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IN UP-TO-DATE SPRING CLOTHES at right prices will be found here. We have the nobby kind of Spring Suits at prices to suit all purses.

New Spring Suits, \$5.00 to \$22.00

Are you looking for real values? If so, this is the store where you will always find them. Our clothes are of the right standard and at lowest prices.

We are selling \$1.00 Soft Front Shirts, with separate cuffs, for 79c.

The Viper of Milan.

A ROMANCE OF LOMBARDY.
BY MARJORIE BOWEN.

(Continued.)

"Where is she?" he asked for in the gloom he could not see the silent figure in the corner. "Where is she, Tizio?"

"The girl with the pretty hair," began his brother; but Visconti grasped him by the arm with a cry.

"Bring me a light!" he cried, "a light!"

With trembling hands Tizio lit the lamp and brought it near. Its yellow light fell over Visconti's green dress and Graziosa's bright hair.

"If it should be so!" muttered Visconti. "If it should be so!"

The light was faint but it showed him enough. He looked into her face, and his own changed darkly.

"Tizio," he said, "she's dead! Graziosa! Graziosa!"

He bent closer, eagerly. "Get help, Tizio! help!"

And Tizio, eager, alert, put the lamp in the window, where it flung long, ghostly shadows, and sped calling down the stairs.

Visconti had sent for help, yet even while he sent he knew it useless: she was dead! He stood looking at her. Poison!—she had poisoned herself. Something was tightly locked in her right hand! he forced the fingers apart, and looked at it—poison.

"How dared she do it?" he muttered, with an ever-darkening face. "How dared she?—who gave it her? Who dared to give it her?"

He would never have thought it lay in her to do this. All Milan must know she had preferred to die rather than be his bride. He had failed in this, though he had sworn he could not, though he had sworn she would share his throne before them all—the woman who loved him for himself alone. He remembered Valentine. Valentine had done this.

At his feet lay the satin garments and the jewels Graziosa had flung aside; he would not wear them. Not all his power could do that; not all his pride, all his ambition, could make her wear the crown, without the love, Gian Visconti stamped his foot. How dared she! How dared she!

Her eyes would never sparkle at his coming nor soften at his good-by. And Visconti, coming back to look at her again, was awed; affection stirred anew, and something like respect at the sight of her still dignity.

He looked around to find the door full of anxious faces, and Tizio behind him. "Finely I am served!" he cried in a transport. "Do you see that? Lady Graziosa goes unattended? She hath been murdered and those who should have been with her shall die for it!"

Weeping ladies and frightened pages crept in and stood aghast, silent at what they saw—more silent at his face.

Visconti stood before Graziosa's body and looked at them with mad eyes; he held a white rose in his fingers. The flickering lamp was just over his head; its light fell on his face and on hers—her sweet face that told its own tale.

For some moments Visconti was silent, gazing at them wildly, and it seemed to more than one of those who crowded there appalled that there came a new expression to his face, a new look into his widely opened eyes—not madness and not rage—but fear.

"In a week I would have made her Duchess of Milan," he said at last, with a sudden break in his voice; and he dropped his white rose at her dead feet, with a shudder, and turned away, through the crowd that fell away from him, down the stairs in silence.

It was two hours later, in the hushed, awe-struck, half-expectant palace, when

HAD THIRTY-TWO BOILS AT ONE TIME

Two Bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters Cured Him.

Imperfect organic action makes bad blood, so, too, bad blood, in turn, makes imperfect action of every bodily organ. If the blood becomes impure, poisoned or contaminated in any way from constipation, biliousness or any other cause, some especially weak organ must become diseased thereby, or the whole system may suffer in consequence.

Pimples, boils, blotches, ulcers, festering sores, abscesses, tumors, rashes or some serious and perhaps incurable blood disease may result. There is no medicine on the market to-day to equal the old and well-known remedy,

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

For all cases of bad blood.

Visconti opened the door of his inner room and stepped into the antechamber, where one page kept watch.

To him the Duke beckoned, handing him a glass with milk-white lines circling it, a slender, flower-like glass with a long stem.

"Fill up with wine," he said. "The page obeyed."

"Now bring the glass and follow me," said Visconti, and left the room, the boy behind him.

Before his sister's door he paused. Soldiers guarded it: within could be heard footsteps and anxious, frightened voices, the whispers of the tragedy. The key was turned; he entered, opening the door quietly, admitting himself and the page, the great clock's face, "Stay!"

