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WE SELL PROGRESS BRAND
CLOTHING.

Union Clothing Co.

The Viper of Milan.

A ROMANCE OF LOMBARDY.

BY MARJORIE BOWEN.

(Continued.)

The seal and the parchment were much but the keys would be everything. They were not within the bureau; she rifled them once again—no, they were not there. She turned away in vexation, and stood a second irresolute.

These rooms deserted, yet so full of their owner, were terrifying. Valentine was sick with fear—still, she must have those keys.

Hastily she turned over every article in the room, left as Visconti had left them—books, papers, ornaments.

There were no keys there. She looked into the antechamber, that was bare and empty; she knew it too well to suppose what she sought could be hidden there.

In desperation she retraced her steps and stood again within the second room. An impulse made her lift the arras, and she beheld another door, and another still; they were either side Visconti's empty seat. She tried one; it opened immediately on a black marble stairway, and she closed it again with a thrill.

Desperately she opened the other door held to her courage desperately, and crossing the threshold. The room was paneled in black and scarlet, floor and ceiling inlaid with gold and black.

A great mirror hung opposite the door; either side a table, covered with a collection of articles left in utter confusion.

Valentine turned them over in frantic haste; there were lace and rings, jewels and curios, gloves, and strangely carved bottles. She handled the last carefully—she knew not what they might contain.

Still there were no keys.

Valentine, fast losing nerve, felt that she had been in these rooms for hours, the silence and suggestion oppressed her till she could have screamed—but she had risked too much to retreat.

There was an inlaid bureau, and a coffer beneath it; she opened the bureau and sought again: rings, daggers, carvings, from Della Scala's collection, incense burners, powders, scents, rosaries, charms, missals—only no hint of what she looked for.

On top of the coffer was a roll of drawings, the plans of the new church, several parchments, petitions, specimens of marble from the new quarries, carvings, mail gauntlets—Valentine swept them off on to the floor, and then threw the coffer open.

It was full of clothes—upon the velvet of the topmost mantle lay the small bunch of master-keys.

Valentine grasped it, and hid it in the little pocket at her side.

She had all she needed now, and was turning in relief to go, when, struck by another thought, she bent again over the coffer, lifted the contents out on to the floor.

Visconti's doublets were mostly too splendid for her purpose, but she seized the plainest, wrapped it in her mantle, snatched one of the daggers from the table. Then making rapidly through the rifled room, with a breathless prayer of gratitude for safety, she stealthily pushed open the door on to the balcony, and saw the sunlight and her page's eager face.

"Shut the door," she whispered.

"Climb up and shut the top bolt."

The boy obeyed.

"No one has been?"

"No, lady; you have been quick."

Sick all the Time with Kidney Trouble

4 BOXES CURED HIM

Mr. Whellam was a mighty ill man this spring. He had been ailing for almost a year. Sharp pains in the back and through the hips. Dull headaches and dizzy spells. Appetite poor—nothing seemed to taste right.

Finally, an old friend told him about a friend who was in just that condition and who was cured by GIN PILLS.

Mr. Whellam tried them. And you would not know him for the same man now. That worried, strained look about the face is gone. His eyes are bright—his complexion rosy. He enjoys what he eats—has gained in weight—and sleeps like a top.

He had kidney trouble. GIN PILLS practically gave new kidneys—healed and strengthened these vital organs—soured the bladder—and freed the system of uric acid that was poisoning him.

Broad Cove, C.B., July 6, 1905.

I received a sample of your GIN PILLS last fall. They did me a great deal of good. In fact, they are the best kidney medicine I know of. A neighbor of mine has tried them and they did him more good than all the Doctors' Medicine he took in three months. I will not forget during my lifetime the benefit your GIN PILLS have been to me.

Are your kidneys sick? Do you feel just as Mr. Whellam did? Then take GIN PILLS on our positive guarantee that they will cure you. To have you give them a fair trial, we send a free sample if you mention this paper. Write to-day to Bole Drug Co., Winnipeg.

GIN PILLS are sold by dealers everywhere at 50c a box—or 6 boxes for \$2.50.

again and left the room, followed by de Lana and Giannotto.

"Now, I had almost forgot, my lord," she said, pausing with a smile. "My page, his sister and his brother, would leave Milan tomorrow for Brescia—what for, Adrian? Indeed, I have forgot—but I have the Duke's permission, and would only ask your countersign upon this passport."

