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values for \$15.00. Men's Fancy Soft Bosom
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The Viper of Milan.

A ROMANCE OF LOMBARDY.
BY MARJORIE BOWEN.

(Continued.)
"Think what it means," he said sternly.
"I will not," cried Mastino. "I will be
battered and humiliated no more. What has
Visconti done for me? I tell thee I would
have nothing when it came to saving her."
"Still, they trust you," returned Ligozzi.
"Listen, Della Scala; I speak in the
cause of honor—you shall hear, you shall
know what it means, before you land
yourself to such a thing for love of a
woman! It would give all Lombardy to
Visconti, it would give the sword;
it will mean the burning of cities to the
ground; it will mean the misery of half
Italy! It will give a mad tyrant to rule
over thousands who are at present free—
it will send d'Este and Visconti to prison
to shame, misery, death, perdition—it
will strip Julia Gonzaga of everything—
and is she not as young and fair and
good as Isotta d'Este—and did she not
trust you with her all? And yourself?
What will it make of you? What triumph
will it not give Visconti to see you long
Have you kept your name high so long
to make it a by-word now? Beyond redem-
ption will you be dishonored, Della
Scala—an outcast, a traitor—to hold a
little fief at Visconti's pleasure, the mirth
of your enemies, the scorn of your old-
time friends."

Mastino broke into a wild exclamation.
"I will hear no more! I will hear no
more!"
"I must wound you to save you," con-
tinued Ligozzi. "Against yourself I will
persuade you; my love cannot see you
do this thing. Oh, remember yourself!
A man, a prince, no head of a boy.
This black offer will be the turning point
and strengthen you. No man's cause is
battered by such means as this. All Italy
will rise to cry shame on Visconti—heav-
en itself will turn against him and make
you firm to overthrow him!"
"And Isotta?" said Mastino fiercely.
"Isotta will be slain!"

"She is one woman—how many as fair
and good will perish if Della Scala be-
trays Lombardy! She is one woman
against the fate of half Italy."
"She is my wife!" cried Della Scala
desperately; "that one woman is my wife!
Thou hast forgotten!"
"Forget it, too, my lord; for your hon-
or's sake, forget it too."
"Ligozzi, Ligozzi," whispered Mastino,
"thou canst not mean it; deliver up to die
by Visconti's hands the woman I love!"
"If they hanged her from the ramparts
where I must watch her die, they should
not move me," said Ligozzi grimly. "But
—by all the saints, I would take my re-
venge."

"Aye!" said Della Scala bitterly. "But
perchance it would be to give thee the
take revenge—perchance thou wouldst fall
lower and lower, and be crushed after all
and have gained nothing! Ah, Ligozzi, is
this the beginning? Have I not pitted
outrage and high purpose, and honorable
dealing and a righteous cause, against
craft and cruelty and force? And to what
end? Visconti triumphs. Always Viscon-
ti! What availed honor and faith when
Visconti's cunning and Count Conrad's
folly made the plans of weeks naught!
Again, undaunted, I said I will succeed!
Visconti had a handsome face; what mat-
tered it his cause was bad? Again we fail-
ed! And what since? Half Italy are
dead against the walls of Milan! And
now am I to choose again what thou
callest honor, am I to leave Isotta to die
by his dishonoring hands—oh, canst
thou think of it!—and then be crushed
at his leisure for all my reward? Am I
so tied by tradition as that? Does not
Visconti fling all laws, all humanity, all
honor to the winds—can I fight him
within the bounds of a boy's code of
honor? The time comes, Ligozzi, when
such things hold one no longer—the soul
thrills them asunder and does what it
must, regardless of the laws of men! I
must save her. Here is my chance and,
fair or unfair, I take it. I cannot think of
the welfare of unknown thousands; what
are they to me? Cities pass under Vis-
conti's rule and cities are snatched from
him—am I responsible for the fate of
Lombardy? Men fight, betray, deceive
and lie for wealth, ambition, and revenge
—and common folk pay the price—shall I
consider it too closely if they suffer once
in a cause like mine? I tell thee, Ligozzi,
I would hold it cheap to save her from
Visconti with the misery of all Italy."
Ligozzi's eyes did not move from Della
Scala's face.
"Thou art striving to blind thyself,
Della Scala. Oh, my lord," he resumed,
"because others are dishonorable will ye
be so also? And what do ye say of com-
mon folk?—not common folk alone will ye
sacrifice, but d'Este—"

"He has helped me half-heartedly—and
is she not his daughter? Yet at a word
from Visconti he would league with him
behind my back," cried Della Scala.
"I do not think so," said Ligozzi, firm-
ly. "But Julia Gonzaga, who trusted you
—what have you to say to her?"
"Naught!" cried Mastino, distracted.
"Naught! save that I do not love her—
let her who does look to her—as I will to
Isotta!"
"And she!" said Ligozzi, resorting des-
perately to his last argument, "will she
not turn from the liberty bought at such
a price? Is she not the daughter of a
noble house? Has she not been taught to
consider death preferable to dishonor—if
she was asked, what would she not
choose?"

