

THE EVENING TIMES, ST. JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, MARCH 14, 1907.

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The Viper of Milan.

A ROMANCE OF LOMBARDY. BY MARJORIE BOWEN.

(Continued.) "For my pictures," said the painter, pointing to them. "I am painting an altar-piece for the church. I shall have Graziosa as St. Katherine, and Ambrogio (her betrothed, messer) as St. Michael. These flowers will make the border." He took some of her hair, and began arranging them in wreaths. "Francisco would scarcely have heeded the speaker's words, save that his glance was caught almost involuntarily by the girl's sweet blush at mention of her lover's name. "His betrothed," he murmured, interested a moment in the happiness that was such a contrast to his own feeling. "And does he paint too?" "Graziosa looked up with sparkling eyes. "Beautifully," she said eagerly. "He is at work now in the Church of San Apollinare in Brescia. We have not seen his painting, his journey is too long; but some of the panel bits he has shown us and they are noble." "Francisco smiled faintly at her outspokenness, and her father laughed good humoredly. "That must not listen to her," he said. "She overrates his painting. He paints well, truly, but cold, all so cold, no spirit in it! He will sit for hours thinking how the fold of a robe should fall, or the moon in the sky, or the Gaddi pines! The angels would seem to flow from his brush as if he gave no thought to them! But Graziosa turned a smiling face from the boat she was unmooring. "His altar-piece will draw all Lombardy," she cried. "Say rather that his altar-piece draws him away from home," laughed the painter, "and that will be nearer to the truth. The altar-piece has all his time; that but a few meager hours a week! Still, they love each other, messer, and are happy, so we never care whether Ambrogio paints well for ill." Graziosa seated herself under the blue sail, and looked up with radiant eyes. "I am very happy," she laughed, "so never mind whether he paints the best or the second best in Italy." The painter grasped the oars and pushed out into the stream: "Good-bye," he called, and Graziosa waved a hand; then something in the stranger's aspect made the little painter pause again. "Gladly would we offer our poor hospitality, messer," he said, "but the gates are sternly barred to any stranger. . . . But Graziosa, glancing also at the strong commanding figure, and the stern set face checked her father's impulses. "We are too humble, father," she said gently, "but if there were any service we could render, any message? We live at the sign of Le Sento, the armorer's, near to the western gate." "I will remember it," said Francisco, simply. "Graziosa drew her blue cloth hood about her smiling face, and with gentle strokes from the painter's paddle, the his purpose. Raging in the pain of rekindled memory and present helplessness, Francisco paced to and fro, waiting for Vittore's figure in the distance. Suddenly his eyes rested again on the great clump of yellow lichen, and he stopped, arrested. In the midst of it he had seen something that interested him, something very much its color, but not quite its kind. He approached, and thrusting his hand in among the great tufts, touched the rusty iron of a disused bolt. There was a faint glimmer. When Francisco found himself alone again, momentarily fingering seized him that he had lost an opportunity. Could these folks be of service? They

