Store closes evenings at 6 p. m, Saturdays 11 p. m.

UNION CLOTHING CO.

26-28 Charlotte Street, - - - ST. JOHN, N. B.,
Old Y. M. C. A. Building. ALEX. CORBET, Manager.

Another TROUSER WEEK

$3 Trousers at $1.98 a Pair

Splendid assortment of Men's $3.00 Worsted Trousers to be sold at **$1.98** a pair. Hundreds of pairs of these Trousers have already left our store and hundreds more will leave before the week's end. The keenest buyers have taken the opportunity of this great trouser value. You do the same and buy a $3.00 trouser for $1.00 less.

Most Exquisite New Patterns

in **NEW SPRING SUITS** for Men, Youths, Boys and Children can be seen at our store now. We are showing one of the swellest and most up to-date lines of Clothing for the young and old in the city. Just take a run in for a minute and we will be glad to show you the styles.

Men's New Spring Suits from $6.00 to $22.00

The Viper of Milan.

A ROMANCE OF LOMBARDY.

BY MARJORIE BOWEN.

(Continued.)

The door let him into a long narrow passage flagged with stone, and lit by diamond-shaped holes left in the walls; the air was damp and chill, and Visconti drew his cloak around him. Unlocking a second door, he ascended a flight of stone steps, pitch dark, from which he emerged into a large circular chamber with a thick pillar in the middle from which the groined ceiling sprang. Save table and high-backed chair of blackened wood, there was no furniture. This chamber was the outer guard-room of the prison-wing, and a gloomy-faced man leaned against the pillar, his eyes fixed upon the opening door. It could be no other than the Visconti entering thus, and he crouched almost to the ground.

"What is thy guard?" said Visconti.

"Twenty men in each guard-room my lord, and each one picked for size and trustworthiness, and I myself keep watch upon the door. Escape is impossible."

"By so much the more that thy head will answer for it."

As he spoke, Visconti flung wide one of a ring of doors opening from the chamber, and stepped into a posse of soldiers. No one spoke. Glancing keenly to the right and left, Visconti passed through their ranks into the room beyond,—a small apartment, dim lit and hung with arras. An old woman sat at a tapestry frame with her back to the door, but at Visconti's entrance she rose, as at something expected, and sank in a deep obeisance.

Gian Maria closed the door behind him.

"How is she?" he said. "How does she bear her change of prison?"

The old woman glanced toward an inner door, massive and iron-clamped.

"When I am with her, my lord, she sits in silence, her eyes forever on her missal; indeed she has not spoken since we brought her here; but when she is alone she weeps. I have heard her through the door; she weeps passionately, and calls wildly upon her husband to save her."

"I would I had him, to stand him gagged against the door to hear her," said the Duke.

"By the look of her she will die of it," continued the old woman. "But if I know anything of prisoners, and I have seen a few, thou wilt never break her spirit, my lord."

"She must be more humbled now," he said to himself. "She must turn and implore me for pity."

The huge door creaked and swung on its hinges, and he stood at the top of two low stone steps, loking down into Isotta's prison. It was little better than a dungeon of stone, lofty but dark, with one window deep set, high out of reach, and thickly barred. The walls were hung with faded tapestry, the gloomy, sad-looking folds drooping like torn, captured standards. A huge chest of sombre blackness leaned against the wall; above it hung a horn lantern, which after dark gave all the light that was obtained. For the rest, a few high-backed chairs stood stiffly about the room. In his black dress Visconti, pausing at the head of the steps, seemed part of its gloom. His wide-open gray eyes looked straight across at the solitary occupant.

Isotta sat in one of the huge black chairs, her delicate hands resting on the faded crimson velvet of the arms, her feet on a wooden footstool. She was of a fair and noble appearance, but her face was marred by sorrow and her eyes red from many tears. Her pale yellow hair was drawn away under a white veil. Her long, gray dress clung close about her slender figure. On her knee rested a little book, and on this she kept her eyes. Not by so much as a flutter of her hand did she show she knew of the Visconti's presence.

He waited, raging inwardly, but words would not come easily to break that silence. At last he slowly descended into the room, his eyes still on her face.

