

Store open evenings until 8 p. m.

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Union Clothing Company

26-28 Charlotte Street, St. John, N. B.

Old Y. M. C. A. Building.

ALEX. CORBET, Mgr

SMART EASTER SUITS

Never before was there shown by one retail clothing house a selection of SMART EASTER CLOTHING in all the latest and most desirable fabrics and latest cuts than you can find now at this popular growing store.

\$15.00 HERE

Will buy you one of the finest, smartest and most desirable \$20 suits ever sold at our price. We have other smart Easter suits for men from \$5 to \$22.

BOYS' and YOUTHS' TOP COATS.—We have just received a shipment of Top Coats for Boys and Youths, sizes 23 to 35, latest all wool covert cloths. These Toppers are exceptionally good value at \$5, but we will sell them for this week for **\$3.75 each.** Sizes from 23 to 35. Have your little fellow fitted out.

Get a \$3.00 Trouser for \$1.98

while they last. Not many left now. So don't delay time.

We Sell Progress Brand Clothing

This Brand Clothing is made to FIT and made to WEAR. The prices are unequalled.

Union Clothing Co.

The Viper of Milan.

A ROMANCE OF LOMBARDY.

BY MARJORIE BOWEN.

(Continued.)
CHAPTER TEN.

THE TURQUOISE GLOVES.

Della Scala is alive!

The news flew like fire around Milan, rousing even the indifferent to some interest. The rumors then were true? Della Scala was alive? In the market-place, in the streets, in the houses it was discussed—the name of Della Scala was on every lip. But in the Visconti palace it was not spoken. Silent, somber as ever, the castle frowned over its beautiful gardens, and, only by the companies of horses that spurred out of its side gates to fortify still more strongly the nine cities once held by Della Scala and now the Visconti's, only by this could it be told how much the news meant to the man within.

Giannotto, walking softly through the corridors, paused and looked out into the garden.

Something had caught his keen eye, and he watched, hidden by the curtain of purple silk.

A sea of flowers lay spread beneath him, while beyond a more formal part of the grounds, crowned with white terraces and set with cypress-trees, rose clear against the sapphire sky. To the right lay Isotta d'Este's prison, the western tower, a massive building of huge strength, encircled on three sides with a moat, and guarded by soldiers.

Giannotto's eyes glanced from the silver banner that hung above, lifeless in the summer air, to the soldiers at their posts below.

Their was an entrance to the tower near to the palace, guarded, but little used, half-hidden by myrtle that had filled up the dried moat and climbed up the wall; and, as Giannotto still watched, the figure he had seen enter there, hooded and cloaked, passed out again hurriedly sped between the sentries, who studiously took no heed, and was soon out to sight along the winding paths.

The movement was quick, the figure gone almost as soon as noticed; a casual

observer would have taken little heed, but Giannotto's eyes were trained, and he knew the figure for whose it was: Valentine Visconti.

"She must have bribed high," he thought. "High indeed. Why should she visit the prison of Isotta d'Este?"

He followed her figure across the garden with curious, suspicious thoughts.

"She is daring," he mused, "and foolish. Did she think no man's eyes could be on her, when Visconti has spies who are to watch her every movement?"

He turned back into the corridor, twisting the ends of his scarlet robe between his fingers, and smiling to himself.

The secretary was in a better humor than his master; that Massimo della Scala should live to vex Visconti, that he should have snatched von Schulemburg, one of his dearest victims, back from under the very hand, pleased Giannotto, as did anything that annoyed Visconti, save when his master's rage was such that his secretary felt its working. The Duke knew to be alone. The brief audience he accorded was long over. Visconti had no friends; they who must, sought him in the morning in the audience room. For the rest, like the others of his tainted race, he lived alone.

He paused outside Visconti's door, and the secretary smoothed a smile from his face, and, tapping slightly, entered with a silent, cringing movement.

The chamber was dark, although it was full noonday.

Visconti had no love for the sunlight, and even the narrow windows were obscured and shrouded in dark purple.

The walls were paneled in carved wood, but, apart from the stiff chairs, the sole furniture of the apartment was a long low chest, set open, and showing silver goblets and curious bottles and glasses twisted into strange shapes, and colored.

At the farther end were two doors close together, and between them sat Visconti, huddled up against the wall, gazing at the floor with strained, wide-open eyes.

Giannotto, entering softly, noticed in his hand a bracelet, fashioned as a snake, emerald green, of striking workmanship.

"A messenger from the Bologna embassy, my lord," he said, closing the door behind him, "has entreated me to ask thy attention to them."

Visconti looked up quickly, and put out of sight the bracelet with a snap of anger.

"What, do the Bolognese trouble me?" he said fiercely.

"They only follow the example of the Pavians, my lord," returned the secretary smoothly. "They would have thy mediation between the rival factions in their state."

"My mediation! Pavia asked it, as thou say'st, and so did Bergamo; yet do the twins who then appealed to me reign in either city now? The Bolognese are foolish," said Visconti.

Giannotto shrugged his shoulders. "That need not trouble thee, my lord! Bologna is a wealthy town. Thy lordship will think of it."

The secretary's eyes were on the ground. Gian Galeazzo slipped his bracelet into his doublet and rose.

"Aye, I will think of it," he said, "but for the moment there are more precious things to do even than using the Bolognese against themselves."

Giannotto waited. The Duke paced to and fro a moment, then broke into the subject next his heart.

"Thinkest thou Della Scala will outwit me?" he said eagerly. "Thinkest thou that if he do reach Ferrara he will rouse the Este to action?"

