MC2289

POOR DOCUMENT

SPECIAL AT THE UNION

TO NIGHT.

Men's Fancy Tweed Suits,
Regular $10.00 values for - - **$7.48**

Men's All-Wool Tweed Suits
Regular $12.00 values for - - **$9.98**

Men's Spring Overcoats
In all the prevailing shades, regular $12 values for - - - - - - **$8.98**

Men's Soft Bosom Shirts
Very nobby patterns, regular $1.00 values for - - - **79c.,** separate cuffs

Union Clothing Co.,
26-28 CHARLOTTE ST.
(Old Y. M. C. A. Building) ALEX. CORBET, Manager

The Viper of Milan.

A ROMANCE OF LOMBARDY.

BY MARJORIE BOWEN.

(Continued.)

For hours had Della Scala ridden with his wife across his horse and against his breast, but riding always toward Novara; and now he had ridden into a wild red glare that lit the sky.

Mastino's thoughts were centered on one thing—Visconti. There was no reflection in them; neither the past nor present had meaning. He was riding in a nightmare: he knew he carried Isotta, and that she was dead; he knew too he was riding to find Visconti.

The red glare rose into the sky in pointed flames.

"Tis a burning city," said Mastino; but the words had no meaning. Here was light, however, had he needed it whereby to find Visconti.

The blinding flare, though still a mile away, lit up the great posterns of a gate near, and a long wall adjoining was glowering red in it, the trails of the flowers showing like blood, as they hung over it, spectral and strange. It was a noble's summer palace, lit by Novara burning yonder.

Mastino stopped his horse, that needed no checking, worn out by that wild ride, and gazed before him at the flames, and slowly something of reasoning power returned. He had ridden to meet Visconti, and Visconti was here. He knew it—either of God or devil—knew it surely; and he rode his horse on slowly, with the double burden, through the unguarded gates, and came to a flight of steps unguarded too, leading up to a wide balcony, overlooked by high, open, lighted windows. Here was the place—unguarded. Here was Visconti, and the soul of Mastino suddenly blazed into a white heat that for a moment blinded him.

Then he dismounted, and laid Isotta down, speaking the while to his horse. The glow from the burning city wrapped them both and made the fair dead face rosy. The tempest was over, and only a soft rain fell, ceasing gradually. Mastino found a sheltered spot beneath the bushes, and with a pitiful gentleness laid Isotta down and drew the hood above her head.

"I will come back, "he murmured, kissing her, Then he turned to the steps with his naked dagger in his hand. He wore no armor; he was bare-headed—he gave it no thought. He was here to slay Visconti. That was God's fact.

Along the steps a soldier came lazily, and Mastino sprang on him and strangled him before he could cry out, bearing the body noiselessly to the ground. Then, listening, he heard from within the palace a laugh and a voice—Visconti's. Della Scala looked around. How was he to get to him? He must feel Visconti's blood run warm over his hands, and quickly.

"How it blazes! The soldiers will have poor spoil," said Visconti. "But we will build another town, de Lana: we are rich enough."

"Outside the walls now we found a ghastly thing," said a second voice: "a human hand grasping tight a knot of scarlet ribbons—just the hand, a beautiful hand."

"Your tale sickens me—Ihave always hated horrore," said Visconti.

Mastino crept along and found a door. "I will get in here," he said within himself; and then within himself he laughed, for it was opened.

The tapestry within was moved aside, and there was a glimpse of a white sleeve and a delicate, ringed hand. The next moment the curtain was torn in a giant's grip from its fastening, and Mastino, trampling it under him, was upon them—in his madness staying to reckon on no odds.

Where was Visconti? Not far, for he himself, with his own hand, had opened the door.

But from the red glare outside, the blaze within blinded Della Scala. He looked round him for Visconti. Then a voice screamed: "Keep him off!" and suddenly his eyes met the Duke's and he strode forward It seemed almost done. Visconti, in wild fear, fell back before that terrible face, staggering against the wall, his hand fumbling for his dagger, and the men in the room scattered to right and left, as before an apparition.

"Gentlemen!" shrieked Visconti, "you are ten to one: stop him! A fortune for the one who slays him!"

But Mastino had him in his grip—almost: another moment—

But Visconti fell, and crouched along the wall ,those reaching hands above him; and a dozen swords leaped out; the soldiers flocked in from the ante-room; there was a wild confusion.

"Slay him!" shrieked Visconti. But from Della Scala, as they closed on him, came a yell that froze the marrow.

