

Our Offer Accepted

We made an offer to one of the largest New York manufacturers of Boys' Blouse and Summer Wash Suits for two thousand five hundred Blouses and Suits.

On Thursday, Friday and Saturday we will offer them at New York wholesale prices—29c. up. Whatever is left over will be shipped to one of our other Branch stores Monday.

Union Clothing Comp'y

ALEX. CORBET, Manager.

26-28 CHARLOTTE STREET

The Viper of Milan.

A ROMANCE OF LOMBARDY.

BY MARJORIE BOWEN.

(Continued.)
"Do you know Gian Visconti so very soon to very well?" asked his sister. "Have you seen him torturing his prisoners with the slow torture of the mind—some than any rack? Have you seen him lying and betraying, stealing and murdering?"

Graziosa looked at her wildly; she looked strangely like her brother could look, her voice was very like his. "You know how his father died! How his mother's heart was broken?"

"I know you never raised a hand to save them—I know I love him!" cried Graziosa. "Doubtless," smiled Valentine with scorn. "But does he love you? Why, he is so stained with crime that I do not care to touch his hand. Would such a man love you?"

"Some tales I have heard, but now I know them false," said Graziosa, white and trembling. "And I will hear no more." "She thinks he loves her!" murmured Valentine. "She thinks Gian Visconti loves her!"

Graziosa was as near hate as was possible for her; her heart was too full for a brilliant; she was looking at them through a veil of tears, unshed and bitter. "The lady Valentine is not a gay companion today," remarked one of her attendants, looking at her.

"No," said Graziosa duly. Valentine's words were ranking in her heart; all the past came before her, all the tales she had heard of Visconti, all her father's tenderness, the old happy time. What if it had all been a mistake? What if Visconti still played with her and he was what Valentine had said? The idea was too awful, she crushed it back, she would not be false.

She thought of her father with a sudden yearning; she had always turned to him in her little troubles, she felt uneasy about him with sudden waves of homesickness. "Can I forget?" she cried in her heart. "Can I live this life and forget?"

But the next moment she calmed herself. She thought of Visconti leaning over her cathedral, of his hand in hers, of his earnest voice—and she had his word for her father's safety.

Smiling to herself, she mounted the steps to her gorgeous dwelling, made splendid by Visconti's love.

"My father! We shall be happy together again yet!" And she laughed and kissed the roses Gian had kissed, and the sun seemed bright again.

But Agnolo Vistramini lay in the little chapel of Santa Maria Nuova, near to the western gate, with tapers burning at his head and feet, and five sword-thrusts through his heart.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX.
IN VISCONTI'S HANDS.

Valentine Visconti was praying in the church of San' Apollinare. It stood some way from the Visconti palace, a magnificent building, rich with the Duke's gifts. That morning thanksgiving rose from

every church in Milan; from the palace to the hut, all showed some sign of rejoicing. The Duke had ordered public processions and thanksgiving, and none dared disobey.

His Holiness Pope Boniface had decried the falling cause of Verona; there was nothing to be feared and little to be gained from Martino della Scala, the Duke of Milan had offered his aid against the rebellious Florentines, and many bribes besides, and today had seen the new league between the powerful tyrant Lombardy and His Holiness publicly ratified.

From Rome Visconti had nothing more to fear, Martino nothing more to hope. The country around Padua was Visconti's too; Cologne, which he had always held, the great support of Chioggia, Mestre and Legno, betrayed by Carrara.

Bassano had fallen, and now Reggio there was cause for thanksgiving in Milan. As a last triumph, Valentine had been sent to offer up prayers and gifts for her brother's success. She was guarded on her errand, practically a prisoner. Soldiers stood at every door of the church, and a mounted escort waited without to conduct her back. She was on her knees before the blazing altar, her head low over her missal, but she was not offering thanks to heaven for Gian's victories.

She thought of Graziosa with angry hate. But for that girl, Duke Scala had been in Milan, and Count Conrad with him—and in reward for her treachery Graziosa was to queen it over her! Visconti delighted to flout her with her at every turn.

That morning Visconti told her the war was drawing to a close—said it with much meaning, and prominent her smiling, Count Conrad's head as a wedding gift. He had been clustered long with Ginnorfo; strangely clated he had seen and Valentine shudderingly wondered what was in the air.

That there was something she knew full well, Visconti was hatching some stroke that would complete Della Scala's ruin. For some days she had seen his purpose in his face, and today the alliance with the Pope confirmed it.

She did not greatly care, she was too crushed by her own failures to care much for the failure of another. She felt sorry for Isotta d'Este, and bitter toward Count Conrad.

But were I either of them, Prince Martino or Count Conrad," she thought in hot anger. "I would not live to grace Visconti's triumph."

