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PRINCESS ZARA

BY ROSS BEECKMAN.

(Continued)

Zara leaped to her feet. Her whole manner underwent a change and for the instant she was completely dominated by a furious scorn which found its expression in every single pose of the attitude she assumed. Her eyes blazed with the sudden anger she felt at me, brought about more by the thought which came to her that I whom she had stooped to admire, was nothing but a spy. A torrent of words rushed to her lips, at least her appearance was that she was on the point of denouncing me most bitterly; but I raised a hand and interrupted her, bending slightly forward, and speaking with sharp decision, although cooly, and with studied conciseness of expression.

"No," I said. "If I should become a Nihilist, it would be to protect the emperor, not to betray your friends."

Again her manner underwent a change. As if she thoroughly believed me, the fury of scorn left her eyes, the angry glitter of them ceased, the rigidity of her attitude relaxed, and I saw that she was regarding me with an expression of wondering amazement, in which pity and longing, not unmixed with admiration, were dominant. She was silent for the moment, but she kept her eyes fixed upon mine, and gradually they began to glow with that fire of enthusiasm which no argument can ever hope to overcome. Looking upon her I realized that if she were not a nihilist at heart, she had become one by reason of some great mental cataclysm through which she had passed. I believed then, and I was to know later, that I was correct, and that nothing at present apparent could swerve her from her set purpose, or could influence her against the cause she had undertaken, and was now upholding so valiantly. The spasms of remorse that rushed upon her at times, and such feelings of repugnance as I had heard her express in the garden, were only oases in the desert of her perverted judgment, engendered in her soul by some terrible calamity through which she had passed, or regarding which she had been a close observer. When she spoke again, it was with low-toned softness, and she glided a step or two nearer to me, raising her beautiful eyes, now softened to an appealing quality, and clasping her hands in front of her with a gesture of suppliant helplessness that was almost overwhelming.

"Do you think that we have no wrongs to right?" she demanded.

"I think you have many, princess, judging from your standpoint; but you cannot right them by committing greater ones. Nothing can dignify or ennoble deliberate assassination, or wanton, cruel, secret murder. The nihilists are assassins, murderers, cutthroats."

"You do not know! You do not know!"

"Perhaps not."

"Having heard what you did—knowing, as you do, my secret—unwilling as I know you are, to betray me, what do you propose, Mr. Dubravnik?"

I replied deliberately.

"I have thought of joining the nihilists, but I have reconsidered the question as impracticable. Therefore, I have decided that you must leave Russia."

"I? Leave Russia Ordered away by you?"

"Yes, princess."

She laughed wildly, and again this creature of impulse underwent one of her lightning changes of which I had seen so many evidences. She was indignant now, made so by offended pride, because of the affront my words had put on her social status. She, a princess, high in place, to be ordered out of her own country by a man who was a stranger to her, was unprecedented.

"Do you think that I am a weak thing to be ordered about by a man whom I never met until last night? Beware, sir, lest you make me regret that the bullet did not do its work more effectively. I am a princess; I have wealth, power influential friends; do you think that the czar would believe what you would say, when he heard the story that I could tell him."

I shrugged my shoulders carelessly. It was part of my purpose to anger her even to the point of madness, for in that way alone could I hope to draw her out to the point or revealing herself to me truly. And besides, I was again falling under that fascination which exerted such strange and compelling power over me.

"If I believed you to be sincere in what you say now, it would make my unfortunate duty much more simple," I said.

"Your duty! What is your duty? To betray a woman?"

"Precisely that."

"And would you do that? You?"

"If the altenative fails, yes."

Again she rose from the couch upon which she had relaxed. She came and stood quite near to me, and with infinite scorn, impossible to describe, she said slowly:

"I think our interview is at an end, Mr. Dubravnik, for there is evidently nothing to be gained by it. I much prefer to choose my friends from those whom you call assassins, than from frequenters of the palace—if the others are like you."

I rose also, and bowed coldly.

"As you will, princess," I said. "I promised to keep your secret twenty-four hours. You have still ten in which to do one of three things to obviate the necessity that is now upon me, of betraying you."

