

**SPECIALY PRICED AT \$1.00**

**NO 273**

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

Produces lines of exquisite shape—lines and graceful parts absolute comfort and a superb figure. Made of imported Coutil, rust-proof boning throughout, one of the best sellers ever made.

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

**DOMINION CORSET CO., Mtn.**  
Quebec, Montreal, Toronto.

## PRINCESS ZARA

BY ROSS BEECHMAN.

(Continued.)

"Then all your pent up agony is loosened. You have no more aches of a dozen men. You scatter the guards around you like flies, and rush past them, straight to the cabinet of the emperor, where you have always been a welcome guest. You tell yourself that he loves you—that he loves your sister, that he loves the truth, he will correct the awful wrong that has been done: that the men who outraged the sanctity of your sister's sleeping room, will be punished. Ah! You do not know the car—that man whom you call your friend; who is God's and man's worst enemy!"

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

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

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

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

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

An instant, then continued monotonously: "Then begins months of hopeless waiting. Every day you beg admittance to the palace. Every day you are refused. You write letters, begging that you may be told where your sister is detained, that you may go to her; that you may share her exile. They are unheeded. You know that she is in Siberia, but Siberia is a vast place—greater than all Europe. You petition men and officers, and use to fawn upon you when you were in favor, for information concerning her. They will not even speak to you. They have been ordered not to do so. At last, when nearly five months have passed in this way, friendless and alone, for your property has been taken from you, you join the nihilists."

Zara, crossed to the divan and seated herself beside me, clasping both of my hands in hers, and kissing to it as if she were herself in danger of being torn from my side, or losing me. For a time she pressed my hand between hers, or stroked it gently, and when she resumed speech, it was in a softly-spoken voice.

"Then you find her?"

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

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

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

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

"I could feel that Zara was shuddering with the horror of the scene she had described; not at the deed of that brother who she had tried to save, but at the fact, but because of the awful fate of that poor girl, which the tragic act of her brother brought to her. I drew Zara into my arms, and held her so for a long time, while she wept softly, with her head pillowed against my shoulder; and after a time she resumed haltingly:

"When you turned away from your tragic deed of mercy, you killed the guard who had tried to stop you. You were not escape; how, you do not remember; but you found your way back here—here, to St. Petersburg. Your hair was white, your face was the face of a corpse. You had one more purpose; the death of two men, the emperor and his conspirator. And so you went again to your friends, the nihilists. Hush! I am not through yet. There is more—much more, much more."

### CHAPTER XVI

The Moment of Vengeance.

Zara's intensity of passion during her instant, then continued monotonously: "Then begins months of hopeless waiting. Every day you beg admittance to the palace. Every day you are refused. You write letters, begging that you may be told where your sister is detained, that you may go to her; that you may share her exile. They are unheeded. You know that she is in Siberia, but Siberia is a vast place—greater than all Europe. You petition men and officers, and use to fawn upon you when you were in favor, for information concerning her. They will not even speak to you. They have been ordered not to do so. At last, when nearly five months have passed in this way, friendless and alone, for your property has been taken from you, you join the nihilists."

Zara, crossed to the divan and seated herself beside me, clasping both of my hands in hers, and kissing to it as if she were herself in danger of being torn from my side, or losing me. For a time she pressed my hand between hers, or stroked it gently, and when she resumed speech, it was in a softly-spoken voice.

"Then you find her?"

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

(To be Continued.)

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

### Fashion Hint for Times Readers



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

## WOMEN'S COUNCIL HEARS WARM SUFFRAGETTE TALK

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

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

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

Courtesy Gray was introduced to the large gathering present and in her address said in part:

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

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

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

The president of the International Council of Women, Lady Aberdeen, was presented by Lady Edgar. On behalf of the International Council of Women she tendered her sincere thanks for all the work we are in in the best answer to those doubts, said Lady Aberdeen, eliciting applause.

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

"Physical training lies at the foundation of all other training."

"WOMEN!"

"Are You Nervous?"

The results of modern civilization are evidenced in an increase of nervous disorders. It could not be otherwise with the way we eat, drink, lose sleep, and keep up a continual round of excitement. All tell upon the nerves till they cry out in revolt, and will not be placated till a remedy such as MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS come along with their nerve-strengthening and energizing properties, and restore them to their normal condition.

Mrs. Wm. Levi, Markdale, Ont., writes: "I had for several years been troubled with nervousness, and, like many others, spent lots of money on medicine that did me no good. I was so nervous that I could not sleep, and my heart would thump so you could hear it plainly and I could not lie on my left side at night. I saw a few testimonials of others and decided to try Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and to my great joy and surprise they completely cured me and it only took six boxes to do it. I have a neighbor, Mrs. Ricketts, and I induced her to try them and they effected a cure. I can endorse their use for anyone afflicted as I was."

Price, 50 cents a box, 3 boxes for \$1.25, at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

## Week End Features in SATURDAY'S TIMES

The People's Popular Evening Paper

Without an exception the Evening Times has more special, local features than any paper in the province, and it is because of this that its readership is so large. It is always full of snap and news—this Saturday's—will have

**Full Page Comic Cuts in Colors**

An entire page of humor drawn by the best comic artists. The children look for this

**Special Fashion Page**

Full page—interesting to the ladies—showing the latest styles for summer wear.

**Special Local Features**

By The Times' own writers—happily written—interesting to all readers.

**Full Account of Friday Night's Sports in Moncton**

Written exclusively for The Evening Times—sport lovers watch for this!