were of a sort unknown to him; courtiers, soldiers, burghers, merchants, with all such he was at home, but these plebeians of kindly nature and good speech, of humble rank and careless happiness, were new to him. The painter's talk of his craft had no meaning for Francisco, it had passed from his mind for craziness, but the girl had said they dwelt near the western gate—could they perchance have been of service? But presently he dismissed the notion; they were too simple for a door here, then, that led into the grounds of the deserted villa. "Francisco's heart beat strongly. From the finding of the silver goblet in the ruined hut, he had associated with the Visconti's name the darkened dwelling and its silent grounds. There was none of whom they dared inquire; but more than once Francisco had thought of trying to enforce an entrance, only to find, however, that by whomsoever abandoned, ingress to the villa had been left well nigh impossible. But here was an entrance that had been overlooked, and it was not to be wondered at, for the rusty bolt could have been discovered only by eyes as keen as his, and the door belonging was completely hidden by the close-growing ivy, too frail to climb, but the most effectual of all concealments. Fearing the lichen from its roots, Francisco set to work upon the ivy. The delicate ropelike strands clung with their black filaments like fingers bewitched, and little had been accomplished when Francisco, taking cautious survey of the scene, saw Vittore returning across the meadows. Concealing what he was about, Francisco waited till he came up, flushed and triumphant from a successful errand. "What news going in the city?" asked Francisco. "All is quiet. One of the soldiers snatched a leek from me, another bawled me tell my sister he will smite me. They jestted finely, but I should have them to have turned to questioning me. They were so many, and so finely armed." "And the money? Didst thou need to change the pieces that I gave thee?" "Yes, messer, I had not enough!" "That said it was Veronese." "Nothing new to them in Milan now—the money of the Veronese," said Francisco, with a flashing glance towards the ramparts. "I told me 'twas no longer taken; that the Duke was having it recast. But a bystander reached forward, and gave me a piece of Milanese. He said that he would keep my piece; it bore the Della Scala arms, he said, and was a curiosity." Francisco muttered something that he did not catch. "Well, thou hast faced the soldiers and the market now," he said aloud, "and art safe for other journeys, as I promised thee. Go on to the lute, and give thyself food and Tomaso. Keep close and answer none. I will be with thee presently." The boy went on obediently. These two days with his rescuer had taught him and Tomaso both that what Francisco said he meant, and his word was their law; but Francisco needed stronger allies. With some half-forgotten thought the villa might conceivably be now returned to his attack upon the ivy, and after many a wrench and cut and struggle the garden door stood bare enough to use. It was stained, discolored, locked and immovable. But this was nothing to Francisco; with knife and dagger he cut the woodwork about the lock, removed it, and thrusting his hand and arm well through the breach, with no great difficulty withdrew the upper and lower bolts. With knee and shoulder he pressed inward, driving against the weeds and growths that choked it, and presently had forced an aperture that would admit him. "After many a cautious glance along the meadow path, fortunately for his purpose little used, he replaced the loose strands of ivy as far as he was able, and slipping through, pushed the door back into its place, filling up the broken lock with green. He was in a garden of great beauty. The yew-tree overhead shaded a patch of velvet green starred with daisies. Before him a straight path led to a marble seat and a belt of cypress-trees. The ring-doves cooed blissfully; the flowering trees stirred; there was no other sound save the distant one of faintly plashing water. Treading softly, Francisco set forward in the direction in which he knew the villa lay. CHAPTER SIX. The Rescuer of Count Von Schuilenbourg. The house, a low, graceful building of white marble, was approached by a broad flight of steps, flanked by a balustrade almost hidden in early roses, which trailed in great clusters over it and along the velvet turf. Fronting it was a great fountain, and a wide avenue of yew trees, patched with sunshine, led up to the facade. To right and left spread turf-green paths, edged with orange and lemon trees and sweet with the scent of the citron and myrtle; around their roots grew violets, primroses, daffodils; and behind, beyond all sides, were grass and walks and trees, a sea of moving green.

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.



The illustration shows a street frock of dark blue velvet, trimmed with bias folds of satin-finish taffeta of the same shade. The skirt had a plaited panel in the middle of the front and back, the fulness at the sides being laid in small gathers. A group of tufts finished the bottom. The corsage was trimmed with shaped bands of the silk, a piece of embroidered velvet connecting the rounded ends of two of these straps in the middle of the front. Narrow dark blue velvet ribbon also was run in vertical lines between some of the straps in the front and back. The yoke was of chintilly lace, the undersleeves being of net, shirred to bands of lace matching the yoke.

The place was profoundly quiet. The statues, placed here and there, looked out from the foliage smiling; the dainty cases of colored stone were empty, innocent of satin skirt or ruffled cloak. There was no sign of the recent care of many; no wild thing stirred; beside the basins of the fountains lay two peacocks, dead. The blue doors were open, showing something white and decked out with ribbons, but the stillness was unnatural; the beauty of the place, the two dead grey geese birds, the open doors and lovely sunshine, made an impression that appalled.

