

SPECIALLY PRICED AT \$1.00

NO 273

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

Produces lines of exquisite shape, and grace, imparts absolute comfort and a superb figure. Made of Imported Coutil, rust-proof boning throughout, one of the best sellers ever made.

On sale at your dealer, if not, write for Descriptive Circular.

DOMINION CORSET CO., Mfrs.
Quebec, Montreal, Toronto.

PRINCESS ZARA

BY ROSS BEECKMAN.

(Continued.)

"Then all your pent up agony is loosened. You have the guards around you like flies, and rush past them, straight for the cabinet of the emperor, where you have always been a welcome guest. You tell yourself that he loves you—that he loves your sister; that as soon as he hears the truth, he will correct the awful wrong that has been done; that the men who outraged the sanctity of your sister's sleeping room, will be punished. Ah! You do not know the czar—that man whom you call your friend; who is God's and man's worst enemy!"

"But you are soon to know him better. You are soon to discover what manner of man it is to whom you have given your soul and body, your allegiance and your worship, all the years of your life. You are soon to know—and oh, how bitter is the awakening."

"Your dash unannounced into his presence. In a wild torrent of words, you pour forth the awful tale. You laugh, you cry; you implore, you demand; he only frowns, or smiles derisively. You rave; he calls the guard. You find that he does know; that others have been there before you, and that the letter supposed to have been found in the possession of your sister, has already been read to him. With horror, you realize that he believes—that there is no hope for the sister you love so tenderly, who was placed in your arms by your dying mother; whom you swore to guard, and protect."

"That terrible man, who commits thousands of murders by proxy every year, frowns upon you, who have been almost like a son to him. He sneers at your agony. He believes all that has been told to him against your sister—he is even willing to believe that you are a party to her supposed misdeeds."

"Forget your sister. She is dead to you, and to me. His majesty commands you, coldly. 'I can forgive you for your present excitement. Forget her.'"

"FORGET HER! God! Forget your sister? Forget the little girl who was put into your arms when a child? Forget the glowing, gorgeous, beautiful young woman she has become? Then you lose another torrent of words. You curse your emperor. You revile the sacred person of the czar. You go mad; you are refused to strike him. Ah! It is awful, your agony. The czar seizes you. The straps are torn from your shoulders. The buttons are cut from your coat. The czar himself uses his great strength to break your sword across his knee, and so far forgets his dignity that he strikes you in the face with his open hand; and then you are hustled to the palace gate, and thrust into the street, disgraced, helpless, insane." Zara paused an instant, then continued monotonously:

"Then begins months of hopeless waiting. Every day you beg admittance to the palace. Every day you are refused. You write letters, begging that you may be told where your sister is detained, that you may go to her; that you may share her exile. They are unheeded. You know that she is in Siberia, but Siberia is a vast place—greater than all Europe. You petition men and officers who used to strike upon you when you were in favor, for information concerning her. They will not even speak to you. They have been ordered not to do so. At last, when nearly five months have passed in this way, friendless and alone, for your property has been taken from you, you go the nihilists. You, Zara, crossed to the divan and seated herself beside me, clasping both of my hands in here, and clinging to it as if she were herself in danger of being torn from my side, or losing me. For a time she pressed my hand between hers, or stroked it gently, and they said in a soft-spoken voice:

"Then you find friends," she said, gently. "Through their agents, the nihilists ascertain where your sister has been taken. You learn that she is a prisoner on the unspeakably horrible island of Saghalien. Yes, and they tell you that these new friends and helpers whom you have found among the nihilists. They know about the plot that sent her there. They know that the very man who pretended that he loved Yvonne, bribed one of your servants to place those awful papers among her things, that they might be found there by the police. You search for him, but he is abroad, so you seek out, and find, the servant who was bribed; and him, you strangle. After that you disappear. The nihilists report that you are dead. St. Petersburg believes it. But you are not dead. You are on your way to Saghalien. Your new friends assist you with disguise; they aid you on your long journey; they provide you with money; and somehow you never know how you

reach Saghalien, only to find that Yvonne is not there; that she has been transferred. Then you begin a weary search which consumes months; so many of them, that they swell into two long years. You go from prison to prison, from town to town, from hope to despair, from despair to hope, and at last—you find her!"

