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POOR DOCUMENT

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The only Baking Powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar

Makes the finest, most delicious biscuit, cake and pastry; conveys to food the most healthful of fruit properties.

PRINCESS ZARA

BY ROSS BEECKMAN.

(Continued)

But whenever a man finds the real one, whenever it is his good fortune to encounter the genuine article, there remains no doubt in his soul of its reality. He sees and feels and knows. There is no denying the absoluteness of it. It is a perfect knowledge brought home to him with an absoluteness, which for the moment, is almost paralyzing in its effect, and the immediate consequences of which are utterly beyond comprehension.

Standing there in the presence of Zara de Echeverria, surrounded as we were by throngs of guests, interrupted frequently as it was quite natural we should be, we two were yet as utterly alone as if we had been standing upon a solitary rock in the midst of a waste of waters beyond which the vision could not penetrate.

We were utterly alone in a world by ourselves; and the strange part of it was that we both seemed to realize the truth, although neither of us at that moment could contemplate the understanding of the other.

Until I drove with the prince to that house where she received, my whole mind and intelligence had been centered upon the work I had to do at the Russian capitol; but having passed the portals of Zara's palace, and being taken into her presence, made the whole world appear suddenly small indeed, and left all that was great, and good, and worth attaining, encompassed in the very small space in which she stood.

There was a sense of completeness to it all which is inexplicable; there was a compelling force emanating from her, like the energy of radium, unseen but all powerful, which dominated me as surely, though nonetheless subtly, as the sun dominates the planets.

I have never remembered the words that passed between us at that first interview, for the reason that whatever I said, was uttered subconsciously, and became a mere incident in the great event. The meeting itself was the event. We had come together from different parts of the world. We were born of different nationalities. We had been nurtured differently, and every impulse of our respective lives had been trained in different grooves, and for different motives; and yet out of that chaos of differences had happened the wonderful thing of our meeting.

I suppose we talked as other people talk, who meet and part for the first time as we met and parted then, if we were to be judged from the standpoint and observation of others. To me it was an epoch, focused for a moment of time. To her I now know that it was the same.

I was suddenly conscious that there were many others who were waiting to claim her attention, and I got upon my feet.

"So soon, Mr. Dubravnik?" she said.

"Necessarily," I replied. "I cannot take to myself all the delight of the evening."

"You will return?"

"If I may—when you are less occupied."

I was acquainted with nearly all the guests and was stopped a dozen times on my way across the salon [illegible] the prince was conversing wit[illegible] of men, and as I glanced bac[illegible]wards the princess with each pause [illegible] I always met her eyes fixed upon me—unconsciously until they met my gaze—even though she was engaged with the people who formed the group around her.

I did not seek the prince, after all. I turned aside, realizing that I would rather be alone with the pleasurable thrill which still pulsed in my veins, than to crush it out with society talk, which was my particular aversion. I wandered on through the rooms, pausing for a moment here and there to exchange greetings with acquaintances and at last emerged upon the glass-covered garden which was a miniature forest of shrubbery, palms and floral miracles. It was a spacious place dimly lighted by lamps that were shaded by red and green and yellow globes, and it was traversed by paths that were carpeted with Eastern rugs, and bordered by alluring nooks so daintily arranged and so suggestive of all things sentimental as to be indescribable. The garden was an Oriental paradise, blooming in the midst of a Russian winter; and I thought with a smile, a dangerous place for a bachelor even though he were alone—for it set him to thinking. As if to render the contrast even greater there was a furious snowstorm raging outside, and I could hear the wind howling and shrieking past the house, and the rattle of the snow as it hurled itself into fragments against the glass covering of the enclosure. I wandered on down the path I had taken as far as the extremity of the garden, and then turned into other paths. I paused once to light a cigar, and went on again, hither and thither, unheedingly; but at last I entered one of the Turkish nooks and composed myself comfortably among the cushions. There I gave myself up to the deliciousness of the hour, for no other word can describe it. There had seemed not to be another soul in the garden when I entered it, and I felt all that bliss which solitude lends to perfect surroundings. There might have been a thousand persons traversing the paths and I could not have heard them, but I was presently startled out of my reveries by hearing my own name—or rather the one by which I was known—pronounced in a voice which I had learned, in a few brief moments, to recognize.

