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The Viper of Milan.

A ROMANCE OF LOMBARDY.

BY MARJORIE BOWEN.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER FIVE.

The Painter's Daughter.

Three days had passed since that futile midnight encounter, and Francisco had found no means to enter Milan.

He stood on the banks of the water looking moodily toward the city, watching the figure of Vittore, who trudged along the meadows,—his errand to procure provisions.

The three still sheltered in the ruins, to which no owner had returned, nor had any signs of life or occupancy broken the silence within the villa's all-encircling walls. Now, as he watched Vittore out of sight—the boy looking back often to renew his courage—Francisco's brow was furrowed, and his eyes heavy with sleeplessness, The stream, clear, deep and sparkling, here ran darkened with the shadow of the willows that bent over it their long bluish leaves. A path, thickly bordered with reeds, ran beside the water to the head of the small lake into which the stream flowed, whence it continued a scarcely discernible footway, toward the city.

Behind Francisco, separated from him only by the fosse, was the wall of the villa, and, Vittore being lost to view, Francisco withdrew his gaze, always roaming restlessly in quest of something that should aid him, and glanced along it curiously. His eyes rested on a great tuft of yellow lichen, brilliant with scarlet spikes; it was so huge and spreading he could not but stare at it. From the lichen his gaze traveled slowly upward, but not a foothold could he see. Spreading above the wall the topmost boughs of a gigantic yew showed a clear-cut black against the sky, and on the broad, fan-like surface brooded a pair of doves, pink, gray and white. The beauty of the scene, its calmness and repose, exasperated the man's inaction. He stamped at the little flowers at his feet, then, with a bitter curse at his folly, threw himself down on the grass to watch for Vittore's return, and ponder, forever ponder, on his purpose. Suddenly there shot into sight upon the stream a little boat, with high curling prow and gaily painted sides. A blue sail was furled above it, and it was impelled lightly forward by a delicate pair of oars. The grounds of the villa formed a promontory, and coming around the brow of it the boat broke upon his gaze and was within hail at one and the same moment. It came rapidly nearer, and the stranger's first impulse was to hide himself from these unexpected and unwelcome intruders; but there was no time; as he rose he was observed, but the genial hand-wave and the merry laughter reassured him. These were simple pleasure-seekers. He reseated himself, and the boat came on.

The rower was a dark-haired man of middle age, clothed in a plain brown rope. Lean and vivacious, eager-eyed, he appeared one of those people who are always talking and moving; even seated and rowing he gave the impression of restlessness; of the good humor common to the people too. His companion was a young girl dressed in a simple blue gown. She was a delicate blonde, very young, very slender; the curls of her amber hair were blown across a round dimpled face; eyes of a dancing blue; a sweet small mouth curled in laughter, a fine chin and throat, a slack young figure. This was her principal characteristic ,the floating yellow hair like a veil about her.

Coming abreast of Francisco, the man paused on his oars with a friendly greeting.

"Good day, messer," he called. "So thou hast found our secret haunt. Graziosa and I had thought this place our own," and as he spoke he waved his hand around him at the water.

The boat rocked now alongside the path, and Francisco courteously approached.

"I am a stranger here," he said.

The other glanced at him anew, and with the awakening of a a little friendly wonder.

"A stranger? Ah, then, this is new to thee—this most beautiful part of Italy. I assure thee," he continued excitedly, "I have been through the fairest parts of Tuscany, I have wandered about Naples, but never have I seen such colors, such lights as here!" Again he waved his all-inclusive hand. "Thou, messer, as a stranger, must see how wonderfully fair it is?"

He paddled the boat nearer the reeds in his eagerness to obtain new sympathy.

"I have not been used to judge lands by their beauty," returned Francisco. "Yet methinks I have seen spots as beautiful and easier to hold in time of need."

The other twisted his mouth in contempt. The girl leaned forward laughing. "You forget father" she said, "everyone is not a painter."

But the little man, as if he had found a sudden mission, secured the boat, and, still in silence, stepped ashore, helping his daughter to follow him. Francisco, preoccupied and mistrustful, saw this with uneasiness, and would gladly have withdrawn. Moreover, the smiling face of the happy girl was an added sting to a burning thought.

The enthusiast, however, had no idea of giving up a possible convert, and swept aside the other's protestations while he commenced pointing out the beauties of the yellow lichen against the villa wall, the sight of which had restored all his good humor.