The room was lofty, and like all Visconti's rooms, ill-lit. A great crucifix hung at the end and before it knelt Valentine. When she heard the door she turned and started to her feet.

"Put the wine down and go," said Visconti to the page. "Ah, no!" cried Valentine. "Let the page stay, Gian!"

She stepped forward with imploring eyes upon the boy.

"Go," said Visconti again. "In the name of mercy, stay!" cried Valentine, in sudden desperate fear, seeing her brother's face, "Stay!"

The wretched page hesitated, but not for long. Visconti turned once more, and he tapped on the door to be let out, making no more ado.

Visconti watched him go, then stepped to the inner door and looked it on the woman whispering and quaking within.

Valentine tried to speak; the words died away on her tongue; she felt back against the tapestry, grasping it in stiff fingers, her eyes on his face.

Visconti seated himself at the table on which the page had stood the glass, and resting his face on his hands, looked at her. The Viper on his doublet seemed to writhe, alive.

"Graziosa is dead," he said. Valentine's eyes grew wild with fear. "I did not kill her!" she cried. "I did not kill her, Gian!"

"I found her dead," said Visconti, still looking at her.

Valentine writhed against the wall, wringing her hands. "She slew herself," she moaned. "I did not kill her!"

"I shall not kill thee," said Gian. "I shall not kill thee at the wine as he spoke, with a smile."

Valentine threw herself on her knees. "I did not touch her!" she screamed wildly. "I did not lay a hand on her!"

"I shall not touch thee; I shall not lay a hand on thee," smiled Visconti. "Then I shall not die? I shall not die?"

She staggered to her feet, with an effort to be calm.

"Thou wilt not die?" said Visconti, softly, his eyes on her. "Thou wilt drink this—this." And he touched the glass beside him.

"Thou canst not be so cruel," pleaded Valentine. "I am thy sister, Gian!"

"Do I think so much of family affection?" said Visconti. "Still, she was to be my wife! Thou wilt drink this."

Valentine flung herself on her knees again, and dragged herself along the floor toward him.

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.



SATIN AGAIN IN FAVOR.

The simplicity of this costume is characteristic of the fashions of this season. The material is a soft chiffon satin in the new shade of grayish green, which the French designate as dying moss. Both bodice and skirt are trimmed with lace dyed in two shades, a soft cream and a pale green, which tones beautifully with the satin. The skirt is a tunic model trimmed with deep self-colored silk fringe and panelled at the front and sides with the lace bands. The jumper bodice, with guimpe of cream-finished net is draped over a tight lining boned snugly to the figure and forming a foundation for the high girle. Drop ornaments in green finish the girle and sleeves, and a touch of pale blue appears in tiny bows on the collar and sleeves.

cried. "Wilt thou drink this? or who dost thou think will dare to interrupt me now?"

Valentine's wild eyes looked at him in silence a moment, then her glance dropped.

"Give it me," she whispered. Visconti did not move. "Come and take it," he said.

She came slowly, one hand against the wall, her long shadow flickering before her.

Visconti watched her motionless. "Make haste," he said. "Make haste."

She came to the table, her eyes down, her breast heaving, past tears or entreaties.

"Drink!" said Visconti, leaning with narrowing eyes across the space between them. "Drink in it Della Scala's health, as thou didst once before."

Valentine raised her head and looked at him, and grew fascinated with terror. She crouched away from him, and lifted the glass to her lips.

Visconti bent nearer and she shrank, putting it down half empty with a shudder and staring eyes.

Visconti smiled, and brought the evil of his face still nearer. "Drink the rest," he said. "Drink it, Valentine."

Still in silence she obeyed him. When the empty glass stood before him Visconti turned away, taking his eyes from her with a laugh, and walked toward the door.

(To be continued.)

"You Will Suffer all Your Life."

SAID ALL THE DOCTORS

Half a dozen of the best physicians told Mr. Baker that he had Chronic Rheumatism, and would have it as long as he lived. One day Mr. Baker read in a paper of a man who had been told by doctors that his case was hopeless—and who had been completely cured by GIN PILLS.

The two cases were so much alike that Mr. Baker decided he would invest in a box of GIN PILLS and give them a trial.