She never stirred, nor raised her own. With his noiseless tread, Visconti paced around the chamber, raising the arras, and testing with his dagger every block of stone. It was a superfluous precaution; any attempt to escape would have been simple madness, and Isotta d'Este was not likely to give way to frenzy. Still it was joy to be sure and doubly sure that she was safe. Every inch was inspected, every crevice searched. Meanwhile from time to time he observed her keenly. But she seemed not to know her solitude was broken, save that once, when he passed her, she swept in the train of her gown, as she might have done had a leper come too near. A simple thing, but it goaded him, and for a moment she was near her death; rage almost overcoming prudence. But as he stood behind her chair, half-inclined to strike, he noticed on her hand a ring. His expression changed; he smiled; his hand dropped down. The ring was of pearl, cut with the arms of Della Scala, and worn on the third finger of her left hand; her wedding ring.

Visconti smiled again. Stooping, he raised her hand,—and "Will she bear this in silence?" was his thought. For a moment it seemed as if she might not. The delicate fingers stiffened and half-closed, then, as if remembering anew, she left her hand passive in Visconti's hold, and only by a faint quiver told she knew the ring had been withdrawn. The despoiled hand fell back again on to the velvet arm, her eyes were fixed immovably upon her book, and Visconti, turning away to the door, silent as he came, looked back at her incredulous of such control. She was sitting straight and slender, her delicate head poised high, but—ah yes, he thought it must be so!—he noted with delight that her breast heaved and the firm line of her mouth trembled ever so slightly. For a second he stood thus, a ray of the pale prison light caught by the ring he held, then the door clattered and shook back into its bolts, and he was gone.

CHAPTER FOUR.

VALENTINE.

Swiftly as he had come, Visconti returned to the palace and the banqueting hall beyond. He stepped in silently, and softly let the curtains fall behind him.

The room was of enormous size, and overawed the gaze. The four large entries, one in each wall, were curtained alike with gloomy purple. The ceiling was domed and of immense height, showing a dim tracery of carved wood, from which hung golden chains, suspending jeweled lamps. The high and narrow windows were wrought with painted saints, splendid in coloring. From domed ceiling to paneled floor the walls were carved with men, women, saints, martyrs, flowers and birds wrought together in simple-minded joyousness of design, executed with the delicate workmanship of Niccola Pisano's school. Silk arras, hung from carved gold rods, here and there concealed the carving. A carpet, the work of two men's lives, delicate in purple, brown and gold, spread across the center, where a long low table of walnut wood, rich and dark, could seat two hundred guests. Purple velvet chairs were set about in the corners, and the light streaming through the colored window saints fell in gold and green across an ivory footstool, inlaid with jewels.

As Visconti entered, the hall was empty, yet he stepped stealthily, as if he felt eyes watching him. Seating himself in the window recess, he waited, and presently, as if an unuttered summons, the curtains at the far end of the room were rustled apart, and a lady entered. She was Valentine Visconti, Gian's sister. Her dress was of red and brown, embroidered with gold, her tawny hair piled high under a golden net upon her well-set head. She had the clear, colorless skin and the wide red lips of the fair-haired Italians, their rich presence; she was of a fine carriage, not easy to overlook; she might have been ten years younger than her brother; she was as tall and as stately.

She looked straight toward the window where Visconti sat. Gian returned her gaze, not changing his position. Valentine drew nearer.

"Why hast thou set spies upon me?" she demanded.

"Why didst thou try to fly to Milan with Count Conrad?" he returned. "I was foolish not to spy on thee before."

Her eyes glinted.

"I tred to escape from a life that was grown intolerable," she cried, "and I will try yet again!"

Visconti smiled.

"My sister, thou art much too precious; I shall not let thee go. Thaou art worth a great deal to me. Through thee our family will be united to the Royal House of France. My sister, thy husband will be the Duke of Orleans, and not a German fool.

But Valentine was also a Visconti: she advanced with blazing eyes.

"I will not marry to serve thy ambitions; I will not help to steady thee upon the throne. Mark me, Gian, sooner than wed a Prince whom thou hast chosen, I will drag thy name into the mire, and sit in rags at thy palace gates."

"Only thou hast not the choice," he answered pleasantly.

Her anger rose the more as she felt her helplessness.

"I will not marry the Duke!" she cried, "I will not walk up to the altar."

"Thou canst be carried," said Visconti.

She moved up and down, twisting her hands in an agony of impotence.

"I will appeal to the Duke of Orleans himself!" she cried.