"Dubravnik," said the princess, evidently in reply to a question concerning me. She uttered my name in a manner that thrilled me, too. Her companion, a man, responded:

"Bah! A friend of Prince Michael's, and therefore a friend of the czar's. It would be a dangerous experiment to sound him, princess."

"Perhaps; we will discuss it another time, Ivan. Shall we go in here?"

They had paused directly in front of the place where I was concealed, or rather, only half concealed for they could have seen me if either had chanced to look in my direction. I could see them plainly. As it was, I nestled closer among the cushions and closed my eyes, expecting discovery; but for some reason—fate impelled, doubtless—they passed on a few steps, and entered another of the Turkish bowers which was the counterpart of the one that concealed me, and they seated themselves so near to me that I could have reached out one hand and touched them had it not been for the intervening screen of tapestry which partitioned the two enclosures. The few words I had overheard convinced me that I was not to listen to confidences of a sentimental nature; otherwise I should have made my presence known, and escaped. The sentence that had reached me, uttered by the man, suggested another reason for the tryst, and I therefore listened, convinced that it was my duty to do so.

CHAPTER IX.

A SECRET INTERVIEW.

I wondered if they would not detect the odor of my cigar, and thus discover that they were not alone in the garden, but the draft carried the smoke away from them; and then I became absorbed in what they were saying.

"I can give you only a few moments Ivan," murmured the princess. "My guests will miss me. You should have come to me later."

"I know; but it was impossible. There is a meeting tonight, and our good friends are very anxious to hear something from you. When can you be present to tell them in your own words what you accomplished during your journey?"

The tone of the question was masterful, and unconsciously I resented it.

What right had any other man to address my princess in that manner? for already I found myself regarding her as my princess. I knew now that I had wandered into the garden solely for the purpose of being alone to think about her, and that in my short journeys up and down the paths, finally ending among the cushions of the Turkish bower, I had had her with me for a companion. You will discover by this statement that I was still mindful of her presence near me, even though I had left her in the drawing room while I went away alone; but it is always possible to conjure a personal presence if the mind is sufficiently intent upon it, and even though that presence be not physical, it is nevertheless real.

The tone of the man who was speaking with her in the adjoining bower was masterful, as I have said. More than that it was familiar. It was even intimate, I thought, and I was conscious of a silent rage when I heard it.

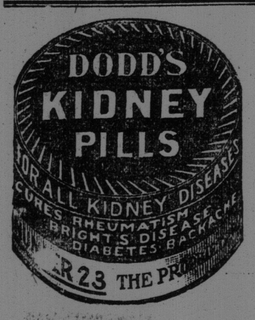
I sensed his words subconsciously, and yet I had thoroughly comprehended them. He had spoken of a meeting of their "very good friends" and I had no doubt to whom he referred; neither had I any doubt at the moment that this man talking so confidentially with the princess, was one of the "marked" members of that rapidly widening group of persons whom my busily engaged employes were learning to know.

It was with a distinct shock, however, that I realized by virtue of the intimate manner of the man, that Zara de Echeveria must also be implicated with the nihilists, since he dared to speak to her so openly, so masterfully, and with such confident reliance upon the manner in which his communication would be received. Her reply convinced me sufficiently, had I required added conviction at that moment.

"I do not know," she said. "Say that I will send word to them in the usual way, and at the earliest opportunity. Say that I was entirely successful; that everything in Paris and Berlin is in the most excellent condition, and that nothing—absolutely nothing, you understand—must be done without my knowledge and permission."