"He had two good hours' start," returned Giannotto, "and the road to Ferrara offers many chances."

"And those men—who let them escape them? Do they still live?"

"Aye, my lord. They are valuable. It is enough that Alberic da Salluzzo has been lost to us."

"They shall yet hang for it," said Visconti.

With rapid steps he returned to his seat, flung himself into it, clutching the arms with vice-like grip.

"He cannot do anything, Giannotto," he said. "He cannot rouse the Este—against me! No; when Della Scala ruled nine cities, and his revenue was equalled only by the kings of France—I stripped him, I routed him. And now!" he smiled and his eyes widened, "he is a beggar. Perhaps it is not so ill that he lives to know it. It is a better revenge than any I could have devised, Della Scala a beggar, a hanger-on at his kinsman's court, beseeching his ears with unbecoming prayers, sinking into contempt before the people who once owned him lord!"

Giannotto was silent. He could not imagine Massimo della Scala a beggar at any prince's court.

But Visconti, blinded and absorbed by hatred, continued unheeding:

GROWING OLD WHILE YET YOUNG

What a number of women there are who feel that these words exactly suit their case.

There are thousands of females all over our land, broken down in health and dragging out a miserable existence, overburdened with disease peculiar to their sex, apparently growing old while yet young.

From early morn till late at night they have been on the go year after year, attending to the household duties. Is it any wonder then that sooner or later there comes a general collapse? Palpitation of the heart, nervous prostration, smothering and sinking spells, weakness, dizziness, sleeplessness and many other troubles follow. What a woman wants is something to build up the system and for this purpose you cannot equal

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS

Mrs. W. J. Russell, Vasey, Ont., writes:

"At one time I suffered greatly from my heart and nerves, and the shortness of breath was so bad I could scarcely do my household work. A friend of mine advised me to try Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, which I did and I only took them for a short time before I was better."

The price of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills is 50 cents per box or 3 boxes for \$1.25 at all dealers, or direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

And he rose, triumphant, smiling, resting his hand on the arras that hid the door behind him.

The secretary gazed upon him, fascinated.

Lifting the arras, he paused again, and looked back with a smile that transformed his face.

"In that too have I succeeded!" he said melodiously; and, opening the narrow door, he was gone, as always, noiselessly.

The secretary shook himself.

"Why does he unburden his soul to me?" he murmured. "Does he think, because I sit silent, I have no ears, no memory—that I shall forget? In that too have I succeeded! Aye, then hast it all thine own way, Visconti, so far."

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.



MODISH ETON SUIT IN SHELMA CLOTH.

Like the separate blouse, the death knell of the little Eton jacket has been sounded so often that we have ceased to take any notice whatsoever of such pronouncements on the part of self-appointed fashion censors. Because of its universal becomingness and the comfort that its abbreviated shape affords once the warm weather has started there is no let-up or warning to its smart acceptance. Cut somewhat after a chasuble effect is the modish model pictured, the sleeve being attached to the coat lining and the shoulder line built well out so that the broad effect is noticeable at this point. There is a little underjacket effect that displays itself at the round neck and down the center front, this braided in black and gold, while the coat fronts are turned back in tiny revers just above the waistline and braided to match the coat. This same chic little effect is noticeable, too, on the cuff, while the pleated skirt is cut to walking length.

With a slight shrug of the shoulders Giannotto fell to writing.

When his pages were finished, he put them into his bag for the Duke to sign, and grumbled at his absence, stayed, but dared not follow. Presently he decided to take his own dismissal.

As he rose to go he remembered Valentine Visconti, flying through the garden after her secret visit, and he considered, if she could bribe him to silence heavily enough to make it worth his while to venture an encounter with her.

Visconti did not stint his sister for money, and she might pay well. Still, dare he let her know he spied?

Then his thoughts went to Isotta d'Este, and he wondered, with some interest, what her fate would be.

In open day Isotta d'Este had been captured; all Europe knew she was his prisoner; Tuscany and the Empire already looked with interest on the Duke of Milan's growing power, and that Duke a usurper. Visconti had to step warily.

(To be continued.)

IT'S JUST AS EASY

to get Stewart's Chocolates as any others. They cost no more than pure Chocolates should cost. And they are so rich, so good, that you will always ask for

Stewart's

Delicious

Chocolates

All the best dealers have Stewart's. The Stewart Co., Limited, Toronto.

LONDON CABMEN PROTEST AGAINST MOTOR CABS

London, March 24.—Another modern improvement has called forth a protest from those who must inevitably suffer by its introduction. Several thousand London cabmen assembled today on the Thames embankment and marched to Hyde Park, followed by some 5,000 sympathizers, where they protested vigorously the ruling of the home secretary, permitting the introduction Saturday, at cheap and strictly regulated fares, of motor cabs. While the motor cabs are considered the beginning of the greatest revolution in street conveyance here since the hansom was evolved in 1834, through diminution in income or loss of employment.

On Saturday evening W. S. Harkins, closed a successful engagement at the Academy of Music, Halifax, and left on the Oromo with his company for a tour of the West Indies, opening in Hamilton, Bermuda.



The Growing Girl

is too often forced to overtax her strength in long hours of study.

The prudent mother will give her

Wilson's

Invalids'

Port

—a safe preventive of anæmia, headache, poor appetite, dizziness and feebleness.

It gives pure, strong blood, sound sleep and a perfect digestion, bringing the young life eventually into the full bloom of womanly vigour.

A wineglassful before each meal—that's all.

Big bottle—\$1.

All Druggists

Why pay "fancy" prices for imported woollens where you get the same quality in

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