



All this time I had left forgotten Ivan, who I had left, bound and helpless, at my rooms, and who, I knew, must be suffering untold tortures of doubt and dread, concerning the happenings of the night. I now hastened to him with all speed. Poor chap, he was nearly done by the strained position he had been compelled to maintain for so long a time, but I have always believed that it did him good, and that without it he might have been less tractable, when the time came for a reconciliation with his sister. It gave him an opportunity for the right sort of medication, and perhaps, it even made him enjoy better. Every time the temptation came to him to break his bonds and make his escape, he remembered that he must remain where he was, for the sake of the sister he loved so well, whose life he had saved, and so easily it had come to him to his nihilistic friends the knowledge he possessed. I found him weak, and worn, but still firm in the determination to await my coming. I unbound him, gave him food and wine and rest, and was sufficiently re-ordered my dress and took him to Zara's house.

"You are to be my mother," he said; "Zara tells me that you two are going to America, to live. May I go with you, Dubravnik? Will you take me, at least, out of this hell of plagues and sufferings, and this chaos of exile and death? Will you make an American of me, and let me be your brother, indeed?"

After that, we three passed a very happy hour together, after which I hurried away, with the assurance that Zara would accompany me to the capital of the czar, that evening. I had not told her of the death of Prince Michael, for the knowledge of it, and why he had killed himself, could only cast a shadow over the great joy she was now experiencing; afterward, there would be time and opportunity enough for that. I did not want the knowledge of it to come upon her with a shock, just now.

As you two are going to that country, which you will never do without having attained success. You are to serve the czar, and for him and in his name, we achieve the destruction of the nihilist society, and the restoration of the throne of the empire. I know your enthusiasm, and I anticipate that very many among the patriotic revolutionists will soon be known to you. Among them you will find the name I have written here Zara de Echeveria.

My dear Mr. Derrington, by this letter, as if we three were standing together in the form of formal introduction. I am a fatalist, and I know that you two will meet, and read your destinies in each other's souls. If you are already together, there will be no need of this letter, and you will know each other thoroughly, and buy well.

"No," I said lightly, "for now you are Zara Derrington."

"Tell me," she asked, after another interval of gazing across the waters, "shall we see Alexis Saberevski, over there, where your home is?"

The name will be familiar to you, by reason of your late employment, even though she may have escaped your personal recognition till now. Therefore, I repeat, if Zara be not with you now, turn back and seek her. I charge you so.

I did not answer them, for upon the instant she mentioned the name of my friend, it recalled to me the circumstance of my last parting with him. I remembered that he had given me, and the instructions that came with it. I had forgotten it entirely, until that moment; but now, without reply, I drew from my pocket a small, massive gold chain, and handed it to her. "Something tells me that you will be together," he said, by my side, happier in the great love that has brought both, than all your dreams have ever promised. Therefore, I bless you and may the good God who made you for each the good of the other, hold you in his arms forever."
SABEREYSKI.
Zara and I were both strangely silent after reading of the letter, but I took her

What I read there seems wonderfully prophetic to me, even now, and I read it over a second time, in my amazement. Then I gave it to Zara.

"Read," I said, "for there is the answer to your question."

quietly in my arms, and she pilowed her head against my shoulder while we looked out across the moonlit sea, praising God, and insensibly calling down blessings upon the name of our good friend.

"Saberevski knew me to be a nihilist,"

And this is the letter Zara read aloud to me, while we two leaned against the railing of the vessel that was bearing us to our home. The moon, like a smiling face, the moon was looking down, and smiling upon our happiness, and shedding sufficient light for my sweetheart-wife to see Sabrevoiski's written words. They were: "My dear Zora, I have been so glad to make you and Zara de Echeverria known to each other. Months will pass, and many of them may do so, before you will be able to tell me against it that day," she said to me.

"He was the dearest friend I ever had," I replied; and she murmured: "He was a good man."

