obligations to the czar in whose service I was now sworn.

It seems difficult to imagine a beautiful woman as being at the head and front of such an organization which discusses murder and which arranges for wholesale assassination with the same equanimity of conscience that a hunting party at an English country estate would arrange for the slaughter of rabbits and pheasants.

But I was destined soon to discover that even this could be true. I was destined soon to be brought in contact with a beautiful woman who was not only high in place and a favorite with the czar himself, but who was veritably a leader in the plots against him.

CHAPTER VII

The Princess' Oriental Garden.

In order better to carry out the plans I had made it was necessary that I should depart from the palace and I secured apartments in a respectable but quiet section of the city, where I established myself under the name of Dubravnik; and it was generally understood by those who came in contact with me that I was a pardoned exile who had been permitted to return under stipulated conditions, as such men are sometimes, though rarely, allowed to do. In the mean time I had gathered around me several certain individuals whom I had known and employed in the past, and whom I knew from experience I could trust; and there was not one Russian among them. The Russian may be trusted always wherever his heart is involved and his political conscience is at rest, but never unless those forces are working in sympathy with the employment of his hands and head.

I sent to Paris for Michael O'Malley, whose long residence there had outwardly transformed him from an Irishman to a Frenchman, and who for convenience spelled his name Malet, thus retaining the sound without the substance. He opened a cafe, which because of its excellence speedily became the resort of the higher officers of the Russian army stationed at St. Petersburg. Every one of the waiters in his establishment were spies in his employ brought from Paris, and not one of them knew of my existence. Thus did they did their work in the dark, but they did it well. Another Irishman, Tom Coyle, who looked like a Russian, established a cab stand on the English plan, and he had a small army of men under him who worked in the same way as Malet's servants. A Frenchman and his wife—their names were St. Cyr—ran a high class intelligence office, and furnished valets, maids, cooks, coachmen, etc., for the best families at the Russian capital. I had one assistant who taught singing to the nobility, and another who was a master at arms and gave lessons in the science of handling all kinds of weapons. In the less pretentious quarters of the city I had proprietors of fourth rate cafes on my list; also loungers, loafers, seeming drunkards, laborers. But more important than these I succeeded in securing for one of my best men—an American—the management of the city Messenger Service; and one by one he contrived to replace the messengers by others of his own selection, until many of them were unknowingly members of my staff. Unknowingly, mind you, for therein existed much of the secret of my power. My workers did not know what they did. Canfield really did great work for me while he held that position, and I must not neglect to give him credit for it.

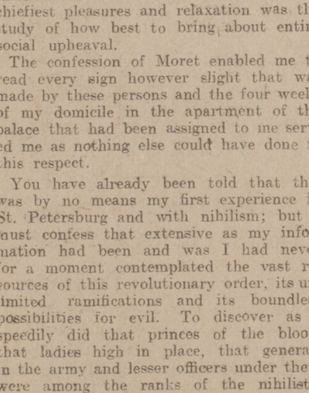
O'Malley, Coyle, the St Cyrs and Canfield were really therefore the several component parts of my immediate staff and those five were the only persons among all my hundreds of workers who knew Dubravnik to be their chief; and it is a perfectly safe statement to say that in all St. Petersburg, nay in all the world at that time, there were but nine persons living who had the least knowledge or even suspicion of my business; the nine were the czar, Prince Michael, the five already named, myself and Moret now in solitary confinement although in a comfortably appointed room in one of the prisons.

It is well that I should say a word or two in reference to these assistants of mine, in passing.

O'Malley was an Irishman of the finest type of bluff and honest manhood. I have known him and tried him through many a difficulty where his sterling qualities of character, his rugged honesty of purposce, his unfailing loyalty and devotion to me and his uncanny qualities as an investigator had endeared him to me both professionally and personally beyond the expression of mere words to describe it. I knew that I could rely upon him absolutely in all emergencies and that he was utterly fearless in the face of any danger that might present itself. By opening the cafe described, patronized by the elite of the Russian capital he merely followed out a plan long before undertaken in Paris for a like purpose and through the workings of his waiters and other employees he possessed sources of information and facilities for investigation unprecedented in their far reaching possibilities. There is many a whispered word and undertoned conversation carried on at a supper table over the coffee or a bottle of wine which finds its way into the ears of servitors and O'Malley's duties consisted not alone in piecing together after they were supplied to him these scraps of conversation, but in having his workers spy upon certain personages when they appeared at the cafe and so anticipate secrets which they might have to unfold. Even he had lesser men in authority under him and many of those who were almost directly under his employ believed that they were allied to the regular secret police and did not know of their employer's official capacity.