"Indeed!" haughtily.

"The easiest one will be for you to notify me of your intention to depart from the country. The second, quite as effective, was suggested by yourself last night when we talked of suicide. The third will perhaps prove more congenial than either of the others; you can have me murdered."

I bowed and started toward the door, but she barred the way before I could reach it.

"You shall not go!" she cried, extending her arms as if to bar the way against my exit, and again her speaking countenance betrayed the impulse within her. This time it was terror.

"No? Is your brother Ivan here to complete the work so badly begun, princess?" I purposely rendered my question insolently offensive.

For a moment she gazed at me in horror; then, with a sob in her throat, she stepped aside and pointed towards the door.

"Go," she said. "I should not have detained you." But as I was about to take her at her word she burst into a passion of tears. At the same instant she leaped towards me, and seizing me with both hands, drew me back again to the middle of the floor.

"No—no—no—no!" she cried. "You shall not go! Don't you know that you would be shot down at the door of my house, or at best before you had gone a hundred feet away from it? Have you forgotten that your appointment with me today was known by those who have decided upon your death? Will you force me to acquiesce in your murder, even though you believe me capable of committing it?"

I knew that what she said was undoubtedly true, for I had neglected my usual caution in not providing for an emergency of this kind; but I pretended to be incredulous.

"Yet I cannot remain here indefinitely, princess," I said.

"It is the only way to save your life. If you leave here before I have seen those who would kill you, you will not live fifteen minutes after my door closes behind you. Oh, I beseech you, take the oath; promise me that you will take the oath, and let me go and tell my friends that you will do so."

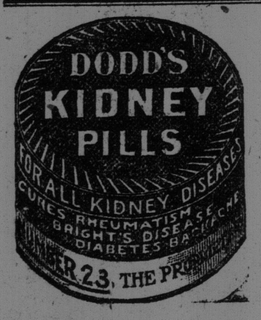
She was pleading with me now, with her hand supplicatingly extended, and with an expression of such utter terror in her face because of the calamity which threatened me, that my soul was for a moment moved to pity for this woman, who could pass through so many phases of emotion in so short a period of time. But nevertheless it was not my purpose to betray that pity, then. I had still to draw her out, more and more; there was still much to learn of this complex woman, so beautiful and so noble, who yet could find a sufficient excuse to engage in such nefarious practices.

I have thought since that I was playing with myself, as well as with her, at that time; that I was making a study of Zara's soul, rather than of her character; I be soul, rather than of her character; I be that moment I was madly in love with this half wild creature, outwardly so tamed, and yet inwardly more than half a barbarian, with the blood of her Tartar ancestors on the one side coursing hotly in her veins. I wanted to know her. I wanted to bring her out of herself. My own intuition recognized, and was making the most of a boundless and limitless sympathy that existed between us two, although I was not at the time conscious of the fact; a sympathy that found voice in Zara's heart as well as in mine, and which needed but a touch, as of the spark to grains of powder, to fire it into a blaze of love so absolute as to sweep every other consideration from its path. My heart recognized hers, and I was subconsciously aware that hers recognized mine. It may be that I was plyaing two parts with her at that moment, the one being that of my ostensible character, as an agent of the czar; the other asserting itself as plain Dan Derrington, an American gentleman who was very much in love.

"Do you suppose, even then, that they would believe you, and spare me?" I asked, with unconcealed irony, forcing myself even against my will, to render my question bitterly offensive.

"Yes, oh, yes! I would give myself as hostage for your honor. My life would be forfeited, too, if you should not keep the oath."

(To be continued.)



John B. Eagles, the new chairman of the liquor license commission, was sworn in before County Secretary Vincent on Tuesday.

Digby Sadleir with Mrs. Sadleir, Miss Sadleir and Miss J. G. Sadleir left last evening for Boston to sail on June 26 for a three months' visit to relatives and friends in England and Ireland.

Fashion Hint for Times Readers

THE CHIGNON NOW.

