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The Viper of Milan.

A ROMANCE OF LOMBARDY.
BY MARJORIE BOWEN.

(Continued.)
Valentine's gaze followed him with a look of utter woe; still she said nothing, from her parted lips there came no word.
He looked back over his shoulder at her, standing there with her face toward him, with all expression gone, with unseeing eyes. "I will leave thee," he said savagely, to wait—the morning.
She seemed roused by the sound of his voice, and stepped forward with a cry on her white lips.
But the door closed heavily—the room was in darkness, or was it her sight failed her? Everything swam before her in blackening mist; she grasped at the table and fell across it senseless.
The dawn was breaking, filling the room with a gray and ghastly light; the great curtains looked black and gloomy, and the corners of the room were filled with strange and moving shadows. Through an open window a cool breeze blew across Valentine's sick forehead; she opened her eyes. The empty glass met her gaze, the fallen chair was beside her, she looked at them strangely. She was still alive.
"Gian's poison is slow," she said, and smiled to herself.
After a time she rose and stumbled to the window.
"When the sun rises I shall be dead, or perhaps I shall live till noon," she said to herself.
She mounted the estrade and sat beside the open window, resting her head against the woodwork, singing to herself.
Suddenly the whole gray sky flushed purple; the sun rose above the horizon. Valentine looked down into the garden, the sight seemed to awaken memories.
"Hush!" She laid her finger on her mouth. "Hush, Conrad—if Gian hears us—hast thou velvet shoes on—hush! He treads warily—ah, but it is no use—he poisoned me! he poisoned me!"
She rocked herself two and fro.
"In a tall glass with white lines—it was not Gian—it was the Viper from the Standard—all green and silver—all green and silver—a coiling viper."
She dropped her head forward, then raised it with trembling lips.
"Conrad! come and save me!" Then she fell to laughing, whispering under her breath, counting on her fingers the hours she might have to live. "If to noon—how many?"
The door opened, and she stopped her muttering, turning back her eyes toward it.
"Good morning," said Visconti, standing with his back against it and looking at her keenly. "Good-morrow, Valentine."
She looked at him and put the hair back from her face.
"I thought I saw Count Conrad walking in the garden; I would have called him up to see me die—how long will it be?"
Visconti advanced with a bitter smile. "Has the lesson tamed thee? It would have been reality, but ye are pledged to France. I would that I dare poison thee, thou tiger-cat, but thou art tamed!"
Valentine's face did not change. "Hush!" she said looking from the window. "He is back on the tower now." She pointed to where the silver banner hung idle against the brightening sky. "What dost thou think? shall I sit and watch, lest he spy on us, Conrad?"
Visconti looked at her.
"Thou art tamed indeed," he said. "I am not ill-tamed."
Valentine stepped down into the room, her tangled hair hanging about her, and

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.



IN PEASANT'S CHECK TAFFETA.

An imported costume which attracted much attention in the house where it was displayed for a short time before being purchased by one of New York's women of fashion, is that of the picture, a novelty tailor-made of peasant's check taffeta in two shades of blue, gray and mulberry. The skirt is one of the new flounce models with rather tight-fitting top. Each pleat of the flounces is edged with a narrow bias piping and the two bias bands running around the skirt, and the upright boys are piped with mulberry broadcloth and trimmed with cloth-covered buttons. The little coat is a clever adaptation of the old-time Norfolk jacket, the waistline raised by means of the passementerie hand and the Norfolk pleats seemingly brought down to this belt and folded over under a large button. There is a wide sailor collar trimmed with white net lace and cloth piping, and the full puff sleeves are gathered into a deep and wide stiffened cuff trimmed with the passementerie and buttons.

vicious soldier, and the worthier of the two. "Your errand, sir? I would hear you quickly."

"We have greetings from our lord, the Duke of Milan," replied de Lana, his speech and bearing uneasy, like one trying to gain time. He had always disliked his mission, and never more so than now, standing face to face with Della Scala.

Here was some one very different from the man he had expected, and it tended to confuse him.

Della Scala's dignity was his own, not that of pomp and splendor, the terror of crime, or the dazzle of power, that made Visconti feared and obeyed. As plainly attired as any of his soldiers, Mastino overrode the Milanese with something new to them—the sense of worth.

They were not trained to dealings with it.

"Greetings from Gian Visconti, Duke of Milan," took up the secretary. "Moreover, we bring terms of peace for your acceptance, my lord."

(To be continued.)

