

My Lady Beautiful

Health is true beauty. The charm of bright eyes, rosy cheeks, rounded figure, buoyant and elastic step is within the reach of every woman.

Reasonable care in diet, regular exercise and due amount of sleep with an occasional dose of

Beecham's Pills

will keep most women in health. The timely use of these pills will strengthen the system, renew the supply of blood and relieve nausea and depression. The beneficial effects of Beecham's Pills on the bowels, liver, stomach, blood and complexion, make them women's greatest aid to health and in a true sense

Nature's Cosmetic

Prepared only by Thomas Beecham, St. Helens, Lancashire, England.
Sold by all Druggists in Canada and U. S. America. In boxes 25 cents.

PRINCESS ZARA

BY ROSS BEECKMAN.

(Continued)

Time became a blank; the world was blotted out; existence was only an incident; we, ourselves, with our bodies, our energies, our capabilities, had become mere atoms in the immensity of that greatest of all God's creations, Love.

There were murmurings waiting in the street to do me to death; I thanked God for their presence, since because of it, Zara had been brought to the confession and expression of her love for me. She was a nihilist queen and she had played with the affections of men in order to stupefy them to purposes, as demanded by the cause she served; but I also thanked God for that, because its consideration and my deep resentment had made plain to me the real power and passion of this abundantly glorious woman, now swayed by only one impulse, love for me.

But, however enthralling they may be, all impulses must have an end. However complete may be love's expression, there is a limit to its continuance; I mean that silent form of expression which proclaims itself only in soul communion.

It was a period of almost utter unconsciousness, since we were both conscious of only one thing while it lasted; but the reaction came at last while she was still relaxed in my embrace, and while yet the mystifying magic induced by contact with her, enveloped me, body and soul.

"Zara," I said, half whispering the word now so unutterably sweet to me, "you will leave Russia now—with me."

The question brought us both to our senses, with a start, and my princess drew away from me a little, and said, with a whimsical smile:

"A little while ago, my love, you ordered me to leave Russia, alone; now you order me away again, but under guard. I think I will obey you in this last order you have given me. Whenever you will it, I will go."

"And leave behind you all that you have hitherto thought so much about Zara?" I asked, brought back by her statement to a realization of the conditions by which we were surrounded. She replied without hesitation, and with a finality that was complete:

"Yes."

"Ah, what maps of the world have been changed by that word yes. What history has been written because of the condition, even in a whispered tone, as hers was then."

"And your nihilists?" I asked her, still intent upon an even more complete capitulation on her part.

"Yes," she repeated, "but you, my nihilism and the cause it upholds, has sunk into utter insignificance, and has become a mere point in the history of my life, like a punctuating period that is placed at the end of a written sentence. Nihilists, great and small, have become a mere point in the history of creation, and they can have no further influence upon my life. The czar of all the Russias is no more a personage to me now, than the merest black dwarf of central Africa, and Russia itself has diminished to a mere island in the sea of eternity, a speck on the map of the infinite creation. You, Dubravnik—" She paused there and smiled into my eyes with an inimitable gesture of tenderness as she reached upward with her right hand and brushed back the hair from my forehead.

"I think I shall always call you Dubravnik. The name is yours, as I have known you, and as Dubravnik you are mine, as I am yours."

My reply to this was not a spoken word, and it needs no explanation.

"You, Dubravnik," she continued from the point where she so sweetly interrupted herself, "have become the universe to me, now. You are the infinite space which comprehends all."

It was sweet to hear her express herself so; sweeter still to know that comprehensive as it was, it went but a little way toward explaining all that she would have liked to say, and sweetest of all to realize that she also exactly expressed my thought toward her, and that she knew she did so.

There was a long silence after that, broken only by her breathing, by a murmured word of caress, by a gesture of endearment or an occasional sigh; but I brought it to an end presently by asking a question which brought her out of her reverie with a start of fright.

"What was it, Zara, that you saw

through the window when—" I did not complete the sentence. It was not necessary. She understood me instantly and with the understanding there returned to her a realization of all the terrors by which we were at that moment surrounded. We could love each other with a rhapsodical completeness, in perfect security, so long as we remained together inside that room; but beyond the walls of Zara's palatial home death stalked grimly, waiting, waiting, for the moment to strike.

She withdrew from my embrace, slowly and tentatively, but surely, until we no longer touched each other, and she gazed appealingly into my eyes while the flush of love forsok her cheeks and brow, giving place to a pallor of uncertainty and dread for me.

"I had forgotten," she murmured. "Then continue to forget, my Zara," I whispered.

"No we must not forget; we must remember," She raised her hand and pointed toward the window. "Out there, Dubravnik, death waits for you. I had forgotten. I had forgotten."