It was the best investment he ever made. Before the first box was taken, he felt better all over, so he got another. He took that and bought a third, getting better all the time.

Hinesville, May 8, 1906.

I have been greatly benefited by your GIN PILLS, and all who have used them in this neighborhood speak very highly of them.

One of my neighbors, Mr. X., who suffered for years with Rheumatism and who has spent hundreds of dollars with specialists without receiving the slightest benefit, was entirely cured by two boxes of GIN PILLS. He is proclaiming their virtues from the "household."

We don't even ask you to buy GIN PILLS—but to try them at our expense. Write us, mentioning this paper, and we will gladly send you a free sample of these wonderful Kidney Pills that cure Rheumatism. The Sole Drug Co., Winnipeg, Man.

Sold by all dealers—50c. a box, or 6 boxes for \$2.50—or sent on receipt of price.

SIX YEAR OLD BOY DROWNED AT OXFORD

Amherst, N. S., April 29—News was received here this afternoon of the drowning at Oxford (N. S.), Saturday evening of Cecil Teed, aged six, son of Walter Teed, who with other boys and girls was standing on the bank of Little River fishing. The bank gave way beneath them and Cecil was thrown into the water, which, owing to the spring freshets is exceedingly high. The other children made heroic efforts to save the little fellow without avail. His young sister succeeded in throwing a board out to him and he made frantic efforts to reach it, but did not succeed, and before other help arrived he perished.

Grapping parties searched unsuccessfully all day yesterday for the body. Deceased's mother is dead and he was living with his aunt, Mrs. J. Dixon Teed.

HALIFAX BARQUE OVERDUE

Boston, April 29—The British bark Osberga, with fifteen persons on board, including the captain's wife, has been more than twice as long as usual on her voyage from East Harbor, Turks Island, with a cargo of salt, and has not yet been sighted off the coast. It is believed that she has been driven off her course, and may have been the vessel which was sighted on April 2 by the steamer El Paso, off the eastern coast of Cuba. The Osberga is owned in Halifax and is commanded by Captain Hatfield, of Yarmouth (N. S.)

MRS. JARLEY'S WAXWORKS

Entertainment Last Night in Aid of the Free Kindergarten.

The entertainment given in St. David's church school room last night under the auspices of and for the benefit of the Free Kindergarten was a pronounced success. The large hall was quite filled with a delighted gathering. Mrs. Jarley's wax works proved very amusing. Mrs. L. A. Curry played the part of the proud proprietress to perfection and Dr. Malcolm and Mr. Macmichael as her assistants, Peter and John, were all that could be desired.

The artistic triumph of the evening was the performance of the Toy Symphony. This was an orchestra of sixteen instruments and two vocalists, among the instruments being such toys as rattles, cuckoos, quails, nightingales, trumpet and bells. During the evening Mrs. Curry announced that the King's Messengers will hold an entertainment in that church for the same object Friday evening.

Those who took part in the wax work exhibition were: Miss Maud Magee, Miss Bessie Holt, Miss Lily Raymond, Miss Winnie Fairweather, Miss Kathleen Gillis, Miss Beatrice Skinner, Miss Mabel McAvity, Miss Ethel Jarvis, Miss Muriel Gillis, Miss Daisy Sears, Dr. and Mrs. Sidney Emerson, Lawrence Allen, Master William Curry, Sidney Kaye, Charles Knight, E. S. Ritchie, Miss Bessie Foster and Miss May Winter. The following were the instrumentalists in the toy symphony: Miss Hea, pianist; Mrs. Buchanan, tri-angel; Miss McCarty, cuckoo; Miss Logan, A., which occurred on April 22, in Toronto. Mr. Ralston is managing director of the National Life Assurance Company. When in St. John he was manager of the Great West Company.

An important meeting of the New Brunswick Press Association will be held in this city on Thursday evening, May 7. It has been called by President Stewart to discuss the proposed excessive postal rates (Canadian newspapers entering the United States, a subject of great importance to all publishers.

Many St. John friends will sympathize with Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Ralston in the death of their 13 year old son, Douglas A., which occurred on April 22, in Toronto. Mr. Ralston is managing director of the National Life Assurance Company. When in St. John he was manager of the Great West Company.

F. W. Daniel returned to the city yesterday.

A Few Opinions

"The United States is a large body of land surrounded by the Senate and House of Representatives."