Tom Coyle, a huge rough bearded Irishman who in outward appearance might have passed anywhere for a Russian, was not less efficient or less loved and trusted by me than O'Malley. As a proprietor of a cab stand every driver was a minion of his and served him precisely as O'Malley's waiters did their chief; and it may readily be determined that the power thus exerted for making reports, for knowing the distinction and the engagements of certain individuals was far reaching indeed. Coyle also had served me in the execution of many delicate missions of the past and I could depend upon him almost as absolutely as I could upon myself.

(To Be Continued)



Fashion Hint for Times Readers



LINEN SHIRTWAIST WITH DUTCH COLLAR.

If sleeves have come down for the warm weather, at least collars have also; so if our arms are uncomfortable our throats may be delightfully cool. All the summery blouses are cut in this collarless style, some not even having narrow collar bands. This pretty waist is of linen, inset with heavy lace, and the collar and jabot are edged with a pleated frill of finer lace in a Val. pattern. Shirtwaists of this character, with close-fitting long sleeves, have button and loops on the outer seam of the sleeve so that the latter may be pushed up on very warm days.

TORONTO HAS AN OFFICER WITH PLENTY OF NERVE

Policeman Who Was Shot Twice, Won Medal for Bravery and Once Made Fourteen Arrests in a Day—An Exciting Career.

(Toronto Telegram.)

Police Constable James L. Tidsberry, ex-chief of East Toronto, now on the city force, has rather a unique record.

East Toronto, a railroad town, has been one of the hardest to look after.

Tramps who travel by freight, "blind baggage," or in any way they can steal their way from place to place, generally infest the suburbs of a large city, and this has been the cause of much of the difficulty in policing East Toronto.

HARD CRIMINALS TO CATCH.

Very few crimes have been committed in East Toronto without the perpetrators being brought to justice. Sometimes it is exceptionally hard to apprehend the kind of travelling criminals who perhaps arrive on a freight car after dark and are away at sunrise.

East Toronto has by no means been free of this class of offenders, and in years gone by the ex-chief has overcrowded the "lock-up," to the rear of the old Town Hall, in one evening.

Hoboes, who head for Toronto from the east, come up on the freights, but instead of running right into the city, disembark in the vicinity of East Toronto to avoid railway officers.

SHOT TWICE.

On May 1st, 186, Constable Tidsberry, in carrying out his duties, was nearly killed. Early in the morning he was called out, tramps being in a barn on Danforth avenue. They had slept there the night before, and the horses annoyed them so, they turned them at large. A neighbor's garden was destroyed and Constable Tidsberry was called to arrest the tramps. He climbed the ladder to the hay loft, and in the ordinary way told them they were under arrest. Being half undressed they pleaded for time to put on their clothes, and when they stooped over to put on their shoes, drew revolvers and opened fire.

One bullet went through Mr. Tidsberry's right arm, entering just above the elbow, glanced along the bone, flattening it, and came out near the armpit. It then went through his clothing, and when Dr. W. R. Walters examined him the bullet fell to the floor.

SHOT IN THE HEAD.

Another bullet struck him on the forehead, tearing the scalp about three inches. He was then crowded to the hole where the ladder comes up, and fell through the opening to the stable floor.

The tramps jumped from the loft window, and headed through the country toward Scarboro'. Although Constable Tidsberry was severely wounded, he gave chase, and with the assistance of two boys, captured the trio after a run of about a mile and a half.

The bullet that struck the constable on the forehead glanced off, lodging in the roof of the barn. He has both the bullets at home now.

The men were Charles McDonald, who was sentenced to 15 years, John Henderson, who also got the same term, and James McMurray, who went down for ten years. They were wanted at Glencoe for theft. Constable Tidsberry recovered the stolen property.

