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We are selling \$1.00 Soft Front Shirts, with separate cuffs, for 79c.

The Viper of Milan.

A ROMANCE OF LOMBARDY. BY MARJORIE BOWEN.

(Continued.)

"Where is she?" he asked for in the gloom he could not see the silent figure in the corner. "Where is she, Tito?"

"The girl with the pretty hair—"

began his brother; but Visconti grasped him by the arm with a cry.

"Graziosa! Graziosa!" he cried. "A light—"

With trembling hands Tito lit the lamp and brought it nearer. Its light fell over Visconti's green dress and Graziosa's bright hair.

"If it should be so!" muttered Visconti. "It should be so!"

The light was faint but it showed him enough. He looked into her face, and his own changed darkly.

"Tito," he said, "she's dead! Graziosa! Graziosa!"

He bent closer, eagerly.

"Get help, Tito! Help!"

And Tito, eager, alert, put the lamp in the window, where it flung long, ghostly shadows, and sped calling down the stairs.

Visconti had sent for help, yet even while he sent he knew it useless; she was dead! He stood looking at her. Poison—she had poisoned herself. Something was tightly locked in her right hand! He forced the fingers apart, and looked at it—poison.

"How dared she do it!" he muttered, with an ever-darkening face. "How dared she—who gave it her? Who dared to give it her?"

He would never have thought it lay in her to do this. All Milan must know she had preferred to die rather than be his bride. He had failed in this, though he had sworn he could not, though he had sworn she would share his throne before them all—the woman who loved him for himself alone. He remembered Valentine. Valentine had done this.

At his feet lay the satin garments and the jewels Graziosa had flung aside; she would not wear them. Not all his power could do that; not all his pride, all his ambition, could make her wear the crown, without the love. Gian Visconti stamped his foot. How dared she! How dared she! Her eyes would never sparkle at his coming nor sadden at his good-by. And Valentine, coming back to look at her again was awed; affection stirred, awe, and something like respect at the sight of her still dignity.

He looked around to find the door full of anxious faces, as Tito behind him.

"Finely I am served!" he cried in a transport. "Do you let the Lady Graziosa go unattended? She hath been murdered and those who should have been with her shall die for it!"

Weeping ladies and frightened pages crept in and stood aghast, silent at what they saw—more silent at his face.

Visconti stood before Graziosa's body and looked at them with mad eyes; he held a white rose in his fingers. The flickering lamp was just over his head; its light fell on his face and on hers—her sweet face that told its own tale.

For some moments Visconti was silent, gazing at them wildly, and it seemed to more than one of those who crowded there appalled that there came a new expression to his face, a new look into his widely opened eyes—not madness and not rage—but fear.

"In a week I would have made her Duchess of Milan," he said at last, with a sudden break in his voice; and he dropped his white rose at her dead feet, with a shudder, and turned away, through the crowd that fell away from him, down the stairs in silence.

It was two hours later, in the hushed, awe-struck, half-expectant palace, when

HAD THIRTY-TWO BOILS AT ONE TIME

Two Bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters Cured Him.

Imperfect organic action makes bad blood, so, too, bad blood, in turn, makes imperfect action of every bodily organ. If the blood becomes impure, poisoned or contaminated in any way from constipation, biliousness or any other cause, some especially weak organ must soon become diseased thereby, or the whole system may suffer in consequence.

Phlegm, boils, skin-eruptions, itching sores, abscesses, tumors, rashes or some serious and perhaps incurable blood disease may result. There is no medicine on the market to-day to equal the old and well-known remedy.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

for all cases of bad blood.

Mr. Ernest B. Tupper, Round Hill, N.B., says: "I think Burdock Blood Bitters a great medicine for boils. I had them so bad I could not work. I had thirty-two on my back at one time. I used only two bottles of B.B.B. and they completely cured me. I cannot recommend it too highly."

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.



SATIN AGAIN IN FAVOR.

The simplicity of this costume is characteristic of the fashions of this season. The material is a soft chifon satin in the new shade of grayish green, which the French designate as dying moss. Both bodice and skirt are trimmed with lace dyed in two shades, a soft cream and a pale green, which tones beautifully with the satin. The skirt is a tunic model trimmed with deep self-colored silk fringe and panelled at the front and sides with the lace bands. The jumper bodice, with a simple of cream-colored net is draped over a tight lining boned snugly to the figure and forming a foundation for the high girle. Drop ornaments in green finish the girle and sleeves, and a touch of pale blue appears in tiny bows on the collar and sleeves.

cried. "Will thou drink this? or who dost thou think will dare to interrupt me now?"