"See!" he exclaimed. "How bright it is! See the contrast of the yew—so brilliant, yet so in harmony, so—you do not paint?"

"No," said Francisco between grimness and scorn. "Do I look as if I did?"

The artist glanced anew at his huge frame and tattered attire, and mentally decided he did not.

"Ah, then thou dost not understand," he said; "but I, I am a painter, Angnolo Vistarini is my name, messer, a student of Taddeo Gaddi." He swept off his leather cap with an air of profound respect.

"Ah, he could paint! I am far behind him, messer, but I can see! I can see! Which thou canst not," he added with superb pity.

"Graziosa," he called, turning to his daughter, "we will stay here awhile."

And seating himself on the bank, he produced from his wallet a panel of wood, polished and carefully planed, upon which he began to draw the outline of a corner of the scene, using a dark brown pigment.

Francisco fell again to brooding while the painter chattered on, dividing his attention between the panel and his daughter, who was wandering up the stream, filling with flowers a flat basket.

"Thou see'st yonder my daughter, messer," he said, pointing to the slender figure in blue. He blew a kiss in her direction. "She is the model for my angels—"

"And the model for thy devils?" asked Francisco suddenly.

Vistarnini started and looked around at the speaker.

"Devils! Messer!" He crossed himself. "God forbid there should be a model for such found anywhere," he said.

'Yet methinks thou hast in they city yonder," said Francisco with a bitter smile, "one who well might sit for the fiend himself: Visconti."

"The Duke? Ah, my friend, hush, hush, thou art a stranger, take care! Even in this lonely spot such words are far from safe. Who art thou, messer, who dost not live in Milan and yet speak with such a look of the Visconti?"

"Do not all who know the Visconti speak with such a look of him?"

The painter gazed at him in silence.

"But thou askest for my name," continued the other. "I am Francisco di Coldra, one who has suffered much from the Visconti."

"In the sack of Verona, perhaps?" asked Agnolo after a pause.

"The sack of Verona was three months ago. The prisoners have been in Milan twenty days!"

These words were inscrutable, and the little painter did not even try to understand them; but they kindled a memory that would not be repressed.

"Ah, and what a night that was," he cried, "when the Duke re-entered Milan with them! Since I do not hurt thee by the recollection, messer, let me tell thee, it was a splendid sight, that night the Duke returned. I live a quiet life, as an artist may do, even in Milan. I know little, I care little for the wars of princes. They tell me the Visconti's crimes outnumber the stars; but, messer, his shadow has not fallen across my house, and what one does not see one does not fear—but when he returned from Verona! that was a sight, messer. It was late. Our house overlooks the western gates, and all day Jong the messengers had come and sped, bringing the news the Duke was here. Toward evening—we leaning from the window, as did everyone—Alberic da Salluzzo comes galloping to the walls—red-hot upon some report that the Visconti has been slain—to look to the arming of the citizens. Even as we strain from the window, following the flash of his plumes—back he comes in madder haste—the Visconti is alive! The people shout and yell, and some cry 'tis not the Visconti's army on the road, but Della Scala's. Meanwhile a mob, with Napoleone della Torre at their head, begins to agitate, to threaten riot. With a strong hand Alberic puts them down—the streets are cleared, Graziosa and I on the balcony, all is dark, silent, save now and then the clink of armor of the sentries on the walls. I am too excited for sleep, messer, all so hushed, so subdued, waiting, waiting. All at once it comes. Oh, the rattle, the roar! The great gates clatter back, the streets fill with crowds no man can keep back. The victorious army pelts through them; two men on every horse, great flaring torches throwing their yellow light on the torn banners and the wild faces of the soldiers, and then the cannon, leaping over the rough stones, drawn by the smoke-blackened gunners, all tearing, rushing through the street, a mass of light and shade, wonderful, wonderful! In the midst, the Visconti, the ragged light streaming over his tattered armor, and Isotta l'Este, guarded between two soldiers, swaying on her black horse, and above all the shouts of the frenzied triumph of the Milanese. . .Ah!

Agnolo paused now for want of breath, and glanced at his companion.

But Francisco offered no response. His face was turned away, and his hands were clenched. The little painter had a vague sense of having allowed a mere artist's enthusiasm to carry him too far into a dangerous theme.