Mastino's breast heaved.
"Ah—but I cannot ask her. If I could
—Ligozzi, if I could go to her and look
into her eyes, and say I promised, give
me back by promise for only on terms
that would spurn can I save her, she
would understand—she would die with a
smile, as I should—and that I could do.
But to let her die a slow death—a dis-
honored death! Wilt thou remember it
is Visconti! His lies in her ears—know-
ing that she would think herself
forsaken, yet hoping against hope, and
ever coming to her belief I would not let
it be, till one day it was! Ah! I cannot
do it! I cannot do it!"

He threw himself on the chair again
and hid his face. "She loves me," he said
brokenly. "It seems strange. Ligozzi—
that she should—care—for me? God
knows, I am clumsy and unlovely com-
pared to those she had around her—and
yet she chose me. While thou art alive
I fear nothing, were the last words I
heard her say, and I shall leave her to
curse the day she met and trusted me
to save her from a villain. What com-
monest fool soldier I have would leave
the woman that he loves to die Visconti's
way? Ah, Heaven have mercy! For what
crime is this a punishment!"

"Then you will accept these terms for
her release?" said Ligozzi. "I will plead
with you no more, my lord—only, if you
do this thing, I, who am your faithful
servant, I, who ever loved and worshipped
you, can serve you no longer—it is too ter-
rible a thing—I cannot say and see it
done!"

Mastino's head was bent forward, his
hands clenched so tightly that the flesh
was broken; his whole attitude so hope-
less in its agony that Ligozzi feared for
his reason.

"Oh, my lord!" he cried passionately,
and flung himself on his knees by Mas-
tino's side. "Oh, my dear, dear lord!
Thou wilt choose the noble part, I know!
Thou wilt not let Visconti triumph, for
this is all a devilish plot to make thee
trust—fool him—say no!"

Mastino made no answer, and Ligozzi
too lapsed into silence, rising from his
knees softly.
How hot it was, how hot! Ligozzi felt
dizzy, he wished the sun would cease
blazing down—he wished Della Scala
would move—had he persuaded him?
Mastino raised his head.
"Bring them back," he said slowly, "I
will see them now."

Ligozzi's heart beat high. "He has won
—over himself at least he has a victory!"
he thought—but looking on Della Scala's
baggard face, he ventured no speech.

Mastino sat erect—his hands on the table
in front of him, his eyes on the floor,
Visconti's envoys entered.

Giannotto, glancing at Mastino and then
at Ligozzi keenly, saw that there Viscon-
ti had an adverse advocate. But the strain
of silence on them all was hard to break.
They were uneasy, like men before a
great grief, or in the presence of one about
to die—it was difficult to treat the mat-
ter as an ordinary one, or to ask a decision
from that tortured man before them.

Even Giannotto's heart failed him, and
he stayed near the entrance, ashamed and
afraid, but with a fear different from that
with which he frowned upon Visconti. Vis-
conti's moods and motives he could under-

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.



COIN SPOTS ARE ULTRA.

Classed among the latest novelties are those new silks, chiffons, voiles and
similar sheer weaves, which show a finely striped background in light and dark
tones overpatterned with polka dots in the tone of the darker stripe. The foulards,
particularly are very fetching in these new designs, and are finding ready favor
with many of the smartest dressers. The jumper and sling sleeve ideas are com-
ing to the fore, the major part of which is made of point Venice lace. The
skirt is an exceedingly pretty model, with full top and a full-gathered domet set
to the top skirt in Greek outline, and the joining covered with a wide fold of
satin in a rich brown shade fast to the skirt with brown silk. The dress mat-
erial is brown and white, and the hat is a toque of milan braid trimmed with
lilacs and brown velvet.

stand to some extent they were his own,
on his own level, but this man—some
times were beyond the Duke of Milan's
secretary, and for the first time in his life
he felt it. Mastino himself broke that hid-
eous silence. He raised his head, and with
a little affectionate movement Ligozzi laid
his hand on his master's arm as if to
strengthen him.