MEDAL FOR BRAVERY.

For this act he received a medal from the Royal Canadian Humane Association. On it is inscribed: "Awarded to James L. Tidsberry, constable, for bravery displayed in the capture of three desperadoes, in which he risked his life and was severely wounded."

On November 6th, 1899, two New York men, who gave their names as James Chawgo and Penell, visited several houses in East Toronto, and with the air of millionaires, ordered something to eat and drink. But they wouldn't pay. After a hard chase and fight Constable Tidsberry captured both men, despite the fact that Chawgo was armed with a revolver, the barrel being ten inches long.

SAVED PRISONER'S LIFE.

In the middle of December, 1898, he was called upon to arrest a man near East Toronto for vagrancy. When the constable arrived for his man, who was acting rather queerly, and was only partly dressed and barefoot, he took for the woods north of the town. After a ten-mile chase through the woods with the snow a foot deep, he captured his man at Wexford.

On this occasion Mr. Tidsberry turned surgeon and perhaps saved the man's life. When caught, a layer of skin and flesh was ripped from the sole of one foot. He pulled out his jack-knife and cut this away. The foot was also mangled.

ATTACKED WITH KNIFE.

In the summer of 1894 an Italian named Rantzo Santo went into a house in the town and attempted to assault a woman. Constable Tidsberry was soon on the scene, and when the Italian saw the constable coming he drew out a large, ugly-looking knife, with a blade over five inches long, and made for him.

Mr. Tidsberry used his batton, and by mere luck struck the knife on the point, knocking it in through his assailant's hand. On the way to the "cooler" the prisoner tore off nearly all the constable's clothes above the waist, but he landed him. Mr. Tidsberry has the knife with the two bullets and the medal at home.

One year when tramps overran the town more than usual, the constable made fourteen arrests in one day. Nine of them were sentenced to short terms and the others let go.

In one case an Italian assaulted a woman and escaped, going back to Italy. Sunny Italy did not seem to have any more attractions for him, as he returned two years later. He had only been in this country three weeks when Constable Tidsberry had him before a magistrate.

A POLICE FAMILY.

Mr. Tidsberry was born in Pickering, Ont., in 1848, and moved to East Toronto 26 years ago.

George Tidsberry, brother of the ex-chief, was formerly deputy sheriff of Ashland, Mass., and had many narrow escapes from being killed while holding that office. He was shot through the thigh and hand.

Mr. Tidsberry has a brother a policeman in Edmonton, Alberta, and also another in police service, being chief at Dauphin, Man.

SCARLET FEVER IN NEWCASTLE

Board of Health Orders That all the Schools Must Be Closed

Newcastle, June 8.—Parish Liberal Association will meet in Blackville June 9; Derby, June 10; and at Redbank, June 11. The annual meeting of the county association will be held in the Temperance hall here on the afternoon of the 17th instant, at 2.45.

Police Magistrate Maltby recently fined Mesdames Ratican and Fitzgerald, of Nelson, each $50 and costs on complaint of County Scott Act Inspector John Menzies. Another case is likely to be brought soon from South Esk.

Scarlet fever is again epidemic, several new cases this week. At a meeting of the board of health last night it was decided to close all the schools in the main part of the town, except the advanced grades of Horkins Academy and the convent. Instructions are being given to citizens to at once clean up their premises.

The Castellucchi Brothers, who are playing at the Nickel, called at the General Public Hospital yesterday and played some selections for Gene McAuliffe, son of Jere McAuliffe, who is still a patient there, though progressing well, after his accident of a year ago. The Castellucchis were with Mr. McAuliffe's company last year. Their music was a treat to all who heard it.

You cannot possibly have a better Cocoa than

EPPS'S

A delicious drink and a sustaining food. Fragrant, nutritious and economical. This excellent Cocoa maintains the system in robust health, and enables it to resist winter's extreme cold.

COCOA

Sold by Grocers and Storekeepers in ½-lb. and ¼-lb. Tins



Torturing, Blinding Headaches Cured

—absolutely cured—by GIN PILLS.