Who can tell how Alexis Sabrevoiski would have felt at meeting of the ways, between Zara and I? What would it that directed his prophetic vision across the mystery of many months, to discover the two, standing side by side, when we parted? What would it that told him that we would love and, and



**DODD'S
KIDNEY**

Many years have passed since that night on the steamship's deck, and we have never seen nor heard from Saberevski since.

He was a mystery to me when I knew him, he remains a mystery still.

But the greatest mystery of all is love.

THE END.

PILLS

ALL KIDNEY DISEASE
RHEUMATISM
BRIGHT'S DISEASE
DIABETES BACKACHE
GOUT

DR. J. C. PERRY

A black and white portrait of a woman, likely from the early 20th century, wearing a large, wide-brimmed hat. The hat is heavily decorated with a large, dense bouquet of flowers, possibly roses, which covers the top and back of the hat. The woman has dark hair and is looking slightly to her right. She is wearing a dark, patterned dress with a high collar. The entire portrait is enclosed within a decorative border consisting of a thin line and a wider, textured band.

Flower trimmings are put on this summer either in single cabochons in very set, effect, or they are massed all over the crown in luxuriant profusion of bloom. Its white chip hat is one of the mushroom shapes, with brim rolling upward at left side. The facing of pale pink satin is repeated in the delicate pinks of the sweet peas which cover the crown, some sprays of mauve and lilac blending artistically with the delicate pink color.

Well Known Folks Who Are Trying Their Luck at Gaspé and Chaleur—J. J. Hill and His Party Now Meeting With Good Luck—High Prices Paid for Some Rivers

nearly 400 miles from Quebec, on the fringe of the Labrador peninsula, are the fishing camps where the salmon fishers of the north spend the summer of their youth, or June 20 and got to Mr. Hill's river, where he pays the government of the Province of Quebec \$5,000 a year, before the salmon did, or at least before the anglers' rice. After a day or two, however, the sport grew fast and furious, and before the railway ragnate completes its stay three weeks upon his river he made up to him a few hundred fish, from 200 to 250 fish to his own rod. The river accommodations about four or five rods easily, and the combined score of the anglers was about 1,000 fish to the fish. Mr. Hill is a most persistent fisherman, casting from fairly early morning as long as it is light enough to see the fly on the water at night, without any apparent fatigue. He is a very good fisherman. His angling companions this season are George F. Baker, Samuel Thorne, L. W. Hill, President George B. Harris of the

Williamson and Dr. George D. Stewart. The latter, who has been in the river for a number of years, says that the river is in Gaspe for many years past, paying only \$850 a year for one of the finest rivers on the south shore of the Gulf. Robert E. Plumb of Detroit has been \$200 annually for the Washecoia, far down the north shore. The latter is at present fishing the river with his daughter. The Washecoia is a fine river for large fish, but difficult to reach—being more distant from civilization than the Saguenay. Charles Goss, a manufacturer of the Ross River, says that the Canadian militia is armed, goes further away still from civilization for his fishing, within a short distance from the Straits of Bellefleur, where he finds his fish. He is rejoicing in the name of Olomashashob.

A distinguished party of New England anglers find it easier and cheaper to reach their river, the Natashquan, by steaming around from Boston in a yacht. The party includes E. C. Chapman, the broker of the Johnson brothers, head of the Johnsons' great manufacturing concern; F. S. Hodges, a former engineer of the Southern Pacific, and others. This is the river which the Earl of Beaufort and Billy Florence, the actor, once reached by taking an Allan Line steamer from Liverpool and paying an extra hundred pounds to be dropped off in a boat opposite the mouth of the stream. The salmon of the Natashquan do not run particularly large, but they are very numerous and usually to the fly. The river itself is a very sporty one, the best pools being in the vicinity of heavy falls and dangerous rapids where several lives have already been lost.

