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PRINCESS ZARA
BY ROSS BEECKMAN.

(Continued)

Sabre's Prophecy.

All this time I had forgotten Ivan, whom I had left, bound and helpless, at my rooms, and who, I knew, must be suffering untold tortures of doubt and dread, concerning the happenings of the night. So now I hastened to him with all speed. Poor chap, he was nearly done for by the strained position he had been compelled to maintain for so long a time, but I have always believed that I did him good, and that without it he might have been less tractable, when the time came for a reconciliation with his sister. It gave him an opportunity for the right sort of meditation, which, perhaps, he had never enjoyed before. Every time the temptation came to him to break his bonds and make his escape, he remembered that he must remain where he was, for the sake of his sister he loved so well, whose life would be forfeited so easily, if he should carry to his millstone friends the knowledge he possessed. I found him weak and worn, but still firm in the determination to await my coming. I unbound him, gave him food and wine, and as soon as he was sufficiently recovered removed his dross and took him to Zarah's house.

I made him wait until he had gone to her, and told her of my last interview with the emperor, and I succeeded in securing her reluctant consent to go to the place with me that day. There I called to Ivan, and when I saw the brother and sister clasped in each other's arms, I left them alone together. What passed between them, I have never been told, and I never thought it necessary to ask. I only know that when I returned to the mission which Ivan offered me, I found his hand, tenderly, and I grasped it, warmly.

"You are to be my brother," he said; "and Zarah tells me that you two are going to America, to live. May I go with you, Dubravnik? Will you take me, so, out of this hell of plotting and scheming, and this chase of exile and death? Will you make me an American, and let me be your brother, indeed?"

After that, we three passed a very happy hour together, after which I hurried to my room, and I found that Zarah had accompanied me into the presence of the czar, that evening. I had not told her of the death of Prince Michael, for the knowledge of it, and why he had killed himself, could only cast a shadow over the great joy she was now experiencing; afterward, there would be a time and place for the telling, and I did not want the knowledge of it to come upon her with a shock just now.

Weeks afterward, when we were on the deck of the steamer that was taking us to my own country, as we stood together, overlooking a moonlit sea, she reached up, and with one of her soft, fair hands, turned my face towards hers with a gesture that was characteristic, and I loved it.

"Dubravnik," she said—she still insists that she will always address me so, because it is the name by which the first knew me—"I do not know myself, any more. I am not the same woman who was once so wonderful. Love has taught me how to forgive. Love has made me over again. I am no longer the same Zarah."

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

"Tell me," she asked, after another interval of gaining access to the waters, "shall we see Alexis Sabre's, over there, where your home is?"

I did not answer the question, for upon the instant she mentioned the name of my friend, it recalled to me the circumstance of my last parting with him. I remembered the sealed envelope he had given me, and the instructions that came with it. I had forgotten it entirely, until that moment; but now, without replying to her question, I drew the missive from my pocket and broke the seal.

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

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

And this is the letter Zarah read aloud to me, while we two leaned against the rail of the vessel that was bearing us to our home across the sea. The man in the moon was looking down, and smiling upon our happiness, and shedding sufficient light for my sweetheart-wife to see Sabre's written words. They were:

Derrington, these written words are to make you and Zarah de Echeveria known to each other. Months will pass, and many of them may do so, before you will read what is written here; and it may be, likely will be, that you are standing side by side when you break the seal of the last communication, written or oral, which I shall probably ever submit to you. For our paths, henceforth, will lead us widely apart, Derrington. You are a free agent, the arbiter of your own destiny; I am one who can take no initiative regarding the paths I must tread. But this letter is not to speak of mystery, but to tell you about her, if, perchance, when you read these words, you have never met.

Yesterday, when a ship sailed away from its pier in the North River, you accompanied me to the dock amidst that I should ask you to do so, and doubtless wondering all the while why I made no effort to see, or to speak with any person, there. But when the ship swung into the stream, you saw me wave my hand in farewell to some person among those who thronged her decks. That person was Zarah de Echeveria, the princess to whose presence in New York you lately called my attention, but respecting which I was already informed; for at the moment of your communication I had already seen her, and talked with her, and we had parted as you and I will do when I place this letter in your hands—forever.