The day was long past noon when, through the dim corridor, there was faint flutter of garments. Some one was slowly descending the stairs; his hand on the banister; his blue velvet cloak fell back, it showed a splendid suit of black and gold, embroidered and decked out with ribbons, but the splendor hung upon a hollow frame; a skeleton. Long locks of pale gold hair heightened the ghastly hollows of the pinched face. Conrad von Schuilenbourg was paying with this form of death for the favor of Valentine Visconti, his brother's favorite, he had thought it safe to lift his eyes to her; being somewhat of a gallant look, very gay to face, danger, very incredulous of those coming to him in his hideous shape. He was not quick to read character, especially Visconti's character. Could Gian Visconti have seen his victim now, even he might have started, for it is hard to imagine what men who die of hunger look like.

The trees, softly moving, made pleasant light and shade; the myrtle blossoms blew and sailed in little clouds of mauve, while the sweet-smelling leaves of the citron hung their rich clusters over opening lilacs. Conrad, dragging himself across the grass, with strained eyes and parted lips, thought only of the water in the fountain; and saw only those two dead birds. Poisoned! Visconti had forestalled all chances. (To Be Continued.)

Rheumatism I have found a tried and tested cure for Rheumatism! Not a remedy that will straighten the distorted limbs of chronic cripples, nor turn heavy growths back to flesh again. That is impossible. It is Germany's best. Chemist in the City of Darmstadt—found the last ingredient with which Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Remedy was made a perfected, dependable prescription. Without that last ingredient, I can mention treated many cases of Rheumatism; but now, at last, I can truly say that I have cured those who were once much dreaded disease. Those sand-like granular wastes, found in Rheumatic Blood, seem to dissolve and pass away under the action of this remedy as freely as does sugar when added to pure water. And then, when dissolved, these poisonous wastes simply pass from the system, and the cause of Rheumatism is gone forever. There is now no real need for actual exercise to suffer longer without help. We sell, and in confidence recommend

Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Remedy

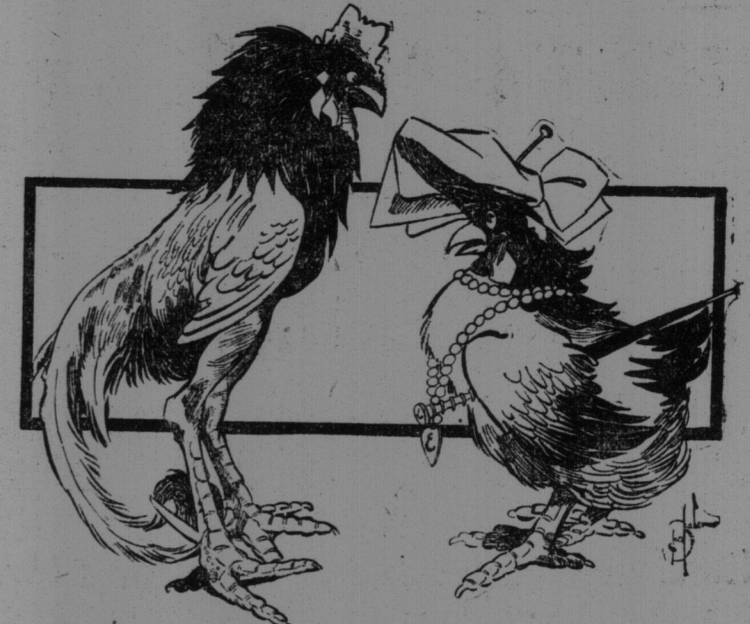
Separate Sleeves and sleeves of contrasting materials are among the latest manifestations of the mode from abroad. Two materials almost invariably go to the making of all sorts of frocks, with the single exception of the plain tailor-made, and even here a suggestion of velvet is relied upon to soften the masculine air and cut of the plainest. With plais attracting such attention, one oftentimes sees plain materials, such as henricita, panama, handwoven, cashmere and the like trimmed with the sheers and silkiest of plaid noisettes, sometimes those melanges of color or take on an added attractiveness in the mohair weaves—sleeves of the latter will serve to differentiate the season's gown from that of last year. Sleeves of velvet, too, appear on evening gowns of gauze and satin; while sleeves of white tulle appear on all sorts of dressy frocks, altogether regardless of the color or material that is used for the rest of the gown. Miss Josephine Coffin of Barrington (N. S.), is visiting Mrs. Victor T. Williams, 106 Queen street.