All the summer girls of 1900 are throwing away their "rats" and other pompadour devices and are drawing the waves of their hair quite flatly over the head to form a big bunch at the back. The new chignon must be very light, fluffy and curly in effect; puffs or curls being pinned loosely to the head to form a graceful mass in "tossed together" effect. This chignon of curls and puffs is supported by a Greek band of gilt filigree, and at either side of the brow are round nenuphares—or Egyptian ornaments—in scroll pattern studded with rhinestones.

GOVERNMENT CANNOT ACCEPT SIR ROBERT PERKS' PROPOSAL TO BUILD GEORGIAN BAY CANAL

Sir Robert Leaves for England Today, but Will Return Next Year—Canada to Experiment With Flying Machines—Bisley Team Sails Tomorrow.

Ottawa, June 16.—Sir Robert Perks, who has offered to construct the Georgian Bay canal, provided Canada guaranteed $100,000,000 worth of construction bonds at three per cent, has been informed by the prime minister that Canada cannot this year accept the proposal. Sir Robert Perks leaves Ottawa today for England, but hopes to return next year and obtain a more favorable answer to his proposal.

Canada is going to carry on military experiments with a flying machine. Today F. W. Baldwin, the young Nova Scotian who was associated with Professor Graham Bell at Baddeck in the successful flying experiments, arrived at Ottawa today with two aerodromes which will be taken to Petewawa for experiments in military flight.

The team of twenty marksmen which will represent Canada at Bisley this year, will assemble at Montreal Thursday and sails Friday on the Tunisian. They are under the command of Lieutenant Colonel Bertram of London, and have as adjutant, Major Mercier, both practical range men.

On form this is the best team that has ever left Canada. The team is chosen from the men who scored highest in the important D. R. A. matches. It is the rule that many of the first twenty are unable to get away and the man who stands in thirty-fifth place is regarded as having a good chance for Bisley. One year so many men dropped out that the forty-ninth man was taken to make up the twenty. This year all of the first twenty with the exception of four are going to Bisley, so only the twenty-fifth man on the team was reached. The team may therefore be regarded as the pick of Canadian marksmen.

There seems to be only one thing in the way of a first class showing. That is the action of the National Rifle Association of Great Britain in barring the long barrelled Ross rifle. This is the weapon which made such a remarkable showing at Bisley last year, and most of the Canadian team have been practising with it. The rifle has been barred on the ground that it is not the regular arm of the Canadian militia. However, a protest against this ruling has been cabled by the militia department and the board of the National Rifle Association had been informed that this is a regularly authorized arm of the Canadian militia. It is believed that the ruling will be reversed, and that the long arm will be allowed on the Bisley range.

An author is entitled to get back the manuscript he has sold to a firm provided that that firm does not publish it, was the judgment of Justice Clute today in the case of W. D. Lesueur, of Ottawa, against Morang & Co. Mr. Lesueur wrote the life of William Lyon McKenzie for the "Makers of Canada" series. He was paid for it but the publishers not satisfied with the tone of the book refused to publish it, and had Mackenzie's life done by another author. Mr. Lesueur sued for the return of his manuscript and won his case.

SOURCE OF MISERY

PROTRUDING PILES

Read the Evidence that this Distressing Ailment is Cured by DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT.

Some people find it hard to believe that anything short of a surgical operation will cure protruding piles. The doctors have brought about this belief. There is any amount of proof that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a positive cure for this as well as all other forms of piles.

Captain Wm. Smith, Revelstoke, B. C., writes:

"It is with much pleasure I state that I have used Dr. Chase's Ointment for itching, protruding piles of many years standing and it has completely cured me. I had previously tried many other remedies but they did me no good. I would strongly recommend this ointment to those suffering from this complaint for it is a good and genuine cure."

Mrs. Captain Clinansmith, Salvation Army, Essex, Ont., writes:

"It is with pleasure that I write to you in praise of Dr. Chase's Ointment. Two years ago I was taken with a severe attack of protruding piles and became so bad that I had to keep my bed and could lie in no position except on my stomach. Doctors could give me no help and the various oils and ointments used proved of no avail.