"A bridegroom who is bought for a hundred thousand florins!" sneered her brother. "And how will thy appeal reach him? Come, my sister, be calm; the Duke will make as good a husband as Count Conrad. Bethink thyself, thou wayst live to be crowned Queen of France. Wilt thou not thank me then, that I have saved thee from a German Count?"

Valentine fell to weeping.

"What has become of him?" she sobbed, "the only human being who ever turned to me in pity. The only one who ever cared for me. What has become of him?"

"What becomes of a fool when he crosses the path of a Visconti?" asked her brother, calmly.

Valentine lifted her head.

"He is dead, then?" she said.

"It matters not to thee. Thy husband will be the Duke of Orleans, and thou art a prisoner in the palace till he takes thee from it."

She caught at the arras; Visconti left her, and reached the door, his figure a shadow among the shadows.

The girl rushed forward with a cry. "Gian!" she called.

He paused, his hand upon the curtain, and looked back at her.

Gian!" she repeated, and stood still gasping, her hand upon her breast. The stiff folds of her dress gleamed richly in the subdued light that fell upon her from the painted window. "I know thee for what thou art," she said; "there are only two of us left, only two. Where are our parents, Gian?"

"They were stricken down at Brescia," and Visconti took a quick step toward her.

"They are dead," she breathed, "and they died as our brothers died, Filipo and Matteo——"

"Did they so! Then take warning by it," and Gian coming stealthily still nearer, turned a look on her. Valentine quailed, as Francisco well-nigh had done; the hot words of remorse and rebellion died away unuttered, and she hid her face, her high spirit cowed again into a bitter weeping.

Visconti left her noiselessly.

(To Be Continued.)

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.



SIMPLE FROCK FOR LITTLE GIRL.

The design shown in the accompanying plate is practical in almost any material, the model being in light blue linen, the buttonholed edges of the sleeve caps and about the yoke being done in white wash cotton. The little garment was made in one piece, the bodice and skirt being joined under a strap belt of the linen stitched. Pearl buttons were used on either side of the strap across the front of the belt. The guimpe and undersleeves were of white tucked mulle and lace.

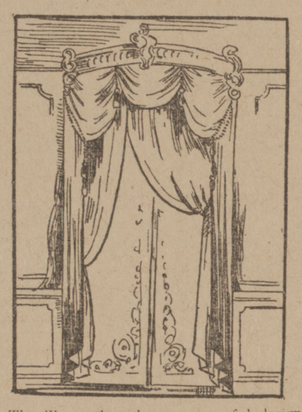
Weak Kidneys

Weak Kidneys, surely point to weak kidney Nerves. The Kidneys, like the Heart, and the Stomach, find their weakness, not in the organ itself, but in the nerves that control and guide and strengthen them. Dr. Shoop's Restorative is a medicine specifically prepared to reach these controlling nerves. To doctor the Kidneys alone, is futile. It is a waste of time, and of money as well.

If your back aches or is weak, if the urine scalds, or is dark and strong, if you have symptoms of Brights or other distressing or dangerous kidney disease, try Dr. Shoop's Restorative a month—Tablets or Liquid—and see what it can and will do for you. Druggist recommend and sell

Dr. Shoop's Restorative

Drawing Room Window Draperies.



The illustration shows a graceful design for a window drapery where silk, brocade, or such material is used over the lace curtain which hangs next to the pane. For the window shown in the sketch a brass cornice was used, the drapery being so arranged that almost the entire woodwork of the window was concealed.

BEATRICE CAREY.

BAKED APPLE WITH HOT SAUCE.—To bake apples with hot sauce, remove cores and stand the apples in a baking dish; put a teaspoonful of sugar and a bit of butter into the hole made by the removal of the core; add a half cupful of water and bake until soft. Beat one tablespoonful of butter and four of powdered sugar together until light. Dish the apples and turn the hot sauce from the baking dish into the butter and sugar; then add a cupful of boiling water. Stir carefully over the fire for just a moment; add a teaspoonful of vanilla and pour over the apples.

For the Invalid.

For the invalid or convalescent who is compelled to take her meals in bed a small shelf, perferably of the width of the bed, or a trifle narrower, and mounted upon two legs or ledges at the ends, will prove of inestimable comfort and convenience. When propped up on pillows this invalid table or shelf is placed across the knees, covered with a dainty linen cloth and the various dishes placed within comfortable reach. In this way there is no weight whatever upon the sufferer, the awkwardness of trays in the bed is avoided, and the daintiness of fresh linen and attractive dishes is a great aid to the capricious appetite.