W. Seward Webb and his friends are having poorer sport than usual this season on the Restigouche. The season is late there and the fish will not be so plentiful as in the past. It will, however, prove later on. The Restigouche Salmon Club is the most exclusive of its kind in the world. Its shares are worth some \$15,000 each and can only be held by those who can pass a ballot of existing members. The annual dues are very heavy and it has been said that every salmon killed by members costs them from \$5 to \$10 per pound. The fishing privileges of the Restigouche Salmon Club are worth more than the shares. Some of the members are only leased from the New Brunswick and Quebec governments for a term of years, but others are riparian rights, for which large sums of money have been paid to the original owners.

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An interesting booklet about *Magi Water* will be sent free on request.

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CALEDONIA SPRINGS COMPANY, Ltd
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Ottawa Will Have a Large One Ready By December

Ottawa, July 9—It was announced that the new consumptive hospital of the Anti-Tuberculosis Society will be ready in December. The work is being rushed so as to have the institution, which is sorely needed, ready at the earliest possible date.

**At Bi-Centennial of the Battle
of Poltava His Majesty Re-
ceives Traditional Bread and
Salt.**

St. Petersburg, July 9—Emperor Nicholas left St. Petersburg this morning to attend the celebration at Poltava, of the Bicentennial of the battle in which the Russian forces under Peter the Great overwhelmingly defeated the Swedes under Charles XII.

The Imperial train halted at the station of Luminy near Pinsk, where His Majesty received a deputation of ten railway machinists who brought the traditional Russian offering of bread and salt. The emperor shook hands with all the members of the deputation and conversed with each personally. Later at the station at Staryi His Majesty received the marshalls of nobility, the representatives of the Polish aristocracy as well as deputies from the provinces of Volhynia, Podolsk and Kiev. There were also numerous deputations of village elders, rabbis, prominent members of the Jewish community and groups of school children at the station to welcome the emperor.

Victoria, B. C., July 9—A private test was made here of an airship which really flies and which the inventor, William Gibson, of Ayrshire, mechanical engineer, warranted \$1,000 will carry him safely to the Seattle Exposition within half an hour.

when he is ready for the flight, and will accomplish the Victoria-to-San Francisco flight within five hours.

The craft now almost completely is a monoplane 65 feet long, radically different from other designs, as it shows no greater width, 14 feet in the extreme. Gibson's speed is in his engine, which weighs but 222 pounds, while developing sixty horse power, the four, air-cooled cylinders weighing twelve pounds each. This is much the lightest engine ever made proportionate to the developed horse power, the nearest approach being a Russian invention, weighing 400 pounds to develop 100 horse power, and the Wright machine, weighing 1,000 pounds with but 100 horse power. There are eight single blade propellers, four on either side, rotating in opposite directions. Only one lever is required to operate, with

a steering wheel like an automobile. It is claimed the original machine will weigh 400 pounds all told and carry 2 persons at 100 miles an hour. Sufficient fuel is carried for a 500-mile flight.

Gibson claims superior stability and simplicity of construction over the Wright's and all existing machines, and that anyone can operate his craft. It automatically rights itself under any wind conditions, as shown by the working model, which, when started in its flight upside down, righted itself in two feet.

Should anything befall the engine and cause it to stop in the air, if the craft is going at full speed it will carry on ten

The airship is designed to start in fifty feet and descend in any level on the three cycle wheels attached.

Gibson had a forty-mile section to build for the Grand Trunk Pacific, afterwards inventing and building a successful stamp mill. Backed by a strong syndicate, he is patenting the features of his invention in all countries, and as soon as his ideas are protected he will make his Seattle flight, 65 miles, over the Straits of Fuca, to be done in half an hour.

