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The Viper of Milan.

A ROMANCE OF LOMBARDY.
BY MARJORIE BOWEN.

(Conclusion.)

"How indeed," said Visconti, with a curious smile. "And yet there are enough ways of dying abroad. I will see for myself—so that if it indeed be Isotta d'Este she may have fitting honor."

The group moved forward. The advance of the army was already marching past the walls of the garden, past the gate through which Massimo had ridden; the pennons from their lances showed above the yellow jessamine that covered the stone-work, and the drums beat loud to Visconti and his company reached the laurel clump and stood looking down at the silent figure in the crushed and bedraggled white and purple.

"Isotta d'Este," said Visconti, under his breath, and yet with an unmoved face that showed no surprise.

"Dead!" said de Lana, after a pause, and looked at him.

Visconti laughed softly, and turned with shining eyes.

"Did I not tell you Della Scala was mad?" he said.

"So it is the Duchess!" whispered da Silberta. "She was very beautiful, they say."

She lay where they had drawn her from the shelter underneath the laurels, her dress clinging close, her head turned away. Massimo had wrapped her round carefully, with a dainty tenderness; wrapped her veil about her face, and laid his own cloak over her to shield her from the night and rain. And his last whisper was for her—an appeal to some one's humanity for her—she, Visconti should not look upon his victim's face, should not defile her with his touch.

It rushed on Giannotto with the certainty of conviction—he had caught only the ghostly whisper, but he was sure, and this moment, the colors and sunshine, and splendor and pomp of triumph, and Gian Visconti's cold, mocking smile began to dance before Giannotto's vision like figures and fancies of a dream. He heard Visconti speak to Arezzo, saw Arezzo stoop and lift the mantle, and he moved back a step and put his hand to his breast.

"Isotta d'Este," said Visconti, turning to the others, and pointing down to the dead uncovered face. "Now what was she to lose everything for?"

"His wife," said de Lana, and turned his head away.

"Yes, my friend—do not forget it: Della Scala's wife!" and Visconti touched him on the shoulder warningly.

The group turned to go, and the secretary saw it with a feeling of relief, when by some sudden impulse Visconti stepped back, and stood looking down once at the poor white face.

His own showed neither fear, nor remorse, nor wonder, only triumph, and the secretary felt the blood rise slowly from his heart toward his brain, and threw the stiletto half from his breast.

"This is an earnest," he said, and bent over her and kissed her forehead, and then something gave in Giannotto's brain: a voice seemed to thunder in his

ears—"Judgment!" His hand flew from his breast and up and down upon the kneeling figure, while he cried out terribly with a white, inspired face, and Visconti fell forward, stabbed through the back.

"Treachery," cried da Ribera, scarcely seeing who had done it. "The Duke is stabbed!"

Visconti clutched at the flowers and fell without word.

"Killed!" screamed de Lana. "Now God is just!"

"Killed—the Duke is killed!"

Guido d'Arezzo bent over him with a white face, but della Torre stamped in a passion of excitement and dragged at his shoulder.

"Killed!—come away—there are ourselves to think of—come away!"

"To Milan!" cried della Torre. "He leaves no heirs."

Visconti was still breathing; he struggled, and Giannotto pushed to his side and stood above him, bursting into wild words.

"I did it—Visconti—I did it—do you hear—do you hear! I knew, and I did it!"

"Keep away!" yelled della Torre, and pulled him back.

Then he dropped to his knee and tore the signifying from the hand of the dying man.

"To Milan!" he cried, springing up.

"Haste! to Milan!"

"To Milan!" echoed Arezzo; "to Milan and the army—"

"Back—all of you!" said de Lana, and he raised Visconti. "He is not dead—"

"He is past life," said de Lana.

The garden was one wild, yelling confusion; the news was spreading like fire; each thought and acted for himself; and Giannotto, instrument of vengeance, whistled on his knees.

The rush to the gate came by so close, the flying feet almost touched Visconti's face; and as della Torre passed, he struck his glove against the Duke's forehead.

De Lana lifted Visconti from the grass but with a last effort he struggled from him and dropped back.

