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

Produces lines of exquisite shape—lines that are absolutely perfect and a super figure.

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DOMINION CORSET CO., Mfrs.
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Fashion Hint for Times Readers



THE WHITE MOHAIR SKIRT IS USEFUL.
Many women make up these separate skirts of white mohair for wear on summer evenings with dressy blouses of net or lingerie stuff. The white marquisette and crepe blouses which are particularly fashionable this year look especially well with these white mohair skirts. This skirt is a many-gored model, with slot seams opening over rows of silk soutache. The main gores give a paneled effect to the skirt, which is very graceful. The blouse shown is a lingerie model of soft white mull trimmed simply with val. insertions.

PRINCESS ZARA
BY ROSS BEECKMAN.

(Continued.)

The man shrugged his shoulders, indulging himself in another smile as he replied: "It is hardly kind of you to attribute this call to duty on my part when I am in your presence. I find myself wishing that there were no such things as duties to be performed. When I look at you, Zara, I wish that I were young again, and that I might throw duty to the winds and enter the list against all others who seek you."

An expression of annoyance, as feeling as it was certain, came into her eyes, and she replied with a little show of impatience: "Spare me that sort of thing, Saberevski. One does not always wish to hear such expressions as that, and coming from you, addressed to me, they are not pleasant."

"Not even when you know them to be sincere, Zara? I spoke in the past tense, and only of what might have been, and the disparity of years less, and if the environment by which we are respectively surrounded could have been different."

"In other words," she smiled back at him, now recovered from her impatience, "if the world had been created a different one, and if we were not ourselves, as we are."

"Precisely," he replied, and laughed. "I did not even look at your card when it was brought to me," she said, with an abrupt change of the subject, "had I done so I would not have kept you waiting so long. Tell me something about yourself, Saberevski, and why it is that you have deemed it wise, or perhaps necessary to become an expatriate, and to deprive St. Petersburg and all who are there, of your presence and your wise counsel."

"I am afraid it is too long a story and hardly worth the telling at that, St. Petersburg has tired of me, I am better away from it, and it is much better with me away, believe me."

"And his majesty, the czar? Is he also of that opinion, my friend?"

"His majesty, the czar, does me the honor, princess, to approve of my present plans and conduct," replied Saberevski with slow and low toned emphasis.

CHAPTER II.
A Warning.

Alexis Saberevski leaned forward in his chair to secure another of the cigarettes, and having lighted it with studied deliberation, resumed his former position gazing between half closed eyelids toward Princess Zara. It was quite evident that he had gone to her with a distinct purpose in view which he meant to fulfil before his departure; and it was plain to be seen that Zara appreciated the fact. While she was silent, she waited, but with a smile upon her beautiful face, that smile which was quizzical and almost whimsical, as if in her secret heart she was aware of the purpose of his errand but for reasons of her own did not wish to anticipate it. And that she understood him better than he knew her, but viewed from his own standpoint he had a duty to perform in regard to her, and he had gone there to fulfil it.

"Zara," he said, "when I saw the announcement of your intended visit to this country."

"Tendon me, Saberevski," she interrupted him; "but did the knowledge of my expected visit come to you through printed announcement, or where you informed of it before the printers had set the type?"

"I see that I must be quite frank with you," he laughed.

"Between friends frankness is always best," she retorted.

"In that case I shall begin again, princess."

"It would be better—and wiser."

"When I was informed of your anticipated visit to this country I decided that I would be the first to welcome you here, and in making that decision I had a double purpose."

"One of them only need interest us at this moment, and this is purely a personal one. You know, Zara, how I have always regarded you, and how I do so now. Your father was my best friend; your mother—it is perhaps unnecessary that I should be more explicit regarding her."

"Yes, Saberevski," said Zara in a low tone. "I know that you loved my mother, and that all your life you have remained true to your adoration for her, even though she never returned it; but go on."

"I love you Zara, more perhaps than I admit to myself; more profoundly than it would be wise for me to tell you or agreeable for you to hear; but in the admiration and esteem I feel for you, there is included no sentiment which could offend you."

"I know that my friend."