"Our friends are becoming very impatient, Zara."

(To be continued.)



Fashion Hint for Times Readers

CHILD'S DRESS WITH FINE AND HEAVY LACE.

One sort of lace trimming is not enough nowadays; there must be two or even three varieties on the lingerie frock, or a combination of lace and Swiss embroidery may be used. This very simple little dress of white batiste and lace insertion is made very striking and individual by the inserted motifs of Italian ladder work, which give an odd, old-fashioned yet smart look to the dress. In setting such motifs into sheer material the lace should be stitched by machine over the batiste and thinner lace. The material under the motif should then be cut away to within a quarter inch of the stitching, and this narrow edge should be turned back and run by hand with very small stitches and fine cotton.

DR. PRINGLE TELLS GENERAL ASSEMBLY THAT HE REFUSED BIG MONEY TO GO ON STUMP

He Repeats His Former Stories, Already Exploded in Parliament and Bitterly Assails the Federal Government—Moves Amendment to Report of Board of Moral and Social Reform

Hamilton, Ont., June 10—The General Assembly of the Presbyterian church this morning decided to take active steps to provide a worthy memorial to the late Rev. Dr. James Robertson, and a recommendation by the committee, appointed to consider the matter, that a sum of not less than $20,000 be raised and the interest devoted to the support of a lectureship on missions in the colleges of the church, was adopted.

The recommendations of the board of moral and social reform were, on motion of T. C. James, P. E. Island, adopted.

Rev. Dr. Campbell did not think that in the discussions in the assembly on the white slave traffic the brutality of the male sex had been sufficiently emphasized. Men should be educated upon the proper standard, he said.

Rev. Dr. John Pringle moved the following amendment: "That the assembly deplores and condemns the evils in our political life today which are rapidly lowering the moral sense of our people and urges upon its ministers and people the duty of earnestly and courageously combating these evils by voice and vote wherever they may manifest themselves, and proclaiming the truth of God's Word, that, 'righteousness exalteth a nation and sin is reproach to any people.'"

"These evils exist," declared Dr. Pringle, "unless all men are liars, and unless the papers of both sides of politics are edited by men who are writing what they know to be untrue."

Dr. Pringle's amendment was accepted as an addition to the report, which was then unanimously adopted.

In presenting the amendment Mr. Pringle said he was for years the storm centre of the Presbyterian church in the Yukon, Telling of his experiences in the far north he upbraided the assembly of last year for not giving him the support he thought he was entitled to receive.

Describing his difficulties with Dawson City council, he said that when some of the councillors would have removed from the records of the council a resolution charging him with immorality, a good Presbyterian refused to permit the resolution to be introduced, and the charge against him still remains on the council records.

He expressed pleasure on the improvement of conditions in the far north. It was not so long since in Dawson that there was one prostitute to every thirty persons.

Dr. Pringle took as his text the report of the royal commission on the civil service and Judge Cassels' comment that the public conscience needed awakening. "The public conscience needs to be aroused," he said. "Now I ask who is going to arouse it. Politicians? Not much. They won't take the pulpit or platform. Whose duty is it? Who are ordained to do it if not ministers of the church, to denounce things that are a shame in our life as a nation?"

Dr. Pringle said he attacked no minister. He was discussing morals, and not politics. He told of fishery inspectors appointed in Victoria county from July to December, one for every twenty-four voters. "That was simply a direct bribe to turn that constituency."

After relating several such instances, he took up the Pugsley matter.

"Don't you be afraid, you Grits," he said. "I am not going to discuss the merits of the parties. I don't know what the commission found," he said, "but they reported that $134,000 had vanished, no one knows where. They said it was either dishonesty or culpable negligence of trust funds. Either of those things in ordinary life would send men to somewhere near the penitentiary.