Ten to one! They needed to be. The place began to run with blood.

"Gian Visconti! Gian Visconti!"

Visconti rose by the wall again. "Kill him!" he gasped. "Kill him!" and cowered away. He was not sure if that face or that figure, struggling ever toward him, could be killed; that they were earthly, or that that was the voice of a man that, with no sound of the human left in it, called his name.

"Let them kill him!" screamed Visconti.

But de Lana did not move, he did not look round; neither did Visconti.

"Visconti! Visconti!" gasped the voice . . . . Ah! . . . There was a great scuffling of feet, the dragging of a heavy body, and Mastino, an inert mass upon the soldiers' arms, was forced back upon the balcony.

They let him fall there, and one heard him moan; but he was bleeding from twenty wounds. They left him and closed the door.

Visconti looked round fearfunlly.

"Is he gone?" he said.

The great candelabra had been overturned and the room was in a semi-gloom, broken only by the dim candles in their scones and the fitful flare from the city.

No one answered Visconti. The men drew breath in silence, and looked at their wounds. How he had fought! A horror fell upon them.

"Is he dead?" asked Visconti, shaking like a leaf.

"There were fifteen men to kill him," said de Lana, and he wiped some blood from his hand with a shiver.

No one else broke the silence, all stood still as if spell-bound; it was a horrible, horrible thing, and they drew back from the door—afraid.

"Hush!—what was that?"

Visconti leaned forward fearfully.

"What was it?"

The sound of some one on the balcony. Visconti's face went livid.

"He is alive—"

A horrid shudder ran through them all. De Lana strove to speak and could not.

"The door is not fastened," whispered Visconti, hoarsely. "Fasten the door—some one!"

But no one moved, no one dared, for superstitious horror.

Something fell back from the door, then the sound of something that dragged itself against it painfully, then a rattle at the unbolted door

"He is not dead!" half screamed Visconti. "A town to the man who will go out and slay him!"

No one moved.

"A half-dead man!" cried the Duke, "and no one will end his misery?"

They dared not.

"Hark! he will have the door open. De Lana, I command you——" He pointed with a shaking hand, but de Lana only shook his head.

"There has too much been done already," he said, shudderingly.

The Duke looked round wildly.

"A town, a fortune to the one who will have compassion," and with a shrug and a grimace, a rough soldier stepped forward, his drawn sword in his hand, and opening the door, pushed something back before him and went out.

Gian breathed heavily, listening, but the next second the soldier was in the room again, with altered face, and the door ajar behind him.

"I cannot," he gasped—"it's blind, struggling—it—does not look like a man—I——"

"Shut the door!" yelled Visconti, and then fell back against de Lana, shaking, for a livid face appeared, with dim eyes and a bare throat streaked with blood. For one moment the ghastly apparition showed there, then fell into the dark again.

There was a sickening pause. Visconti spoke first, looking around.

"Are we fools or women?—he came to murder me, and he is slain—what is there in that? Go and see now if he is dead."

Some one went, fearfully.

"He lies very still, my lord; he is dead——"

The trembling pages had brought more lights, and light was life to Visconti. He came forward and looked, a little nearer, on the figure in the doorway, but very slowly, with de Lana between.

Mastino lay out straight, in a sudden up-flare from the burning city, his arm flung over his face.

"He was a giant," whispered Visconti fearfully. "And how dark!—I do not remember him so dark——"

He looked over de Lana's shoulder at him.

The soldiers peered behind him. That man was Mastino della Scala once!—it was strange even to their cold hearts.

He was dead—dead! Visconti's fear, the superstitious fear of a righteous, God-sent vengeance, turned to a savage joy; still he was afraid, still afraid.

He touched the body with the point of his gold shoe.

"Throw him into the garden," he said to the soldiers, showing his teeth.

Giannotto and de Lana exchanged a curious glance; the soldier set his lips.

"Are you all traitors or cowards, that you do not heed men?" cried Visconti in a fury. "Throw, thrust, kick this thing into the garden—let him lie there till the morning."

"My lord," said de Lana, with a dangerous look in his eyes, "he was a Prince and a Scaliger!"

"He was my enemy—scorn for scorn! Throw Mastino della Scala from the balcony—or——"

And half a dozen men came forward and lifted the prostrate body.

"Haste," said Visconti, his eyes on de Lana. "Throw him out of my sight."

"Let them carry him down the steps, my lord," cried de Lana.