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Making new blood. That is just what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are always doing—actually making new blood. This new blood strengthens every organ in the body, and strikes straight at the root of anaemia, and the common ailments of life which have their origin in poor, weak, watery blood. Mrs. A. H. Sealey, of Stirling, Ont., tells what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills did for her fourteen year old sister, Miss Annie Sager, after other treatment had failed. She says: "For some years Annie had been well. She would take spells of dizziness and headaches that would last for several days, and her whole body would become dry and hot as though she was burning up with fever. Her lips would swell until near the bursting point, and then when the fever would leave her the outer skin of the lips would peel off. She doctored with two different doctors, but they did not succeed in curing her, and the trouble seemed gradually to be growing worse. Then we began giving her Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and under this treatment she has recovered her health. The headaches and dizziness have gone; her color is improved; her appetite better, and she has had no further attacks of the fever which baffled the doctors. We are greatly pleased with what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for her, and recommend them to other sufferers."

It was the rich red blood Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make which cured Miss Sager. That is why these pills cure all common ailments like anaemia and debility, headaches and backaches, indigestion, rheumatism, neuralgia, St. Vitus dance and the special ailments that prey on the health and happiness of girls and women of all ages. Get the genuine Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, with the full name on the wrapper around each box. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

He had some faint foreboding—a secret uneasiness from Milan—and following so swiftly on that last crushing blow, following so swiftly as to come upon him still helpless from it—what had it to say, and to his ears alone? He had some faint foreboding as he sat there. But it was not long. Ligozzi, exercising due precaution, returned with the two Milanese.

Gianotto stepped forward with a smooth obedience, but stopped, a little surprised at the one occupant of the tent—the tall man with the proud dark face.

"My lord—the Prince?" he asked.

"I am Della Scala," said Mastino, and he turned to de Lana who looked an ob-

THE CARLETON FAIR

The Carleton Cornet Band fair close tonight. The attendance has been very large and altogether the venture has proved a success. The voting contest for the most popular fireman closed last night, but at a late hour the votes were not all counted. J. McAndrews was in the lead at the last report. The attendance was large last night, and the band's orchestra furnished music during the evening.

The following door prizes were awarded: Mrs. McLoon, ton of coal; George Clarke, coffee pot; W. Buckley, twenty-five pounds sugar; G. Lanyon, twenty-five pounds tea; and J. Pollock, one dozen cans of peas. The prize winners at the sports were: Excelsior, R. Allan, silver pickle dish; bean toss, H. Lingley, parlor lamp; air gun, R. Ring; and bagatelle, W. Steeves, lemonade set.

George F. Driscoll, representing the Ben nett Amusement Company, of London (Ont.), who were reported to have in view the opening of a moving picture entertainment in St. John, arrived in the city yesterday. When asked for some information regarding the project, Mr. Driscoll said he was only here looking over the ground, but might have something to say at a later date.

undertaking rooms, where it was embalmed and was forwarded to Winnipeg yesterday afternoon, Miss Emslie accompanying the body on the sad journey home.

HALIFAX WANTS A BIG STEEL PLANT

Halifax, N. S., April 30.—The city council tonight agreed to give a free site of ten of twelve acres to W. P. McNeil & Co. of New Glasgow, on condition that they establish their structural steel works in Halifax. This firm was burned out some time ago but they need greater room than is available at New Glasgow, and they have stated that if given a free site by Halifax, they would locate here. This the council tonight unanimously agreed to provide for them by deciding to offer a site in the North End of the city.

The council also resolved to continue the street paving begun last year, so that practically the whole of the central portion of the city will be paved during the coming summer.

A Real Bonanza for Nervous Headache

No matter how long you have suffered, relief comes at once by applying Nerviline and if the stomach is weak, why, take ten drops of Nerviline in some sweet water. Ordinary remedies are useless, but with the extraordinary combinations of pain-subduing substances in Nerviline, cure is absolutely certain, because Nerviline cures pains, aches, bruises and all minor ailments. It is used by nearly every family in the land. Buy a 25c. bottle.

WEDDINGS Lambert-Daigle

Lawrence F. Lambert, of 170 Sydney street, was united in marriage at 8 o'clock last evening to Miss Maggie Daigle, at the residence of Rev. J. E. Hand, of St. James' church. Rev. Mr. Hand performed the ceremony. The bride was neatly attired in a blue traveling suit and was attended by Miss Harriet Lambert, James Johnston acted as groomsmen. Mr. and Mrs. Lambert will reside at 170 Sydney street.