Ninety per cent of the Headaches—that drive women almost mad — are caused by Kidney Trouble. Heavy housework, washing, sweeping,—strain the back and weaken the kidneys.

It is the duty of the kidneys to take uric acid out of the blood. When these organs are inflammed, weakened, uric acid stays in the blood and is carried all over the body. It inflammes the delicate tissues of the brain and spinal cord at the back of the neck, causing excruciating Headaches.

Gin Pills cure these Headaches because they cure the kidneys.

Williamsdale East, May 9

I cannot refrain from writing you of the benefits I have received from Gin Pills. Before taking Gin Pills I had suffered dreadfully with my back and Headaches and had suffered for 20 years. I have tried almost everything but got no rel f until I got Gin Pills. I have taken 6 boxes and now I ha - not a sign of a pain or an ache. I am now 48 and feel as well as ever I did in my life.

MRS. MILLANOR P. RIPLEY.

Take Gin Pills on our positive guarantee of a cure or money back. If, after taking 6 boxes of Gin Pills, you feel no benefits, write us to that effect and we will refund your money through your druggist. Gin Pills are sold by all dealers at 50c. or 6 boxes for $2.50 or sent direct if your druggist can't supply them.

Dept. U National Drug & Chemical Co., Limited, Toronto.

Formerly Made By The Gin Drug Co., Winnipeg. 115

GIN PILLS FOR THE KIDNEYS

SAYS ROOSEVELT IS HUNTING IN A ZOO

Major Seaman Calls it Place Where Noah Landed the Animals From Ark—Little Danger in Lions.

(New York American.)

Fresh from the field in which former President Roosevelt is hunting, Major Louis L. Seaman, a surgeon, arrived in New York yesterday. He went to Africa to study the dread sleeping sickness, and is the first to bring word of the former President. In addition, Major Seaman has brought about a hundred and fifty specimens of game, shot where Mr. Roosevelt and his party are now shooting.

The trip was Major Seaman's second. While it was a professional one, Major Seaman said he, with Dr. Guiteras, who accompanied him could not resist taking something like six weeks off after reaching Nairobi, because the game was so plentiful.

"It is the greatest shooting in the world," said the Major, in his apartments at No. 247 Fifth avenue, yesterday. "It's just a zoological garden without a fence around it. It is the place where old Noah landed the Ark and shooed the animals off, and their descendants are still there.

"Of course Mr. Roosevelt will go much further than we did. We travelled only about five hundred miles on foot. He will go past the lake and to the Congo, so Cuninghame told me. In Cuninghame and Selous he has the two best hunters in Africa—yes, in the world. They are dead shots and know the country and the game.

"I never shot an elephant and never saw but one wild one, and then I didn't have my gun. Mr. Roosevelt is going where he will get them and also where he will get the white rhinoceros.

"Killing lions is tame sport. The king of beasts is a whelp. Would a lion and go after him and he will charge you and give you some trouble. But he is a coward and the natives treat him with contempt. When a lioness and lion are together, the thing to do is to shoot the lioness. She is the gamer of the two. If you kill her the lion will take to the jungle. Kill him and you have got to kill her.

"The rhinoceros is a dangerous customer and the only one the President has to meet where he is now. He charges and comes like a steam engine. He cannot see when more than fifty feet away. Neither can an elephant. But they get the scent of a man and charge."

Major Seaman said Mr. Roosevelt was in the best of spirits.

"I was at the banquet given to him in Mombasa," said he. "He made a happy speech that was well received. He certainly is going to have a grand trip."

On the subject of the tsetse fly and the sleeping sickness, the cause of the visit to Africa, the Major said:

"The condition is a dreadful one. Whole districts have been depopulated. The fly is a carrier of the disease, the same as the mosquito carries yellow fever. It has been learned that for fifteen days after he becomes infected by biting a person afflicted with the disease he is undergoing a cycle and is not infectious. Then for fifty-two days his bite means death."

HE KNEW 'EM.

The Pugilist—Do you think I'd get the money if I made a professional tour of Ireland?

The Manager—No; you wouldn't have any spectators. They'd all want to be in the ring.