Zara dropped to her knees before me. I knew that the climax of her story was at hand. Her beautiful eyes, widened, and speaking dumbly of infinite sorrow, sought mine and held them. I bent forward and kissed her forehead. Then she resumed:

"You find her in a far away prison in the north. You find her half clothed, lost to all sense of modesty, the sport, the victim, the thing of the hour, the plaything who are her guards. You find her body; her beautiful soul has fled. She is not dead, but she gazes at you with a vacant stare of unrecognition. She laughs at you when you tell her that you are her brother. She does not know you. She has forgotten her own name. She teaches you with being another brute, like the men she has known there, in that foul haunt of unspeakable vices. Then you go quite mad. You clasp her in your arms, and draw her slender body against you. When you release her, she falls at your feet. I could not have buried her, and my heart is torn. Never again will she be the sport of brutal men. You have dealt out mercy to your suffering sister, and the agony you have endured gave you the necessary strength of will. You are God's agent in the deed."

"You shudder with the horror of the scene she had described; not at the deed of that brother who stabbed his sister to death to save her, but because of the awful fate of that poor girl, which the tragic act of her brother brought to an end. I drew Zara tenderly into my arms, and held her so for a long time, while she wept softly, with her head pillowed against my shoulder; and after a time she resumed haltingly:

"When you turned away from your tragic deed of mercy, you killed the guard who tried to stop you. You made your escape; how, you do not remember; but you found your way back here—here, to St. Petersburg. Nobody recognized you. Your hair was white, your face was the face of a corpse. You had one more purpose; the death of two men, the czar and the companion, and so you went again to your friends, the nihilists. Hush! I am not through yet. There is more—much more, much more!"

CHAPTER XVI

The Moment of Vengeance.

Zara's intensity of passion during her dramatic recital, had imparted itself to me, so that when she had ceased speaking for a moment, I felt myself glowing and throbbing with all the excitement that absorbed her. It seemed almost as if I were, indeed, the person who was concerned in the story she had related, and my nerves were strung to the point where I felt that I could kill the czar for the wrongs that had been committed in his name; if not at his convivance, certainly with his permission, and with the presumption of his approval. She withdrew from me and crossed to the window where she stood looking out upon the snow clad street; suddenly she started, and turned to me. How beautiful she was and how I loved her at that moment!

"Come here, Dubravnik," she said. I obeyed and in an instant was at her side at the window.

"What is it?" I asked.

"There, look yonder. Do you see that kareta, just beyond the corner?"

"Yes, I see it."

"It has all the appearance of waiting for a passenger who is supposedly within one of the adjacent houses, has it not?"

"It certainly has," I replied, smiling.

"My love, I recognize that kareta, and the man in charge of it. It belongs to a never mind whom. That does not matter. But the man incased in fur, whom seems to be the driver, is a nihilist; within the enclosure there is certainly one, and possibly there are two more men. Each of them has sworn to take your life at the cost of his own, if need be. They will wait there until you leave. Then they will do their work. Do you still doubt that you have been sentenced to death?"

"I have not doubted it, sweetheart."

"But you doubt their ability to carry out the decree?"

"I do."

"Ah, Dubravnik, you little know the men with whom we have to deal!"

How sweet it was to hear her include herself with me, against them. "They are like bloodhounds on a trail. They never leave it, nor tire. They are indefatigable. When one falls, another takes his place. They number thousands, and you are one."

"We are one," I corrected her, smiling. "I do not doubt their intentions, but I have not lived till now, and found you to be killed by the nihilists."

She gazed at me a moment in silence, and then, slowly, she added:

"Do you think that I sought to frighten you by what I just said. I already know you much too well for that. My intention was to warn you."

(To be Continued.)

The monthly meeting of the St. John Agricultural Society was held yesterday afternoon. The lists for the fall fair at Moosepath were approved and forwarded by the secretary of the provincial agricultural department for approval there.

Fashion Hint for Times Readers



FLOWER WREATH IN FEATHER EFFECT.

Such queer things are done with flowers this season that one wonders what Mother Earth must think of it all. The newest idea is the "weeping" wreath which has flowers on long stems drooping limply all around after the manner of a "lobster" plume with long flues. These weeping wreaths are very graceful on children's heads and the model of beehorn with royal blue velvet ribbon and blue flowers drooping to the end of silvery green stems is very attractive. At either side stiff little bunches of pink roses stand upright and give height to the hat.

WOMEN'S COUNCIL HEARS WARM SUFFRAGETTE TALK

Dr. Anna Shaw's Remarks Enthusiastically Cheered By the Ladies Yesterday—The Servant Problem in Denmark—Physical Education

Toronto, June 24.—After the formal opening of the Quinquennial Congress of Women at the convocation held this evening the various sections convened in their appointed quarters in the various buildings of Toronto University and in a short time nine sections were in full swing.

