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Men's Fancy Tweed Suits

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Men's Fine All-Wool Worsted in Plaids

Regular $20.00 values for $15.00.

Men's Fancy Soft Bosom $1.00 Shirts

For 79c.—separate cuffs.

The Viper of Milan.

A ROMANCE OF LOMBARDY.

BY MARJORIE BOWEN.

(Continued.)

"Foolish indeed, or I had never been Visconti's friend!" retorted Conrad. "Foolish—or I had never trusted to this friendship. But call me also bold, my lord, to be here now, buying with my life the pleasure of saying so!"

"The impudent German!" murmured a lady in Visconti's ear. "Heaven has given your lordship even this—to crown your perfect triumph."

The Duke was still silent; he looked from Conrad to the crowd, shouting, throwing up their hats to see the procession pass, and then to the soldiers, wondering at this strange hesitation.

"Why did you come to Milan?" he asked at last, fingering the gold tassels on his sleeve, and speaking slowly.

"To save your unhappy sister," cried Conrad. "To try and kill you, Visconti!" And he struggled fiercely in the grip of his captors.

"Take him away," said Visconti. "Take him ——" He paused a moment.

"To the gibbet, my lord?"

"No—outside the gates. Give him a safe-conduct that will take him out of my soldiers' lines. And so farewell, Count Conrad; I can waste no more time on you."

"I will not go!" shrieked Conrad furiously. "I will not have your mercy, Visconti—I will not accept from you my life!"

Visconti passed on.

"I say I will die!" cried Conrad after him. "Do you quail at another murder, Visconti? Dare you not kill one more?"

The Duke looked back at him.

"I owe you somewhat, Count. You may remember a certain game of chess you played in Della Scala's camp. It served me well—it saved my life—and gave me—Della Scala. Now take yours—as a most unequal recompense."

He smiled most unpleasantly, and Conrad was silent, struck, chilled.

"Put him outside the gates," continued Visconti; "and give him money for his journey. Maybe he left Della Scala too hastily to bear much away; maybe Della Scala did not in any case pay well; and we would not have the noble Count beg his way to Germany."

"Visconti—" Conrad choked on the word. "Visconti—"

"I will spare thy thanks," smiled the Duke. "Farewell."

"Give me a dagger—some one!" yelled Conrad. "That villain shall see I do not live to profit by his scorn. Give me a dagger—I—you truckling knaves! you shaveling cowards!"

"When your blood is a little cooler," said the soldier calmly, tying his hands the tighter, "you'll be giving us a ducat apiece for not taking you at your word."

"Silence, churl! I will not leave Milan; I will not be put outside the gates!"

"Just whatever the Duke says, messer, you'll do—just whatever the Duke says; and thank your guardian saint he was not himself today, or you'd have had your death—but not quite so pleasant as you seem to think it."

And for all he could shriek and threaten and pray and struggle and fight, Count Conrad was escorted through the crowded streets, between soldiers with immovable faces, and amid a crowd that laughed in huge enjoyment of his angry threats and bitter entreaties. A good mile outside the gates they led him, a fine rabble at his heels. And then they left him, with a good horse, a sword, and a bag of ducats.

"Now, Count, take those and ride to Germany—or if you must die, try and get back into Milan." And they rode away, laughing heartily.

Count Conrad seated himself on the roadside and was silent a long while. Then he rose, and rubbed his stiff arms, bruised by the soldiers' grip, looked back toward Milan, looked at the horse and sword gave one sigh to the past, mounted and rode away out of the shadow of Milan toward Novara, the first town on the route to Germany.

* * * * *

There was a great coming and going of brilliant company in the Visconti palace, a constant spurring of horses through its gates, the riding in of messengers and soldiers, the riding out of officers and nobles.

The Duke d'Orleans had left for France, with a splendid cavalcade of knights and ladies, escorted by the flower and the chivalry of Milan.

All Valentine's struggles and proud resistance and scorn had come to this: she left for France, as Visconti had ever said she should—left Milan dull to craziness, forgetful, with no sign of joy or regret.

Visconti thought of this consummation with some satisfaction, then banished his sister from his mind. There were other matters more important to Visconti than the subdual of his sister—of Mastino della Scala and his wife for one.

