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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.

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DOMINION CORSET CO., Mnfrs.

Quebec, Montreal, Toronto.

PRINCESS ZARA

BY ROSS BEECKMAN.

(Continued.)

"Alexander was also a coward, and he proved it then. He thought that his hour had come, and that a just vengeance for all the lives that he had taken, was about to fall upon him.

"'Do not shoot,' he pleaded. 'You shall have any demand you wish to make. Everything you desire shall be granted.' You only laugh at him.

"'Do you know who I am?' you cried.

"'No, he replied. 'Who are you?'

"You told him your name, and he cowered lower in his chair, begging for mtrcy as a hungry dog begs for food; and all the time you laughed, repeating at every pause he made, those words so terrible for him to hear: 'I have come to kill you because you killed Yvonne.'

"Once he attempted to leave his chair, but you warned him to remain seated. You rehearsed the evils he had done, and was doing. You told him of the night when your sister was arrested. You related how the police had invaded her room. You went over again, the story of your pleading with him. You repeated how he had torn the buttons from your coat and disgraced you because you loved your sister. You left no detail unrecited concerning that time of weary waiting you had undergone, while seeking tidings of your sister. You described the long journey to Saghalien, and the disappointment that awaited you when you arrived. And all the time he cringed lower and lower in his chair, expecting each moment that you would work yourself into the additional frenzy that was necessary to make you pull the trigger of your weapon. Ah, you made him suffer tortures such as he never endured, before or since, even if you did not succeed in killing him. Then, slowly, and with deadly earnestness, you related the story of the months of wandering over Siberia searching for Yvonne, and finally you came to the climax, where you told of her discovery and her death, at your own hands. You had approached nearer and nearer to his during the recital. Twice there had been a summons at the door of the cabinet, but each time, threatened by your pistol, the czar had ordered that he was not to be disturbed. Now, as you came to the end of all you had to say—as you told how you had returned to St. Petersburg, and why you had waited so long before the killing, hoping also to find the other and to kill him, too, you put the pistol almost in Alexander's face, and with a loud laugh of exultation—for you were mad, then, mad—you pulled the trigger.'

CHAPTER XVII.

Love, Honor and Obey.

The princess paused and bent her head until it almost touched me. I waited, wondering how it could be that the czar still lived. When death was so near, within a few inches of his face, what could have saved him?

"Hush!" she continued. "The end is not yet—not quite yet. You pulled the trigger, but the charge in the pistol did not explode. That is what you thought, when you leaped backward and raised the hammer for another trial. But it was even worse than that, for there was no charge to explode; the pistol was not loaded. Your poor mind, so overburdened had forgotten the most necessary thing of all, and you had not prepared your weapon for the work it had to do. You discovered your error too late; but the czar had discovered it also."

"He was bigger and stronger than you. With a bound he was upon you. He seized the pistol and tore it from your grasp, and then, while he held you—for you were still weak and he always was a giant—he struck you with it, bringing it down again and again upon your unprotected head, until your brains were battered out, and were spattered upon the floor, the walls, and even the ceiling of the room. And then, when you were quite dead, killed by the hand of the czar himself, when he for once in his life was spattered with real blood, with blood that he had shed in person and not by deputy, His Imperial Majesty staggered to the door, called for assistance, and fainted."

Again she left me, this time crossing the room and throwing herself upon a couch, where she cried softly, like one who has an incurable sorrow which must at times break out in tears. After all, tears are the safety valves of nervous expansion, and there are times when they save the heart and the brain from bursting. I knew that, and I left her to herself. But I also believed that she had not yet told me quite all; that there must be a sequel to all this, and I was soon to hear it. After watching her for a long time, I left my seat and went to her.

She raised her head from the pillow and looked at me, and I have never seen such a combination of emotions expressed in one glance, as there was in her eyes at that instant. Love for me, sympathy for the fate of the man whose story she had told, sorrow for that poor sister.

"There is more?" I asked.

"Very little more. I have not yet told you why I am a nihilist, and that is what this story is for. Yvonne was my most intimate friend. I loved her as I would have loved—no,—better than I could have loved a sister. Her brother Stanislaus, was was my betrothed. We were to have been married within the year when Yvonne was taken away. Now you know all," and she turned her head away again. I could see that she had dreaded this confession.