"One Saturday night when I was suffering untold agony my husband went to the drug store for a box of Dr. Chase's Ointment which I had heard of as a cure for piles. Although I had almost given up hope, to the wonder of those around me, was able to be up on Monday and have had no difficulty from piles since. As a treatment for all kinds of sores and burns, Dr. Chase's Ointment works like magic."

Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60 cts. a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

LITTLE BOY HURT

Young Son of Fred C. Stubbs Struck by Slug from Air Gun.

Last evening while at play, the four year old son of Fred C. Stubbs, of 46 High street, was accidentally struck in the forehead by a slug from an air rifle in the hands of a fourteen year old boy named Lee. The missle left quite a mark in the child's forehead.

Young Lee displayed a good amount of manliness and conveyed the little boy to his home, where his hurt was attended to.

CITY CORNET BAND GAVE FINE CONCERT

Last Evening's Impromptu Concert in King Square Was a Delightful Surprise.

The City Cornet Band played a delightful programme on their band stand in King square last evening. It was in the nature of a surprise, too, as no announcement of the concert had been made. An ordinary number of people were in the square when the band took their places, but it was not long before the fine music had attracted a throng of people. The programme was:

March—The Home Coming .. E. T. Paull
Overture—La Syer D'or.. ..A. Hermann
Valse—Loveland.. .. ..Holtzmann
Selection—Don Pasquale .. ....Donezetti
Gavotte—Little Marie.. ..C. W. Bennette
Valse—Kate Kearney .. ..Coote
Selection—Rose D'Amour.. .. ....Bleger
March—Top Notch .. ..C. Arthur
O Canada, God Save the King.

C. H. WILLIAMS, Director.

ST. ANNE'S STUDENTS IN CITY YESTERDAY

About twenty students from St. Anne's College at Church Point, Digby county (N. S.), passed through the city last evening en route for their homes in various points of New Brunswick and Quebec. St. Anne's College closed on Tuesday last. This year there were six graduates in arts, three of whom were among the party, namely, Nopoleon Landry, of St. Joseph's (N. B.); Hyacinthe Arsenault, of Charlo (N. B.), and James Moran, of North Dakota.

The boys came across the bay in the steamer Prince Rupert and after spending the evening seeing the town, left for their homes on the late train. They reported that the year had been very successful at the college. In the party was Leo Leblanc, son of Dr. Leblanc, of Cape Bauld, Westmoreland county, who has been especially successful in his work, winning two gold medals besides other prizes. Father Champeu, one of the instructors at St. Anne's, accompanied the boys as far as St. John on his way to Montreal.

The tennis tea on the courts this afternoon will be in charge of Miss Harold Schofield, Miss Minnie Girvan and Miss Lillie Raymond.

M. J. Butler, of the Intercolonial Railway board of management, was in the city yesterday and went to Moncton last evening, accompanied by his daughter. Mr. Butler had no announcements to make.

SALE OF POISONS DISCUSSED BY DRUGGISTS

N. B. Pharmaceutical Association Opens its Annual Session in the Court House—E. J. Mahoney Chosen President

The twenty-fifth annual meeting of the New Brunswick Pharmaceutical Society was opened yesterday in the common council chambers in the court house. Among the matters discussed was the restriction of the sale of poisons. After the meeting it was said that nothing was decided on in this matter to be given to the public but that it was referred to the incoming council for action.

The first session convened at 2.30, when the usual reports of committees were received and the president delivered his annual address. Other reports were those of the registrar, secretary and treasurer of the society and the delegates to the Canadian Pharmaceutical Association.

In the evening the election of the officers and council took place. The officers for the ensuing year are:

E. J. Mahoney, St. John, president.

S. A. R. McDonald, Fredericton, vice-president.

E. R. W. Ingraham, St. John, registrar.

Charles F. Wade, St. John, secretary.

The council consists of the officers and R. E. Coupe, Struan Robertson and E. Clinton Brown, of St. John; T. C. Donald, of Hampton; S. H. Hawker and H. J. Dick, of St. John; E. W. Mair, of Woodstock, and C. A. Burchill, Fredericton. The delegates to the meeting of the Canadian Pharmaceutical Society this year are: W. R. Rodd, of Sackville; E. Clinton Brown, of St. John; substitutes, C. A. Burchill, of Fredericton, and M. V. Paddock, of St. John.