An elderly invalid, condemned by accident to long periods in bed and much suffering, received a somewhat odd and unique present the other day. This was a dozen serviettes, no two alike in size, finish or design. There were likewise a half dozen cups and saucers, a dozen of plates, assorted sizes, and no two items alike here, either. In this way the looking out for just what dishes would be used to serve the next meal upon the opening of the dainty folded serviette and identifying the pattern made a small spot of mild interest in the dull routine of the sick room.

There are any number of mechanical contrivances nowadays for the sick bed, but the little shelf contrivance referred to can readily be knocked together by the handy man, or even by one of the boys of the family. Its cost is a mere nothing, but the comfort it brings is inestimable.

LACTATED FOOD

WILL MAKE

Baby Bright, Happy and Vigorous.

Recommended by over 40,000 Physicians.

Ask Your Druggist for It.

Roux, used to give body to sauces, is made with equal weights of flour and butter, or with half as much flour as butter in a small, smooth and perfectly clean saucepan, when it bubbles add the flour with salt and pepper and cook until the mixture takes on a lemon color, or from three to five minutes. For a brown sauce, for which the flour must be cooked to a darker shade, continue the cooking, with constant stirring, on the top of the range until the mixture has acquired a brown or reddish color. When this has been done let the roux cool in another part of the stove, and add the sauce liquid gradually and stir constantly. When the liquid has all been added bring the sauce to boil vigorously, then let simmer for five minutes. Let it stand in hot water until it be time to serve and keep it covered.

"Mr. Binks," said Mr. Pater, shaking the young man warmly by the hand, "let me tell you that you are a man after my own heart." "Oh, no, sir!" protested the blushing suitor; "I'm after your daughter!"

Fooled the Doctors and Got Well

GIN PILLS CURE RHEUMATISM

They certainly were a surprised lot of doctors out Tyneside way. They had been treating Mrs. Harris for years. Gave her about everything that was ever heard of for Rheumatism—and then told her the disease was chronic.

A friend told Mrs. Harris about GIN PILLS. Just to oblige her friend, Mrs. Harris took a box. When that was gone, she dismissed the doctors and bought another box of GIN PILLS. By the time these were gone, she was so much better that she bought the third box and laughed every time she saw a doctor.

Tyneside P. O., Aug. 6, 1906.
I received your sample box of Gin Pills, but as there was only enough for a trial I got a box from our druggist, and now I am taking the third box. The pain across my back and kidneys has almost entirely gone, and I am better than I have been for years. I was a great sufferer from Rheumatism, but it has all left me. MRS. T. HARRIS.

The doctors can't explain it. They don't try to. They said Mrs. Harris could not be cured. GIN PILLS cured her. Proof beats explanation all to pieces. Do YOU want proof? Write, mentioning this paper, for a free sample of Gin Pills and try them yourself. Then you will see what Gin Pills will do for YOU. Write now to the Bole Drug Co., Winnipeg, for a free sample.

Sold by dealers everywhere. 50c a box —6 for $2.50. 90

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.

PURE WOOL TWEEDS. HEWSON, AMHERST.

—occupy a unique position among cloths. 108

A WOMAN'S BACK WAS NOT MADE TO ACHE

Thousands of Women suffer Untold Misery Every Day with Aching Backs That Really have no Business to Ache.

Under ordinary conditions it ought to be strong and ready to bear the burdens of life.

It is hard to do housework with an aching back. Backache comes from sick kidneys, and what a lot of trouble sick kidneys cause.

But they can't help it. If more work is put on them than they can stand it is not to be wondered that they get out of order.

Backache is simply a warning from the kidneys and should be attended to immediately so as to avoid years of terrible sufferering from Kidney trouble.

