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Well, it's not such a hard matter to decide the Clothes question. A little shopping 'round and watching the advertisements will do the business. There is something wrong when a store is always advertising clothing bargains and blowing too much. The man you have confidence in is the quiet, dignified man—so is the store.

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**BUY OF A HOUSE THAT NEVER DISAPPOINTS**


# The Viper of Milan.

A ROMANCE OF LOMBARDY.

BY MARJORIE BOWEN.

(Continued.)

His enemies were many, and some powerful, and Visconti took no chances.

At his side hung a dagger, long and sharp, and his fingers were often on the hilt in readiness. At his old place sat Giannotto.

"I have decided," said Visconti. "I will attempt Carrara."

"You think he is to be bought, my lord?"

"I think he is to be bought," responded Visconti. "At any rate we will try. He and his force are with Della Scala?"

"And fifteen miles outside our walls," said Giannotto; then at the look on the Duke's face, he was sorry he had spoken, and shrank together.

"Read what is on the parchment,' said Visconti; and the secretary, glad to have been let off so easily, unwrapt the roll.

Therein Visconti's bribe was plainly set forth:

The town of Cologna, near to Padua, and well fortified, the protection and close alliance of Milan, and the service of ten thousand trained mercenaries, together with the right to trade free of toll in Visconti's dominions—

"And a pair of turquoise gloves," added Visconti, with a change of tone.

Giannotto glanced up.

"Are they not worth three hundred ducats?" said Visconti, smiling. "Did not the Pope and Emperor both wished to buy them, and fail?"

Giannotto bowed his head over again and studied the scrip in silence.

Visconti watched him keenly.

He thought, "I know he would betray me for a ducat!—if I were not Visconti."

He turned to the narow window, and and looked out onto the city spread beneath him.

"The Empire," he muttered to himself. "The Empire and the French—I will awe them and humor them while I must—but let me once agin Carrara—as I shall—I can dispense with them and deal with Della Scala as I list.

He turned from the window to Giannotto, and his face had lost its lines.

"Well?" he asked. "What think you?"

"This is a master stroke of temptation, my lord. You have always found craft a good servant."

"It would not serve me well in thee," said Visconti with a sudden glance. "Now, see to it that parchment is dispatched, Gianotto, and by a trusty messenger, and with no delay."

"I will give it to Ricardo with my own hands, my lord," said Giannotto. "He is the best man we have since Filippo was wounded this morning in a skirmish by the western gate."

"The western gate?" Visconti looked up quickly.

"It was not worth while bringing to your notice, my lord. A band of the enemy's soldiers have been skirmishing there."

"They were beaten off without harm to anyone within the gates?"

"The gates were not forced, nor anyone injured—or I should have acquainted you, my lord," and he waited for possibly some mark of appreciation; but the Duke motioned curtly to the roll he held,and Gianotto crept out with bowed shoulders. As the tapestry fell into place behind him, Visconti approached the black bureau between the windows, and unlocked one of the long drawers.

In its dusty recess lay a gold box, and Visconti took it out, handling it carefully.

The light fell in a straight shaft from the narrow window, on the delicate chasing of the casket, as Visconti placed it on the table, and as he turned the key and the lid flew back, it gleamed on the emeralds and diamonds of an elaborate coronet, exquisitely enameled and pointed.

Every inch was covered with precious stones: each point tapering into a delicate tracery of gold, as fine as lace.

Visconti drew a chair to the table, and leaned back in it, his eyes upon the jewels; so absorbed was he, he did not heed the opening door nor Tisio's entrance.

And Tisio scarcely saw his brother, for joy at the little coronet, so brilliant in the sun's straight ray.

"How dost thou come here, Tisio?" asked his brother, startled; but at sight of Tisio's vacant, foolish face, he sank back, and noticing his joy, he smiled—for Tisio was crazed, and remembered nothing even of things that gave him pleasure. "Dost thou like it?" he continued, gratified at the delight in his brother's eyes. "Thy taste in goldsmiths' work is good, Tisio."

"'Tis beautiful, Gian, wondrous beautiful!" cried Tisio in rapt admiration.

"I bought it with the price of half a city,' said Gian. "And hold it cheap."

The words had no meaning for Tisio, as his brother knew; he only voiced his own pride in the lovely bauble.

"And wilt thou wear it?" asked Tisio.

The Duke laughed good-humoredly.

"Not I, Tisio; still soon—when Della Scala's crushed—thou shalt see it worn by some one—some one whose face will outshine these stones, Tisio."

"Whose will it be?" asked his brother childishly.

"A lady, Tisio; and when this coronet is on her head, she will be Visconti's wife and the Duchess of Milan!"