At the close of the afternoon session yesterday a group photograph of the delegates present was taken by C. T. Lugrin.

During the evening session E. R. W. Ingraham read an interesting paper on the History of the New Brunswick Pharmaceutical Society and W. H. Mowatt read a paper on the Progress of Pharmacy. The incoming president for 1909-10, E. J. Mahoney, also delivered his inaugural address.

A list of the members who attended the meetings yesterday—about forty in number—is as follows: W. R. Rodd, Sackville; C. A. Burchill, S. A. R. McDonald, Fredericton; S. Sharp, St. Stephen; G. M. Fairweather, Sussex; H. J. Mowatt, St. John; G. Y. Dibblee, Fredericton; R. Legere, Shediac; E. R. W. Ingraham, P. J. Donohue, M. V. Paddock, George P. Allen, E. Clinton Brown, S. H. Hawker, E. J. Mahoney, George A. Reicker, St. John; E. W. Mair, Woodstock; Dr. W. L. Ellis, Fairville; H. Robb, St. John; J. Hawker, Centreville; H. Jones, Albert; T. C. Donald, Hampton; F. Smith, St. Stephen; J. McD. Cook, Moncton; S. M. Wetmore, C. F. Wade, R. E. Coupe, H. J. Dick, Struan Robertson, Wm. Hawker, St. John; W. C. Hawker, Waterville (Me.); James McKinney and R. B. Travis, St. John.

Today's programme will be taken up with social events. The visiting druggists will be the guests of the St. John members of the association. From 2 o'clock to 6 o'clock they will be taken for a sail on the Kennebeccasis river on the steamer Hampton. At 8.30 they will be entertained to a dinner in the Union Club.

Eczema, Salt Rheum.

Eczema or Salt Rheum, as it is often called, is one of the most agonizing of skin diseases. It manifests itself in little round blisters, which contain an extremely irritating fluid. These break and subsequently a crust or scale is formed.

The intense burning, itching and smarting, especially at night or when the part is exposed to any strong heat, are almost unbearable.

The pre-eminent success which Burdock Blood Bitters has met with in permanently curing a disease of such severity is due to its wonderful blood cleansing and purifying properties.

No other remedy has done, or can do, so much for those who are almost driven to distraction with the terrible torture, as our thousands of signed testimonials can testify to.

Mrs. John O'Connor, Burlington, N.S., writes:—"For years I suffered with Salt Rheum. I tried a dozen different medicines, but most of them only made it worse. I was advised to try Burdock Blood Bitters. "I got a bottle and before I had taken half a dozen doses I could see a change so I continued its use and now I am completely cured. I cannot say too much for your wonderful medicine."

For sale by all druggists and dealers.

DROPPED 3,500 FEET BUT HE STILL LIVES

An Amateur Aviator at Berwyn Lost Control of Craft and Was Hurled to the Earth.

Berwyn, Neb., June 15—A local inventor dropped 3,500 feet in a crippled aeroplane here today. He was not seriously hurt.

The amateur aviator was U. Sorenson, a blacksmith, who, in view of several hundred townsmen, made the ascent in a balloon and then attempted to descend in an aeroplane he had constructed after several months labor. When he cut the aeroplane from the balloon he found the rudder had worked loose and he was unable to guide the machine.

It descended at a terrific speed, turning over and over as it dropped. The inventor clung to the craft, and when it struck the ground he was in a sitting posture. The aeroplane was demolished, but Sorenson, although knocked senseless and sustaining numerous bruises, was soon revived, not seriously hurt by his experience.

Teas may come, and teas may go, but "Salada" goes on—slowly, but surely winning its way into the homes of millions of satisfied users. 73

Court Martello, No. 1747, last evening elected James S. Flaglor and T. H. Belyea delegates to the high court meeting in Fredericton on July 13. Harry Leonard and D. W. Morrell were chosen as alternates.

500,000 PERSONS

are seeing this advertisement. Many of them will idly pass it by, while the thoughtful few will ponder awhile and wonder whether there is really anything in it.