TRIRTY KILLED IN TORNADO IN TEXAS

Village of Zephyr is Practically Wiped Out—Thirty Killed and Fifty Others Seriously Hurt—Fires Add to Horrors of the Situation

Brownwood, Tex., May 30—A tornado wrecked Zephyr a village in Brown county, early today, killing more than thirty persons, seriously wounding fifty and seriously hurting a score or more. Extreme darkness made the catastrophe awful. The storm formed half a mile southwest of Zephyr and swept upon the village and cut a wide swath directly through the residence and business quarters.

Nearly fifty houses were demolished. Lightning struck a lumber yard and started a fire which destroyed an entire business block. No effort was made to fight the fire, for the dead and wounded demanded all attention. A section hand pumped a hand-car to Brownwood and the alarm. In two hours the Santa Fe Railway was speeding a special train to Zephyr with nine surgeons and twenty Brownwood citizens.

Hundreds of persons in the country around Zephyr saved themselves by taking refuge in storm cellars.

The big stone school building and two churches at Zephyr were razed. Daylight found sixteen surgeons working on the wounded. Brownwood hurried her second relief train at noon today, loaded with provisions, clothing and necessary articles and forty nurses.

Tonight three persons are still unaccounted for. Two children were found dead today two miles from Zephyr, having blown that distance. A special train tonight will carry the more seriously injured to hospitals at Temple.

While the tornado's path was 300 yards wide, the "wrecker" swept the earth for a distance of only about a mile. Its fury was more terrible than any previous tornado experienced in this region.

When the first relief party reached Zephyr a desolate scene awaited. The hillsides at Zephyr were covered with bodies of animals and human beings. The ruins were dimly lighted by burning buildings and the cries of the wounded, rising above the screeching of the disappearing storm, guided the rescuers in their work. A hog running through the debris was killed while rooting about the body of an infant.

Human bodies were found twisted about trees and distorted in every conceivable shape. Survivors, mad with grief and fear, walked the streets almost naked crying for lost relatives.

Those houses that escaped the storm were turned into hospitals and morgues. Brownwood with an excellently organized relief corps has the situation well in hand.

ZEPPELIN MAKES NEW AERIAL RECORD

Big Dirigible Flies 456 Miles and Then Starts Home—Kaiser and Thousands of People Waited for Daring Aeronaut to Come to Berlin But He Did Not

Berlin, May 30.—Count Zeppelin, whose remarkable performance in his first airship brought unbounded honors to the inventor, today accomplished the most striking feat in his career. He guided his Zeppelin II, from Friedrichshafen to Bitterfeld, a distance of more than 456 miles, without landing. The journey lasted nearly twenty-two hours, and, so far as is known tonight, Count Zeppelin is still in the air, on the return journey to Friedrichshafen. He has already beaten all records for dirigible balloons, with the opportunity of greatly improving the performance.

It was announced and widely distributed in special editions of the newspapers that the count would come to Berlin and land at the Templehof parade grounds. Hundreds of thousands gathered there this afternoon. The emperor and empress, several of the princes and the leading military officials and officers were present, and towards evening searchlights were set to work, in anticipation of the approach of the airship. Soldiers kept an enormous space clear, until half past ten o'clock at night, when a despatch from Bitterfeld announced that the airship was returning to the starting-point at Friedrichshafen, which caused the most intense disappointment.

Count Zeppelin, who personally was in charge of the airship, and whose hand was on the tiller during the greater part of the journey, had not allowed to be made public his intention to undertake an endurance trip. It was, however, common knowledge that he purposed to seize the first favorable opportunity to proceed to Berlin in his best craft, Zeppelin II, which was built to replace the one destroyed near Echterdingen last year.

The voyage began under rather unfavorable conditions. There was a lowering sky, and rain clouds just as the airship left the floating hall shortly after 9 o'clock last night. The residents did not pay much attention to this, for they were accustomed to night flights, and when the great ship took the air at 9:22 there was not a chirp to speed her on her way. The ship ascended directly for a few hundred feet, and, passing over the town of Friedrichshafen, proceeded northward.

Early in the morning the people of Treuchtlingen, a small city in central Bavaria, were awakened by the noise of the propellers of the craft which was passing slowly at a low altitude. At this place, the count dropped out a card, divulging his intention to proceed further north. This was the first occasion he had journeyed over Bavaria and his arrival an hour and a half later at Nuremberg, caused the greatest surprise to thousands of pleasure-seekers, who were preparing for the holiday excursions.