"No, not all, yet," I said. "What became of the officer who made all the trouble?"

"He returned," she replied, without again raising her eyes.

"Where is he now?"

"He is here."

"Here? In St. Petersburg?"

"Yes."

"Do you know him? Do you see him?"

"Yes, frequently. He was here last night."

"Will you tell me his name?"

"No."

"Shall I tell it to you?"

"Shall you tell it to me! Do you mean to say that you know it?"

"I can guess it."

"Well?"

"He is a nihilist. He has just returned to the city. All these years he has been absent, and had Stanislaus waited for his coming your story, and mine also, would have had a different ending. But Stanislaus did not wait. The man you mean is Captain Alexis Durnief."

She started bolt upright.

"You knew it? You knew it?" she cried. "Tell me how you knew it?"

"I guessed it only just now. I guessed it from the expression of your eyes when you greeted him last night, that is, coupling that expression with the recital of today, and with one or two hints of his character that that I gleaned from him. He is the man?"

"Yes. He — is — the — man ! ! ! "

"And you receive him here?"

"I cannot help it. My hands are tied?"

How are they tied?"

"You have already said."

"Yes? How?"

"He is a nihilist. He does not know that I am aware of all his foulness and villainy. He has been assured that I do not know it! And"—here she leaped to her feet and confronted me like an enraged tigress—"he has the effrontery to pretend that he is in love with me, and to believe that I can love him. Pah!"

"And you?" I asked.

"I."

She crossed the room, but turned and retraced her steps, reseating herself upon the couch. She was smiling now. Her composure had returned though she was still pale, and there were deep rings under her eyes which told of the suffering she had undergone.

"Until you came I had thought that I would marry him," said she, calmly. I was more utterly amazed than I could have supposed possible.

"Indeed?" I remarked raising my brows but otherwise not showing the surprise I felt. Here was still another phase of the character of the woman I loved so madly. But I could see that she spoke in the past tense; of something no longer considered.

"Yes; I thought that. Why not? It seemed the only way by which I could secure the revenge I believed I must have. I could have obtained it in that way. Long ago he sheltered himself from anything that I could from anything that I could do, under the cloak of our order. I could have married him, and in six months have tortured him into the grave; or, if that had failed, could have poisoned him. Ah! did you ever hate—truly hate—anybody? If you never did, you cannot imagine the rage that has been in my heart against those two men. No, they are not men; they are beasts, reptiles." So she spoke of Alexis Durnief and Alexander, the czar. I could scarcely recognize this woman who could hate others with such intensity.

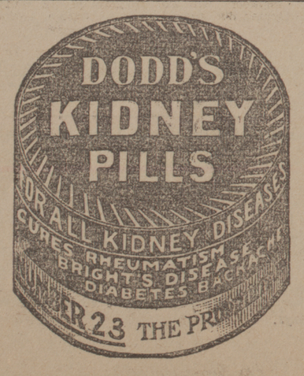
"Do you think, princess," I said slowly, "that if Stanislaus were alive, he would approve of such a method of taking revenge for the wrong done to him, and to his sister?" I asked the question impersonally, and without any resentment in my tone, or manner. Indeed, I felt none. We were referring to a possibility that was now as far in the past as were the incidents of the story she had related. but I desired to probe that other side of her, the vengeful one, as deply as possible, and when she did not reply, I added: "Do you think he would have rested contentedly in his grave, if you had become the wife of the man who wronged him most, no matter what your purpose might be?"

"No," she said. "I do not. But I had not thought of it in that light. I remembered only Yvonne—and him."