"Ah, well," he continued in a deprecating tone, "a splendid sight truly, and one to fire the blood, but I am a man of peace and I greatly grieve Della Scala should have perished. He was a noble prince."

The stranger rose abruptly.

"Do not speak of Della Scala," he said harshly. "I love to hear his name as little as Visconti's. His was the crime of failure."

"Failure! Who would not have failed?" said Agnolo gently, for he thought he spoke to one who must have lost his all in the sacked town. "I know little of such things, but 'twas here and there asserted he fell by craft as well as force, and he was a great soldier and an honorable man, Messer Francisco.

"He had all the virtues, doubtless," said Francisco, "and lost Verona."

"And his life!" replied the painter. "Ah, well, these things are grevious! The saints protect my daughter from all share in them," and he glanced affectionately toward Graziosa, returning through the gray-green willows with lilies in her hands.

(To Be Continued.)

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The Stewart Co. Limited, Toronto

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.

MODEL FOR CREPE, VOILE OR SILK GOWN.

The model frock was in pale violet crepe, the princesse skirt being fitted about the waist and over the hips by narrow box plaits stitched flat. Tucks and inset squares of dyed lace ornamented the lower part of the skirt, the foot-flounce being gathered on slightly below this lowest tuck. The bodice was laid in plaits at the shoulders, and was draped into a square of the lace in front. The sleeve was also draped. The guimpe of tucked net and lace was outlined by a bias fold of embroidered satin, sections of the embroidered satin also being placed in the centre of the lace squares used about the bodice and skirt.

BLOODLESS GIRLS

Can Obtain New Health Through the Use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Anaemia means bloodlessness. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make new, rich, red blood and thus cure anaemia. When the blood is poor the nerves are starved and irritable. Then comes hysteria, neuralgia, sleeplessness and other nerve disorders. Headaches, backaches and sideaches wear out and depress the poor, pale victim. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills soon bring ruddy health and lively vigor. They soothe the jangled nerves and give new strength to every organ. Miss Winnie Allen, Montreal, says: "I was so weak and run down that my friends thought I was going into consumption. I was as pale as a corpse, had no appetite and did not sleep well. The least exertion tired me out, and if I walked a few blocks I would be almost breathless. My sister advised me to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after using them for a few weeks I am again enjoying good health, and have a good color. I think every weak girl should take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will cure any case of bloodlessness just as surely as they cured Miss Allen. The pale anaemic needs only one thing—new blood. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make new, rich blood with every dose. That is why they cure all common diseases like anaemia, indigestion, neuralgia, palpitation of the heart, headaches and backaches, St. Vitus dance, partial paralysis and the secret troubles that make the lives of thousands of women miserable. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

O. H. Warwick treasurer, gratefully acknowledges receipt of the following: Geo. A. Kimball, Wm. E. Earle, A. B. Patterson, Geo. E. Fairweather, R. B. Kesson, each $10; Wm. Fraser, E. E. Fraser, Court Bros., Mrs. G. F. Smith, each $5; A. Morrison, W. E. Foster, cash, each $3; G. F. A. Anderson, H. Climo, N. W. Brenan, E. M. Shadbolt, each $2; Gandy & Allison, F. R. Patterson, M. J. Coady, Dr. H. D. Fritz, Wm. Peters, James Morgan; J. W. Vanwart, Chas. F. Tilley, B. C. Barclay Boyd, C. W. deForest, Dr. W. F. Roberts, Mrs. F. E. Hanington, Mrs. Thos. Irwin, Mrs. John Chamberlain, each $1; Mrs. H. E. Wardroper, 50 cts.

Mr. P. J. McManus, provincial president of the A. O. H., will attend the banquet of the St. John Hibernians next Monday night.

Spring Medicine

In thousands and thousands of homes—in cities, towns and villages—three doses a day of Hood's Sarsaparilla are now being taken by every member of the family.

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SUSPENSION BRIDGE SAFE

It Can Be Made to Carry Trolleys at an Expense of $45,000.

Fredericton, Mar. 12—Hon. Mr. LaBillois, in the house today, in reply to Mr. Robertson's enquiry, said:

Wm. Hildebrand, consulting engineer, of New York, a highly recommended expert of wide experience in cable bridge construction, has made a careful examination of the St. John suspension bridge, in consultation with the provincial engineer, and submitted a voluminous detailed report thereon.

