

THE EVENING TIMES, ST. JOHN, N. B., TUESDAY, MARCH 12, 1927.

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 \$1.98 a Pair at

Splendid assortment of Men's \$3.00 Worsteds 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.

Most exquisite New Patterns in NEW SPRING SUITS for Men, Youths, Boys and Children can be seen at our store now.

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 side door he ascended a flight of stone steps, pitch dark, from which he emerged into a large circular chamber with a gilded pillar in the middle from which the gilded 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.

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 superstitious precaution; any attempt to escape would have been simple madness, and Iotta 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 a leper come too near. A simple thing, but it goaded him, and for a moment she was near 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 like the Duke of Orleans' himself! He smiled again. Stopping, he raised her hand. "Will she bear this in silence?" was his thought. For a moment it seemed as if she might not. The delicate fingers stiffened and the firm line then, as if remembering anew, she left her hand passive in Visconti's hold, and only by a faint quiver told she knew that she 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 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 painted with simple-minded joyousness of design, executed with the delicate workmanship of Nicolo 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 pile, brown and gold, spread across the room, 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, laid wide 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 unheeded 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-to-do 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 twenty years younger than her brother; she was as tall and as stately.

She looked straight toward the window where Visconti sat. Gian rested her hand, 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 tried 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. Thou 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 ambition; 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."

A WOMAN'S BACK WAS NOT MADE TO ACHE

Thousands of Women suffer Unfold 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 suffering from kidney trouble. Doan's Kidney Pills will cure you in the same way as they have cured thousands of others. Mrs. Tom Craig, Alameda, Ont., writes: "I was doctoring for six months for kidney trouble and my back was so lame I had to lie in bed. 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 for 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."

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 buttoned 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 gumpes and undersleeves were of white tullek mull and lace.

"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. Beatingly, sayest thou wast live to be crowned Queen of France. Will 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 lifted 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, Filippo and Matteo. "Did they so? Then talk warning by it," said Gian, coming stealthily still nearer, turned a look on her. Valentine quailed, as Francesco well-nigh had done; the hot words of remonstrance 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.)

Weak Kidneys

Weak Kidneys, early point to weak kidneys. Weakness, dizziness, and other symptoms of the disease, are the result of a general debility of the system. 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. Your best chance to weak, if the urine is dark and strong, if you have symptoms of dizziness or other indications of general debility, try Dr. Shoop's Restorative a month. Tablets or liquid—and see what it can and will do for you. Urge your doctor 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 cut, which hangs from the pane. For the window shown in the sketch, a brass cornice was used, the drapery being so arranged that should the window be closed, the work 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 oil 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 teaspoonful of butter and four of powdered sugar together until light. Dish the apples and turn the hot sauce from the baking dish into the hole made by the removal of the core. 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, preferably 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 cleanliness 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. It was a box of GIN PILLS, but she was only enough for a trial. Let a box from our druggist, and now I am taking the third box. The pain in my back and kidneys has almost entirely gone, and I am better than I have been two or three years. I am a sufferer from Rheumatism, but it has all left me. Mrs. T. HAZEN. 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.

Fooled the Doctors and Got Well

GIN PILLS CURE RHEUMATISM

They certainly were a surprised lot of doctors out of Tyndale 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. Tyndale P. O., Aug. 6, 1904. I received your sample box of GIN PILLS, but there was only enough for a trial. Let a box from our druggist, and now I am taking the third box. The pain in my back and kidneys has almost entirely gone, and I am better than I have been two or three years. I am a sufferer from Rheumatism, but it has all left me. Mrs. T. HAZEN. 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.

LACTATED FOOD

WILL MAKE Baby Bright, Happy and Vigorous.

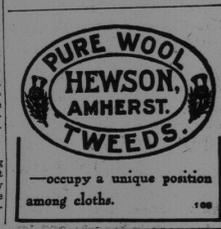
Recommended by over 40,000 Physicians.

Ask Your Druggist for it.

Roux, used to give body to sauce, 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 milk 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 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 is time to serve and keep it covered.

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 on Saturday, the thirtieth day of March, A. D. 1927, 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 British street, in the City of Saint John, known and distinguished by the numbers 1904 and 1906, each lot on the North side of British street, and extending back northerly one hundred feet from said street. The foregoing sale will be made under and by virtue of the Act 5th Victoria, Chapter 42, for the purpose of realizing the several amounts of money hereinafter mentioned, namely: \$100 and \$25, said amounts being respectively assessed against the said lots of land by the said Lawrence McMann in 1904 and 1906. 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. 1927. FRED SANDALL, Receiver of Taxes for the City of Saint John. C. N. SKINNER, Recorder of the City of Saint John.



HURRY HADY, visit the DOROTHY DEAN HOLY-LAND and Spots

Jerusalem, Palestine. Dear Cousin Charley:— We have been a week in the Holy-Land—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 way as has been a very interesting trip, as there are so many historical places crowded in to such a small country. Palestine is only 150 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 of Jonah sailed from when he was swallowed by the whale and where Noah built an 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 the Dead Sea. 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, he hadn't much sooner than get 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 pay Spots some, and he looked real disappointed, too. He's got 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. Jordan. 5. Dead Sea. 6. Dead Sea. 7. Sea of Galilee. 8. Turkey.