De Lana bent down eagerly to catch a muttered prayer, but there was nothing more.

"Milan!"

The voices and shouts rose to a deafening pitch of confusion, the very air seemed to be filled with excitement; a flock of startled doves flew past in panic, a rainbow of color; few so low and so close to the ground as the Duke's; and the secretary with the whirl of their wings, and in that moment was a terrible cry.

They passed, beating the lilies down. "My lord!" cried de Lana. "My lord!"

But even as he spoke, he knew Gian Visconti was dead.

THE END.

Confirmation Services

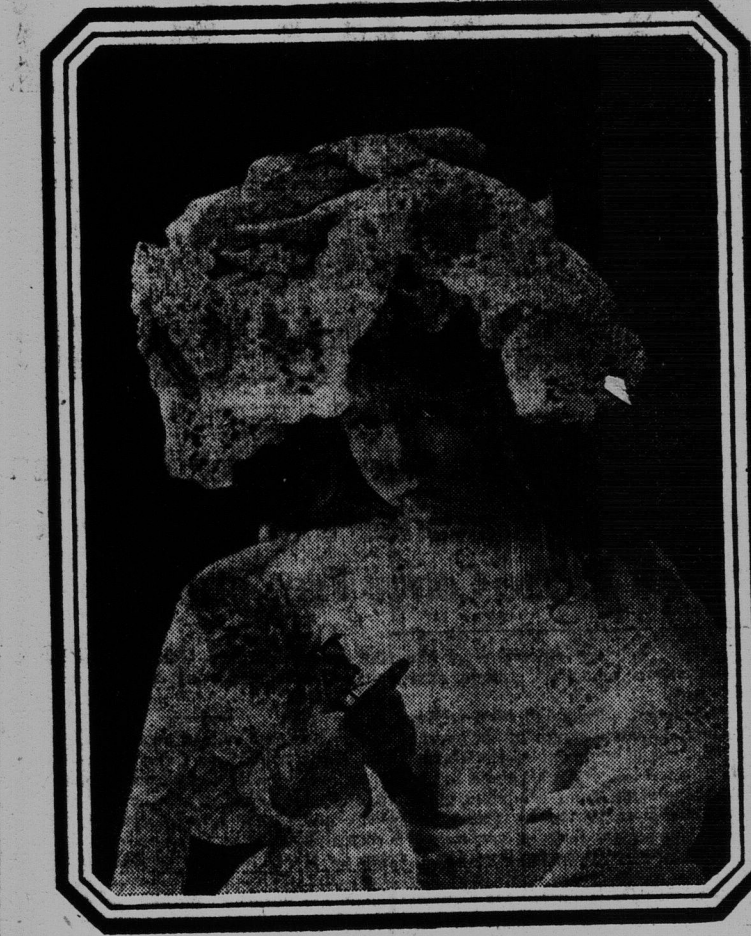
There was a large congregation in the Mission church of St. John Baptist, Paradise row, last evening, when Bishop Richardson confirmed twenty-two candidates, eleven male and eleven female. A flock of started doves flew past in panic, a rainbow of color; few so low and so close to the ground as the Duke's; and the secretary with the whirl of their wings, and in that moment was a terrible cry.

TO BURN THE MORTGAGE

The chief feature of the celebration of the sixty-sixth anniversary of the Ludlow street Baptist church to be held tonight will be the burning of the mortgage. All the Baptist ministers of the city will be present and take some part in the proceedings. The full programme will be: Hymn No. 26; scriptural reading, Rev. Mr. McMaster; prayer, Rev. Mr. Hutchinson; hymn No. 7; Rev. Mr. Gump; address before the mortgage, Rev. Mr. McIntyre; solo, The Holy City, G. S. Mayes; a report, the pastor, messages from the members of the Baptist Ministerial Association of St. John, Rev. Messrs. Camp, Manning, Hughes, McMaster, Hutchinson, King, Coe, Bishop, Nobles, Fletcher, Swim, Black; hymn No. 98; burning of the mortgage, G. S. Mayes, assisted by Phoebe Beatey and Pastor Jenkins; prayer, Rev. Mr. Hughes; a silver thank offering; hymn No. 64; benediction, Rev. Dr. McIntyre.