But Visconti turned on him, his face and hair glowing in the light of the flames from Novara, his face fiendish.

"They shall do as I bid, or hang from the nearest tree! Now haste!" he said again, as if he feared the dead might yet arise.

(To be continued.)

A WOMAN'S BACK WAS NOT MADE TO ACHE

Thousands of Women suffer Untold 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

are for you in the same way as they have thousands of others.

Thos. Craig, Almonte, Ont., writes: "After suffering for six months for kidney trouble and my back was so lame I could not stand up straight I was advised to try Doan's Kidney Pills. I did so and in one week was able to walk with very little pain. In a few months my back was as strong as ever."

Doan's Kidney Pills are 50 cents per box or three boxes for $1.25 at all dealers, or will be sent on receipt of price by The Doan's Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.

LINGERIE HAT FOR DRESSY WEAR.

Although hats of fine braids and straws will be much worn by small girls from five to twelve years, the lingerie hat of fine embroidery will be seen to a marked extent this summer for dressy wear, especially so when the accompanying frock is of fine embroidery, either blind or eyelet. Some of the lingerie hats are made so that the covering may be removed from the wire frame with little difficulty and laundered, while others must go to the cleaner's when soiled, as they are not made to be taken apart. Flowers and ribbons are used as trimmings, more often flowers. These in wreaths of small rose blossoms, buttercups and other blossoms encircling the full mushroom crown and sometimes hanging off the back brim several inches. The brims are medium in width and usually finished with at least two-inch-wide, or wider, frills of lace or embroidery, or the hat material, with a narrow lace edging. Little girls between three and five wear these hats with wide ribbon ties bowed under the chin, but the ties are not worn by girls older.

These Medicinal Facts You Can Study With Profit

How few realize that twenty-five per cent of all disease has its origin in some interference with the function of elimination.

The whole body exists by reason of the transfusion of fluids through its component parts.

Up to a certain point the body has power to object to destructive elements, but this power is limited.

When it happens that the body is loaded with wastes and poisons which it can't eliminate, fermentation, decay, and germ life run riot through the blood.

Serious illness is the result unless nature is assisted by a cleansing tonic like Dr. Hamilton's Pills, which are purely vegetable, contain no mercury,no bismuth, no injurious metallic ingredients of any kind.

Such a medicine is the greatest possible assurance to every man and woman of health, spirits and contentment.

Grand results are achieved, and famous cures made every day by Dr. Hamilton's Pills, as this letter proves.

From Newfoundland, Miss Lillian Anthony, of Upper Gullies, Conception Bay writes: "In praise of Dr. Hamilton's Pills, I must say that I have used them with grand success for three years. They never fail to cure me of indigestion or constipation. Formerly my face was full of pimples but now my complexion is clear and ruddy. In more ways than I care to mention have Dr. Hamilton's Pills helped me; they would be good for every woman to use."

Insist on having only Dr. Hamilton's Pills, 25c. per box or five boxes for $1.00, at all dealers, or by mail from N. C. Polson & Co., Hartford, Conn., U. S. A., or Kingston, Ont.

CRIPPLED BY SCIATICA.

Made Well and Strong by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills After Doctors Had Failed.

Mr. H. W. Awalt is one of the leading merchants of Hemford, N. S. A few years ago he was a great sufferer from that most excruciating trouble sciatica. He says: "At the time I was afflicted I was living at Baker Settlement. The attack was so severe that I had been off work for some time. The cords of my leg were all drawn up and I could only limp along with the aid of a stick. The pain I suffered was terrible. I was in misery both day and night. Every moment caused me such pain as only those who have been tortured with sciatica can know. I was treated by several doctors, but they did not help me a bit. In fact I almost began to feel that my condition was helpless, when Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were brought to my attention. I got a half dozen boxes. I had used about the entire quantity before I found any benefit. But I was encouraged and got a second half dozen boxes and before these were all gone every vestige of the trouble had disappeared. Not only this, but I was improved in health in every way, as it will be readily understood that the long siege of pain I had suffered had left me badly run down. I can't speak too highly of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I can't recommend them too strongly to other sufferers."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure sciatica simply because they make the rich, red blood that soothes and strengthens the jangled aching nerves. That is why they cure such nerve troubles as neuralgia, St. Vitus' dance and partial paralysis. That is why they cure all ailments due to poor watery blood. That is why they make weary, despondent, broken-down men and women bright, active and strong. But only the genuine pills can do this, and they have the full name, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People on the wrapper around every box. Sold by medicine dealers everywhere or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

All the failures are sure they would be successful if only they could start at the top.