In the county court chambers yesterday, G. T. Clarke, of the Canadian Bank Note Company, was examined as to his assets and liabilities at the instance of creditors, Bowman & Cole, C. D. Trueman, J. King Kelley and the British Bank of North America. R. G. Murray appeared for Bowman & Cole and C. D. Trueman, J. King Kelley appeared for himself, and G. H. V. Belyea for Mr. Clarke, and C. F. Inches for the bank. Judgment will be given this morning.

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OBITUARY

Mrs. Jane E. Hawkshaw

Mrs. Jane Eliza, widow of James Hawkshaw, died at her home, Summer Hill, Queens county, April 27, after about two hours' illness. She had been attending her household duties, apparently in good health, when she became suddenly ill and quickly passed away. Mrs. Hawkshaw will be greatly missed in the community. She was sixty-seven years of age and leaves one son, William, and four daughters, Mrs. Andrew Donald, Mrs. Thomas Dale and the Misses Myrtle and Emma, all residing at Summer Hill. Two brothers, Samuel Corbett, of St. John, and Harry, of Armstrong's Corner, and two sisters, Mrs. John Dunn, of Clones, and Mrs. Henry Cowan, of Woodstock, survive. The sympathy of the neighborhood is extended to the bereaved family. The body was interred in the Episcopal cemetery at Head-line yesterday.

Thomas A. Temple

Thomas A. Temple, formerly of St. John, died in Norwich (Vt.) April 21. Paralysis was the cause of death. Mr. Temple was born in London in 1820, his father being Rev. Wm. Temple, who was sent to New Brunswick as a missionary by the Wesleyan Missionary Society. On leaving school Mr. Temple went to work with Hatchford & Brothers, a shipping and commercial business in Nelson street. In 1845 he became a member of the firm of Coburn & Temple, Frederickton, but his health breaking down he removed in 1852 to New York, where he engaged in the commission business.

In 1864 he came back to St. John and established an insurance agency, in which he was very successful for a long time. A few years ago he left St. John. Mr. Temple was twice married. By his first wife, Miss Annie Chestnut, of Fredericton, he had one son, Rev. W. H. G. Temple, now of Seattle. His second wife, Miss Henrietta Devine, of Shediac, died a few years ago in California, but two sons, Edward L. and Frederick L., survive. Mr. Temple was an honorable business man and a good citizen, and many friends in St. John will sincerely regret to hear of his death.

Mrs. Margaret McVey

On Thursday, April 25, the death of Mrs. Margaret McVey, aged eighty-three years, occurred at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Chas. H. Titus, after an illness of only eight days of bronchitis. Mrs. McVey was twice married. Her first husband was Andrew McAfee and there was one daughter born to them, the present Mrs. Chas. H. Titus. Her second husband was John McVey, of Passelake, and after his death she made her home with her daughter.

Rev. Mr. Ross, of Hampton, conducted services at the house and graves at the funeral, which was held on Saturday at 2 p. m. Interment was at Titusville Hill.

John Emslie

John Emslie, who belonged to Winnipeg, died in the General Public Hospital Monday night, aged sixty-two years. His death was caused by diabetes and nephritis. Deceased, who was secretary-treasurer of the J. H. Ashdown Hardware Company, Winnipeg, had been in Bermuda since November, accompanied by his daughter, Miss Grace Emslie. He was a passenger on the West Indian steamer Ocano, which arrived here Monday evening.

On Sunday Mr. Emslie was suddenly taken very ill and on arrival here he was taken to the hospital, where he passed away.

The body was taken to P. Fitzpatrick's

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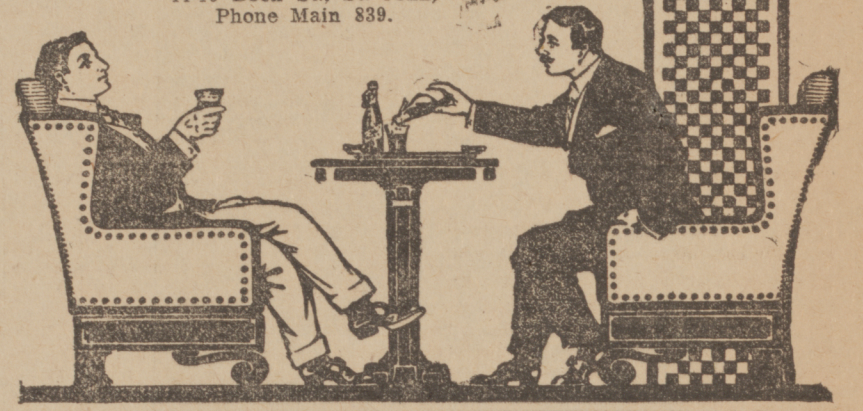
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