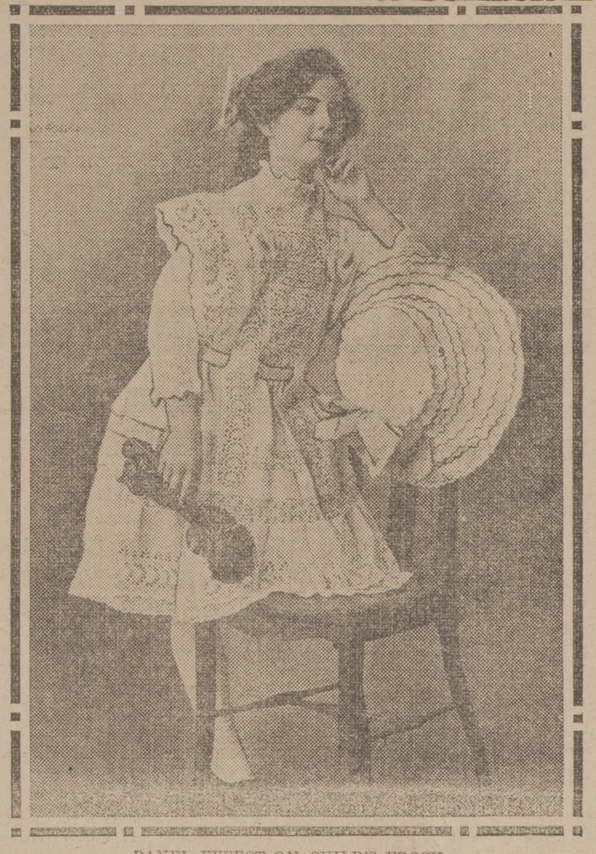
"Zara, did you love Stanislaus?"

She sighed deply. She raised her eyes to mine, and she stretched forth a tentative hand for me to clasp, and hold. My touch gave her a sense of personal protection.

(To be Continued.)



Fashion Hint for Times Readers



PANEL EFFECT ON CHILD'S FROCK.

Panels are the craze this season, and the long lines given by these trimmings are in every case exceedingly becoming. On this pretty little frock for a small girl embroidery insertion is used in combination with lace to form a vest and panel effect, this panel being carried out over the shoulders by the bretelles of embroidery edging. A pretty notion is the running of the ribbon sash beneath slashes in the embroidery panels at the waistline.

PURSE OF $800 IS GIFT TO FR. O'DONOVAN FROM PEOPLE OF CHURCH OF ASSUMPTION

Silver Jubilee of Popular West Side Clergyman Was Celebrated Yesterday—Recognition of His Good Work by Congregation.

In honor of the completion of twenty-five years in the priesthood, Rev. J. J. O'Donovan yesterday was made the recipient of a purse of $800 and an address from the congregation of the Church of the Assumption, Carleton. The presentation took place at vespers after the Benediction and was replied to by Father O'Donovan in an eloquent and forceful address, in which he referred to the pleasant relations which had always existed between himself and his people, and to their many acts of generosity and kindness during the years he had been among them.

Rev. J. J. O'Donovan.

A very large congregation was present and included many friends of Father O'Donovan from other parts of the city. Special music was rendered by the choir.

The address, which was read by Timothy Donovan, chairman of the committee, was as follows:

Reverend and Dear Father:

We, the members of the Parish of the Assumption, feel that we could not allow the 25th anniversary of your ordination to the priesthood to pass without giving public expression of our love and respect for you as a faithful priest and of our loyalty to you and appreciation of your services as our pastor for upwards of twenty years.

Carleton has always had energetic and devoted priests. The people have always been cognizant of that fact. We feel that you are the peer of any of your predecessors, and that none will hold a more enduring memory in our hearts, or leave more substantial evidences of untiring industry and faithful discharge of duty. We have many proofs to show that the high esteem in which you are held by your own parishioners is shared by members of other denominations.

You have always been most attentive to the sick, and ever on hand to bring spiritual consolation to the last hours of the dying, and comfort to their sorrowing friends. The fatherly interest you have always manifested in your spiritual children, either to encourage the struggling, reprove the wayward or reclaim the erring, has earned a gratitude and affection that will remain as long as life endures.

The erection of the beautiful parochial residence, the well kept grounds and building convinced us of your good taste and executive ability. Never was that ability put to a greater test than when the lightning stroke deprived us of our church with which so many fond associations were entwined. When we despaired, your fortitude recalled our courage. Again we took heart and felt that with you as a leader we would be able to surmount any difficulties.

The result has shown that our trust had not been misplaced, as we have now this beautiful stone church which is not only a model of comfort but an ornament to the west side and an object of admiration to everyone who passes by.

Your genial manner and kindly disposition have won you popularity throughout the city and many from every part have shown by their presence at public functions and the material aid towards rebuilding our church their recognition of your worth and their friendship towards you.

Church societies and schools have always had your active co-operation and to it is due in a large measure their present flourishing condition. We trust that you may long be spared to us, and that we may yet have the happiness of celebrating your golden jubilee in this parish.