You are going upon a mission, Derrington, although it may be that you have not decided in your own mind to do so; but the decision is there, awaiting your recognition of it. Your mission will take you to Russia, to accept of the great one I have suggested to you. I have willed it that you must go, and go you will. You will serve the czar as faithfully as I have done; but better, because you are not a Russian, and you have not the inborn awe of title and rank.

And you will have been successful in that mission when you have read these written words, for I shall instruct you not to break the seal until you are ready to take your departure from our country, which you will never do without having attained success. You are to serve the czar as faithfully as I have done, and to achieve the disruption of the nihilist societies of St. Petersburg, and therefore the empire, know me, and my name, and I anticipate that very many among the prominent revolutionists will soon be known to you. Among them you will find the name I have written here—Zarah de Echeveria.

I present her to you, Derrington, by the name of Zarah Derrington, together in the form of formal introduction. I am a fatalist, and I know that the fate of the future of you both, when I talk with you, one after another, yesterday, and I saw you passing down the declining years of life, hand in hand, and heart with heart, like one.

If Zarah be not with you, seek her. The name will be familiar to you, even though she may have escaped your personal recognition till now. Therefore, I repeat with Zarah be not with you, turn back and seek her. I charge you so.

But something tells me that you will be together, standing side by side, hand in hand, in the great love that has come to you both, than all your dreams have ever promised. Therefore, I bless you and may the good God who made you for each other, hold you in his keeping always.

SABRE'S.

Zarah and I were both strangely silent after reading of the letter, but I took her quietly in my arms, and she pillowed her head against my shoulder while we looked out across the moonlit sea, gazing at God, and insensibly calling down blessings upon the name of our good friend who had written the letter.

"Sabre's," I said, "I know me to be a nihilist, and warned me against it that day," she said to me.

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

"He was a good man."

Who can tell how Alexis Sabre's could have foreseen this meeting of the ways, between Zarah and me? What was it that directed his prophetic vision across the mystery of many months, to discover us two, standing side by side, when we perused his letter? What was it that told him that we would love and wed?

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

He was a mystery to me when I knew him, he remains a mystery still. But the greatest mystery of all is love.

THE END.

Fashion Hint for Times Readers

HAT TRIMMED WITH SWEET PEAS.

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

MANY AMERICAN SPORTSMEN IN CANADA AFTER SALMON

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

(New York Exchange.)

James J. Hill and his fishing companions are now in camp on the St. John river, nearly 400 miles below Quebec, on the fringe of the Labrador peninsula, are having royal sport. They left their yachts on June 20 and got to Mr. Hill's river, for which he pays the government of the Province of Quebec \$5,000 a year, before the salmon die, or at least before they were in a humor to rise to the anglers' flies. After a day or two, however, the sport grew fast and furious, and before the railway ragnate completes his stay of three weeks upon his river he has taken an astounding score of from 200 to 300 fish to his own rod. Mr. Hill is a most persistent fisherman, casting from fairly early morning as long as it is light, and he has been seen at the water at night, without any apparent fatigue after the first few days in camp. His angling companions this season are George F. Baker, Samuel Thorne, J. W. Hill, President George B. Harris of the Burlington and Dr. George D. Stewart, of Southern Pacific, and others.

The St. John is a river of the finest fish in the world, and it is a river of the finest fish in the world, and it is a river of the finest fish in the world. The St. John is a river of the finest fish in the world, and it is a river of the finest fish in the world.

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

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HOSPITAL FOR TUBERCULOSIS

Ottawa Will Have a Large One Ready By December

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

CZAR CELEBRATES A GREAT VICTORY

At Bi-Centennial of the Battle of Poltava His Majesty Receives Traditional Bread and Salt.

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

The Imperial train halted at the station of Lumnine near Pinsk, where His Majesty received a deputation of ten railway machinists who brought the traditional Russian offering of bread and salt.