Headaches Mean Your Blood Is Poisoned

If your bowels, kidneys or skin are not ridding the system of waste-matter, the blood is laden with impurities, which inflame the nerves. It is these irritated nerves that make the head ache. Powders and pills won't cure, they merely drug the nerves into unconsciousness and relieve for a short time.

"Fruit-a-lives" cure Headaches, Neuralgia and Nerve Pains

because they purify the blood. They act directly on the three great eliminating organs—Bowels, Kidneys and Skin—and restore them to healthy action, thus ridding the system of all poisons. "Fruit-a-lives" are fruit juices—chemically changed, by the process of combining them, into a far more effective medicinal compound than the natural juices. Sec. a-box—6 for \$2.50. At all dealers' or from Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.



THE LAY OF THE POULTRY YARD. The Old Hen—And you heard the famer say he was laying for me! The Rooster—Yes; he said he was laying for you because you had stopped laying for him.

Fruit-a-lives

of white sauce, made with cream, or milk, or add to a cupful of veloute sauce. Tomato Sauce.—Cook a can of tomatoes, half an onion with a clove in it, a stalk of celery, a sprig of parsley, a bay leaf and half a teaspoonful of salt for 20 minutes, then strain and cool. For each cupful of puree make a white roux with two tablespoonfuls each of butter and flour; then when cool add the puree and half a teaspoonful of meat extract, or use part stock and part puree. The sauce should be quite thick. Butter Sauce.—For this sauce use one-third a cupful of butter, two tablespoonfuls of flour, one-quarter of a teaspoonful of salt and one cupful of water. Use half the butter with the flour in making the roux; when ready to serve beat in the rest of the butter, a small piece at a time. As in making all sauces thickened with roux, cook the flour thoroughly before adding any of the liquid. The feature of this sauce is the addition of the butter after the cooking has been completed. For caper sauce add one-fourth to one-half a cupful of capers to a pint of butter sauce. For egg sauce make fish add sliced hard-boiled eggs to butter sauce. Brown Sauce.—This sauce is made the same as white sauce, with the stock brown instead of white. Prepare a brown roux, being careful not to burn it, and add the sauce to it.



Cholly (in background)—Gee! but those two fellows are lucky. His Francoise—She doesn't care a rap for either of them. Cholly—I know, but they always divvy up on expenses.

Rheumatism Eats Up Strength Racks the Joints Prevents Sleep.

UNCHECKED—It Finally Strikes the Heart and Kills its Victim.

It originates in the blood and develops most quickly in the system of persons who are run down, and lacking in vitality. The only specific of ALL forms of Rheumatism is Ferroneze, which is perfect solvent for uric acid and a splendid stimulant for the kidneys and liver. No remedy is so successful as Ferroneze. It has never failed to cure, because it attacks the cause of the disease in the blood. It neutralizes the uric acid poisons, quickens the sluggish circulation, and relieves the system of all irritating material each of salt and pepper. Every distressing symptom is cured, swollen muscles and aching joints are relieved of their pain. The disease will not return, if once cured by Ferroneze, which does its work thoroughly. Its cures are lasting. Unlike other treatments, Ferroneze does not depress the heart or deaden the nerves. It rebuilds the system, promotes better health, establishes good appetite, sound sleep and freedom from weakening pains and aches. The perfection of all rheumatic remedies is found in Ferroneze. It is in tablet form, easy to take, convenient to carry, guaranteed to cure, and costs only Sixty cents, or six boxes for \$2.00 at all druggists; don't fail to test Ferroneze.