Valentine's wild eyes looked at him in silence a moment, then her glance dropped.

"Give it me," she whispered.

Visconti did not move.

"Come and take it," he said.

She came slowly, one hand against the wall, her long shadow flickering before her.

Visconti watched her motionless. "Make haste," he said. "Make haste."

She came to the table, her eyes down, her breast heaving, past tears or entreaty.

"Drink!" said Visconti, leaning with narrowing eyes across the space between them. "Drink in the name of St. Michael's health, as thou didst once before."

Valentine raised her head and looked at him, and grew fascinated with terror. She crouched away from him, and lifted the glass to her lips.

Visconti bent nearer and she shrank, putting it down half empty with a shudder.

Visconti smiled, and brought the evil of his face still nearer.

"Drink the rest," he said. "Drink it, Valentine."

Still in silence she obeyed him.

When the empty glass stood before him, Visconti turned away, taking his eyes from her with a laugh, and walked toward the door.

(To be continued.)

"You Will Suffer all Your Life."

SAID ALL THE DOCTORS

Half a dozen of the best physicians told Mr. Baker that he had Chronic Rheumatism, and would have it as long as he lived. Mr. Baker, who suffered for years with Rheumatism and who has spent hundreds of dollars with specialists without receiving the slightest benefit, was entirely cured by a box of GIN PILLS. He is presenting their virtues from the "household."

We don't even ask you to buy Gin Pills—but to try them at our expense. Write us, mentioning this paper, and we will gladly send you a free sample of these wonderful Kidney Pills that cure Rheumatism. The Boie Drug Co., Waterbury, Conn.

Sold by all druggists—50c. a box, or 6 boxes for \$2.50—or sent on receipt of price.

SIX YEAR OLD BOY DROWNED AT OXFORD

Amherst, N. S., April 29—News was received here this afternoon of the drowning at Oxford (N. S.), Saturday evening of Cecil Teed, aged six, son of Walter Teed, who with other boys and girls was standing on the bank of Little River fishing. The bank gave way beneath them and Cecil was thrown into the water, which, owing to the spring frochets is exceedingly high. The other children made heroic efforts to save the little fellow without avail. His young sister succeeded in throwing a board out to him and he made frantic efforts to reach it, but did not succeed, and before other help arrived he perished. Grappling parties searched unsuccessfully all day yesterday for the body. Deceased's mother is dead and he was living with his aunt, Mrs. J. Dixon Teed.

HALIFAX BARQUE OVERDUE

Boston, April 29—The British bark Osberga, with fifteen persons on board, including the captain's wife, has been more than twice as long as usual on her voyage from East Harbor, Turks Island, with a cargo of salt, and has not yet been sighted off the coast. It is believed that she has been driven off her course, and may have been the vessel which was sighted on April 2 by the steamer El Paso, off the eastern coast of Cuba. The Osberga is owned in Halifax and is commanded by Captain Hatfield, of Yagmouath (N. S.).

MRS. JARLEY'S WAXWORKS

Entertainment Last Night in Aid of the Free Kindergarten.

The entertainment given in St. David's church school room last night under the auspices of and for the benefit of the Free Kindergarten was a pronounced success. The large hall was quite filled with a delighted gathering. Mrs. Jarley's wax works proved very amusing. Mrs. L. A. Curry played the part of the proud proprietress to perfection and Dr. Malcolm and Mr. Macmichael as her assistants, Peter and John, were all that could be desired.

The artistic triumph of the evening was the performance of the Toy Symphony. This was an orchestra of sixteen instruments and two vocalists, among the instruments being such toys as rattles, cuckoo, quail, nightingales, trumpet and bells. During the evening Mrs. Curry announced that the King's Messengers will hold an entertainment in that church for the same object Friday evening.

Those who took part in the wax work exhibition were: Miss Maud Magee, Miss Bonnie Hobb, Miss Lily Raymond, Miss Wynnie Fairweather, Miss Kathleen Gilhe, Miss Beatrice Skinner, Miss Mabel McAvity, Miss Ethel Jarvis, Miss Muriel Gilhe, Miss Daisy Sears, Dr. and Mrs. Sidney Emerson, Lawrence Allen, Master William Curry, Sidney Kaye, Charles Knight, E. S. Ritchie, Miss Jessie Foster and Miss May Winter. The following were the instrumentalists in the toy symphony: Miss Hea, pianist; Mrs. Buchanan, tri- angle; Miss McCarty, cuckoo; Miss Logan, Miss Beiderman, rattles; Miss Parlee, Miss Bazley, quail; Miss Bowman, Miss Whitaker, Miss Macmichael, nightingales; Miss Barstard, Mr. Taylor, violin; Mr. Crawford, flute; Mr. Dickerson, drum; Mrs. Knight, trumpet; Mr. Cooper, bells; and Mrs. Muller and Miss Cochran, vocal- ists.