"They say it is not true. If it is true, the men concerned should go where people go who mishandle public funds. If not true, it is still worse when a judge, a prominent banker and a lawyer will come to a finding not based on the evidence. Take whichever you like. I say it reveals a dreadful condition of public life."

Dr. Pringle referred to the Normal school in London for ballot switchers and the case of three men whom Judge Winchester was preparing to send to the penitentiary. They they got off on a technicality. Stories of land grabs in the north, of 500 voters in the Klondike who, he said, had their franchise stolen, were touched upon.

"With stories of money stolen," he said, "I could fill a broadside of a newspaper."

"Here is what we want in all our legislatures—man who are men, and not partizans, who are men first and party men after. I could have made more money in three months in the last election than I can make in five years in Sydney. I could have got more money for four addresses than I can get in a year in Sydney. I was asked to go into Kings county. Sir Frederick Borden's constituency," and here Dr. Pringle made a strong statement.

Continuing, he said: "I don't hesitate to say it; let him bring suit if he will. He sits at our council table, and can't be rooted out.

"If public conscience is to be awakened, it should be from the pulpit of the church of God. We want a high type of men, and if we have not good men in high places we cannot have them in lower. The Psalmist knew what he said when he remarked, 'When wicked men are exalteth the vile walk abroad on either side.'"

Rev. Dr. Baird reported on behalf of the committee appointed to confer with Rev. H. M. Rochester of the western section of Lord's Day Alliance with reference to the assembly's recommendation that he be appointed home mission superintendent in Alberta, that Mr. Rochester could not see way clear to accept the position. Mr. Rochester felt that the dignity of the church and the importance and trying nature of the work demanded more adequate remuneration than that offered, namely, $2,200.

On motion of Principal Patrick it was agreed to accept the report of the committee and to appoint the same commission to select the home superintendent of Alberta.

The committee appointed to prepare a resolution setting forth the principles of the church in regard to maintenance of the church among nations, submitted a draft condemning war unless in self-defense or against oppression.

Rev. Dr. Scott did not think the assembly should make any reference to the danger of war. He did not believe any danger existed, any disturbed feeling that prevailed had been circulated by scare paragraphs and speeches. It was agreed to take no action.

The moderator and clerk having been empowered to prepare and transmit loyal addresses, the usual votes of thanks were passed and after a few congratulatory remarks from the moderator the assembly closed, with the benediction.

SAVED FROM AN OPERATION

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Belleriver, Que.—"Without Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I would not be alive. For five months I had painful and irregular periods and inflammation of the uterus. I suffered like a martyr and thought often of death. I consulted two doctors who could do nothing for me. I went to a hospital, and the best doctors said I must submit to an operation, because I had a tumor. I went back home much discouraged. One of my cousins advised me to take your Compound, as it had cured her. I did so and soon commenced to feel better, and my appetite came back with the first bottle. Now I feel no pain and am cured. Your remedy is deserving of praise."—Mrs. Emma Chatel, Valleyfield, Belleriver, Quebec.

Another Operation Avoided.

Adrian, Ga.—"I suffered untold misery from female troubles, and my doctor said an operation was my only chance, and I dreaded it almost as much as death. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound completely cured me without an operation."—Lena V. Henry, R.F.D. 3.

Thirty years of unparalleled success confirms the power of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to cure female diseases.

Health!!!

Every drop of *Magi Water* is bubbling with life and health. A delight to the eye—a pleasure to the palate—of benefit to you physically.

Drink MAGI WATER for Its Purity, wholesomeness and delightful flavor.

Magi Water is a pure, natural mineral water bottled exclusively at the Springs. A delicious table water—a pleasant soda fount drink. Superior to soda with whiskey—both for flavor and healthfulness. Comes in pints, splits and half gallons. Can be had at cafes, hotels, bars, chemists', on all R. R. cafe cars and at your grocer's by the bottle or the case.