The largest meeting apart from the formal ceremony in convocation hall was the gathering of four or five hundred women devoted to or interested in woman suffrage. Lady Edgar, president of National Council of Women of Canada, presided in convocation hall and made an address welcoming the delegates to congress.

Countess Grey was introduced to the large gathering present and in her address said in part:

"Hon. president of Canadian National Council of Women it is my privilege to associate myself with Lady Edgar in offering a cordial welcome in the name of the women of Canada to you delegates from over seas and especially to Lady Aberdeen, our admirable and invaluable president of the International Council on this occasion of your first official visit to the Dominion."

"You came at a time when the greatness of our Canadian destiny is assured to us, and yet at a time when the lines of our national development are not so stereotyped as to prevent our adoption of the best methods of social organization as may be suggested by the experience of other countries."

"We realize that it is in our power if we have sufficient knowledge, and sufficient heart to apply that knowledge, to eliminate from the life of the Dominion much of the preventable waste, disease and death which together constitute such an appalling annual loss, exceeding indeed, that sustained by countries liable to be engaged in actual warfare."

The president of the International Council of Women, Lady Aberdeen, was presented by Lady Edgar. On behalf of the International Council of Women she tendered her sincere thanks for all the work of preparation involved. Now, it comes to Canada's turn. There were many who said it would be impossible to hold a congress here. There would be no suitable buildings and the Atlantic ocean lay between and so forth. I think this morning's gathering and the beautiful building we are in is the best answer to these doubts, said Lady Aberdeen, eliciting applause.

She returned thanks for "feast of fat things," placed before them in the council programme.

"Physical training lies at the foundation of mental and moral training and as such it should enter as a more or less prominent factor in many of our educational procedures." Such is an excerpt from an address given by Miss Ethel M. Cartwright, physical director of McGill University, at Women's Congress speaking of physical training.

"The physical education department of a college should include athletics and games as a branch of ordinary educational work," she said, "and if physical training is compulsory for college students then some form of athletics, if properly and wisely supervised, should be considered compulsory too. Hours should be allotted for these subjects in timetables and credit given to students for work done in this important branch of a broad educational scheme."

Dr. Redwig Malstrom, of Stockholm, Sweden, stated that in her country young people of the age of twenty are stronger, more enduring and more self-reliant than in other European countries. "Health, strength, beauty of form, harmony, grace of movement, and well-balanced mind, are the young people's contribution to the making of a nation."

This is achieved by careful and most scientific system of physical education, founded upon a profound study of anatomy and physiology, and built upon the soundest pedagogical lines."

English Miss Marie Pedersen, of Copenhagen, a member of the committee of Domestic Servants' Association of that city, gave an address before the Industrial section in which she told of the formation and operation of the Domestic Servants' Association and training school in Copenhagen. Its purposes were to give girls work at a fixed time, leisure at a fixed time and good accommodation.

She explained that according to a rule of the association the hours are from 6 a.m. until 10 p.m. with one hour for luncheon. Work after 7 p.m. is paid extra. Every other Sunday a girl is free from 2 o'clock and two weekly evenings from 7 o'clock.

In order to exact the fulfillment of these demands the association in supply, a girl provides a signed contract before the first day of work and the association's balance, falling into the water. Murdoch heard the splash and looking around saw Noble struggling in the water. He was unable to help him and ran up the wharf to get assistance. When he returned Noble was nowhere to be seen and it was supposed he was drowned under the scow. Young Noble began working at the mill on Monday and was put to work loading scows. Two of the scows were tied together at the wharf and with William Murdoch, the deceased was engaged in piling the deal on the one nearest the wharf. Noble was working near the edge and lost his balance, falling into the water. Murdoch heard the splash and looking around saw Noble struggling in the water. He was unable to help him and ran up the wharf to get assistance. When he returned Noble was nowhere to be seen and it was supposed he was drowned under the scow.

Young Noble began working at the mill on Monday and was put to work loading scows. Two of the scows were tied together at the wharf and with William Murdoch, the deceased was engaged in piling the deal on the one nearest the wharf. Noble was working near the edge and lost his balance, falling into the water. Murdoch heard the splash and looking around saw Noble struggling in the water. He was unable to help him and ran up the wharf to get assistance. When he returned Noble was nowhere to be seen and it was supposed he was drowned under the scow.

Rev. H. C. Archer, of Calais, a member of the hotel committee at Beulah Camp, was in the city yesterday making the necessary arrangements for supplies for this year. He went up river last evening to prepare for the coming alliance and camp meeting at Beulah, June 30 to July 12.

SPRING.
We've put away our heavy clothes,
And we are feeling blue;
We wish we had not done it now—
Ahu! Ahu! Ahu!