Household Recipes

White Sauce.—For this sauce beat together two tablespoonfuls of butter, two tablespoonfuls of flour, one cupful of milk or white stock and one-fourth a teaspoonful each of salt and pepper. Veloute Sauce.—This is prepared the same way as white sauce, but with white stock, preferably chicken, flavored with onion, celery, carrot and a bouquet, and the liquid. Veloute sauce is used as a foundation for many more complex ones. Allemande Sauce.—Add to a pint of veloute sauce one-fourth cupful of mushroom liquor, reduced by simmering to about one table-spoonful, also some mushrooms cut in halves and the yolks of two eggs beaten and mixed with one table-spoonful of creamed butter. Before adding the yolks and butter remove the sauceman from the fire, let cool a minute or two, then add a little of the sauce to the eggs; mix thoroughly, add more sauce, mix and return to the sauceman and stir over the fire for a few minutes without boiling. Bechamel Sauce.—Make a veloute sauce, using equal quantities of chicken stock and cream as the liquid. If the chicken stock has not been flavored with vegetables, fry a large table-spoonful of vegetables, carrots, onions, parsley, etc., in the butter before adding the flour; do not, however, allow them to color; strain before serving. Cheese Sauce.—Let half a cupful of cream, a dash of paprika and one-quarter of a point of cheese, cut into thin shavings, stand over hot water until the cheese is melted; stir until smooth and serve at once. This sauce is to be used with baked or boiled fish, chicken, boiled cauliflower, rice with or without oysters, or with some of the cream omitted, as a filling for cheese patties.

Sauce for Boiled Fish.—Make the usual veloute sauce, using the water in which the fish was cooked; cook a bayleaf, a slice of onion and part of a carrot with the fish, or fry the vegetables in the butter used for the roux. The ordinary veloute sauce made with veal or chicken stock may also be used with the fish. For egg sauce add two hard-boiled eggs cut into slices. Souffle Sauce.—Slice four onions, cover with cold water and drain after boiling five minutes; let cook with two stalks of parsley in boiling water until very soft, pass through a sieve and add to a small

When hanging waists always stuff the sleeves with tissue paper. This will keep the sleeves standing well out from the waist, and so admit a free circulation of air around the armhole, the point where most wear comes. If the waist is to be laid flat in a box, stuff the whole body out; be almost life-size, as well as the sleeves, and it will retain its fresh air of crispness through many wearings.

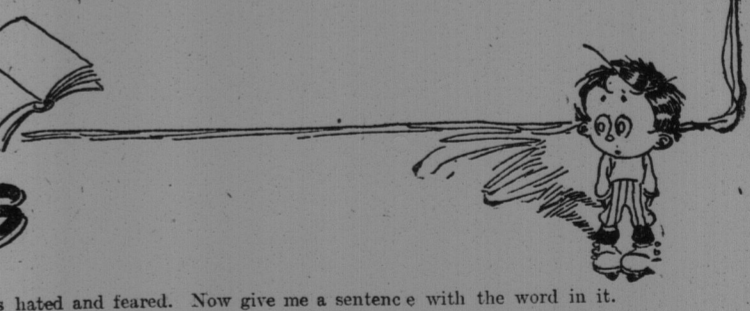
Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Armstrong of Kennedy street, yesterday received the sad news of the death of Miss Ethel Lentell, of Newton Highlands (Mass.), daughter of one of the leading officials of the Boston & Albany railroad. Miss Lentell was a young woman of many pleasing qualities and made many friends on the occasion of visits she had made to St. John as guest in the families of Mr. Armstrong and L. E. Morton. She and four young women friends had just arranged a trip to Chicago. Peritonitis was the cause of death.

Teacher—A tyrant is a ruler that's hated and feared. Now give me a sentence with the word in it. Scholar—The tyrant swatted de pu pil wated his tyrant.

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Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is a regular cough medicine, a strong medicine, a doctor's medicine. Good for easy coughs, hard coughs, desperate coughs. If your doctor fully endorses it for your case, then take it. If not, then don't take it. Never go contrary to his advice. We have no equal in our preparations. Lowell, Mass.

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Teacher—A tyrant is a ruler that's hated and feared. Now give me a sentence with the word in it. Scholar—The tyrant swatted de pu pil wated his tyrant.

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