The sound of bells penetrated even into the hushed interior of the church. As the service ended and Valentine rose to her feet, she heard them burst into wild music; the dim, incensed air seemed troubled by their triumphant throbs, the gold tapestry to shake with it.

"Is it another victory?" murmured Valentine. The church had emptied, she was alone in it save for two ladies kneeling motionless.

Costanza glanced at her. "I must confess," she replied, "I should be proud if it were my leaving. To be Visconti on such a day as this would please me well; and though I am your friend, madama, I must say it."

"As all the others," said Valentine bitterly. "You are blinded by splendor and power—you see no deeper than the skin."

"Maybe," said the peer lightly. "Yet am I glad the Duke hath triumphed, and not Martino della Scala, who is as sullen as a peasant, and a foe to all distinction."

"And his wife?" asked Valentine in a low tone. "Have you no thought for her?" Costanza shrugged her shoulders. "Methinks I have done much to show I have! But she is a prisoner of war, and must take her chances like another. Were it the Visconti's wife, I should not wonder to see her a prisoner long! Let Martino della Scala tear her from his foe himself—let him do as Visconti, did when Lady Graziosa was in danger."

"Hold thy tongue," returned Valentine angrily. "You talk as a child—you know not what you say."
(To be continued.)

MAY GO TO TORONTO
Pine Hill, Theological College, Halifax, May Lose Dr. R. A. Falconer.

(Toronto World)
The board of governors of Toronto University are at last converging towards the appointment of a new president for the university.

The governors have a herculean task to perform—to make the choice of one individual, upon whose shoulders they can conscientiously, and preferably, enthusiastically, place the responsibility not only of maintaining the fame the university has gained, but of broadening and widening its influence.

A great many names, first carefully considered as eligible, have been discarded. The choice has been narrowed down to that of a few outstanding names, and the World is informed that in all probability these have been sifted until one name stands out prominently as the man who will probably be elected by the board to be apprised of the fact that the post is his if he will accept it.

This man is Dr. R. A. Falconer, principal of the Presbyterian Theological College at Halifax, possessor of a rare Edinburgh degree, a strong character, young, and a "thorough gentleman."

Dr. Falconer is, in the opinion of men qualified to judge, considered a very strong man for this position.

Members of the board last night admitted that Dr. Falconer's name had been considered, but one of the governors seemed especially desirous that no mention should be made of the name.

PREMATURE, HE SAYS.
"It would be entirely premature," said he. In the effort to learn whether the board had united on his name, individuals of the board were communicated with last night.

Makes the lightest, sweetest, finest-flavored, most delicious and wholesome food.

Absolutely Pure

The Housewife will find no possible substitute for the Royal Baking Powder. There is no other baking powder or baking preparation similar to it, or that will render the food so excellent in every quality.

It is folly to use the best flour, butter, and eggs with an inferior baking powder.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

PROVINCIAL APPOINTMENTS

Frederickton, N. B., April 24.—The following provincial appointments are gazetted: Alexander Smith, Ottawa, barrister at law, to be commissioner for taking affidavits in the province of Ontario, to be read in the courts of New Brunswick.

Kings—Alfred LaPostolle, to be a commissioner of the parish of Greenwich civil court. Wm. A. Kierstead, of Snider Mountain, and John C. Palmer, of St. John's Cove, to be justices of the peace.

Westmorland—Ignatius Murphy, Peter Hanson, and Arthur J. Gaudet, to be justices of the peace. Courtney, Allen, M. D., of Bayfield, to be coroner.

Madawaska—Joynde Cormier, Joseph Desjardins, Louis Narcisse Pelletier, and Joseph Parent, to be justices of the peace. Joynde Cormier to be commissioner of the parish of Saint-Andre civil court. J. Amede Charvet to be labor act commissioner for the parish of Saint-Jacques, in place of Jas. Lynch, resigned.

Firman Daigle, Jr., to be a member of the board of liquor license commissioners, in place of Firman Daigle, Sr., whose term of service has expired.

Albert—Robert A. Smith to be stipendiary and police magistrate for the parish of Elgin. W. Woodworth, Daniel W. Stuart, and Edson E. Peck, to be commissioners for taking affidavits to be read in the supreme court.

OBITUARY

Miss Blanch A. B. Williams, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Williams, of 49 Sheriff street, died yesterday, after an illness extending over a year. Miss Williams, who was 22 years old, was a consistent member of the Main street United Baptist church. She bore her long sickness with patience and fortitude.

Besides her father and mother, she is survived by two brothers and three sisters: Edward, in Boston; Mrs. Milton Towers, in Nova Scotia; and Ernest B., and Miss Ina at home.

The funeral will take place from the family residence on Friday afternoon at 2.30.