The emperor shook hands with all the members of the deputation and conversed with each personally. Later at the station at Staryi His Majesty received the marshalls of nobility, the representatives of the Polish aristocracy as well as deputations from the provinces of Volhynia, Podolia and Kiev. There were also numerous deputations of village elders, rabbis, members of the Jewish community and groups of school children at the station to welcome the emperor.

CENTURIES OF PEACE

(Montreal Star.)

The proposal of Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King that Canada should celebrate in some striking fashion their "hundred years of peace" is an idea which should not be dismissed without consideration. We are constantly commemorating the triumphs of war. Battlefields, dismantled fortresses, renowned battleships are the scenes of our most imposing ceremonies and inspiring orations until the gaping holes which history are imbued with the notion that only in war are great deeds done and that fights are the only events worth commemorating. The effect of this insidious teaching upon generation after generation cannot be measured. If war alone is to be lauded, peace comes to wear a sort of ignominious air. It is comfortable and ignominious. We are prodigal of years, we are prodigal of the light of dawn still shines upon us; and the dazzle of glory attracts our young eyes as the flame cools the moth. Now this being the case, what fruits can we expect to gather from this constant glorification of war and its exploits and the perpetual ignoring of peace and triumph? We will not teach the young, who contribute much of the motive power to the movements of the nation, that war, while possibly dangerous and certainly costly, is not an unmitigated evil; and that, if they hope to have their names remembered after they are dead, they must find some opportunity to win reputation at the cannon's mouth?

As an offset to this, a great international celebration of a century of peace might well be a remedy, as to some extent it would see that peace was not after all something of which we were a trifle ashamed—a luxury which we indulged in at the expense of our manhood. Let us grow enthusiastic over peace occasionally and not save all our rhetoric for the blazing deeds of war. "Peace sitting under her olive and slurring the days gone by," is not a pretty picture of the condition which, in all truth, is the sole purpose of

CANADIAN AIRSHIPS WILL BEAT RECORDS, CLAIMS AN INVENTOR

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

The only remedy for gray hair, if there must be a remedy, is to find some sort of dye that will change its color again to the proper color. It is a lack of sulphur and iron that often causes the hair to turn gray before its proper time, and certain properties possessed by these are needed to darken as well as strengthen the scalp becomes either too oily or too dry, and the natural oils are either too scant or too excessive in supplying the nutriment. So the lustrous fades with the color. One of the best methods is to take both sulphur and iron in small doses to replace these qualities lacking in the blood, and the advice of a physician is also needed. Tonic are of very little aid in such conditions and a stain is needed. There are many preparations of walnut

The First Gray Hair

Nothing in a woman's life matters quite so much to her as her first gray hair. The finding of the gray hair among the masses of her hair is a very hard to compound. The result is often most unsatisfactory. It is much better for a woman who determines, against common sense, to have her hair stained to have the work done by a professional.

In the Orient women use henna leaves to dye the tips of the fingers, and in this country women use it who desire a reddish tint to their hair. The dye can be noticed very often, but otherwise it does not injure the texture of the hair to any great extent, as other dyes do. A paste made from henna leaves may be applied with good result as far as the coloring goes, and this is made by macerating the leaves in hot water. The hair should be clean, well rinsed and very dry, otherwise the stain will not take hold and will have little effect. The paste is applied all over the head and hair is allowed to dry on, then clear, tepid water should be used to clean it off.

VERY ROUGH
Young Lawyer—This is but a rough draft of my brief, and a stain is needed. Old Lawyer—Then it needs filing.

MANY AMERICAN SPORTSMEN IN CANADA AFTER SALMON

Yet there is still living an old angler who 40 years ago paid but \$100 a year for the lease of the entire Restigouche river, now valued at considerably over a million of dollars. Mr. Brackett the angler question, is the famous fisher of Boston, who created the four pictures of which reproductions are so common entitled "The Rise," "The Leap," "The Struggle" and "Landed." He is now 80 years of age and is at present fishing on the Marguerite, a branch of the Saguenay, where he still shortly be joined by Henry Russell, attorney of the Michigan Central Railway, Detroit. Mr. Brackett is an adept at salmon fishing, and even now thinks nothing of going down a rapid in a birch bark canoe standing up in the frail craft and hanging on to a running salmon at the other end of his line.