PILES
Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and guaranteed cure for hemorrhoids and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles. See testimonials in the press and ask your neighbors about it. You can use it and get your money back if not satisfied. 50c. at all dealers or EDMANSON, BARNES & CO., Toronto.

Week End Features in SATURDAY'S TIMES

The People's Popular Evening Paper

- Without an exception the Evening Times has more special, local features than any paper in the evening field, and it is because of this progressiveness that it has forced itself to the front. Its Saturday editions are always full of snap and news—this Saturday's will have
- Full Page Comic Cuts in Colors**
An entire page of humor drawn by the best comic artists. The children look for this
- Special Fashion Page**
Full page—interesting to the ladies—showing the latest styles for summer wear.
- Special Local Features**
By The Times' own writers—snappily written—interesting to all readers.
- Full Account of Friday Night's Sports in Moncton**
Written exclusively for The Evening Times—sport lovers watch for this!
- And the World's News**

12 PAGES **Saturday's Times** ONE CENT

A ROSY OUTLOOK FOR THE CANADIAN CROPS

Large Increase in the Wheat Acreage More Than 1,000,000 Acres Sown Over Last Season—Live Stock Decrease in Maritime Provinces

Ottawa, June 24.—The department of statistics states that the crops of Canada on June 15 are in good condition in all the provinces, in spite of the late spring. The reports from all the provinces are very satisfactory, grain crops and grasses are growing thrifly, and except in some localities of the Maritime Provinces, where the rain fall has been light, there is promise of an excellent harvest.

Wheat, the great staple crop of the country, has a reported area of 7,750,400 acres, which is 1,140,000 acres more than last year. In the Maritime Provinces and Quebec there is little change, but in Ontario the area is less by 106,500 acres. Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta show an area of 6,878,000 acres, being 1,254,000 acres more than last year.

The province showing the largest area of oats is Ontario with 3,142,200 acres. In the Maritime Provinces the total area in oats is 529,300 acres.

At the end of June 1908 there were 122,300 farms in the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, and at the end of 1908 the homesteads entries, less all cancellations, increased the number to 190,284 or by 10,833,760 acres.

In Prince Edward Island, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick horses are less by 1,021; mch cows by 3,577, other horned cattle by 20,113, sheep by 31,123 and swine by 9,316.

The Canadians included in the birthday honors this year are Hon. R. W. Scott, late secretary of state who is made Knight Bachelor; R. L. Newcomb, deputy minister of justice and M. J. Butler, deputy minister of railways, are made companions of St. Michael and St. George; George Ross, superintendent of Canadian post offices and W. J. Gerald, are made companions of the Imperial Service Order.

Parcel post will be established between Canada and the Bahamas on July 1. The parcel mail will be forwarded from Halifax at the rate of twelve cents a pound with a maximum of seven pounds.

Capt. D. McNaughton of the 73rd Northumberland Regiment has been made major in place of G. W. Meserereau promoted, Lieut. J. W. McNaughton is made captain.

CARLETON UNION LODGE AT CHURCH

West End Masonic Fraternity Observes St. John's Day

Last evening Carleton Union Lodge, No. 8, F. & A. M., in honor of the festival of St. John the Baptist, attended divine service in a body in the Carleton Presbyterian church where an able sermon was preached by Rev. H. R. Reid, pastor of the church, who himself is a member of the fraternity.

The lodge members assembled at the rooms in Charlotte street, West End, and in full regalia and headed by the Carleton Cornet Band marched to the church. The centre pews were taken up by the members. Mr. Reid was assisted in the service by Past Masters Rev. G. F. Scovell and Rev. M. E. Fletcher. He took his text from 1 Kings viii, 10-11.

In welcoming the lodge Mr. Reid said that it was always a pleasure for one man to talk to another where there was between the two a community of thought and of ideals. Freemasonry, he said, stood above all for the beauty of character and the perfection of manhood. Its precepts were such as to sink the grosser and elevate the loftier side of man's nature. Its ideals were high and exalted. Behind its

The Times Daily Puzzle Picture



A LITTLE BOY'S THOUGHT.
If they have got a baseball field immense
Up in the distant skies so blue,
I guess the stars are knotholes in the fence
To let poor angel boys peep through.

Find another ball field.
ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE.
Right side down, in foliage.

DODDS KIDNEY PILLS

FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES

BRONCHITIS, RHEUMATISM, BRIGHT'S DISEASE, DIABETES, GRAVEL, CALCULI, NEURALGIA, MIGRAINE, SCIATICA, GOUT, AND ALL THE AFFECTIONS OF THE URINARY SYSTEM.

23 THE PRINCE