"I have considered," said Della Scala, in
a hard voice. He paused a moment, but
a moment only. "I have considered, and
my answer is: I will accept Visconti's
terms—my wife against the towns."
"Oh, dear lord!" breathed Ligozzi. It
was the only sound; the Milanese were si-
lent, almost as if they too winced to hear
the words.

Mastino rose with defiance in his burn-
ing eyes.
"I accept—every city in my hands, every
soldier—all—against my wife—I accept
Visconti's terms."

Ligozzi's hand had dropped from the
shoulder, the clink of metal was heard
through the heavy silence, without a word
he stepped forward and laid his sword on
the table before the Prince, then turned
toward the entrance.
"Ligozzi!" cried Mastino, incredulous.
"Not thou, Ligozzi—not thou, my friend!"
He held out his hand imploringly, re-
gardless of the eyes upon him. Ligozzi
stopped and turned, answering Della
Scala's wistful look by one of bitter scorn
and pain.

"I had that sword from the old days
before these—for the sake of the old days
Prince—I go to weep that I should have
to return it to a traitor!"

"Ligozzi!" Mastino staggered back, his
extended hand fell against his
side. "Thou might'st have spared me that
before these—for the sake of the old days
Ligozzi!" he said, standing himself.
Ligozzi did not turn; with a hard face he
walked across the tent—without a look
back, without a word or a sign, he was
gone.

(To be continued.)

Weak Women

To weak and ailing women, there is at least one
way to help. But with that way, two treatments,
must be combined. One is local, one is constitu-
tional, but both are important, both essential.
Dr. Shoop's Night Cure is the local.
Dr. Shoop's Restorative is the constitutional.
The former—Dr. Shoop's Night Cure—is a topical
mucous membrane suppository remedy, which Dr.
Shoop's Restorative is wholly an internal treat-
ment. The Restorative reaches throughout the
entire system, seeking the repair of all nerve,
all tissue, and all blood ailments.
The "Night Cure," as its name implies, does its
work while you sleep. It soothes sore and inflamed
mucous surfaces, heals local weaknesses and
discharges, while the Restorative, cases nervous
excitement, gives renewed vigor and ambition,
builds up wasted tissues, bringing about renewed
vigor, and energy. Take Dr. Shoop's
Restorative—Tablets or Liquid—also general tonic
to the system. For positive local help, use as well

Dr. Shoop's Night Cure

NATURAL HISTORY
SOCIETY GETS \$250

Treasury Board Makes Grant to
This Amount Last Evening—
Bills Laid Over.

At a meeting of the treasury board last
evening a grant of \$250 was recommended
for the Natural History Society in re-
sponse to a request by a delegation of
members. In reply to a communication
from J. Hunter White, asking for a re-
consideration of the proposed summer
rate for storing molasses, the board de-
cided that no reduction could be made.

An application from P. W. Lantulum
for some rebate on the price of his ten-
der for the revenues of North and South
Market wharves was taken up. The mat-
ter had been laid over until the agree-
ment had expired.

It was decided to give Mr. Lantulum a
rebate of \$100, as the schooner trade was
generally admitted to have been below the
average during the past year.

A bill of \$140 from the recorder for fees
and expenses in connection with the city
bills at Fredericton was held over, as the
work done for the N. B. Municipalities
was included.

After discussing several unimportant
matters, the board adjourned.

Hon. Francis J. Sweeney passed through
here last evening on his way to Moncton.
R. J. McKnight, of Moncton, was regis-
tered at the Victoria yesterday.

THROWN OVER IN MID-OCEAN

Chief Officer of Steamer Man-
chester Commerce Had To
Battle for His Life.

The steamer Manchester Commerce ar-
rived in port Thursday afternoon from
Manchester with a general cargo, includ-
ing a large lot of salt. Captain Parry, her
commander, says he had a good deal of
fog from Cape Race to Sable Island. He
relates a peculiar accident that happened
to Chief Officer Davies.

About 5 or 6 o'clock last Saturday eve-
ning while the vessel was steaming thir-
teen miles an hour, that officer fell off the
bridge into the sea. It was his watch on
the bridge at the time. No one saw him
fall at the time, but fortunately Stewart
Woods, who had just come on deck, hap-
pened to notice a man in the water.

He at once gave the alarm, "man over-
board," and Captain Parry, who was in
the chart room at the time heard Woods'
cry and rushed out of the chart room and
went to the bridge. The chief officer was
no where to be seen and Captain Parry
at once put the steamer around and gave
orders to get the life boat out as quickly
as possible.

This was done by the crew, and after
the chief officer had been in the water
more than an hour, he was rescued by
his shipmates.

Captain Parry said that if the steward
had not happened on deck when he did
and noticed the man in the water the
ship would have gone on and another sad
tale of the sea would have been recorded.