It is expected that the work of tearing down No. 1 Salvation Army barracks on Charlotte street, to make way for the new and fine brick structure for the Army's work, will be begun next Tuesday. The sterling silver plate won by the league team for 1900 will be presented to N. J. Morrison. All members of the club are requested to attend.

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.



HATS AND DRESS OF FINEST EMBROIDERY.

The prettiest summer costume of the small maid will be the lingerie hat and dress of fine eyelet or blind embroidery. The dress is made of any one of the fashionable white wash fabrics used for children's dresses and trimmed in simple fashion with frills and insertion of embroidery. The dress with full blouse and deep bertha, is a pretty style for all children. Here the yoke is formed of alternate strips of tucked lawn and embroidery insertion and the bertha, which sometimes it, is of the lawn, cut in handkerchief points and edged with the insertion and a three-inch embroidery ruffle making the bertha so deep that the front and back points fall below the waistline and the shoulder points over the elbow. The skirt is straight, finished with a deep hem and a single row of embroidery insertion and gathered into a belt of the embroidery. The hat is a lingerie poke of white baize, with a wide embroidery frill, which droops fascinatingly round the small wearer's face, and the shirred crown is almost covered with a large white satin bow, ending in long streamers which hang almost to the edge of the dress skirt.

WEDDINGS

Mills-Manchester.

Apohequi, N. B. May 15.—An event which has been looked forward to with unusual interest in society circles took place in the Church of the Ascension this afternoon at 3 o'clock, when Miss Emma Manchester, eldest daughter of Mrs. John Manchester, became the bride of Walter J. Mills, of the Sussex Mercantile Company.

The ceremony was performed by the rector, Rev. Scott Niles, and was witnessed by a large number of guests and friends, as the bride and groom were escorted to the altar by the bridesmaid, Miss Alice Phillips, and the groomsmen, Mr. John Phillips and Mr. John Phillips.

The bride wore a suit of navy blue broadcloth with hat to match, and the bridesmaid wore a suit of brown broadcloth with hat to match.

The groom wore a suit of navy blue broadcloth with hat to match, and the groomsmen wore their military uniforms.

The bride received many handsome presents. After the ceremony a wedding supper was served and about 200 of the bride's friends were present.

The room in which the marriage took place was decorated with evergreen and carnations, and a bell hung in the centre. The wedding cake was cut with a sword carried by the groomsmen. Flags floated from the tower and Fort Dufferin in honor of the event, and a large bonfire was burning at the Fort. Mr. and Mrs. Mills will leave for their home in Quebec City, Saturday evening. They will reside at 27 Scott street, Quebec.

Creslock-Northrup.

A pleasant event in the home of Mr. J. A. Northrup, Belleisle Creek, on the 8th inst. was the marriage of his second daughter, Ada Lauretta, to Mr. William Creslock, of Johnson, Queens Co. Rev. Henry Penna was the knot.

The bride was very becomingly attired in a dress of blue voile, trimmed with white lace, her only ornament being a gold bracelet, the gift of the groom. The young couple received many tokens of the high esteem in which they are held by their numerous friends, and after a pleasant social evening with their relatives, drove away to their home at Peaseville, followed with best wishes and showers of rice.

Why Spring Brings Weakness

Winter weakens the system and allows disease germs to enter.

Great epidemics, such as fevers, infectious skin diseases, and pestilence break out in the spring.

Winter shuts out fresh air from many homes, and only a few get even a little sunlight. The blood naturally grows thin, colorless and diseased—we tire easily, sleep poorly and have headaches. In this condition we are easy prey to sickness and fill the hospitals and graveyards.

You must create resistance and strength. The blood must be purified, must be given power to expel the seeds of spring fever.

Ferrozene is the only remedy. It calls back vim and energy, fills the body with vitality, makes every fibre sing with new found life and health.