THE WOES OF THE WEAK-STOMACHED MAN

Relieved by Father Morriscy's "No. 11"

Did you ever see a happy dyspeptic? Or a man cheerful over his indigestion? No wonder you didn't, for the man who cannot digest cannot enjoy very much. When the stomach refuses to work the whole system goes wrong, and there follows heartburn, headache, constipation, bad breath and severe pain. Then the mind is affected; a person becomes irritable, sarcastic, surly—in fact, almost unbearable.

Father Morriscy gave this matter special study, and devised a tablet now known as "Father Morriscy's No. 11," which relieves the misery. Each tablet is capable of digesting 1¾ pounds of food—a good square meal. One tablet after eating, with a half tumbler of water, insures perfect digestion, providing reasonable care is taken to avoid foods that have been found especially disagreeable to the stomach.

If you have suffered from a weak stomach, why not do as thousands have done—take Father Morriscy's No. 11 Tablets and be cured? 50c. at your dealer's, or from Father Morriscy Medicine Co., Ltd., Chatham, N.B. 50

SIR ROBERT PERKS TALKS OF PRESS

He Says Canadian Newspapers Do Not Contain Enough Information About the Empire.

Chatham, N. B., June 8.—In ringing words tonight at a public meeting in St. Luke's church, Sir Robert Perks asserted the supremacy of Great Britain and gave reasons for the close connection which exists between Canada and the mother land. He devoted considerable attention to the Canadian press and said that he had never read in the Canadian papers anything of the uprightness, up-to-dateness or strength of England, but he had read of her decay, that the physique of her people was deteriorating, that the army of unemployed was getting larger and that the population was decreasing. There was very little information in Canadian papers of the history and activities of the empire but a great deal about the politician of the next town. This seemed to be indicative of a lack of interest and was a phase of public opinion to be guarded against.

The press of England was controlled almost exclusively by the Conservative party and in this could be found the reason for the unfavorable reports published in Canada.

As regards the test of wealth, of education and of prosperity, England still retained her right to be known as the leading partner in the empire.

They were not afraid of the people on the other side of the German ocean. "We've got enough money at home to build all the Dreadnoughts that are good for us. As for you here, don't get on the slippery slope of military and naval expenditure, but put your money to better use in the building of industries and public utilities. The progress and liberty of the dominion depends upon the preserving of the empire."

He said the knowledge that all the British forces available would be massed to repel invasion has kept the "Stars and Stripes" for 100 years from crossing the parallel.

Sir Robert came from Newcastle this afternoon in the steamer St. Nicholas, as the guest of W. B. Snowball, and enjoyed the sail on the Miramichi.

James Beveridge was chairman of the public meeting tonight. At the close the ladies of the church served refreshments in the basement, and an opportunity was given to all who wished to shake hands with Sir Robert.

The Hibernian Knights drawings in connection with the trip to Quebec took place last night and resulted as follows: First prize, $25, won by M. H. Norris, Halifax, ticket 891; second prize, $15, Mary Gillen, 113 Sheriff street, ticket 3787; third prize, $10, Frank O'Brien, 42 Mill street, ticket 4445.

HALIFAX MAN IS FOUND DROWNED

George Way Either Fell or Jumped Overboard—His Body Found in Halifax Harbor

Halifax, June 8—George Way, city traveler for Wentzells Ltd., was drowned in the harbor this morning. Mr. Way had been out to a steamer in the harbor, and when he returned to Pickford & Black's wharf with a couple of people from the steamer, he asked a friend to row with him to Cronan's wharf. He consented to do so and said he would return in a few minutes, and left Way in the boat. When he returned Way was nowhere in sight, but after looking around the dock he discovered the body of Mr. Way floating face downward in the water.

The medical examiner was notified and will hold an inquiry. It is thought while moving in the boat Mr. Way lost his footing while the boat was rocking, and he fell overboard, with the result that he was drowned. The deceased was 48 years of age.

Palpitation of the Heart.