She spread before the captain a parchment bearing Visconti's signature.

"This is no time to be leaving Milan, boy," said de Lana.

"Our father is sore sick at Brescia," returned Adrian. "Dying, my lord."

De Lana smiled.

"A long and dangerous journey to make for a sick father?"

"There is money in the matter for these children, and it is my pleasure," said Valentine.

De Lana bent over the parchment and affixed his name, and in that second, Valentine glancing at Giannotto, their eyes met, and the secretary understood. He had meant to hasten to Visconti's room; he meant now not to. De Lana gave the parchment back, and Valentine handed it to Adrian.

"And now, Lord d'Orleans, will come with us to Isotta's prison?"

"Truly," said de Lana, "the lady is as firmly guarded as at any time. I have looked to that."

"Desperation is a great sharpener of the wits, my lord," smiled Valentine Visconti. "When life and liberty are at stake, the weakest will venture—and accomplish much."

"Indeed, I think with the lady," put in Giannotto, "that too much zeal cannot be shown for anything so near to the Duke's heart as this."

De Lana shrugged.

"We will go, lady."

Half an hour later Giannotto and the captain waited in the guard-room of Isotta's prison.

Valentine, one of her women and the page, had entered the prison itself. The Duke's signet had passed through all the formidable barriers. It was late, almost dark.

"This shows a malice in the lady I do not like," said de Lana. "What need she to triumph over her brother's victim?"

(To be continued.)

SINKING SENSATIONS IN THE STOMACH

Do They Affect You?

These unpleasant feelings of weakness and collapse indicate that the sympathetic nervous system is out of order.

The cause is impairment of nerve tone, arising from failure of the stomach to perform its work.

Acute indigestion follows and the natural result is mental depression, and a feeling of collapse and extreme weakness.

The best, because the quickest and surest cure, is Ferrozene.

It acts at once upon the digestive and assimilative organs—it fortifies the stomach—makes the blood nourishing, gives it a rich, red color, the best evidence of health.

"For ten years I suffered acutely from stomach trouble," writes Mr. Maxwell Thompson, of Toledo. "I always had a headache and dull feeling after meals. My appetite was poor, and I didn't relish food. It was all due to a weak, defective stomach. I read about Ferrozene and ordered six boxes from my druggist. It was no time at all before I felt much better, and when all the Ferrozene was used I really took a new lease of life. I am stronger, brighter, and feel more like work than before trying Ferrozene. It is a splendid tonic, the best I ever used."

Ferrozene is unrivalled in curing stomach ailments, try it and be convinced. Sold by all druggists in 50c. boxes.

OBITUARY Mrs. Mayes Sanborn

Mrs. Mary Sanborn, widow of Mayes Sanborn, died Monday at her residence, 234 Douglas avenue, after an illness lasting since December. She was aged seventy-seven years. Deceased had been a resident of this city for the last thirty or forty years and her friends and acquaintances will be sorry to hear of her death.

Her husband predeceased her thirty-two years and she is survived by one son, William M., and three daughters—Mrs. H. N. Sharp, Mrs. C. B. Pidgeon and Miss Annie—all of whom reside here.

The funeral will take place from her late residence Wednesday afternoon.

Miss Belle Golding

Miss Belle Golding, only daughter of Edith and the late Reuben Golding, died Monday of pneumonia, at the residence of Moses Cowan, 18 Camden street. Miss Golding, who was but nineteen years old, was an accomplished young lady. She was a member of Main street Baptist church, and was active in the work there.

Her death will cause regret to her large circle of friends and acquaintances. A week ago Sunday she was in her usual health, but was seized with an attack of pneumonia, to which she succumbed. The funeral will be held Thursday afternoon, with service at the house at 2:30 o'clock.

Capt. D. Ryan

St. Stephen, N. B., April 15—(Special)—Captain D. Ryan died today at his residence in Calais, after several months ill-

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.



APPROPRIATE HEADWEAR WITH COAT OF CHECKED MOHAIR.