At the time a heavy sea was running
and it was lucky indeed the accident hap-
pened in daylight. Chief Officer Davies
is a very large man and a good swimmer.
After being rescued he related his ex-
perience to the captain and the crew. A
heavy sea struck the ship, he said, caus-
ing him to lose his balance and hold on
to the bridge and a lurch sent him overboard.

"I shouted as best I could under the cir-
cumstances," he said, "and swam about
again or to be able to tell the story of
my wonderful rescue. I shall never for-
get the feeling that came over me when I
saw the life boat coming toward me. I
have much to be thankful for."

Mrs. Edward Puddle, of the North End,
will leave in a few days to visit her home
in Newfoundland.

WILL OPPOSE DR. PUGSLEY

Conservative Party Executive
Decide to Contest St. John
in By-Election.

The executive of the Conservative party
at a meeting Thursday decided to put a
candidate in the field to oppose Hon. Wm.
Pugsley for the vacant St. John city and
county seat. The meeting was held in the
assembly rooms at Keith's and was at-
tended by J. D. Hazen, M. P. P., who
presided; Dr. J. W. Daniel, Florence Mc-
Carthy, Frank Tufts, S. S. deForest, R.
B. Emerson, James Lewis, Dr. A. W.
Macrae, Thos. Kitcham, Robert Maxwell,
Jonas Howe, Dr. Gilchrist, Wm. Dunham,
H. H. Pickett, James Cowan, Wm. Stan-
ley, G. V. McInerney, K. C. Wm. Shaw,
John Irvine, John McDonald, R. R. Ar-
mstrong, H. O. McInerney, H. A. Powell, K. C.,
J. King Kelley, G. N. Hevenor, Col. J. B.
Armstrong, L. P. D. Tilley, W. D. Baskin,
E. J. Neve, R. R. Patchell, H. A. Austin,
Wm. Lewis, J. B. M. Baxter, George A.
Blair, Fred A. Dykeman, Dr. J. H. Gray,
John Irvine, John McDonald, R. R. Ar-
mstrong, H. O. McInerney, H. A. Powell, K. C.,
Col. A. J. Markham, John Ewing, W. W.
Hubbard, Albert Mott, of Campbellton,
and W. H. Harrison, secretary.

In the earlier portion of the meeting
not all were agreed on the advisability of
contesting the vacant seat but after a long
discussion it was decided, and the decision
was announced as unanimous, to put a
candidate in the field. No direct communi-
cation from the party leader, R. L. Borden,
was sent to the meeting, but a telegram
had been received from him some time be-
fore, urging that the seat be contested.

The meeting also appointed a committee
to select names from which a candidate
shall be chosen. A resolution touching on
the death of Dr. A. A. Stockton was ad-
opted and a copy ordered sent to Mrs.
Stockton and family.
No names of possible candidates were
given out after the meeting, but there is
talk of W. H. Thorne, H. A. Powell, G.
V. McInerney, Robert Maxwell, M. P. P.,
and J. B. M. Baxter. It is very generally
known, however, that the first three
named have declared themselves unwilling
to run.

It is understood that John McKane, the
North Shore millionaire, whose presence in
the city Wednesday and Thursday gave
not at the meeting.

THE MAN WANTS
A CROP FAILURE

(New York Journal of Commerce.)
"Personally I hope that the crop will be a
partial failure," was the surprising sen-
timent expressed by a well known financier
(not Secretary Shaw) yesterday. "It is not
true that our railroads have more business
than they can handle, and that they cannot
raise capital to increase their plant suffi-
ciently to cope with the enormous volume of
business now pressed upon them? A very
small harvest would remove the tension and
enable the roads to clear their feet. Money
would also become less stringent, since in-
dustries in general would slacken, and in
this way the railroads would be-and-by
able to secure the capital necessary to equip
their properties in the manner desired. We
have been going very fast—too fast for our
capital, and a little let-up would benefit
everyone. I would not care, however, to
make such a statement in public, as it would
sound unreasonable. Everybody seems to think
that unless we are breaking records all the
time something is radically wrong. Let us
regain our feet before starting upon another
cycle of unprecedented prosperity."

Rev. Thomas Marshall, president of the
N. B. Temperance Federation, announced
last night that preparations were being
made in various places in the province to
take part in provincial elections in the
interests of the temperance movement.

There is some talk in the county of
Queens of bringing out L. R. Hetherington
as a federation candidate, unless con-
ditions are made more satisfactory to the
temperance people. The advisability of
bringing out a temperance candidate to
contest the county of Kings is also being
considered.

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others.

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