Mastino had kept his pact: in one week, Pavia, Treviso, Cremona, Vincenza, and Verona had fallen; company after company of Mastino's soldiers had pased into the hands of the Milanese. Modena and Ferrara were left, but so weakened that a few days must see their end, though the deserted garrisons were fighting desperately, and sending wild messages to Della Scala, imploring aid.

Julia Gonzaga in Mantua was sore beset. At an urgent appeal from Mastino, almost every trained man holding the city had been sent to his assistance, to find themselves surrounded and cut to pieces by the Milanese, and Mantua left defenceless.

In Novara the Estes were shut up, waiting anxiously for news from Mastino—waiting in vain.

Isotta d'Este had been removed from Milan, and was lodged in a strong fort some miles outside of Brescia, guarded still by Visconti's soldiers, but also by some of Della Scala's trusted but still unwitting Veronese—men who kept watch over her night and day, inspected all she ate, and allowed no emissary from Visconti to see her alone.

Such were the terms.

The thing had been done secretly. Vague rumors that the Duchess's release was being negotiated were the utmost that got abroad. The soldiers guarding her for Mastino thought the privilege bought, or that the Emperor had wrung it from Visconti. There was none who suspected the truth. Though for those ten days had been disaster on disaster, though town after town had fallen, squadron after squadron been ambushed, and though some whispered treactery and pointed to this captain and to that, none thought of staining the loftiest name in Lombardy with even a doubt—Mastino della Scala, the son of Can' Gran' della Scala, of a race that had never lied or betrayed, the one race in Lombardy of a lofty honor. Men would have as soon thought the stars would fall as Mastino della Scala.

Visconti, pacing his palace in a fever of triumph, thought of all this; thought of the d'Estes in Novara, still trusting—thought of Mastino's Veronese, their devotion, their sympathy—thought of Mastino's feelings. It was almost enough to satisfy his hate—but not quite—not quite.

"Tomorrow," he said, stopping before de Lana—"tomorrow I shall march from Milan, and I shall lay in ashes every village, every town that has favored Della Scalla. I will let loose my soldiers to pay themselves from THREE STORY.

the wealth of Lombardy, and I will makes the Estes take their proud banner down from the walls of Novara, and hoist with their own hands the Viper!"

"Mastino della Scala lies at Brescia," said de Lana, with an uplifting of his dark eyes. "His army has dwindled almost to a handful of picked Veronese; so a deserter who rode in tells me. He waits there for his wife."

"And I," said Visconti, leaning against the table, "have given orders she is to be sent, de Lana. He has kept his word; I will keep mine. He has paid dearly enough—he shall have his wife. And tomorrow I march on Novara."

"I have my orders, my lord."

"I have nothing more to say, de Lana. Tomorrow we leave Milan."

The captain was turning in silence, when Visconti spoke again.

"Della Scala is at Brescia, ye say? Then his wife will reach him tomorrow about the time we reach Novara." He paused and looked at de Luna steadily. "I have sent orders for her release and forwarding in all due privacy, but with sufficient state, and I have sent her back her wedding ring."

De Lana only half understood him, but Visconti had small care for that.

"The Estes—in Novara, de Lana—they are unsuspecting?"

"How can they be otherwise, my lord? They are isolated——"

"Waiting for succors from Della Scala doubtless! How many could their numbers be?"

"Some thousand—no more. Della Scala called his Veronese out, my lord."

"'Twill be almost too easy a victory," said Visconti, smiling. "And then, from Piedmont to the Apennines, Italy will be under my rule: and Della Scala—I wonder what will happen to Della Scala, de Lana?"

"There is nothing but death for Della Scala," returned the soldier, standing at the door as if anxious to be gone. "Nothing is left for him but that, my lord."

"Ah—you forget," said Visconti softly. "There is his price—his wife; there is always his wife." And repeating the words as if to himself, Visconti motioned de Lana away, and entered the inner room.

Giannotto was looking out of the window, and at Visconti's sudden entrance turned with a start.

"Giannotto," said the Duke smoothly, "you will come with me on the march tomorrow—not for love of your company, my friend, but because I do not trust you. Still, I keep you."

"There is now no Lady Valentine to outwit me in your absence with some of her brother's skill, my lord," replied the the secretary sullenly. His words had brought up unpleasant memories: his palace was free of his rebel sister, but it was also free of another one who should have been his wife.