The ship manoeuvred over the city and then a card was thrown out stating that a greater amount of water and benzine had been used than was expected and that the craft would descend to the surface of Lake Dutzenteich to replenish the water supply. This, however, was not carried out. Count Zeppelin continued his course onward without interruption in a direct line towards Berlin, passing over several towns at a low altitude amid the cheers of the populace, until he reached the frontiers of Saxony where the airship was headed straight for Leipzig.

Telegrams received there from the south indicated that Count Zeppelin would make a landing and the entire population waited for several hours in the streets and open spaces to greet him. Instead of landing, the count put his craft through a series of manoeuvres for half an hour, coming at times comparatively close to the tops of the buildings. He then went on, crossing Halle to Bitterfeld. No time

CURES CHILDREN'S CROUPY COLDS

At this season of cold, searching winds and changeable weather, children will catch cold, will contract croup, bronchitis and sore throat. The experienced mother or nurse knows of nothing half so good as a vigorous rubbing of neck and chest with Nerviline. It is promptly allayed, hard, strong phlegm is loosened and every trace of cold and cough disappears. Nerviline is so safe to use, so powerful, so penetrating—makes such a good all round household remedy that for nearly fifty years thousands of bottles are used every day.

NERVILINE

Remember the name NERVILINE, and refuse any substitute that a druggist may ask you to take instead of Nerviline. LITTLE BOTTLES 25c. each.

Mr. Justwed Has That Gone Feeling

On the fifth day after Mrs. Justwed's fearful departure to visit "Mommer" Mr. J. began to doubt the truth of that popular song that alludes to the "poor married man" and concludes with that plaintive, bachelor-joy plea—"I'm with you in everything you do, but please don't take me home!" When he did realize, however, that there was no one on the face of the earth more miserably unhappy than a married man whose wife is away on a visit, that "gone" feeling came over him all in a rush. He couldn't enjoy the carefree frolics of his bachelor days—because he was married. He couldn't revel in the comforts of home—because the flat wasn't anything but a place to sleep, since his wife wasn't there. He wasn't a bachelor. He wasn't a married man. He wasn't—he was neither fish, flesh nor fowl.



Suddenly He Stopped Writing.

The first day after Mrs. Justwed's absence he had wandered into the restaurant for his dinner with a feeling that it wasn't so worse after all—this lug-a-boo of dinner away from his own family hearth. The next evening, though, and for all the succeeding evenings those half-dozen little vegetable dishes strung around his plate had caused him to heave long, deep sighs for the prettily arranged Justwed table with a trim little maid serving.

And then with a peculiar feeling that perhaps he was doing wrong he had gone out with the boys one evening. Not a wild jamboree! No, indeed! Just a quiet little roundtable, sociable evening with a few of his bachelor pals who took their drinks in moderation. But somehow his beer didn't taste as it did in bygone days. The conversation seemed trillig and trite and uninteresting to him, accustomed as he was to his joyful burden of household plans and details. The jokes were stale, the banal and unprofitable. There was a marked difference in the attitude of his old pals toward him—an inexplicable something that could only be accounted for by the fact that he was married and they single. But it was there, just the same.

And the evening after that he had joined them in a quiet little game of draw poker. But his nerve had lost its cunning so to speak. Association with grocers' bills, flat rent and general household expenses had taught him the value of a penny saved; and he had found it a hard matter indeed to get his last blue chip in front of him into the pot with that reckless abandon that had characterized his play in bachelor days. Moreover, at midnight, just when the rest of the boys were becoming really interested in the game, he had become sleepy. Taken by and large, the poker

game had been anything but a success and decidedly not the much enjoyed thing of the past.

And so, on the fifth day after Blossom's departure to visit "Mommer," Mr. Justwed sat alone in his apartment. It was raining outside—one of those dreaching spring rains that simply wet without cooling the atmosphere. The rain descended in a steady, dreary downpour, and Home-dear sat within in a steady, dreary downpour of loneliness and depression. He tried to read—but it was no go and he tossed the book aside and gazed fondly, nostalgically at the ceiling. Reaching listlessly for paper and his fountain pen, he placed the former on the arm of a chair and began to write—to Blossom. He had written already in the morning, but surely she would welcome another and unexpected letter.