Mrs. Ann Gallagher, wife of Bernard Gallagher, died last evening at her home in Sherbrooke street. She was 73 years and all her long life had been spent in this city. She had not been ill any time, just succumbing to an influenza.

Mrs. Gallagher is survived by her husband, one son—Charles G., driver of No. 3 hook and ladder company, and one daughter—Mrs. Thomas Gallagher, of Dorchester (Mass.).

Sergeant Guldip, of the Northwest Mounted Police, son of the late Hon. J. W. Guldip, of this city, and who died recently in the Yukon, was buried in the N. W. M. P. cemetery, Dawson City. The funeral was the largest ever seen in Dawson and there were so many floral tributes that all could not be put on the grave.

The Free Kindergarten Association gratefully acknowledges from: Joseph Allison, W. E. Earle, W. C. T. U., W. P. Hatway, John McWhitty, each \$25.00; Mrs. R. Kettie Jones, \$10; O. H. Warwick Co., Waterbury & Rising, T.H. Bullock (Thomas Bell), Mrs. Clara Miller, Mrs. A. H. Merrill, E. E. Williams, Mr. Shadok, R. B. Kesser, Mrs. C. H. Dearborn, Court Bro., Miss S., each \$5; J. P. Bullock, \$4; H. P. Hayward, \$3; Wm. Hawker, Stuart Robertson, J. B. Paterson, Comeau & Sheehan, W. E. Raymond, Mrs. J. Russell, Mrs. H. H. McLean, Louis Green, Mrs. J. H. Pullen, a friend, each \$2; Mrs. Thos. White, a friend, Mr. Toole, Mrs. Harry Dolancy, Mrs. J. W. Daniel, a friend, H. G. Weeks, James Morgan, P. G. Hall, Geo. S. deForest, Henry Gallagher, a friend, each \$1; Can. Oil Co., a friend, Capt. Potter, each 50c.

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.



THE BACK IS THE FEATURE OF THIS BLOUSE.

In the silk blouses this season there is a marked element of dressiness. Light colored silks are used more often than those of darker tones, and the trimmings and their uses are more elaborate than we have been used to seeing them for several seasons. One feature of these new blouses, and especially those which emanate from the French fashion center, is the fancy back, or the back which is trimmed in exactly the same manner as the front. In this instance the only difference in the back from the front is that the neck is cut square, whereas in the front it runs in a deep point to the bust line, to be finished with a jabot of lace and rosetts ends of silk. The material is a light green chiffon tulle piped with black and trimmed with two sizes of dull gilt buttons. There is no light lining in this waist, but it is held snugly to the figure by the wide girde of lace and rosetts ends of silk. The material is a light green chiffon tulle piped with black and trimmed with two sizes of dull gilt buttons. There is no light lining in this waist, but it is held snugly to the figure by the wide girde of lace and rosetts ends of silk. The material is a light green chiffon tulle piped with black and trimmed with two sizes of dull gilt buttons. There is no light lining in this waist, but it is held snugly to the figure by the wide girde of lace and rosetts ends of silk.

Between 5 and 6 o'clock yesterday afternoon a horse with express wagon attached, the property of Wm. Sande, and driven by John Ross, ran away from the corner of King and Germain street Mecklenburg street the wagon with a telegraph pole and was the foot of Mecklenburg street.

Thomas Gibbard returned from Montreal yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Hazen returned yesterday from Ottawa.

SUFFERED EIGHT YEARS FROM KIDNEYS

Doctor's said Female Trouble.

Mrs. Charles Lewis, Collingwood, Ont., writes: "For eight years I suffered from Kidney Complaint, and until twelve months ago doctor said I was suffering from 'Female Trouble.' Last November (1905), I was seriously ill, realizing I believe from kidney trouble. Finding doctor's medicine doing me no good, I persuaded my husband to purchase me a box of Doan's Kidney Pills, after having read of a case somewhat resembling mine. I commenced taking them according to directions (not taking the doctor's medicine), and on second day a swelling commenced in my feet, legs and body. The following day I was so changed and swollen my husband, in alarm, hastened to Mr. Johnson's drug store, who told him to tell me he thought the pills were drawing something out of the blood, and to keep on taking them. I did so after taking them a week, the swelling disappeared leaving me with a complexion free from pimples, light heartedness. I did not feel since I used Doan's Kidney Pills did for us, we always take advantage of it, and tell them to give them a fair trial."

Doan's Kidney Pills are 50c. per box or \$3.00 for a dozen, for sale at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

My sister-in-law (Mrs. Bryan), seeing the notice of Doan's Kidney Pills, and the change for good they accomplished in me, sent for a box and they completely cured her. When there is an opportunity of telling people what Doan's Kidney Pills did for us, we always take advantage of it, and tell them to give them a fair trial."

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