An important meeting of the New Brunswick Press Association will be held in this city on Thursday evening, May 7. It has been called by President Stewart to discuss the proposed excessive postal rates on Canadian newspapers entering the United States, a subject of great importance to all publishers.

Many St. John friends will sympathize with Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Ralston in the death of their 13 year old son, Douglas A., which occurred on April 22, in Toronto. Mr. Ralston is managing director of the National Life Assurance Company, which is St. John, he was manager of the Great West Company.

F. W. Daniel returned to the city yesterday.

A Few Opinions

"The United States is a large body of land surrounded by the Senate and House of Representatives."

"Also, by numerous state legislatures that are sometimes bought up at whole sale and sometimes at retail."

"Columbus thought he had discovered something big, but if he had come four hundred years later he might have got his whack of the graft."

"Up to a late date the railroads of America owned the country. Now the President owns them."

"It is the general opinion of the residents of the U. S. that there are at least four Senators not elected by any railroad or trust, and who are trying to do business on the square. But no man has as yet been found who has nerve enough to name them."

"The U. S. has several philanthropists. They give public libraries and large sums for educational purposes, and then raise the price of iron and kerosene oil to get even."

"It is confidently believed that the U. S. has at least five district attorneys who are not afraid of the politicians or the gamblers, but, as one of them has lately proved himself insane while trying to prove a prisoner sane the public are not quite sure that they have got a good thing."

"If it wasn't for the lakes and the large rivers in the U. S. the trusts and corporations would have hard work to wear their stocks. As it is they can water a hundred thousand dollar corporation up to five million in about two hours."

Columbus would have gotten his whack of the graft.

There are large ranges of mountains and vast prairies in the U. S. but the moon is in the hands of the Woodchuck Trust and the prairies have been stolen by the cattlemen.

There are a few alienators who have not got rich by serving two terms in the penitentiary, but because they got there too late, and not because of their honesty.

There are people who do not regard America as a desirable place to live in. They are kickers who'd raise a row if they were up among the angels, and no attention should be paid to them."

JOE KERR.

MAY COME TO CANADA

Toronto, April 29—It is reported here that Colliers Weekly will start a branch in Toronto on account of the increased rates for carriage under the new postal law. The firm is negotiating for land for a \$100,000 building now.

Let me mail you free, to prove merit samples of my Dr. Shoop's Restorative, and my book on either Dyspepsia, The Heart, or The Kidneys. Address me, Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. Trouble with the Stomach, Heart or Kidneys are merely symptoms of a deeper ailment. Don't make the common error of treating symptoms only. Symptom treatment is treating the result of your ailment, and not the cause. Weak Stomach nerves—the inside nerves—means stomach weakness, always. And the heart and kidneys as well, have their controlling or inside nerves. Weaken these nerves and you inevitably have weak vital organs. Here is where Dr. Shoop's Restorative has made its fame. No other remedy even claims to reach the "inside nerves." Also for bloating, biliousness, bad breath or complexion, use Dr. Shoop's Restorative. Write for my free book now. Dr. Shoop's Restorative sold by all druggists.

Toronto, April 30—A despatch from Fernie (B. C.) at 1 o'clock this morning says the strike is settled, and the miners will resume work on once.

D. F. Brown left last evening on an extended pleasure trip through Canada. He will go to the coast before returning.

The Piano

Loved by Musicians



There are pianos, living on their past reputation. There are others that do not enjoy the same reputation in Canada that they are supposed to hold in other lands. The New Scale Williams is no such piano. It is loved for itself. The ravishing tone, in all its glorious sweetest, evenness and volume—the sensitive, sympathetic touch—the power and possibilities of this magnificent instrument—make it the delight of the artist, the proudest possession of the home.

The builders of the New Scale Williams make price the last consideration. It is solely a question of superiority at every stage of the work.

The New Scale Williams Piano

is mechanically and architecturally perfect. Its creation from wood and metal is the work of master hands, directed by the deans of the art of piano building.

It is, beyond question, Canada's finest piano, and one of the world's masterpieces. It is the virtuoso's preference—the singer's greatest assistant—the choice of the teacher—the joy of the amateur.

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