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

Sold from Coast to Coast

CALEDONIA SPRINGS COMPANY, Ltd.
Caledonia Springs, Ontario 5

THE CLOSE OF A BUSY LIFE

Dr. Edward Everett Hale, Eminent Boston Divine, Passed Away at His Home Yesterday.

Boston, Mass., June 10—The morning light was breaking as the venerable Rev. Edward Everett Hale, D. D., chaplain of the United States senate, Unitarian divine, philanthropist, author, journalist and lover of peace, breathed his last today in his home in Roxbury. At the bedside was his aged wife, his daughter, Miss Ellen D. Hale, and his son, Philip L. Hale, the artist. Two other sons, Arthur Hale, of Washington, and Prof. Edward Everett Hale, Jr., of Union Colltge, returned home this evening and tomorrow it is expected that partial arrangement for the funeral on Sunday in the South Congregational church, of which Dr. Hale, was the pastor emeritus, will be announced.

On his return from Washington, a few weeks ago, it was reported that Dr. Hale was not in good health, but he soon regained his activities and until Tuesday, attended meetings and received friends. Last night, however, he showed signs of distress and, rapidly weakening, passed peacefully away in the early hours of the morning.

It seemed today as if the whole country joined in mourning the loss of Dr. Hale. Messages expressing sorrow and esteem, poured into the Hale household, one of the first being from President and Mrs. Taft. People of all walks of life and especially those whose professional careers brought them in contact with Boston's leading citizens, were eager to pay tribute to a life so full of fruitful works, so inspiring to his fellow-beings.

As an author, his fame rests on the short stories, such as The Man Without a Country; as an instigator of the social uplift, the work of the two great organizations, the Lend-a-Hand clubs, the King's Daughters, will always be to his renown; as a minister and pastor, his half a century in the pulpit of the South Congregational church and his preaching in many other churches, were unsually prolific of wise spiritual inspiration, while as a historian, drawing patriotism from his famous uncle, Captain Nathan Hale, the Revolutionary martyr, his writings and antiquarian works have become authorities.

It was Dr. Hale, who, twenty years before its consummation, predicted a world-wide peace tribunal; it was Dr. Hale who upheld Garrison and Phillips in their anti-slavery work; it was Dr. Hale, whose benevolent counsel brought comfort to the sick and wounded soliders of the battlefields of the civil war, as a member of the sanitary commission and it was Dr. Hale who gave to the world the famous stanza:

Look up and not down;
Look forward and not back,
Look in and not out;
Lend a hand.

Said Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, upon learning of his death: "That which will be longest remembered will be his unwearying services to his fellow men."

On the occasion of his marriage to Miss Alice A. Carson on Wednesday last, N. A. Vanwart was well remembered by his employers, H. Horton & Sons, who gave him a silver card receiver and a silver berry spoon. He also received a handsome oak locker from his fellow employes.

During Rev. F. E. Bishop's absence on Sunday the Fairville Baptist church pulpit will be occupied by Rev. H. R. McGill, a native of the province, lately a theological student at Rochester (N. Y.)

BATHURST TO BE A BIG SHIPPING PORT

The Drummonds Will Use it to Ship Ore From Gloucester County Mines, Council Gives a Bonus

Bathurst, N. B., June 10.—At a special meeting of the Gloucester municipal council, held today, addressed by J. J. Drummond, O. Turgeon, M. P., and T. M. Burns, resolutions were adopted pledging a bonus of $25,000 to the Drummond company if they brought their railway from the iron mines to Black Cut, thence to Bathurst harbor.

The guarantee was accepted, and the railway will now run to Black Cut instead of Bartibogue. This ensures to the harbor of Bathurst the permanent location of the docks and whatever else may be the outcome of the opening of the rich deposits of iron ore in Gloucester county.

The harbor will be dredged a sufficient depth to afford necessary facilities for the loading of large vessels. It is hoped to have everything ready by the early spring of 1911.