He paused on the word. and looked at Tisio; but there was no wonder in his brother's eyes, his gaze held by the flashing stones.

"Now, by Saint Mark!" cried Visconti suddenly. "This is no time to be maundering with a toy and an idiot."

He put the litle coronet back and locked the casket.

"How comes thou to be alone, Tisio? Where is thy page?"

As he spoke he returned the casket to the bureau. Tisio, in eager curiosity, looked over his shoulders into the open drawer. There lay the turquoise-colored gloves.

And before Gian could stop him, he had caught them up.

Visconti snatched them from him; at the same moment came a clamoring upon the door. It was Giannotto knocking lustily.

"Now, who beats down the door?" cried the Duke, and waiting for no further summons, Giannotto entered. The Duke, starting, thrust the turquoise gloves into his doublet.

"What is it now, Giannotto? Did I not say that I was coming?"

'My lord, 'it presses. De Lana would see you—there has been fierce fighting outside the walls—the army clamors for you—"

"Lead the way," said Visconti shortly; and, preceded by his secretary, he returned hastily toward his council chamber.

The anteroom, brilliant in pink stone and gold, the great hall itself, flaring in painted walls and dazzling stained-glass windows, were full of people—courtiers, soldiers, artists, and craftsmen.

Gian Visconti kept neither the open court nor the free table of his father; he was neither lavish in his hospitality, save when it suited his own ends, nor liberal in his rewards; still he loved, encouraged, and jealously exacted the homage of all artists. Woe be to the painter or poet who took his painting or poetry to any other in Milan save the Duke himself!

There were many there today, eager-eyed among the throng, among them the German architect of the glorious new church; but today Visconti passed unheeding through them. The city was at war.

He stepped into the council chamber unannounced, followed solely by Giannotto.

The great gilt ornate room was full of Milanese and foreigners, allies or guests of Visconti.

"You look grave, my lords," cried Visconti, his gray eyes wide, "and fearful. I had not thought you of so poor a courage. Yet, since you are so faint of heart, I come to tell you from my own lips that I ride against Verona today! Have you forgotten, my lords, that a Visconti still rules Milan?"

There was no answer from the splendid throng; they had complained much of late—but not to his face.

"Have you no thanks for so much comfort?" laughed Visconti. "Let all those who may care to follow make them ready, and let those who care not—stay to make us welcome from a victory. Come, De Lana."

He turned away with his hand on his favorite captain's arm.

To a man the crowded assembly flocked to follow.

"Ah!" Visconti turned again.

"A crushed foe is scarcely to be feared! Have I not set my standard in the market-place of Verona? Have I not dragged a hostage from Della Scala's palace? Lords of Milan, am I not Visconti?"

With one voice they broke into loud shouts.

"To the city walls! to the city walls! Down with Della Scala! To the city walls!"

And while the cry still sounded, before the enthusiasm could abate, Visconti, armed and mounted, rode at the head of some thousand mercenaries and Milanese, to the farthest rampart of the city.

D'Orleans had not volunteered. The French duke remained in the well-guarded palace, of which the Lady Valentine was left the governor during the Duke's absence, an office she had often filled before quarrels had sprung up between her and her brother, and while he held Milan against his father and she was his counselor and ally.

For a few brief hours, power again was hers, for Visconti had not weakened her authority yet—outwardly at least. She could do nothing.

She thought of her helplessness with bitterness. All day long she set herself to revolving schemes of escape—some way whereby to avail herself of the confusion into which Milan had been thrown—some means to outwit her brother.

She could not rest for her anxious thoughts. The Visconti palace was near the walls, and Valentine, stepping onto the open balcony, looked through the clustered pillars over the flat house-roofs to the distant country where the advancing army lay.

(To be continued.)


## NO WOMAN CAN BE STRONG AND HEALTHY UNLESS THE KIDNEYS ARE WELL

When the kidneys are ill, the whole body is ill, for the poisons which the kidneys ought to filter out of the blood are left in the system. Then how important it must be to see to it that this system of sewerage be not clogged up. Those who have never been troubled with kidney trouble know not the misery and suffering which those afflicted undergo.

**Doan's Kidney Pills**

are a specific for all kidney troubles. They begin by healing the delicate membranes of the kidneys and thus make their action regular and natural.

They help the kidneys to flush off the acrid and poisonous impurities which have collected, thus clearing out the kidneys, bladder and all the urinary passages.

Doan's Kidney Pills are entirely vegetable, and may be safely taken by young and old.