He began, after the preliminary form of enthusiastic address, with a woeful description of the lonely room, the desolate rain and his own aching heart, and had just launched into a glowing account of what his joy would be upon her return when he was seized with a brilliant idea.

He would keep his promise hastily given as Mrs. J. boarded the train to come after her at the end of the week and bring her home!

"Fine! Fine and dandy! But no! There was 'Mommer' to be reckoned with!"

"No! Absolutely and unequivocally—no! Not even if he had to deny himself the joy of greeting Blossom for a whole week longer!"

Suddenly he stopped writing and looked up as one who has suddenly heard a noise in the house at night.

Gradually the set features of Mr. Just-

wed relaxed until a broad grin suffused his countenance, and he slipped his knee out of sheer joy and enthusiasm over his idea.

"Sure! That was it! Why hadn't I thought of it before!"

Hurrying to the phone he called up the bell-hop on duty downstairs and sat him scurrying out for a telegraph blank. In the meantime Mr. J. ambled around the apartment in that self-satisfied and complacent attitude that usually betokens the sudden stumbling upon a "good thing."

The "buttons" was back in a jiffy with the telegraph blank. He waited, expectantly, while Mommer-dear hurried over to his desk and wrote.

In a minute or so Mr. J. handed the yellow slip to the lad with a good, fat tip in the bargain, and urged him to hurry with it to the telegraph office. Then he walked leisurely, lightly, joyfully to the window and gazed out. The rain had stopped and the dripping wet out-of-doors looked as rosy as to Mr. J. as it had seemed mournful 20 minutes before.

The bell-hop, true to the rules of his calling, unfolded the telegram as he walked and stopped under a friendly street-lamp to note what the contents might be. He read:

"Am ill. Come home soon as possible—'Home'."

"Huh," grunted he of the two-rings-or-vice-water. "Wouldn't dat frost yer! Dat guy's a husky sick man, all right, all right!"

Mr. Justwed was radiantly happy. His spirits fairly effervesced. She would be home in the morning, sure! Yet, it was sort of deceitful, but then—Blossom would forgive him. She would rush wildly into the house to find out what was the matter with him, and then he would tell her—tell her that he was ill through missing her! Surely that tender little sentiment would please her and help her to pardon his duplicity! It sure was a great scheme! Fine!

Mr. Justwed laid his book aside and turned out the light in the living-room preparatory to retiring for the night when—**BOOM!**—the front bell jangled rudely. Hurrying to the door he caught a diminutive lad with a yellow envelope.

"Telegram, sir," he explained. "\$1.13 collect, sir."

Mr. Justwed opened it nervously, and after wading through one dollar's worth of "what is the matter?" and "send particulars right away," etc., he came to the striking sentence:

"'Mommer coming, too, to help nurse you.'"

SHOT HIMSELF BY ACCIDENT

Fred P. Brown, Former Bank Clerk, Puts a Bullet in His Thigh.

Early last evening the sound of a revolver shot on the north side of King square caused considerable excitement for a time. Following the direction of the sound those who were in the neighborhood saw a man with blood pouring from a wound in his leg, which it was afterwards learned was accidentally self-inflicted.

The man was Fred P. Brown, twenty-two years of age, who was until recently employed as a bank clerk in this city. He was standing in front of the Park Hotel with a loaded revolver in his right hand trousers pocket. He put his hand into the pocket and accidentally pulled the trigger. The bullet embedded itself in the fleshy part of the inner side of the left thigh.

Dr. Emery was called and hurried the man to the hospital where, after considerable difficulty, he located the bullet and succeeded in extracting it.

Brown was able to tell how the accident occurred. He also said he belonged to Aberdeen (Scott.) and had been in this country some time. About two years ago he was stationed in the south and he said while there he developed the habit of carrying a revolver and he had kept it up.

For the last three or four months he has been employed in the Bank of British North America here but resigned about a month ago because of ill health. He had planned sailing for the old country next Thursday as he had a position waiting for him there. It was said at the hospital last night that he would probably be able to carry out his intention.

The sessions of the St. John Presbyterial, which will open tomorrow evening in St. Andrew's church, will last till Thursday evening. The meetings on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings will be open to the public, when interesting addresses will be given on mission work. At the close of Tuesday evening's meeting the ladies of St. Andrew's and St. Stephen's churches will hold a reception for the delegates in the school room of St. Andrew's church. It is six or seven years since the presbyterial met in this city last.