We beg you to accept the accompanying purse as a slight token of our esteem and recognition of your labors, and hope that you will always have a warm place in your heart for the Parish of the Assumption in which you spent the vigor and prime of your manhood.

Signed on behalf of the congregation:

T. Donovan, chairman,
J. F. Owens, secretary.

After the purse had been presented, Father O'Donovan was handed a handsome bouquet of white carnations by little Miss Josephine Wetmore. Returning to the altar steps he then addressed the congregation.

After alluding to the unexpected honor which they had done him and to the happiness he felt in possessing the love and affection of the people of the parish, he thanked them in feeling terms for the purse and address. It showed, he said, that mutual love and affection in Irish Catholic hearts was as strong, and the traditional attachment between priest and people as tender, as in days of old. They had drawn a veil over his shortcomings and magnified whatever he had done during the twenty years he had been among them. In the past, if others had murmured at anything they had not. They had trusted him and he took it as the highest testimony of their devotion.

Father O'Donovan went on to refer to the strong ties between priest and people and to the example in generosity and co-operation which the people had set other congregations in building the church. He desired also, he said, to take that—the first opportunity—of expressing his undying gratitude to the non-Catholics of St. John for their unfailing courtesy and kindness to him during his long stay in their midst.

In a retrospect of the last twenty-five years Father O'Donovan spoke eloquently of the progress of Catholic institutions in the city. Looking forward to the coming years, he referred to the blessings which the new church would bring to the congregation and expressed the fervent hope that there, in the lovely shrine which had been upbuilt through their piety and generosity they might find the good they sought.

Turning to refer more particularly to the occasion of their meeting, Father O'Donovan thanked Rev. Fr. O'Neill for honoring him by being present and also the many attached friends both Catholic and non-Catholic, from outside the parish for their many kindnesses to him in the past. He also expressed his thanks to the ladies of the parish and the Sisters of Charity. The recording angel, he said, alone knew all the good they had done.

To the congregation and friends, he added, his undying thanks were due for the magnificent gift of $800 from the many. Others had also acted a noble part, and the stained glass windows testified to their zeal for the glory of God. He also thanked the members of the choir and the altar boys for their assistance in the services of the church.

"May the Lord reward you all," he concluded. "May the light of the Holy Sacrifice never be extinguished in your parish and may the merits of Calvary flow in abundance from the altar you have erected to yourselves, to your children and descendants from generation to generation. To all and each I tender my thanks this night."

The congregation then dispersed. This evening an address will be presented by the children and an entertainment will be held in St. Patrick's Hall.

Father O'Donovan in his twenty-five years in his sacred office has proven himself a zealous priest and careful guardian of the trust reposed in him. In his ministrations, he has won the love of his people and in all the activities which his duties have required of him has shown himself able, kindly and energetic.

He was born in County Cork, Ireland, received his early education in St. Vincent's Seminary there and made his theological studies at St. Joseph's College, Memramcook. He was ordained priest by Rt. Rev. John Sweeny, on June 26, 1884, and after ordination was stationed at the cathedral, where he remained as curate for the first five years of his priesthood.

Into articles which have appeared in city papers several mistakes have crept and in the interest of historical accuracy they are here rectified. It has been stated that at the time of Father O'Donovan's ordination the present Bishop Casey was attached to the cathedral staff when, as a matter of fact, he was still an ecclesiastical student with the priesthood not in sight.

Father O'Donovan was never pastor of St. John the Baptist church and did not build any pastoral residence there and never lived in Lower Cove During the period of his curacy at the palace, he attended to the wants of the people in the Church of St. John the Baptist in his turn with the other curates of the cathedral at that time, his special relation with the Lower Cove church being the hearing of confessions there in the afternoon and evening of Saturdays and attending the catechism classes on Sunday afternoons. He rendered assistance in connection with the erection of that church.

The church of Holy Trinity in the Valley was not completed nor the parish established until 1892, just three years after Father O'Donovan's departure for Carleton. In the meantime, Bishop Sweeny, assisted by the priests then residing in the palace, built the church and prepared it for its first pastor, Rev. J. J. Walsh.

It was stated, also, that on Father O'Donovan's arrival in Carleton the parish then included what is now known as St. Rose's parish in Fairville. This is an error, for Father Collins had already been upwards of three and a half years pastor of St. Rose's church.