With a start she gained her feet and stood for a moment palpitantly uncertain, clasping and unclasping her hands, while her bosom rose and fell in this stress of an utterly new emotion.

One whom she loved was threatened now. The maternal instinct of woman-kind is never more prominent than when it is exercised in the protection of the man she loves, and who is destined to be the father of her offspring. It is a great and a noble sentiment, and no man lives who will ever comprehend it; but when a man loves as I loved then, he can appreciate its fullness, even though he may not understand it, he can recognize its existence and presence, even though it would be impossible for him to define it. And it was the maternal instinct that governed her in that moment of terrorized realization of the dangers which threatened me.

I had suddenly become her charge and care. She saw herself as responsible for the conditions that menaced me, and she was like a wild partridge sheltering its brood, and which will not hesitate to face any peril for their protection.

I was always more or less indifferent, if not insensible, to danger. It may not necessarily be bravery that refuses to recognize peril; it may be an instinctive quality of dominance and self-confidence which is convinced of its power to overcome them.

I rose and stood beside her, putting my arm around her as we faced the window from the opposite side of the room.

"And your nihilists, Zara?" I said smiling, "but here, in this room, dwells happiness."

"There can be no happiness with death waiting for you outside," she said, with sharp decision.

Zara, my love!

She wheeled upon me and clasped her hands together behind my neck, looking up at me with trouble-shrouded eyes, and with brows that were slightly corrugated by the perplexities of the moment.

"Listen to me, sweetheart," she said, with her face close to mine that I had heard her say, "We need not interrupting her. We must not belittle the perils that lie yonder. There are two lives in danger now, for if anything should happen to you, it would kill me also. I am selfish now, Dubravnik, in my concern for you, for after all it is myself that I should protect, through you. But we must not belittle the danger. I know that you are brave and daring; that you have no fear. I realize that you view with contempt the perils that beset you, but oh, my love, suppose that you should not escape."

"Why suppose it, Zara? I am here; the danger is there. We need not anticipate it. Let us leave it to be met at the proper time, forgetting for this once, that it exists."

"No, no, we must control ourselves. We have been children for an hour or more, forgetful of all things save love; but now let us be what we are, a man and a woman who have perils to face."

"And who, I trust, have the courage to meet them, Zara."

"Ay, courage; but courage alone does not always accomplish the sought for end. Courage alone is not inevitably competent to meet and overcome conditions. And we need more than courage, Dubravnik; we need resource."

"Resource is something with which we are both moderately well provided," I suggested, smiling, and still refusing to accept her words as seriously as she intended them.

She stamped her foot impatiently upon the rug and frowned a little, with a touch of petulance in her manner that was the most bewitching thing I had yet seen about her.

"Do be your own self for a moment," she commanded me, withdrawing from my restraining arm and stepping away out of my reach.

"How can I be myself, when I see and realize only you?" I banted her. Then came another transition almost as startling as it was complete.

She threw herself bodily forward into my embrace, clasping her clinging arms about me, while she buried her beautiful face between my chin and shoulder and burst into a passion of sobs which convulsed her so utterly that I was alarmed. I had tried her too far with my bantering attitude, and my apparent indifference to a threatening and terrible fate.

"Zara," I said, "My love!"

But she only sobbed on and on, and I held her crushed against me until the storm should pass, knowing that a great calm would succeed it, and that her present expression of emotion was only the safety valve for all that had passed between us since the incident when our lips met for the first time.

(To Be Continued)

Fashion Hint for Times Readers



HAT WITH WHITE ROSES AND GREEN LEAVES.

Of course, with summer weather the white hat comes into prominence, and with lingerie frocks there is nothing so lovely. A pretty white and green model is shown here, and this hat is built not of straw, but of white shirred mill over a wide brimmed crown. Pure white roses, banded against deep green leaves, make a simple and beautiful summer trimming. The house is one of the new collarless styles combining open embroidery insertions with motifs of coarse flax lace, a little fine Val lace being added to throw the heavy embroidery pattern into relief.

DREAD "YELLOW CORD" HAS LITTLE SIGNIFICANCE NOW

(Toronto Mail and Empire)

A few days ago a Pekin despatch to The Mail and Empire announced that a yellow cord had been sent to Yuan Shih Kai, and it was explained that the receipt of this sinister cord was equivalent to hearing a death sentence. You have not heard, however, of Yuan accepting the hint, and no news of his suicide is expected. It is a long time ago since any eminent Chinaman took his own life as a result of receiving the fatal cord, although originally it was a virtual death sentence. China, however, progresses, somewhat too, and she has outgrown the stage when a statesman commits suicide just because his political enemies are in the ascendant. She loves the picturesque, and preserves old forms that have long since lost their original significance.