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Ladies' College
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(Montreal Star.)

posal of Hon. W. L. Mackenzie
Canada should celebrate in some
manner their "hundred years of
independence," an idea which should not be dis-
counted without consideration. We are
not in any danger of losing our
independence by any war. War is not made for war's sake
but for the attainment of peace. Our
bloodiest battles are fought that peace
may come in permanence. We all know
this; but we should get together occasion-
ally and say so.

commemorating the triumphs of fields, dismantled fortresses, battleships are the scenes of imposing ceremonies and inspiring until the gaping lads who listened with the notion that only great deeds done and great fights fought ever made the world famous of this insidious teaching upon after generation cannot be. If war alone is to be lauded, to wear a sort of ignoble air, portable and inglorious. Sent spirits touched with the youth are drawn mightily to the. Whatever mature age might desire, the French nation would make the choice of Ach- short and glorious life. We wals of years when the light

Another century of peace which can soon be celebrated is that mentioned by Ambassador Jusserand of France, at yesterday's Champlain celebration under the shadow of Ticonderoga. In a few years, the century will be complete. Our boys at school hear a great deal about "the hundred years" between France and England, and they might well begin to hear something about the hundred years peace which began after the great slaughter of Waterloo. It is really a notable thing that two armed neighbors should have been able to keep the peace so long. Clouds have appeared in the sky, but they have never broken in thunderbolts. The only field between the French and the English has smoken together on the same field was when they were fired from allied ranks at a common enemy.

shines upon us; and the dazz-
lances our young eyes as the
the moth. Now this being
the case, we should have a
constant glorification of war and
and this perpetual ignoring of
umphs? We will not teach
who contribute much of the
to the wrongs of the na-
to, while movements are
tremely costly, is not an un-
mixed, if they hope to have their
members after they are dead,
find some opportunity to win
fact to this, a great interpen-
ation of a century of peace might
that peace was not after all
of which we were a trifle
of the world, but a trifle
of our manhood. Let us
sensitive over peace occasionally
use all our rhetoric for the blaz-
ing of war. "Peace sitting under
the sword and the slays gone by,"
pretty picture of the condition
all truth, is the sole purpose of

Britain, France and the United States
celebrating a century of mutual peace,
would be a spectacle for the nations and
the world. It should be under-
taken in no petty fashion. All com-
memorations of the decisive battles of great
wars should be cast in the shade; for the
celebration of a war is only the marking
of the means, while the marking of
the end, the peace, should be the main
feature. It will be noted, too, that peace is not necessarily
the result of disarmament. Canada and
the United States have not been armed
and they have not fought; but the coupling
of peace with disarmament is not true.
France and Britain have been heavily armed
and they have not fought. Britain has
been armed through all its hundred years
of peace with the Americans. The Amer-
icans have been armed through all their
century of peace. The fact that peace
is coincident with a far friendlier feeling
toward Britain than existed amongst them
while they were still without means of
offence.

Let us hope, however; but let not forget
that in a world of armed force, peace is
only protected by power.

Nothing in a woman's life matters quite as much to her as her first gray hair. The finding of the gray hair, among the masses of brown hair, is the result of an accident, but it was there, just the same, and the worry comes from it alone. There are many causes for the hair losing its color and turning gray, besides the lapse of

years and the coming on of age. Sudden and severe attacks of neuralgia have been known to cause gray hair, and much sorrow will often leave the same effect.

The only remedy for gray hair, if there must be a remedy, is to find some sort of a dye that will change it back again to the proper color. It is a lack of sulphur and iron that often causes the hair to turn gray before its proper time, and certain properties possessed by these are needed to do this. The hair is weakened, and it becomes brittle, too dry, and the natural oils are either too scant or too excessive in supplying the nutriment. So the lustrous fades with the color. One of the best methods is to

take both sulphur and iron in small doses to replace these qualities lacking in the blood, and the advice of a physician is also needed. Tonics are of very little aid in such conditions, and a stain is needed. There are many preparations of walnut

VERY ROUGH

Young Lawyer—This is but a rough draft of my brief.

Old Lawyer—Then it needs filing.