Let Doan's Kidney Pills do for you what they have done for thousands of others, that is, cure you. Mrs. John Young, Harwood, Ont., writes: "I was troubled with my kidneys for some time and my back was so lame I could scarcely get around. After using two boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills, I am completly cured. I find there is nothing like them for the cure of all kidney troubles."

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


## Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.

CLEVER COMBINATION OF TWO MODISH MATERIALS.

This costume by Drecoll exemplifies the fashionable combination in a novel manner of two materials in a two-piece costume. In color it is a rich golden brown, and the fabrics which go to its fashioning are chifforn taffetas and voile in the same shade of brown, but producing an effect wholly different to the monotone costume of one material, by reason of the texture and finish of the fabrics. The skirt is finely pleated to a three-inch silk belting, set on the inside of the skirt to give the empire waistline, and finished with a narrow silk fold and half-inch pleating. Around the bottom there is a facing of the silk headed with this same narrow pleating, and above this posed in scroll design are pleated silk bands. The coat, a loose, straight affair, with large armhole and short kimono sleeve, is elaborated with trimmings of the pleated silk bands, fougurieres of soutache and a jabot of cream lace. A narrow coat collar is simulated with white and gold soutache and tiny white silk buttons. The little mushroom sailor in rough brown straw is trimmed in self-colored ribbon and a bunch of yellow roses.


## Are You Weak Instead of Strong?

You are discouraged.
You feel old and worn.
You are sick, but not aware of the fact.
You can drag yourself around—but work is impossible.
With your stomach crying out for assistance and the nerves all on edge why not try Ferrozone—it will surely do you good.
Ferrozone is a wonderful combination of vegetable extracts, fortified by excellent tonics for the nerves and stomach.
When you feel despondent, Ferrozone cheers you up.
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When sleep is impossible Ferrozone calms the nerves and gives you rest.
For bounding health, good looks, good spirits, nothing equals Ferrozone; makes the weak strong and the sick well. Good for men, women and children; try Ferrozone, 50c. per box at all dealers.

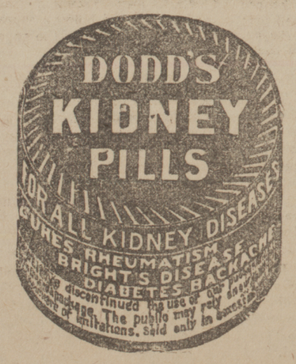

## L. G. CROSBY LOSES SUIT

Ottawa, April 3—In the exchequer court today, judgment was delivered in the case of Lorenzo G Crosby vs. The King. On the 19th day of May, 1904, the claimant entered for warehouse at the port of St. John (N. B.), 221 puncheons of molasses, alleged to have been purchased in Porto Rico, imported via New York. Suspicion fell upon the correctness of the entries and 116 puncheons were seized on the ground that the statements made in the entry papers as to the molasses being in the original packages and not having been mixed, were untrue.

Pending the decision of the minister of customs, a deposit of $1,308.44 was made to correspond to the amount of the true duty payable on the molasses by the claimant. The claimant was not the real owner of the molasses, but was consignee thereof for the N. W. Taussig Company of New York.

Judgment for the crown, with costs against the claimant, the court holding that the claimant had not established that the molasses was in the original packages when entered for duty.

You may be sure you are wrong when some men are sure you are right.



## FAMOUS ENGINE DISCARDED

### Regarded for Years As One of the Sights of Winnipeg.

### Electricity Supersedes Steam in the Ogilvie Flour Mills.

WINNIPEG, April 3—Electricity is now the motive power which drives the Ogilvie Flour Mills in this city, and as a result their famous steam engine, one of the largest in Canada, now lies dormant. This engine was long regarded as one of the sights of Winnipeg, and even royalty has gazed in wonderment at its massive proportions. This is a utilitarian age, however, and this king among engines has had to give place to the more concentrated, direct and powerful electric motor.

Among the many notable personages who have visited the Ogilvie Flour Mills are numbered their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales and their Excellencies Earl and Lady Grey. They were greatly impressed with the operations of this engine, which derived its supply of steam from a large battery of boilers, the little army of engineers and stokers adding picturesqueness to the scene. The power from the engine was communicated to the mill by means of a ponderous belt which also was a source of interest to sightseers.

The electrical equipment supplanting this milestone in the decadence of steam power was supplied by the Canadian General Electric Company and consists of a 1,200 h. p. motor directly connected to the shaft in the main mill and several smaller motors of 150 h. p. in the outlying premises. This direct motor connection with the shaft marks a new departure in mechanics and is regarded as quite a forward step. It does away with the belted or rope drive and supersedes mechanical clutches for connecting the revolving shaft with the motors. The beauty of this installation is that the mill runs smoothly seven days in the week and fifty-two weeks in the year without the attention of a single person other than to see that oil is supplied, while under the old system a little army of men were required to stoke the boilers and guard the engine.