Yellow is the royal color of China, just as purple is the color of kings in most other lands, and a long time ago, when some prominent official had the misfortune to offend the emperor, the latter sent him a cord. Coming from a monarch, it was necessarily yellow, and the intimating that the recipient was to hang himself was too plain to be misunderstood. It was a sort of tragical distinction to receive this cord, for any offender but one of high rank was simply beheaded, without more ado. We have a counterexample in this nice distinction in our commercial life, where a highly-placed employee is asked to send in his resignation, and an ordinary workman is discharged. One way is not less effective than another, and the Chinese dignitary who remained obdurate to the hint of the yellow cord would be seized some fine day and his head shown to his shoulders.

The despatch of the cord was attended with great ceremony. A high dignitary was entrusted with the duty of conveying it to the doomed man, and he was accompanied by an imposing escort. Arrived at the home of the victim, there ensued much bowing and scraping, after which the grim visitors, full of compliments, would be spread, at which it was deemed a breach of manners for any reference to be made to the nature of the visit. It was good form for the unfortunate host to appear pleased and honored when the cord was handed to him, and then, with more compliments, the messenger and escort would depart. From that moment, however, the victim was under surveillance, although he would not be molested so long as he made no effort to escape. Knowing the helplessness of his plight, the poor wretch remained quietly at home.

Yuan Shih Kai has been in retirement and ostensible disgrace for many months, and it does not appear that the yellow cord can add to his "loss of face." For some time the interesting question concerning him has been as to the length of time the Chinese government could get on without him. In the opinion of foreign diplomats he is the ablest statesman in China. He is by far the most progressive, and has long been considered a good friend of Great Britain and the United States. The modern Chinese army is his work, but in the hour of his disgrace he made no effort to use this powerful weapon against his enemies. Yuan Shih Kai's progressiveness has made him many bitter foes, and every now and then they gain temporary authority as the pendulum swings backward from reform. Yuan's day will come again, unless he is assassinated, a danger which can never be quite eliminated from these politics. The despatch of the yellow cord may mean anything more than that the time for his return to power has been postponed once more.

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A GREAT CARPET OF GREEN WHEAT

United States Writers Find Western Canada a Goodly Land—Fine Houses, Fat Barns.

Calgary, June 18.—A party of eight well known newspaper and magazine editors and correspondents passed through Calgary in the C. P. R. private car "Carland" on a tour of southern British Columbia. The trip is being made under the auspices of the British Columbia land department of the C. P. R., and is in charge of Mr. J. S. Dennis, assistant to the second vice-president. In the party are: Robert R. James, managing editor Chicago Inter-Ocean; Samuel E. Kiser, editorial writer Chicago Record-Herald; Wilbur D. Nesbitt, editorial writer, Post Syndicate; Bruce Barton, associate editor of Home Herald and World's Events; George D. Richards, editor World Today; Herbert Vanderhoof, editor Canada West Monthly; Prescott Hammond, associate editor, Chicago Evening Post; and Henry M. Hyde, editor Technical World Magazine and correspondent Saturday Evening Post.

Mr. Hyde gave out the following interview:

"The most striking thing about crossing the line after riding all day through cold, damp weather, was to find the sun shining brightly and the crops much further advanced in Canada than in either Minnesota or North Dakota. All day the sky has been blue and the air more balmy than last summer. It is most interesting, too, to see how fast the great fertile prairies are being settled and to notice the many fine houses and fat barns, where five years ago, there was nothing. To keep one eye on the great green carpet of wheat and the other on the endless procession of elevators, marching across the country with the railroad, to pass through town after thriving town; to watch the long and heavily loaded freight and passenger trains shunting back and forth to catch the trains of enthusiasm that come to the spirit and the residents of the two great provinces—that is to see and understand something of a great new Empire in the making."

LIGHT AND POWER FROM PEAT BOGS

Millions of Dollars' Worth of Fuel in U. S. Swamps

Washington, June 18.—A number of towns in the United States may obtain their light, heat and power from peat bogs in the near future. The statement is made by federal experts that millions of dollars' worth of fuel lies undeveloped in the swamps and bogs of the country, awaiting only the genius and business ability of the American before it drives the wheels of progress. Its value, on a basis of \$3 a ton, roughly guessed at by experts of the geological survey who have been studying the peat deposits for some time, is more than thirty times as much as the value of the peat, stocks, implements and buildings owned by the farmers of the United States.

The greatest amount of peat is in the Eastern States, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Michigan, Northern Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, New York, the New England states, New Jersey, portions of Virginia, North and South Carolina, and Florida.

A FIGHT WITH A COUGAR

Western Stage Driver Has a Thrilling Experience With a Big "Cat."