Recapitulating all paragraphs of the report, the following conclusions are summed up:

1st. The structure is well preserved and will in its present condition, continue five or six years longer to do the same service it has done hitherto.

2nd. With some repairs, consisting in oiling the cables and removing some decayed woodwork, the bridge can be made safe for years to come to accommodate the same traffic it has carried in former years.

3rd. The floor system is not strong enough for supporting electric street cars.

4th. The bridge can be strengthened and made permanently safe for trolley car travel (adhering to its present width) as well as for any emergency of highway traffic, at an expense probably not exceeding $45,000.

5th. The bridge can be widened to accommodate two street cars and one wagon, side by side, and have separate sidewalks. The expense of this work can, without making detail plans, only be guessed at but in the expert's opinion it will probably cost about $75,000.

F. W. Emmerson, of Moncton, and H. W. Woods, of Welsford, returned Monday from Toronto and Deseronto, where they represented the I. O. F. of New Brunswick at the funeral of Dr. Oronyatekha. Mr. Woods, who was in the city yesterday, said the services were most impressive and the great gathering of people testified to the esteem in which the late supreme chief ranger was held.

W. F. Edgett and M. Atkinson, of Moncton, were registered at the Dufferin yesterday.

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WHAT IT COST THE PROVINCE

Provincial Reception to Prince Louis of Battenburg Cost Province $1,561.04.

(Fredericton Gleaner.)

Ever since Prince Louis of Battenburg visited Fredericton on October 27th, 1905, and was tendered a reception on behalf of the province, there has been more or less speculation as to the cost of entertaining royalty on that occasion. All doubt is now settled by the appearance of the report of the Auditor General, and according to which the cost of the reception was $1,561.04, divided as follows:

J. A. Edwards, coaching,	$ 139 00
J. A. McCaffrey, catering at hotel and ball,	689 70
J. D. Hanlon, for orchestra at ball,	40 00
Five girls in waiting at ball,	10 00
Services waiting at ball,	21 00
Herald Publishing Co., printing 600 programmes, etc.,	19 00
St .John Times, advertising ball,	6 00
Sun and Star, advertising ball,	7 84
Telegraph Pub. Co., advertising ball,	4 90
St. John Globe Pub. Co., advertising ball	3 84
R. H. Green & Son, invitations and envelopes	85.00
D. B. Winslow, five days and five evenings issuing invitations, at $2	20 00
J. M. Lemont, tuning piano	2 50
R. E. Pringle & Co., 48 16-candle power electric lamps	8 64
A. M. Schleyer, hire of potted plants, $10, two bouquets, $6	16 00
Kitchen Mercantile Co, rent of furnishings	9 90
Kitchen M Co., 3 doz. tumblers,, $5.25, vases and mug, $1.50	6 75
G. Y. Dibblee, half doz Johnson's floor wax	3 00
J. Bebbington & Son, two bouquets	2 00
Hunt & McDonald, brushes combs and soap..	8 05
Jas Lynn, services at ball	3 00
C. P. R. special train St. John to Fredericton	120 00
Raymond & Doherty, board bill Lieut. Governor	38.60
Raymond & Doherty, board of Prince Louis and attendants	38 45
M. J. Barry, coaching for the Lieut. Governor	9 00
Col. H. H. McLean, cash paid out for expenses at St. John	63 18
Col. J. D. B. F. McLean, expenses to St. John, etc.	11 75
Fred B. Edgecombe, bunting, flags, etc.	26 29
F. B. Edgecombe, services four men decorating	12 50
Express companies, charges on money orders	15
Hon. J. B. Snowball, to pay for special sleeper, meals, tickets, etc., on dining car	136 00
Total	$1,561 04

NEW WORLD'S BUTTER RECORD

Official Test Shows Yield of 5,326 Pounds of Milk and 160.5 Pounds of Butter in Sixty Days.

FOND DU LAC, Wis., March 11—In a sixty day test, under the personal supervision of a representative of the Wisconsin experiment station, a Holstein-Friesan cow owned by W. J. Gillett has broken the world's butter record by forty pounds. The official test shows 5,326.7 pounds of milk and 260.5 pounds of butter. The cow gave birth to a calf in December 19 and the test was commenced on the fifth day of her period of lactation. This test was continued for sixty-four days during which period every milking was watched the quantity of milk weighed, and samples taken and tested by a representative of the experiment station.