All his brilliant, his magical successes could not obliterate the sting of that one failure. Graziosa's name was a forbidden one; the splendid dwelling where she had shone so brief a while, shut to moulder. She was a thing of the past, though only ten days dead; but Visconti could not quite forget.

She had been buried quietly, in the same church as her father, at dead of night, with no mourners. And was she not gone—forgotten? Yet, disguise it as he might, it was failure.

"Yet she loved me," thought Visconti; and it roused his wrath that he must think of her—the house by the western gate—the sweet face, the white rose.

"Giannotto," he said moodily, "had she lived,. I would not have done it—on my soul I would not have done it!"

"Done what, my lord?" asked the startled secretary, looking up at his dark face.

"Ah, I forgot," said Visconti. "You do not know."

(To be continued.)

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.



RIBBON JUMPERS WORN WITH LINGERIE BLOUSES.

The vogue of the jumper knows no wane. Designers continue to bring out new and attractive variations of the jumper dress, and a goodly number of the latest and smartest accessories belong to the jumper family. Separate jumpers for summer wear with the lingerie blouse are seen in numerous designs and materials. The lingerie jumper is made of embroidery and lace, and intended to dress over a dainty, plain little blouse of fine lawn or batiste. Then there is the tailored jumper, made of white or old bleach linen, and simply trimmed with machine stitching, cotton braids or a bit of fine embroidery edging. Still other and dressier jumpers are of ribbon, both of silk and velvet, the silk being particularly effective in those charming plaid weaves. The broader-width ribbons are used, and one tone of the plaid complements the color of the skirt which they accompany. That of the picture is made of a navy blue, green, red and white plaid taffetas. About three yards of ribbon is required for such a jumper, with a couple of yards of velvet baby ribbon for the little straps which join the suspenders in front and back and the pointed shoulder caps.

Look for Blood Humors

They Crop Out Constantly, Showing the System Needs Purifying

You're not satisfied with your looks. How can you be with such disfiguring pimples, such rough uneven skin?

Blood is full of humors and it's no wonder you look and feel purely.

You are languid,
Appetite is miserable,
Sleep is hard to get,
Snap and vim are lacking.

High time to improve matters—but what's the proper remedy?

Experience proves that Dr. Hamilton's Pills give instant effect. They tone the entire system, fortify the blood and impart a feeling of new life in a few days.

Unlike strong purgatives, Dr. Hamilton's Pills are exceedingly mild. They are made from concentrated vegetable extracts such as Mandrake and Butternut, and can be taken by young or old with absolute safety.

"I learnt something very valuable after using Dr. Hamilton's Pills," writes Miss Effie Thomson of Meriden. "I used to have ugly pimples that much embarrassed me. The tonic and purifying effect of Dr. Hamilton's Pills completely restored me. My health is splendid and my complexion a great credit to this marvelous medicine."

Let your medicine be Dr. Hamilton's Pills. They do cure so thoroughly. Sold by all dealers, 25c per box, or five boxes for $1.00. By mail from N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont., and Hartford, Conn., U. S. A.

THE LONGSHOREMEN

Member of the Association Suggests An All Year 'Round Rate As a Solution of the Trouble.

A prominent member of the 'Longshoremen's Association suggests a way to overcome troubles between the steamship firms and the men. He said Saturday: "The best thing to do, to my mind, is for the steamship companies and representatives of the association to get together and decide on an all-year-round rate. That would end the troubles which are arising from time to time." He also felt that, at any rate, if there must be a summer and a winter rate, that the higher should be paid in winter. But he believed a uniform rate the year round would be found satisfactory. He hoped the conference he suggested would be arranged.

Percy W. Thomson of William Thomson & Co., when told of the suggestion last evening, said before his firm would make any bargains with the 'Longshoremen's Association, it would be necessary to decide who was right and who was wrong with regard to the breaking of the agreement which was entered into last year. The offer to submit the matter to arbitration was still open. Beyond that he had nothing to say on the subject at the present time.

The Most Certain Corn Cure

Is Putnam's Painless Corn and Wart Extractor, which has been used successfully for 30 years. It takes out the pain, cures the Corn and prevents it returning.