Spokane, Wash., June 17.—Grant Turnbull, a stage driver, operating between Newport and Elk, Wash., north of Spokane, had an experience that a full-grown cougar which he will not forget for some time. While driving along the narrow mountain road near Rogers Pass his horses became frightened and bolted. The driver managed by sheer fortune to keep the wheels of the coach in the ruts, and after a moment's investigation, perched in the rear of the coach was a ferocious cougar. Before the animal could spring upon him, Turnbull used the butt of his heavy whip, but the big cat leaped over his head and disappeared in the timber before he could inflict the death blow. Settlers in the northern part of Spokane county report cougar numerous, but this is the first instance of a stage driver having one as a passenger. Turnbull claims a new record for driving a coach from the point where he dismounted the cougar to Newport. There is a bounty on the head of cougar in the state of Washington. Tom B. Cooper, a noted bear slayer, who has killed hundreds of cougar and wild cats in this part of the west during the last 24 years is organizing a party to make a hunt there with trained dogs.

THIN BLOOD MADE STRONG

Tiredness and Weakness Overcome—A Joyous Letter.

"I admit because I neglected early treatment I am entirely to blame for the condition of weakness that for nearly two years made my life a real misery," writes Mrs. Hazen, of Beaupre. "At first I felt sort of flat in the morning and could do no more than pick at my breakfast. Later I remember my sleep was disturbed, that dreamy, restless sleep, from which you finally awaken, feeling as if you could never get up. Then I became thin, lost my color, got nervous and fearful about nothing, and kept thinking about myself all the time, and was irritable, cross and easily made cry. What would have become of me if I had not taken Ferrozone? I can't imagine. Ferrozone put new life into me from the start. It strengthened my nerves and brought back my color, and in a little while, less than three months, no healthier and brighter woman could be found anywhere. I highly praise Ferrozone and advise sick people to take advantage of its health-conferring properties."

Ferrozone quickens the powers of both body and mind, simply because it forms lots of blood that's full of life and vitality. Ferrozone creates appetite, gives strength, vim and endurance, it's good for old people, good for everybody that needs better health. Thousands of men, women and children use Ferrozone every day and all say it's the best nourishing, strengthening tonic made; try Ferrozone yourself, 50c. per box or six boxes for \$2.50. Sold by all dealers.

OF COURSE

City Salesman—Have you lived here all your life?
Oldest Man in the Village (a joker)—Can't tell yet—may live a couple of years more.

NOT THE SAME

Percy—I understand you said no girl would ever marry Reggie Swift or me because we were too fastidious.
Harry—You didn't catch it quite right. I said you were "two fast idiots."

THE VERY WAY.

To reach perfection, list to me, my poor misguided brothers. Just follow the advice you give so freely unto others.

ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE

Upside down, at shoulder.

Richest and Purest Milk



BORDEN'S EAGLE BRAND CONDENSED MILK

Highest Award Wherever Exhibited.

Est. 1857.
BORDEN'S CONDENSED MILK CO.
"Leaders of Quality"
Wm. H. Dunn, Agent, Montreal.

HEAVY INCREASE IN SASKATCHEWAN ACREAGE FOR 1909

Regina, Sask., June 15.—The first crop and live stock bulletin issued this season by the Provincial Bureau of Information and Statistics contains information obtained from twelve hundred regular correspondents of the Department of Agriculture. The most interesting feature of the bulletin is the estimated acreage of the principal grain crops for 1909, in comparison with the final figures for 1908. These show a total estimated increase of acreage under crop for the province of 618,370 acres, or 10.56, made up as follows:

	1909.	1908.
Wheat	3,912,497	3,703,563
Oats	2,192,416	1,772,976
Barley	235,463	229,574
Flax	278,835	264,728
Total	6,619,211	5,970,841

The increase under oats covers the whole province, and is common to every one of the nine crop districts into which Saskatchewan is divided. The increased acreage under wheat, on the contrary, is made up in five of the districts, four districts showing slight decreases as compared with last year, due to the late opening of spring.

Most of the correspondents report that the seed was sown in well-prepared seed beds, but that the seeding in many sections was somewhat later than in previous years, more so than offset by the ideal growing conditions which prevailed since.

Commenting on the crop conditions generally, the bulletin says it is much too early yet to make any reliable estimate of the outcome for the season, as anything but the most favorable conditions between now and harvest might produce undesirable results.

Now the crops are making splendid progress, and the present weather conditions could hardly be more favorable. General enquiry sent out by the department for information as to the agricultural settlers, who have homesteaded, purchased or rented farms in the province this spring, provides the following statistics as to the agricultural population added so far this season to the province: homesteaders, 2,137; tenants, 2