"Also, by numerous state legislatures that are sometimes bought up at wholesale and sometimes at retail."

"Columbus thought he had discovered something big, but if he had come four hundred years later he might have got his whack of the graft."

"Up to a late date the railroads of America owned the country. Now the President owns them."

"It is the general opinion of the residents of the U. S. that there are at least four Senators not elected by any railroad or trust, and who are trying to do business on the square. But no man has yet been found who has nerve enough to name them."

"The U. S. has several philanthropists. They give public libraries and large sums for educational purposes, and then raise the price of iron and kerosene oil to get even."

"It is confidently believed that the U. S. has at least five district attorneys who are not afraid of the politicians or the gamblers, but as one of them has lately proved himself insane while trying to prove a prisoner sane the public are not quite sure that they have got a good thing."

"If it wasn't for the lakes and the large rivers in the U. S. the trusts and corporations would have hard work to water their stocks. As it is, they can water a hundred thousand dollar corporation up to five million in about two hours."



Columbus would have gotten his whack of the graft.

There are large ranges of mountains and vast prairies in the U. S. but the mountains are in the hands of the Wood-chuck Trust and the prairies have been stolen by the cattlemen.

"There are a few aldermen who have not got rich by serving two terms in office, but it was because they got there too late, and not because of their honesty."

"There are people who do not regard America as a desirable place to live in. They are kickers who'd raise a row if they were up among the angels, and no attention should be paid to them."

JOE KEER.

MAY COME TO CANADA

Toronto, April 29—It is reported here that Colliers Weekly will start a branch in Toronto on account of the increased rates for carriage under the new postal law. The firm is negotiating for land for a \$100,000 building now.

Let me mail you free, to prove merit samples of my Dr. Shoop's Restorative, and my book on either Dyspepsia, The Heart, or The Kidneys. Address me, Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. Troubles of the Stomach, Heart or Kidneys are merely symptoms of a deeper ailment. Don't make the common error of treating symptoms only. Symptom treatment is treating the result of your ailment, and not the cause. Weak Stomach nerves—the inside nervous—means stomach weakness, always. And the heart and kidneys as well, have their controlling or inside nerves. Weaken these nerves and you inevitably have weak vital organs. Here is where Dr. Shoop's Restorative has made its fame. No other remedy even claims to treat the "inside nerves." Also for bloating, biliousness, bad breath or complexion, use Dr. Shoop's Restorative. Write for my free book now Dr. Shoop's Restorative sold by all druggists.

Toronto, April 30—A despatch from Fernie (B. C.) at 1 o'clock this morning says the strike is settled, and the miners will resume work at once.

D. F. Brown left last evening on an extended pleasure trip through Canada. He will go to the coast before returning.

The Piano Loved by Musicians



There are pianos, living on their past reputation. There are others that do not enjoy the same reputation in Canada that they are supposed to hold in other lands.

The New Scale Williams is no such piano. It is loved for itself. The ravishing tone, in all its glorious sweetness, evenness and volume—the sensitive, sympathetic touch—the power and possibilities of this magnificent instrument—make it the delight of the artist, the proudest possession of the home.

The builders of the New Scale Williams make price the last consideration. It is solely a question of superiority at every stage of the work.

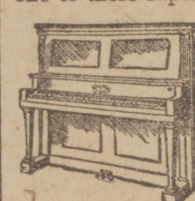
The New Scale Williams Piano

is mechanically and architecturally perfect. Its creation from wood and metal is the work of master hands, directed by the deans of the art of piano building.

It is, beyond question, Canada's finest piano, and one of the world's masterpieces. It is the virtuoso's preference—the singer's greatest assistant—the choice of the teacher—the joy of the amateur.

Fill in the coupon below—take to your local dealer or send to us—and receive, absolutely free, several booklets issued by us—all beautifully illustrated and wonderfully interesting to anyone contemplating the purchase of a piano.

Our easy payment plan enables practically everyone to buy one of these superb instruments.



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GRAY'S SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM stops the irritating tickle—takes away the soreness—soothes and heals the throat—and CURES COUGHS to stay cured.

None the less effective because it is pleasant to take.

25 cts. bottle.

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THE TELEGRAPH and TIMES enjoy a greater advertising patronage than any other two papers in New Brunswick, and if business is any indication of ability to deliver results, then The Big Papers are always "making good."

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