"It seems almost impossible," some will say.

"It can't be done," will be the opinion of others.

"Fancy a suit made to measure for $5.74," some will cry, "Absurd!"

While a small section of readers will probably decide to investigate our offer and

SEND FOR FREE PATTERNS

of our Clothing to Measure.

Thus the result of this advertisement will be that we shall add many customers to our already extensive clientèle—men whose only lament will be that they had not dealt with us sooner.

We are sure of this point because we have already received hundreds of letters to the same effect.

One day you also will be tempted to write to us. Why not make our acquaintance to-day?

Our wonderful patterns of Suits and Overcoats to Measure from $5.14 to $20 can be had for the asking.

NEW YORK STYLES

or London's Latest F ons.

Remember, we Guarantee to supply you with as smart a Suit or Overcoat as you have ever worn for less money than you have ever paid.

The process is simple. Merely fill in a postcard, and address same to us as below, asking for our selection of materials. By return you will receive our latest assortment of patterns, together with latest fashion-plates, instructions for accurate self-measurement, tape measure, all free and carriage paid. We dispatch your order within seven days from receipt, and if you do not approve, return the goods, and we will refund your money.

CURZON BROS "Go to Curzon"

THE WORLD'S MEASURE TAILORS,

(Dept. 53), 60 & 62 CITY ROAD, LONDON, ENGLAND.

Addresses for Patterns:

For Toronto and East Canada:

CURZON BROS., c/o MIGHT DIRECTORIES, LTD. (Dept. 53), 74/76 Church St., TORONTO, ONTARIO.

For Winnipeg and the West:

CURZON BROS., c/o HENDERSON BROS. (Dept. 53), 279 Garry Street, WINNIPEG.

Please mention this paper.

STEAMER HAD A STORMY PASSAGE

Steamer Competitor Arrives After 21 Days Voyage from Italy—Rough Time Until She Reached Bay.

The British steamer Competitor, Capt. William Milburn, arrived in port at 5 o'clock and docked at No. 6 berth, Sand Point. She is from Civitta Vecchia, Italy, with ballast and will load deals for W. Malcolm Mackay.

Captain Milburn reports rough weather all the way across, the first fine weather being met in the Bay of Fundy. The steamer was twenty-one days out, being three days over due. The captain has his wife and young child with him. He also has as permanent passengers a big green parrot, two dozen fowl, a bull dog, two pigs and a cat. Two broods of chickens were hatched on the way across, their advent being marked by the biggest gale of the trip. Nevertheless, the captain says all are doing well and while they are not so well equipped as their brethren with the web feet Captain Milburn feels certain that they will not be in the same class as land lubber farm yard birds.

The steamer is a new one, being built but two years ago, and is owned by Chas. Snales & Son of Whitby (Eng.) Captain Milburn points proudly to the fact that he took 1,860 standards of deals from Pugwash last year, making mention of the fact as he understood that it was said here that the steamer could not carry that quantity.

The commander of the Competitor was here twelve years ago in command of the steamer City of Gloucester. While his steamer was in port in Italy the captain and his wife availed themselves of the opportunity to see Rome and he spoke interestingly of it. They visted St. Peter's "and," said he, "one has to see it to appreciate its grandeur. It would really take a week to see it properly. We were told that at a service some days previous there were 60,000 persons present."

Driving about Rome the captain and his wife were charmed with the beauty of the city. "On the outskirts," said Captain Milburn, "we went through many miles of catacombs. The day was a scorching one but under ground we found it exceedingly cold and damp."

H. M. Tapley, of Havana, formerly of the Royal Bank staff here, who has been to Winnipeg and returned by way of St. Paul, is now in the city, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. B. J. Dowling, Douglas avenue. He will leave for Havana in about a fortnight.

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.

The Times Daily Puzzle Picture

AT THE BALL GAME

This combination sweet
Would truly be elysian—
To have a grand stand seat
Combined with knothole vision.

Find a hidden boy.

ANSWER TO YESTERDAY' PUZZLE.

Upside down, in veil.