Mother Cave Her Child Away.

Had Given up All Hope of Living. Heart Trouble was Cured by Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

Mr. Andrew Savoy, Gratton's, N.B., writes:—"In the year 1905 I was taken sick and did not think I could live any length of time. My trouble was with my heart and people told me that nothing could be done for a case like mine. I consulted the very best doctors but they could do me no good. For seven weeks I could hardly cross the floor. I had no pain, but was so weak nobody in the world can believe how I felt. I had given up all hopes of living and had given my little girl to my sister-in-law."

"One day a friend came to see me, and calling me by name, said, 'Lizzie, if I were you I would try a dose of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills as they are good for heart trouble.' My husband got me a box, but for two days I was not feeling any better, but on the fourth day my husband said, 'I believe those pills are doing you good.' I was able to say, 'Yes, I feel a good deal better this morning.' He said, 'Well, I will get you another box right away. I took two boxes and three doses out of the third one, and I was perfectly well and had not been sick since then.'

"I will never be without them in my home for God knows if it is because of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, I would not have been alive now."

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

ST. JOHN PEOPLE GO TO ACADIA CLOSING

A large number of St. John people crossed the bay on Saturday on the steamer Prince Rupert to attend the closing exercises of Acadia University at Wolfville.

Among them were Mrs. R. C. Elkin, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. McMaster, Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Estabrook, Mrs. Dick, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. W. E. McIntyre, Miss Allen, Mrs. Heustis, Mrs. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Goucher, Mrs. T. S. Simms, Mrs. Gilmore, Mrs. S. H. Estabrook, Misses Enid McDiarmid, Lois Short, Kathleen Gilmore, Miss Haley and Messrs. Harold Rising, Roy Sippell, Roy Davis and McIntyre.

SLIPPED.
First Puglist—How did you lose the fight?
Second Puglist—By a slip of the tongue.

AN OLD OFFENDER CAUGHT

For years he has caused endless trouble, but when Putnam's Corn Extractor was applied, he came out roots and all. Any corn or wart cured in twenty-four hours by "Putnam's."

DRUGGISTS PREPARING FOR ANNUAL MEETING

Preparations are being made for the New Brunswick Pharmaceutical Society meeting here in June. As this will be the 25th anniversary, extra efforts are being made to make it something to be remembered.

If arrangements can be made the meetings will be held in the council chambers. The meetings will last but two days. While the programme has not been finally decided upon, it will likely be on the first day will be for business entirely, probably with a supper in the evening. The second day will likely include an excursion up river with a dinner in the Union Club in the evening. Arrangements are now in the hands of Secretary Charles F. Wade and a committee. The meeting will take place about the middle of June.

WANTS HER LETTER PUBLISHED

For Benefit of Women who Suffer from Female Ills

Minneapolis, Minn.—"I was a great sufferer from female troubles which caused a weakness and broken down condition of the system. I read so much of what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had done for other suffering women I felt sure it would help me, and I must say it did help me wonderfully. My pains all left me, I grew stronger, and within three months I was a perfectly well woman."

"I want this letter made public to show the benefit women may derive from Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—MRS. JOHN G. MOLDAN, 215 Second St., North, Minneapolis, Minn.

Thousands of unsolicited and genuine testimonials like the above prove the efficiency of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which is made exclusively from roots and herbs. Women who suffer from those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should not lose sight of these facts or doubt the ability of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to restore their health.

If you want special advice write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. She will treat your letter as strictly confidential. For 20 years she has been helping sick women in this way, free of charge. Don't hesitate—write at once.

The Times Daily Puzzle Picture

HARDWARE DEPT.



THE GIRL GRADUATE.
She understands botany, logic and Dutch
And fencing and Swedish gymnastics and such;
She was thorough in Greek and in Latin expert,
And she asked for a gridiron to iron a shirt!

Find another clerk.

DODDS KIDNEY PILLS

CURE ALL KIDNEY DISEASES

URIC ACID RHEUMATISM GRAVEL BRIGHT'S DISEASE DIABETES AND BRONCHITIS

NO. 23 THE PR.

(To Be Continued)