PERRY ESCAPED WITH FIVE YEAR SENTENCE

Man Who Killed Yarmouth Girl in Boston Got Off Very Easily

Boston, June 10.—After pleading guilty to manslaughter, Hiram M. Perry was sentenced to not less than five nor more than ten years in state prison by Judge Sanderson, in the superior court today, for having shot and killed Miss Catherine McDougall, of Yarmouth (N. S.), in a house in the South End on Feb. 24 last. Perry, who is said to have formerly lived in Burlington (Vt.), was indicted for murder in the first degree, but the state accepted his plea to manslaughter, Chief Dugan, of the bureau of criminal investigation, stating to the court that he believed Perry was temporarily crazed by despondency over business troubles.

Perry, who is paralyzed from his hips down from the effects of poison which he took after the shooting in an attempt to end his life, told the court that he bought the revolver to shoot himself and had no recollection of having shot the woman, with whom he said he had been on friendly terms.

W. E. Anderson, secretary of the board of trade, is sending out a notice to members that the maritime board will meet in Charlottetown on Wednesday, Aug. 18. All members are invited to offer subjects for discussion at the meeting and to attend as delegates from the local board. St. John is entitled to send twenty-five delegates, and a number of members are going and will make a business trip of it.

PILES Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and guaranteed cure for each 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. 60c, at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT.

PLANS ABOUT READY FOR QUEBEC BRIDGE

Commissioners Have Decided Upon Cantilever Structure on Old Site—Bridge Will Be Larger Than the Former One

Ottawa, June 10.—Hon. George P. Graham, minister of railways and canals, returned today from New York, where he met Commissioners Vautlet, Fitzmaurice and Modjeska, who have been preparing plans for the new Quebec bridge. Work has advanced to a stage which will enable the commission to report in a few days upon their plan. In his final conference with them, Hon. Mr. Graham told the commissioners that Canada wanted a substantial bridge built as expeditiously and economically as possible but that the government did not want strength sacrificed to their speed or economy.

It is known that the commissioners have practically settled upon a bridge of cantilever type upon the site of the old bridge with 150 foot clear space above high tide and a greater traffic capacity than was designed for the old bridge.

While in New York Hon. Mr. Graham visited the Hudson terminals, which give accommodation to several railroads brought by the tunnel from Jersey City.

Tonight Hon. Mr. Graham left by the first train for the Soo to give his personal attention to the repairing of the damaged locks. A telegram was received from J. W. Ross, superintending engineer of the canal, that the locks might be in shape to accommodate traffic as early as Monday night, though the work might require a longer time. However, in view of the importance of this avenue of traffic Hon. Mr. Graham decided that work should be pushed with the greatest expedition and his presence on the scene might promote this. He does not expect to return to Ottawa until traffic is again passing through the canal.

ROBERT McCONNELL

Former Editor of Moncton Transcript, Halifax Chronicle and Truro Guardian Died in Ottawa Yesterday

Ottawa, June 10.—(Special)—Robert McConnel, of the customs department, died here this afternoon.

He was a retired newspaper writer, having been publisher of the Eastern Chronicle, of New Glasgow, and afterwards associated with Hon. W. S. Fielding on the Halifax Chronicle. He edited the Truro Guardian and Moncton Transcript and was associate editor of the Montreal Herald. In 1887 he returned to Halifax as chief editor of the Chronicle. He was regarded as an authority on trade questions and eight years ago was appointed to the statistical branch of the customs department. The body will be taken to Halifax for burial by his son, Miller McConnell, of the Montreal Star.

PROOF.

Lillie—Is she sure he is a real lord?

Tommie—Oh, yes; the very first time he met her father he touched the old man for a five-spot.

The Times Daily Puzzle Picture

NO INDEED.

The maid who fishes for a compliment
Is like the angler who
Is forced to purchase what he cannot catch,
Not the proper thing to do.

Find an angler.

ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE.

Lower left corner down—right side of auto.