That gnawing tiredness leaves you—Ferrozene drives it away. Sleepless nights are turned into periods of rest, and you pick up fast. Day by day your appetite improves—this means more food is transformed in nutrient that will build and energize weak organs. The inclination to worry passes away because Ferrozene imparts nerve tone and bodily strength that prevents depression.

Think it over—Ferrozene is a wonderful tonic, in fact it is more because it establishes health that lasts. Thousands use it in the spring and thereby cleanse and restore the entire system to a perfect condition. The blood naturally grows thin, colorless and diseased—we tire easily, sleep poorly and have headaches. In this condition we are easy prey to sickness and fill the hospitals and graveyards.

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For the third of a century the standard for strength and purity. It makes the hot bread, hot biscuit, cake and other pastry light, sweet and excellent in every quality.

No other baking powder is "just as good as Royal," either in strength, purity or wholesomeness.

Many low-priced imitation baking powders are upon the market. These are made with alum or phosphate acid, and care should be taken to avoid them, as neither alum nor bone phosphate in abnormal quantities should be taken in the food.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

BRITAIN IS PLEASED WITH FAST MAIL SERVICE PROJECT

The Atlantic Line Must be Independent of Railway Control and Treat All Roads Alike—Winston Churchill Denies the Story of Bond's Humiliation

Montreal, May 15.—The Star's special London cable says: In authoritative Anglo-Canadian circles the assent of the British government to the scheme of Empire fast mail services is spoken of as already assured.

The official précis of yesterday's proceedings at the imperial conference gives an inadequate notion of the warmth of the support given by Premiers Deakin and Ward on behalf of Australia and New Zealand, though they insisted upon the necessity, and are willing to pay proportionately, for at least an eighteen knot service between Vancouver and Australia. In that case the Canadian Pacific Expresses now on the Japan route, being only thirteen knot boats, would not suffice for the Australian service. Faster steamers might, however, be bought of would have to be built.

New Zealand, which now gives \$200,000 offers to subsidize to the extent of \$500,000.

The Empress of Ireland and Empress of Britain might, it is thought, be an effective link in the empire's service on the North Pacific to Japan under an arrangement with the Canadian Pacific Railway. But it is held essential that the Atlantic link must be independent of all railway service here or in Canada or in Australia, open to all on equal terms.

Mr. Lloyd-George's seeming reluctance at yesterday's conference is accepted as being largely diplomatic to assist him in carrying the scheme with the doubting Radical ministers, who, in the words of the Daily News today, regard the subsidies as "unsound and discriminating unfairly between different firms and different industries." The Daily News warns the ministry against committing to any such plan.

Regarding the statement that Sir Robert Bond had declared at the conference that gross humiliation had been inflicted upon him and other representatives of the colonies, Mr. Churchill, replying to a question, said as he had learned that the statement had been cabled fully to the colonies, it became necessary for him to state that from beginning to end it was baseless and impudent fabrication. There was nothing in the statement that bore the slightest resemblance or form to what took place at the conference.

Dr. Jamieson, addressing the members of the British exchange this afternoon, said it was to Mr. Deakin they owed what had been got at the conference. Referring to the secretary, Dr. Jamieson ventured to prophesy that the present arrangement would be such a failure that at the next conference they would get what they wanted.

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. Troubles of 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 treat the "inside nerves." Also for bloating, biliousness, head-ache or complexion, use Dr. Shoop's Restorative. Write for my free book now Dr. Shoop's Restorative sold by all druggists.

Hon. H. R. Emmerson came to the city from Fredericton last night and is at the Royal. He will go to his home in Dorchester probably at noon today. Of his visit to the provincial capital, Mr. Emmerson would say only that he had been in consultation with his counsel, Hon. Wm. Pugsley, Hon. A. B. White and Judge Barry and A. B. Copp.

The following were elected members of the R. K. Y. C. last evening: James Lewis, Charles T. Green, Charles McHewkes, Fred W. Fowler and F. C. Bonnell.

Rev. H. J. McGill, of Carleton (Me.), is in the city on a visit.

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