PLEASANT SACRED CONCERT

The major portion of last evening's sacred concert in the Every Day Club hall, which was heard with intense pleasure by a crowded house, was arranged by D. Arnold Fox. It opened with a quartette by Mrs. W. S. Carter, Mrs. E. G. Porter, A. G. Burnham and W. J. Bambury. There were solos by Mrs. Carter, who sang The Old Cathedral, accompanied on the organ by Mr. Fox; Mrs. Porter, H. H. Brown, S. J. McGowan, W. J. Bambury and Fred A. Dixon, and two whistling solos by Walter Nixon.

The whole concert was one of rare excellence.

The chairman referred to the summer plans of the club, in connection with the Victoria playgrounds, and a generous collection toward the club funds was given.

Irving Ingalls, of Grand Manan, was registered at the Victoria Saturday.

MR. FIELDING AT MONCTON

He Arrived on Saturday but Did Not Stay Long--Schooner Ashore in Petitcodiac River.

Moncton, N. B., May 5—The two-masted schooner Basile, Captain Oliver Cormier, from Barbados with cargo of molasses for F. P. Reid & Co., is aground on the mud flats off the city, and may not get off for several days. The Basile was towed up river Saturday afternoon by the Wilfred C., and grounded. The schooner is lying easy, and so far has sustained no damage. Efforts to get her off last night and this afternoon proved unavailing, and it is thought as the tides are receding she will have to wait for higher tides or until the ice melts. The Basile is owned by Benjamin Cormier, of Bellieau's Cove (N. S.)

Hon. W. S. Fielding, acting minister of railways, and Deputy Butler arrived in the city yesterday afternoon on the delayed Maritime express from Ottawa, and spent six hours here, leaving by the Montreal express again Saturday on their return to the capital. The minister and deputy came here expressly to meet deputations of railway employes, who are asking for an increase of pay. The delegations represented the machinists, carmen and boiler makers. The machinists and carmen are asking for a general advance of four cents per hour, to apply all over the road. The boiler makers ask for about the same increase. It is understood the minister promised early consideration.

Dr. A. Pierce Crocket and Mrs. Crocket arrived home Saturday night from New York. Dr. Crocket has been there for the last month visiting the hospitals.



The value of Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer lies in its strengthening qualities as a food. Pabst Eight-Day Malting Process retains all the food value of the barley-grain as found in this beer of quality.

DOES NOT LOOK FOR LONG DEPRESSION

An American Authority Sees No Industrial Crisis in Near Future.

PROVIDENCE, R. I. May 3—At the meeting of the Economic Club of Providence, R. I., Charles A Conant, the author of "The Principles of Money and Banking," was one of the speakers on the subject "Do present Financial Conditions Indicate That a General Industrial Crisis Is Impending?"

Mr. Conant pointed out that there was a certain rotation in the tendency to devote surplus capital to speculative enterprises, and that when this movement had reached a certain point reaction was almost inevitable. Miscalculations in adapting the supply of certain classes of goods to the demand for them were taking place almost daily, but only when there was a combination of such tendencies in one direction was a general tendency established having a wide sweep.

The recent suspension of improvements by the railways might, the speaker thought, tend to reduce the demand for certain classes of material, and this would react upon the damand for labor and for the consumable goods which these laborers bought. This would establish a tendency towards relaxation in business activity, but it might not go very far.

One of the reasons for the recent high rates for money and for the difficulty which the railways experienced in borrowing, except at high rates, was due to the fact that savings had been converted too rapidly into fixed capital.

Present conditions do not indicate a serious crisis or a long period of depression. A brief period of relaxation in floating securities and creating new enterprises is likely to afford time for sufficient capital to accumulate to meet new demands. The country is fortunate at the present time in suffering from no great misapplication of capital. It is necessary, however, that the "undigested securities," in the classic phrase of Mr. Morgan, should be absorbed and new capital created to meet the great demands for it.