In the new installation the old steam plant was left intact for an emergency, should there be any trouble with the river producing the energy. Trouble did arise with the water at Lac du Bonnet and recourse had to be had to steam for a short time. This served to exemplify the superiority of electrical energy over steam power. With the latter the speed varied to some extent with the pressure of the boilers, but with the electric power the speed was absolutely constant. Given a uniform speed, millers knowing the grade of wheat they are using can adjust their machines to turn out an even product, a consummation greatly sought after in milling. It is for this, among other reasons, that the palm is awarded to electric equipment, and the passing of the steam engine seems only a question of time.

There was a very large attendance last night at St. Luke's Sunday school Easter song service conducted by Miss L. Dunn and Miss Emma Rubins. The orchestra assisted in the carols, of which there were five. The soloists were Edna Brayley, George Titus, Ada Moore and Jennie Adams. Besides these, a number of choruses and songs were sung by the different classes. Lizzie Hamilton, Olive Brown, Pearl Adams, Georgie Mowry and Muriel Jordan gave recitations.


The News—No Pure Drug Cough Cure Laws would be needed, if all Cough Cures were like Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure is—and has been for 20 years. The National Law now requires that if any poisons enter into a cough mixture, it must be printed on the label or package.

For this reason mothers, and others, should insist on having Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure. No poison-marks on Dr. Shoop's labels—and none in the medicine, else it must by law be on the label. And it's not only safe, but it is said to be by those that know it best, a truly remarkable cough remedy. Take no chance, particularly with your children. Insist on having Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure. Compare carefully the Dr. Shoop package with others and see. No poison marks there! You can always be on the safe side by demanding Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure. Simply refuse to accept any other. Sold by Druggists.



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## HE FORCED HER TO ROB

### New York Girl Says She Stole Money to Give it to Her Fiance.

NEW YORK April, 3—Her hiding place revealed to the police by her fiance, for whose sake, she declared, she had robbed her employer, Miss Sophie C. Sanders, a pretty girl of twenty, told an amazing and pathetic story in the Morrisania Police Court.

While sobs shook her tender frame, she declared that the man she loved had compelled her to rob employer after employer and turn the money over to him. When at last she revolted from further thefts, she said, he had calmly betrayed her to the last one she had robbed, Henry Kniesen, a baker, at No. 989 East One Hundred and Sixty-first street.

"I want you to find this man and bring him before me," said Magistrate Breen to Detective Cavanaugh. "You will not need a warrant. Arrest him on sight. I will deal with his case if he is taken."

The girl said she lived at No. 630 East One Hundred and Fifty-fifth street. To Mr. Kniesen, when she was engaged last Saturday, she had given her name as Sophie Smith and said she lived in East One Hundred and Sixtieth Street. She robbed the till of $24 that day, she confessed, and turned the money over to her fiance.

"I met him eight months ago," said the young woman, "and I thought him a fine man. Afterward I learned he was a gambler. He induced me to steal from the first place where I worked by telling me he was in trouble and had no money. I took $4 and gave it to him. Then I was ashamed and left the place.

"In my next place I took $14 and gave that also to my fiance. In each place after the first I had to give a false name and address. It was all false, false all the way through, and he kept urging me to take more. He began to tell me that unless I obeyed him he would have me arrested. That frightened me.

"But after I stole the $24 from Mr. Kniesen I made up my mind that I would never steal again, no matter what he did. On Sunday he said he had secured another place for me and that it was one where I could make a good life. I refused to go and we quarreled. He made the usual threat, but I still refused.

"I did not believe he would carry out his threat, but he did. He went directly to Mr. Kniesen and told him where I was. Then the police came and arrested me."

The girl was held in $500 bail for trial. Weeping bitterly, she was taken to the women's prison in Harlem. Miss Sanders is fatherless and aided in the support of her mother.

There was a very fine concert in the old Chipman house last night, at which there was a large attendance. The following took part in a programme of exceptional excellence: Miss de Cue, Miss M. McArthur, Miss Irving, Miss Rubins, Mr. Craigie and Mr. Fletcher. The band of strolling tramps from the Empress of Britain also gave some good selections. Refreshments were served.

Mrs. C. W. Robinson, of Moncton, was at the Royal yesterday.

He—May I claim the next waltz?
She—Why, yes, but what good will it do you?


## *Destroys Hair Germs*

Falling hair is caused by germs at the roots of the hair. Dandruff is caused by germs on the scalp.

## *Ayer's Hair Vigor*

*NEW IMPROVED FORMULA*

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