Mr. Brackett's eye illustrates the fact that salmon fishermen persist in fishing the very best, no matter how old they may be. Dean Sage did while fishing on the banks of the Restigouche a few years ago, and in the following season he was taken to the same place at the same time and the same fate overtook the late Dean Hoffman, Col. Sweeney also died on the Restigouche, and he was followed similarly overtook A. T. Patterson, of Montreal, the senior director of the Bank of Montreal. He was 65 years of age and had just made several years, using a fairly heavy rod, when he was suddenly stricken with apoplexy in his boat and had almost breathed his last by the time he was taken ashore. He is remembered that ex-Gov. Russell of Massachusetts died suddenly in camp by the side of the Saguenay, in the Gaspé district of Canada, though in his case the cause of course had nothing to do with fishing.

Another club of millionaires leases the Cascapeche from the Quebec government paying some \$10,000 annually for the privilege. It was the club to which belonged the late John G. Heister, secretary of the New York Horse show. It was formed by W. H. de Forrest and Harry Holt, and was the property of Mr. De Forrest. H. R. H. the Princess Louise are credited with killing the two largest salmon taken on the banks of the Saguenay, one of 54 pounds, the other 52. The present Prince of Wales has also fished the Cascapeche, as well as most of the Governors-General of Canada. When King Edward was taken to the Marguerite river for salmon fishing, and though a fine salmon was hooked for him by his guide he failed to save it.

In 1871 MITCHELL is one of the last set anglers to pass through Quebec on his way to the Restigouche, where in the past he was in the habit of fishing with William K. Vanderbilt, Billy Florence, Edward White, Henry T. Sloane, the Rev. William S. Rainford, Robert Goetz, William L. Breeze and other club members.

Some individual salmon pools on the Restigouche have been sold as high as from \$20,000 to \$30,000, and in some instances the vendors were poor farmers who happened to own the strip of land bordering upon the valuable piece of water where the salmon ran below a dam or rapids on their difficult journey to their spawning grounds.

Some of the earliest fishermen to visit the salmon rivers this spring have returned home with scarcely a fish to their credit while those who are at present on the river report excellent sport.

Rarely, however, has it been given to any salmon fisherman to enjoy the luck described from the Godbout river on the north shore, where the guardian of the stream, Napoleon Comeau, in one day killed 67 fish weighing 635 pounds.

Sir Lomer Gouin, prime minister of Quebec, and a party of friends are fishing with much success the finest river on the north shore of the Gulf—the Moisie—as guests of Ivers W. Adams of Boston. He bought the entire bed of this river from the government with all fishing rights which are more than 810,000. The fish in this river often weigh from 30 to 40 pounds each and they are exceedingly abundant. Litigation is now pending before the Privy Council in London as to the proprietorship of the fishing rights in the Moisie, which is claimed by a party owning most of the river banks. The question is one of vast importance to American salmon fishermen, as it may affect many other fishing rights in Canada based on riparian ownership.

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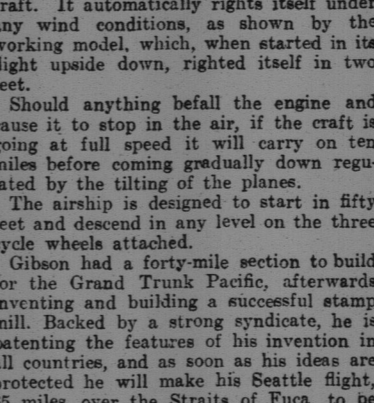
BRONCHITIS, RHEUMATISM, GRAVEL, BRIGHT'S DISEASE, NEURALGIA, DIABETES, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE URINARY TRACT.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Dodd, 23 THE PROSPERITY BUILDING, LONDON, E.C.

BACK TO THE NORTH

New York, July 8.—Mene Wallace, the unhappy Equimaux boy who was brought to the United States 14 years ago by Commander Perry, will sail on the Red Cross liner Rosalind, from New York next Saturday, bound for Greenland, where, among his own people he will at least be permitted to live again the only life that seems to him worth living. Officers of the steamship company will finance the trip.

The Times Daily Puzzle Picture



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