Father O'Donovan, while in the cathedral, did much for St. Joseph's Society and in Carleton, where he became pastor in 1889, he has also done much for the young. He has shown keen business ability and executive power in the material work of his office and in the spiritual he is widely known for his excellent qualities and work.

In addition to the excellent schools for the boys and the girls of the parish, and a large and comfortable parish hall, the people of Carleton have the following societies in which the good priest has done much: The League of the Sacred Heart, Children of Mary, St. Anthony Society, St. Patrick's L. & D. Society and the C. M. B. A.

A lasting monument to Father O'Donovan's memory is the magnificent church he has built in Carleton, as well as the fine presbytery. Friends in Carleton and city and in far wider field will join with his congregation in the good wishes expressed in their address to him and will join them in rejoicing on his anniversary.

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 relief until I got Gin Pills. I have taken 6 boxes and now I have not a sign of a pain or an ache. I am now 48 and feel as well as ever I did in my life.

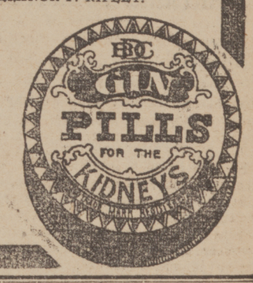
MRS. MILLANOR P. RIPLEY.

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 Bole Drug Co., Winnipeg. 115



ICE BLOCKS THE BELLISLE STRAITS

Pilot Back From Attempt to Navigate Them; Reports Hundreds of Bergs

North Sydney, N. S., June 27—Captain Saul Bonnell, who went as pilot on the government steamer Minto on her trip to the Marconi stations down the Strait of Belle Isle, has just returned to North Sydney and reports the straits still almost blocked with ice.

The Minto went as far north as Belle Isle, and had considerable difficulty in forcing her way through the ice, especially at the northern end of the strait, where hundreds of immense bergs were met with.

Captain Bonnell states that in his many years experience in Newfoundland waters he has never seen such great quantities at this season of the year. It will be at least a month before the Belle Isle route will be available for transatlantic steamers.

EAST WIND ENDS SIX DAYS OF RECORD HEAT

Boston, June 27.—The six hottest consecutive days in June ever recorded by the Boston weather bureau came to an end last night and today with a cool east wind and a maximum mercury twelve degrees lower than yesterday's.

The six days of terrific heat, when the mercury soared from 90 to 97, resulted in thirteen deaths and 175 prostrations in Boston, while hundreds of men, women and children, were forced to sleep in the public parks and even on the bridges over the river.

The mercury today stood at 78 degrees while the east wind, with a velocity of from eight to twelve miles an hour, made the day delightful.

Dr. de Van's French Female Pills —the Wife's Friend

A reliable regulator; never fails. While these pills are exceedingly powerful in regulating the generative portion of the female system, they are strictly safe to use. Refuse all cheap imitations. Dr. de Van's are sold at $5.00 at box, or three for $10.00. Mailed to any address. The Scobell Drug Co., St. Catherines, Ont.

Mrs. Smith, wife of Dr. J. M. Smith, and sister of Hon. Wm. Pugsley was removed to the private hospital on Friday and is critically ill with typhoid fever and pneumonia. Dr. McVey and Dr. James Christie are in constant attendance. Mrs. R. Humphrey, another sister of Hon. Mr. Pugsley, has undergone an operation in the private hospital in Sussex and is also reported critically ill.

FIFTY AGAINST TWO. It is not reasonable to expect two weeks of outing to overcome the effects of fifty weeks of confinement. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla along with you. It refreshes the blood, improves the appetite, makes sleep easy and restful.

DROWNED IN THE LACHINE CANAL

Montreal Man Leaped in to Escape Police and Perished

Montreal, June 27—A remarkable drowning fatality occurred in the Lachine canal late on Friday night, details of which transpired today. Alfred Charette, one of a party of merrymakers who were disturbing the peace on the bank, jumped, fully dressed, into the canal to avoid arrest when police pounced down on the revellers. He was not seen again and the police thought he reached the other side of the canal and escaped in the darkness. Today, however, Charette's body was found floating in the water. He was an expert swimmer.