The phenomenal yield was such that Superintendent M. H. Gardner of the advanced registery ordered two separate retests, the first of which was for twenty-four hours and the second forty-eight hours, during which time additional representatives were sent from the experiment station. The cow was under constant supervision day and night to preclude any possibility of fraud. The best day in butter 5.74 pounds

Mr. Gillett has just bought back a son of this cow for $1,000, the transaction being closed before the results of the test were announced.

CHANGES IN THE TARIFF

Ottawa, March 12—When the house met this afternoon, Sir Wilfrid Laurier referred with regret to the death of Thomas Martin, who had represented North Wellington. Although a new member, he very soon had endeared himself to all.

On motion to go into supply, Dr. Thompson, the member for the Yukon, made his annual statement on Yukon affairs, and he made it well. After briefly reviewing conditions in that far away region, he asked for a wholly elective council. The council is now half elected and half appointed. The future of the camp was assured. In the past ten years it had yielded $120,000,000 in gold. He did not ask for complete autonomy for the Yukon but it should have the same kind of government as was given to the Northwest for many years.

Mr. Thompson also asked that those holding hydraulic leases should be made to go on with the work or have their leases cancelled. It was injuring the country to have the land locked up. He also wanted a subsidy for light draught boats for prospecting purposes, and wireless telegraph betwen Tresnelle and Hazelton.

In reply, Mr. Oliver said that the next council would be the last one that would not be wholly elected by the people. As to hydraulic leases, the minister explained that six were cancelled. Two of these accepted the terms and they would be open for staking in June, the other four were in the courts. He would give careful consideration to the other requests.

The house went into committee of ways and means when the minister of finance announced a number of tariff changes. Mr. Fielding made a separate item of matrices for stereotypes, electrotypes and celluloids and to fix the tariff at 1-2 cent instead of at 1-8 cent as previously.

Typewriters which had been bracketed with typecasting and typesetting machines were made a separate item with the rate practically as it stood in the old tariff, namely, 17, 22 1-2 and 25 per cent.

Another new item is iron tubing which when imported by manufacturers of carriage rails for use exclusively in manufactures of such articles will be free in all tariffs.

Galvanized wire used for fishing and when of a kind not made in Canada will be given a rebate of 99 per cent, the same as on lines and twines.

There was a discussion of items in the tariff on boots and shoes, the opposition asking for a further increase to give more protection to the home industry, after which all the tariff was passed through committee. The house then went into supply, taking up the public works estimates.

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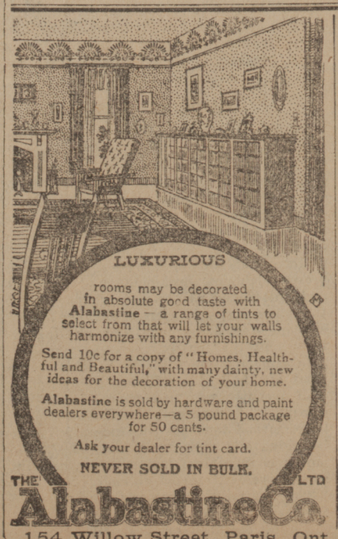

154 Willow Street, Paris, Ont.

NOTICE.

THERE will be sold by Public Auction at Chubb's Corner (so called) in the City of Saint John, at the hour of twelve o'clock (noon), on Saturday, the thirtieth day of March, A. D., 1907, all and singular, all the right, title and interest of the Estate of Lawrence McMann, deceased, in those two lots of land on the north side of Brittain street, in the City of Saint John, known and distinguished on the map or plan of the said City on file in the office of the Common Clerk by the numbers 1183 and 1184, each lot estimated to be forty feet in width, fronting on the North side of Brittain street, and extending back northerly one hundred feet from said street.

The foregoing sale will be made under and by virtue of the Act 58th Victoria, Chapter 49, for the purpose of realizing the several amounts of money hereinafter mentioned, namely $8.10, $8.55 and $8.75, said amounts being respectively for the three respective assessments for the years 1903, 1904 and 1905 respectively assessed against the said estate of the said Lawrence McMann on said land for ordinary City taxes in the City of Saint John, no part of which has been paid.

Dated the 23rd day of February, A. D., 1907.

FRED SANDALL,
Receiver of Taxes for the City of Saint John.

C. N. SKINNER,
Recorder of The City of Saint John.