CONCERNING THE FUEL RESOURCES

"Of all problems which confront us in the concentration of modern industries, it is the conservation of natural resources, and especially the preservation of our irreplacable fuel supply, which we must deem by far the most important," says the Iron Trade Review. "For just as the rising curve of iron production is indicative of the growing industrial prosperity of a nation, so is the output and consumption of coal inseparably allied in magnitude to the course of the former. The preservation of permanence of our fuel resources by economic methods of utilization, both of the ordinary grades of coal, as bituminous and anthracite, and especially of the inferior classes, such as lignite, peat, mine culm, etc., which were formerly wasted, is essential both for the maintenance of stability of modern industry and for the life and prosperity of future generations. It also is an instrument and measure of political prudence or precaution for every progressive nation, even when the economics of a rich country like America are concerned, not so much on account of an impending depletion of its coal fields, but on account of the extreme value they possess for the future industrial activities. It may be objected that the sources of fuel supply have not yet been accurately measured up the world over, and that the centres of production may, in time to come, be found in countries that are now quite undistinguished in industrial annals, and which may, perhaps, pass beyond our control entirely. Yet every objection is subordinate to the utilitarian idea that America, owing to its abundant and comparatively virgin resources, will sooner or later become an important seller of coal to the older European countries, which are becoming rapidly impoverished, since with the growing shrinkage, their remaining store cannot keep pace with the rising demand for very long."

Sour Stomach, Nausea Morning Faintness

That's how you feel when you wake up, and if neglected you feel miserable all day. When this discomfort presents itself there is just one thing to do—take ten drops of Nerviline and you feel better at once—stomach is regulated, nausea disappears and you are ready for breakfast. For bowel and stomach disorders, bloating, gas, hiccups, and indigestion you'll get nothing with half the merit of Nerviline; try a 25c. bottle—really it's worth its weight in gold to the man that's sick.

Two large congregations greeted Rev. B. H. Nobles yesterday in Victoria street Baptist church when the reverend gentlemen was heartily welcomed back as pastor of the church after an absence of fifteen years. From 1888 to 1892 Rev. Mr. Nobles had charge of the Victoria street church, when it was Free Baptist and he is remembered by a great many of the congregation. Mr. Nobles spent fourteen years in Sussex, and went to Campbellton in 1896, but resigned when called back to the North End pastorate.

W. Boies Smith, of the Bank of Nova Scotia, St. John, has been transferred to Montreal, and left Saturday.

Loss of Appetite

Is common when the blood needs purifying and enriching, for then the blood fails to give the digestive organs the stimulus necessary for the proper performance of their functions.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is pre-eminently the medicine to take. It makes the blood pure and rich, and strengthens all the digestive organs.

"I have used Hood's Sarsaparilla as a spring medicine and find it excellent. My brother-in-law used it for blotches on his face and was perfectly cured. He has not been troubled since." HAROLD PARKER, Peterborough, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the world's great blood purifier and tonic. 100 doses one dollar.

REXTON

REXTON, N. B., May 3—Miss Sadie Dickinson came from Bathurst Tuesday and is staying with her cousin Mrs. A. Jardine.

Capt. Geo. Irving returned home from Halifax, Monday.

Geo. Cail went to Dorchester Tuesday, where he will enter the employ of G. F. Atkinson.

Mrs. Arcade Landry, who has been poorly for some time, went to St. John yesterday, where she will receive treatment at the hospital.

Rufus Mason, of Amherst, N. S., who was in town a few days, the guest of H. M. Ferguson, left Tuesday for home taking with him a fine young mare which he purchased from Alex. Fraser, Sr.

Richard English is seriously ill.

John Conroy and Samuel Arseneau narrowly escaped being drowned Tuesday while at work taking care of the logs in Jardine's boom. They launched a leaky boat and while in the channel the boat filled and sank. The occupants swam for the shore, which was not far distant.

Miss Grace Fraser, organist of the Catholic church, has organized a choir of school boys and girls to render the hymns at May devotions.

The river is clear of ice and the snow almost all gone. Schooner men are preparing their vessels for the season's work. Millowners are getting their mills ready.

The large Windsor ship J. D. Everett, 1957 tons, had been chartered by S. St. C. & H. Jones to load lumber at Weymouth for River Plate. She is probably the largest vessel ever secured to take a cargo from Weymouth, and it is expected she will carry almost 2,000,000 feet. It will be impossible for her to enter the river to load and she will anchor in the bay, the cargo being scowed out to her.—Yarmouth Telegram, May 3.

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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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COMBINED CIRCULATION OVER 15,000

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 housework. 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 mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.