**And the World's News**

12 PAGES

Saturday's Times ONE CENT

## Week End Features in SATURDAY'S TIMES

The People's Popular Evening Paper

Without an exception the Evening Times has more special, local features than any paper in the province, and it is because of this that its readership is so large. It is always full of snap and news—this Saturday's—will have

**Full Page Comic Cuts in Colors**

An entire page of humor drawn by the best comic artists. The children look for this

**Special Fashion Page**

Full page—interesting to the ladies—showing the latest styles for summer wear.

**Special Local Features**

By The Times' own writers—happily written—interesting to all readers.

**Full Account of Friday Night's Sports in Moncton**

Written exclusively for The Evening Times—sport lovers watch for this!

**And the World's News**

12 PAGES

Saturday's Times ONE CENT

## A ROSY OUTLOOK FOR THE CANADIAN CROPS

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

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

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

The province showing the largest area of crops is Ontario, with 3,142,200 acres. In the Maritime Provinces the total area in oats is 229,300 acres.

At the end of June 1908 there were 122,399 farms in the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, and at the end of 1908 the homesteads entries, less all cancellations, increased the number to 190,284 or by 10,883,780 acres.

In Prince Edward Island, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick horses are less by 1,021; milch cows by 3,577; other horned cattle by 20,113; sheep by 31,123 and swine by 8,218.

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

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

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

## CARLETON UNION LODGE AT CHURCH

West End Masonic Fraternity Observes St. John's Day

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

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

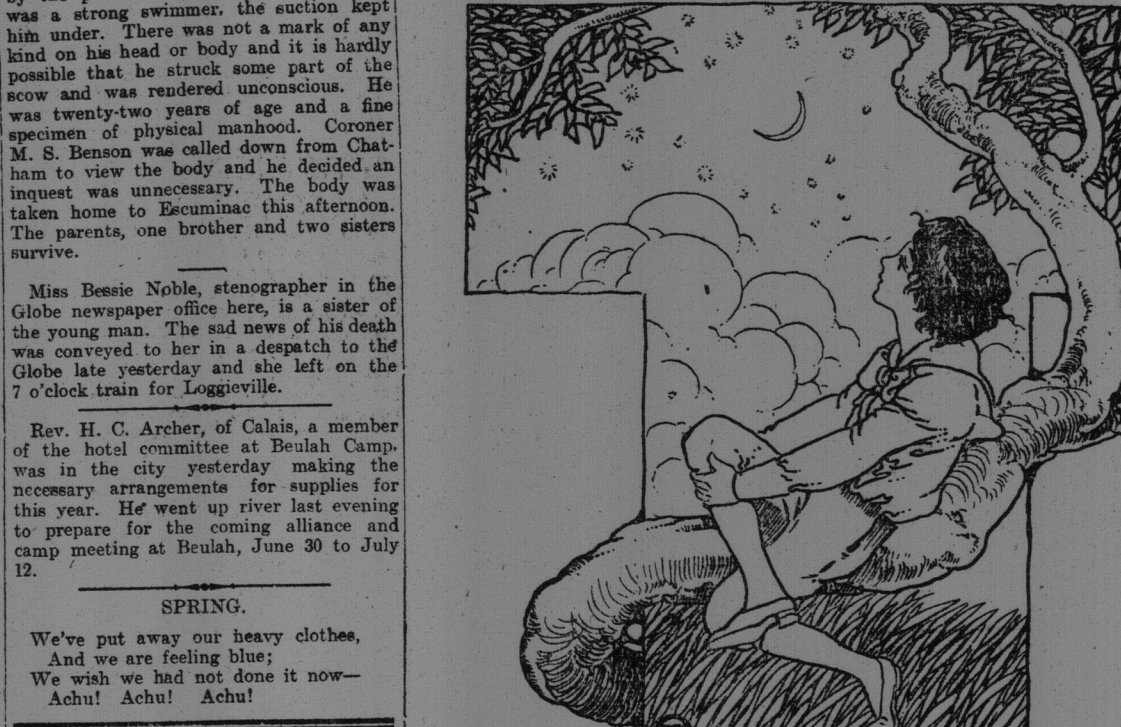
In welcoming the lodge Mr. Reid said that it was always a pleasure for one man to talk to another where there was between the two a community of thought and of ideals. Freemasonry, he said, stood above all for the beauty of character and the perfection of mankind. Its precepts were such as to sink the grosser and elevate the loftier side of man's nature. Its ideals were high and exalted. Behind its closed doors, it advocated the development of such a perfection of character as should receive the approval of the Most High in the Celestial hierarchy above.

The development of this character was, he said, in its earlier and later stages like the building of Solomon's temple, the first building ever erected to the glory of Jehovah. This great building was built for the purpose of making an abode for the Lord, and the perfection of the building, he said, all masons must take their lessons in the perfection of their character and realize the fact that neither the one nor the other was to be considered complete until it was filled with the glory of God.

The recognized object of the building of the temple was to build a house for the Lord, underneath this Solomon had a greater object in its erection, namely that it should be a home for his homestead folk. All present were more or less acquainted with the longings of the soul for an ultimate home or haven of perfect rest. Practical religion had always a primary place in man's life, and the natural response entered at this juncture as one of the main ways toward perfection. In its lessons of self-denial, self-sacrifice and self-control, it entered in and played a prominent part in that perfection which was most desired by one's self, teaching to all what it meant to be a man.

After the service the line was reformed and the members marched back to Masonic Hall, where they disbanded.

## THE TIMES DAILY PUZZLE PICTURE



A LITTLE BOY'S THOUGHT.

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

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

DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT is a certain cure for all kinds of skin diseases, such as eczema, psoriasis, etc., at all dealers or by mail on receipt of price by Dr. Chase's Ointment Co., Toronto, Ont.