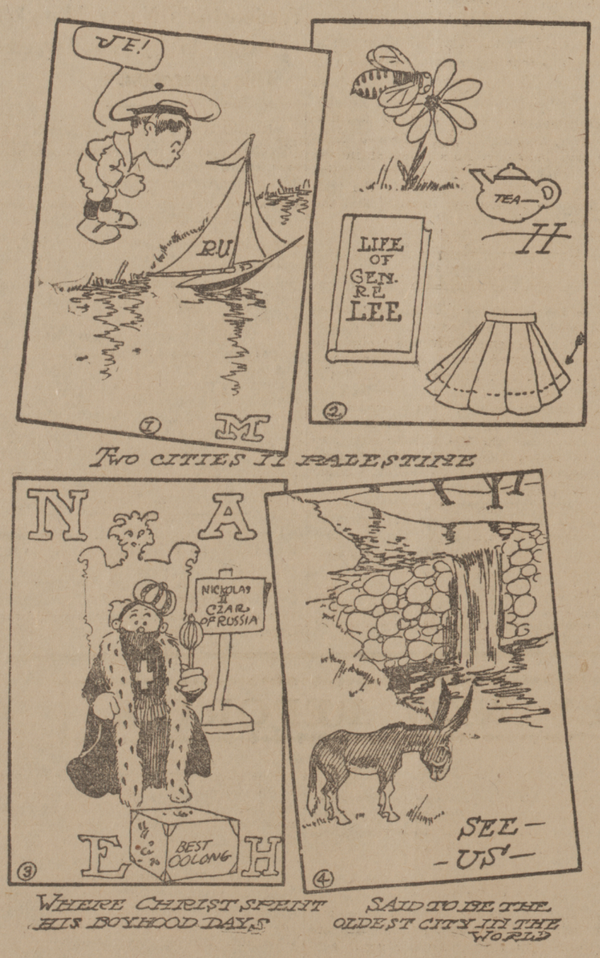
Doan's Kidney Pills

will cure you in the same way as they have cured thousands of others.

Mrs. Thos. Craig, Almonte, Ont., writes: "I was doctoring for six months for kidney trouble and my back was so lame I had to lie in bed. I was advised to try Doan's Kidney Pills. I did so and in one week I was able to walk with very little pain, and in five months my back was as strong as ever.

Doan's Kidney Pills are 50 cents per box or 3 boxes for $1.25 at all dealers, or will be mailed direct on receipt of price by The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.





Jerusalem, Palestine.

Dear Cousin Charley:—

We have been a week in the Holyland—travelling from one town to another on the laziest little old donkeys you ever saw. All the beating in the world wouldn't make them go out of a walk. It has been a very interesting trip, as there are so many historical places crowded into such a small country. Palestine is only 180 miles long by 50 miles wide, and almost every square mile of it has some Bible story about it, and the cities and towns are only a few miles apart.

We landed in Jaffa, which is the town Jonah sailed from when he was swallowed by the whale and where Noah built the ark. There are lots more interesting things about it, but I forget them. We hired donkeys and rode to Jerusalem. Gee! What a burg Jerusalem is. We thought we would see a fine town like Rome or Athens, but it was the dirtiest place, and the mud was knee-deep in the streets. We visited all the points of interest—the Mount of Olives, the Holy Sepulchre, the Tomb of Mary, in fact every nook and corner has something supposed to be connected with something that happened in Bible times. They even had the stone that the rooster crew on three times when Peter said he didn't know Jesus. Palestine belongs to the Turkish Empire, and is controlled by the Turks, who have their churches there, too.

Our trip through Palestine was very interesting, for everywhere there was some historical spot that our guide would stop and tell us about. I learned more about the Bible than all the Sunday-schools ever could teach me. Papa and I had an experience that had us going for a while. We wanted to go swimming in the Dead Sea, so we hired an Arabian to guide us there. When we got out to the Dead Sea the old Arab commenced to yell and ride at full speed up the hills—waving his gun and sword and looking like a pirate. We didn't know what he was up to or how we were going to get our swim—but we finally decided to leave Spots in charge of our clothes and risk it. Well, we hadn't much sooner than got out when Mr. Arab made a dive for our clothes—but he hadn't counted on Spots, who nabbed him right where the seat of his pants would be if he wore pants. Well, he forgot he ever had a gun or sword and yelled for us to take our dog off. We had to pry Spots loose, and he looked real disappointed, too. He's part bulldog, you know. Well, we got our clothes on and went back without any further adventure.

Of course, we visited many of the other cities in Palestine, but I haven't time to tell you about them here. Will write again soon. Yours,

HARRY.



ANSWERS

1. Jerusalem.
2. Bethlehem
3. Nazareth.
4. Damascus.
5. Jordan.
6. Dead Sea.
7. Sea of Galilee.
8. Turkey.