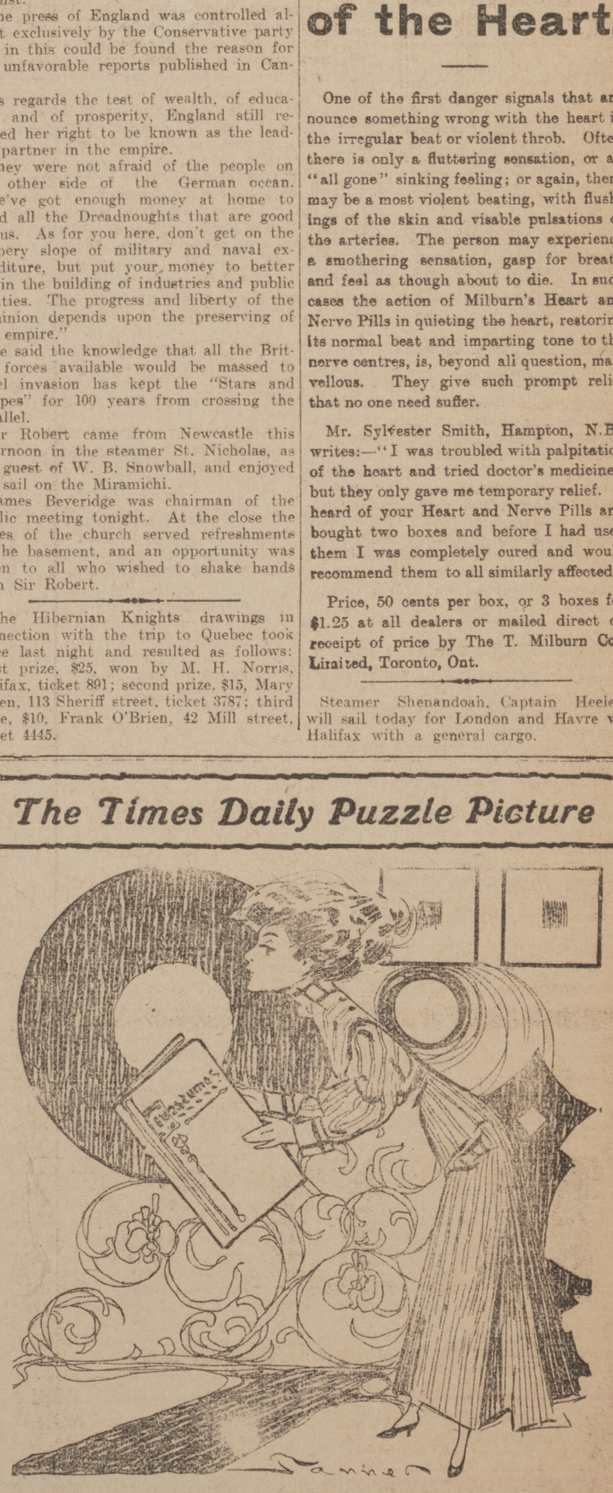
One of the first danger signals that announce something wrong with the heart is the irregular beat or violent throb. Often there is only a fluttering sensation, or an "all gone" sinking feeling; or again, there may be a most violent beating, with flushings of the skin and visable pulsations of the arteries. The person may experience a smothering sensation, gasp for breath and feel as though about to die. In such cases the action of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills in quieting the heart, restoring its normal beat and imparting tone to the nerve centres, is, beyond all question, marvellous. They give such prompt relief that no one need suffer.

Mr. Sylvester Smith, Hampton, N.B., writes:—"I was troubled with palpitation of the heart and tried doctor's medicines, but they only gave me temporary relief. I heard of your Heart and Nerve Pills and bought two boxes and before I had used them I was completely cured and would recommend them to all similarly affected."

Price, 50 cents per box, or 3 boxes for $1.25 at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Steamer Shenandoah, Captain Heeley, will sail today for London and Havre via Halifax with a general cargo.

The Times Daily Puzzle Picture



WHAT EVELYN SAYS.

When Evelyn trips on slippered feet,
Although her taste is fine and neat,
I marvel that her choice should lie
In heels so most absurdly high.

Then Evelyn brings an ancient book
And pertly bids me therein look.
These royal courtiers, she avers,
Wore heels three times as high as hers.

Find her husband.

ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE.

Left corner down, in figure.