Motoring about town, calling and shopping, one needs garments and headwear which embody a note of dressiness in their makeup. Of course, coats must be made of materials which will shed the dust arising from the city's asphalted streets, and hats must not be of too dressy a character. Mohair is a splendid material for the long enveloping coat to be worn over a dressy afternoon frock of silk or some other fashionable fabric. In this instance the coat of brown and white checked mohair is accompanied by a small mushroom sailor of brown chip, bound—as are many of the auto hats—with self-colored leather and trimmed with tan satin ribbon, bowed on the front of the crown, and shaded pink roses encircling the crown. Over this is adjusted the long automobile veil, which may be discarded upon entering the house or shop, the hat a sufficiently smart accessory to the gown when the coat is removed.

Deceased was for many years master of the steamer running between Calais and Eastport, retiring ten years on account of defective vision. He leaves besides the widow, one daughter and three sons, as well as one brother residing in Boston.

Howard Norton

Newcastle, April 15—Howard Norton, manager of the open air skating rink, died on Saturday night, after a short illness of consumption. Deceased was thirty-three years old. He had been a widower several years and left no children.

Richard H. Leonard

Sydney, April 15—(Special)—There died on April 12th at the residence of his son-in-law, C. S. Pike, Brooklyn (N. Y.), Richard Henry, fourth son of the late O. E. Leonard, of this city, in the seventy-ninth year of his age. Mr. Leonard was the last male issue of an old loyalist stock, his grandfather, George Leonard, having moved with his family from Plymouth (Mass.) to New Brunswick at the close of the war of independence. For his distinguished services in the war and as partial compensation for his great pecuniary loss, the British government gave Col. Leonard large grants of land at Parrtown and at Sussex Vale, where he afterwards resided, and a pension for life of \$1,000 a year.

PRINCE LEOPOLD TO SAIL FROM ST. JOHN

Montreal, April 15—His Royal Highness Prince Leopold, Duke of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, son of the late Duke of Albany and consequently a nephew of King Edward VII., is at the Windsor en route for the motherland. Some weeks ago the prince landed at Vancouver from the Orient and made several halts on his way across the continent, reaching the city yesterday by the Canadian Pacific. His royal highness will visit Quebec, returning in time to take the steamboat special for St. John (N. B.) on Thursday evening.

The young prince, who possesses the English title of Duke of Albany, was born on July 19, 1884, and is thus not quite twenty-three years of age. Though nominally the reigning duke of the state of Saxe-Coburg, he does not yet possess the reins of power, these being held by a regent until he attains the age of twenty-five. Prince Leopold was married on Oct. 11, 1905, to Princess Victoria Adelaide of Schleswig-Holstein-Glücksburg.

Miss H. E. Mullin, Fredericton; J. P. Hood, Charlottetown; Misses M. and L. Hazen, St. John and Rev. and Mrs. J. B. Saer, Halifax, were registered at the high commissioner's office, London, during the week ended April 2.

John B. Belding, who a year ago went to British Columbia as a relief operator on the C. P. R., is now station agent at Salmon Arm, on the main line, one of the important stations on that division.

The present number of seamen in the British navy is about 40,000, and there are besides about 7,500 boys under training. Mrs. Harriett R. Yeomans, of Columbia, Conn., who celebrated her 90th birthday recently, still attends Sunday school as a pupil. She has resided in the town all her life.

PAIN

Pain in the head—pain anywhere, has its cause. Pain is congestion, pain is blood pressure—not else usually. At least, so says Dr. Shoop, and to prove it he has created the pink tablet. That tablet—called Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablet—coaxes blood pressure away from pain places. It's effective, charming, pleasingly delightful. Gently, though safely, it surely equalizes the blood circulation.

If you have a headache, it's blood pressure. If it's painful periods with women, same cause. If you are sleepless, restless, nervous, it's blood congestion—blood pressure. That surely is a certainty, for Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets stop it in 20 minutes, and the tablets simply distribute the unnatural blood pressure.

Brush your finger and doesn't it get red, and swell, and pain you? Of course it does. It's congestion, blood pressure. You'll find it where pain always. It's simply Common Sense.

We sell at 25 cents, and cheerfully recommend

Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets

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For tasty decorative effects and reliability of color, they are unequalled.

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There's a need in every home for

GRAY'S SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM

A few doses, at the first sign of a cold, will allay all throat irritation—take away hoarseness—check the inflammation—strengthen the lungs—ward off the cough. All the healing, soothing, curative properties of Canadian Spruce Gum—combined with aromatics. Pleasant to take. 25 cts. bottle.

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