G. WOODWORTH HURT

Former St. John Ball Player Had His Leg Fractured in Two Places While Playing Ball in Halifax

Halifax, N. S., June 27—George Woodworth, of the Wanderers base ball team, formerly of the St. John Marathons, had his right leg fractured in two places on Saturday afternoon in a game with the Phoenix. Woodworth was running from first to second base and was in the act of jumping on the bag when he slipped and fell. The game was postponed and the injured man was conveyed to the hospital.

LASTING CLOTHES BRUSH

Brushes Made From Palmetto Last a Lifetime

Imagine a clothes brush that lasts a lifetime! That is the claim made for the palmetto brush, seen frequently in the South. They are not, of course, on the market. If they were the brushmakers would have to quit after suplying the country.

They are made in round and square forms, for bath use and clothes cleaning, and a coarse variety may serve as a broom. Novelty and souvenir shops in the Southern coast resorts dispose of many of them to visitors, the price ranging from a quarter to a half dollar. Bristles and holder are all one. By combing out the woody portions for half an inch from the bottom the hard fibres remain and constitute the bristles. They can't come out.

On the Pacific coast the redwood bark is sometimes two and a half feet thick. Its color is a rich seal brown, and when cut up into hand brushes it has a velvety feel, and is particularly useful for smoothing out silk hats. It isn't every community that finds its brushes growing on trees.—Harberdasher.

At Chubbs corner on Saturday Auctioneer F. L. Potts sold the Mrs. Ester Tell property, 55 Britain street, consisting of freehold lot with three story tenement house, a shop and barn in rear, to Cornelius Regan, for $1,800.

Boils and Pimples

Are caused entirely by the blood being in an impure condition, and the quickest and simplest way to get rid of them is to take a few bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters.

This purely vegetable remedy has cured thousands of cases of these painful and unsightly troubles during the past thirty years.

BOILS. Mr. S. J. Weir, Riverview, Ont., writes:—"Last summer I had nineteen boils on my neck and back. I was off work for over two weeks. I took everything I could think of but to no effect. I got a bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters and before I had used half the bottle the boils were gone. I took the rest of it, however, and I have not had a boil since."

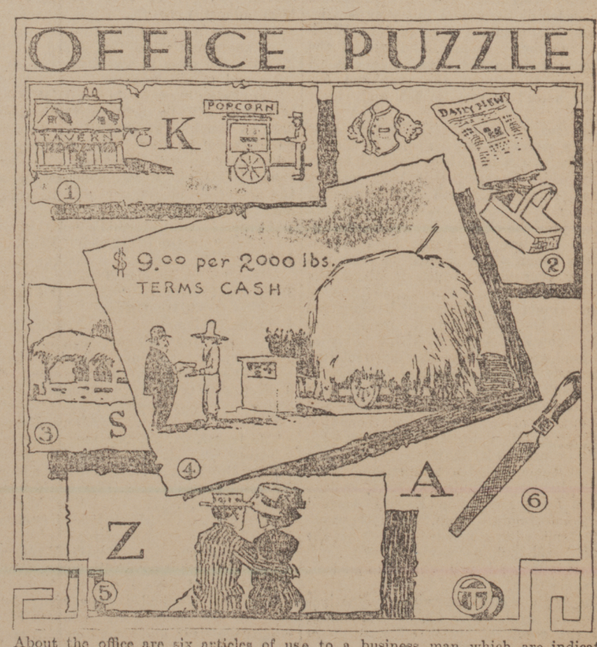
PIMPLES. Mrs. W. J. Crandon, St. Mary's, Ont., writes:—"I was troubled with pimples on my face for a couple of years and tried a good deal of patent medicine, but they were not of much use. Finally I used four bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters and am now entirely cured."

For sale by all dealers.

The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

The Comtesse de Grandville of France, who was formerly Miss Beckwith, of Fredericton, youngest sister of Charles Beckwith of that place, arrived in the city on Saturday evening and is at the Royal. The occasion of the visit of the Comtesse is to see her sister, Mrs. Seely, of Oromocto, who has just suffered a severe illness. She will also visit her relatives in Fredericton for some time, after which she will leave for Quebec, where she will be joined by her husband, who is coming to this country on a visit.

The Times Daily Puzzle Picture



About the office are six articles of use to a business man which are indicated in this puzzle.

What are they?

Upper left corner down, head at knee.