EVERY DAY CLUB IS COMMENDED

It Enables Earnest Men to Come Into Helpful Contact With Their Fellows.

In the course of an article on "The Every Day Club—An Interesting Experiment," the Maritime Baptist says:

"The motto of the club, 'To help men to be men,' is expressive of the spirit that actuates its efforts. Every night in the week the rooms in which the club meets are thrown open to men irrespective of class or condition, color or creed. The spirit of the club is inclusive, and so far as we know, no man has ever felt that he was not welcome.

"So far the organization has not had the advantage of an elaborate plant. The rooms are regularly open for reading, for games, for social intercourse. Each evening a short and attractive program is contributed by men in the habit of frequenting the rooms. A strong committee attempts to get the men into social touch with one another. Perhaps the most important feature of the work is the effort that is made to keep the purpose of the club before the men who attend. This is effectively done by repeated reference to actual opportunities "to help men to be men," and by constant attempt to encourage every man who enters the rooms to assume some share in the management of the work.

"The club proposes during the summer months to rent a large campus conveniently located near the centre of the city. These grounds are to be under the supervision of a competent man, and, so far as possible, are to be free for the use of the boys and young men of the city.

"t is impossible at the present time to estimate the success of the experiment. It has, however, demonstrated the fact that earnest men may, if they so desire, cone into helpful contact with men, many of whom otherwise would be subjected to the contaminating associations of the saloons. Furthermore, it has been demonstrated again that men indifferent to the welfare of their fellows and personally careless in their habits, are capable of responding to the influence of men who are actuated by a different spirit. There has been from the hundreds of men who have attended the club a gratifying number who have openly and earnestly professed a desire to aid the club in its efforts.

"The most painful revelation of the present experience is the fact that there are comparatively few men in the community, of pronounced strength and ability who have the inclination to take advantage of the opportunity offered by such an institution, for helpful social contact with those who are less fortunate. Still more humiliating is the fact that there are those, bearing the name of Christian who have openly condemned a movement because it sought and found the man of dissolute and dissipated habits, and because it drew no exclusive line of color, creed, or respectability.

"It is not unlikely that the initial efforts of such an institution will be attended by mistakes. But it is to be hoped that the organization will find the support of an increasing number of men who desire to minister personally to the soul welfare of the community."

It's just as well to remember that it's always well to be just.

Agonizing Eczema

Body Covered From Head to Feet.

5 Months in Bed—Burning, Itching—Blind at Times.

Another Great Cure by

Hood's Sarsaparilla

A medicine that will cure the worst cases of scrofula, eczema, psoriasis and other blood diseases, is sure to be successful with all similar troubles.

Mrs. Wynne's wonderful cure should convince you that Hood's Sarsaparilla is the medicine for you to take.

"I had a very bad attack of eczema, that terrible skin disease. No one can imagine the agony I endured.

"For five long months I lay in bed, tossing this way and that for bodily comfort.

"I had two doctors and was on a bread and milk diet for more than five months. No meat, potatoes, cereal or fish. I was white as a ghost from bread and milk.

"I did not have the eczema in one place only, but from the top of my head to the soles of my feet. My hair all fell out, and I was blind at times.

"I had 32 boils and 4 carbuncles at one time, was a mass of scabs and pus.

Oh, the Burning and Itching

and the treatment with all kinds of salves and oils! I did not have water on my face or any part of me for over five months. Instead, I was washed from head to foot in sweet oil, with a little carbolic acid. My house was like a drug store. Then I had a specialist, who said that in all his experience he **Never Saw Such a Sight** as I was. He wanted to take me to a clinic in New York, but I said no.

"About that time a friend suggested that I try Hood's Sarsaparilla. My husband got me a bottle, and from the first I began to improve, but it took a number of bottles to relieve me of that terrible affliction.

"Now I am quite well, and feel **I Owe My Life to Hood's Sarsaparilla.** My testimony can be fully verified by the leading doctors of this city." MRS. FRED WYNNE, 817 So. 2nd St., Plainfield, N. J.

Keeps All in Health.

"For years we have used Hood's Sarsaparilla as a valuable spring medicine. We would not be without it in the house. It has worked wonders in our family, keeping us all in perfect health." LULU SCHNEBUKER, 93 Perry St., Woodstock, Ont.

Sent Up For Trial

In the preliminary examination of Frank Griffiths before Parish Court Commissioner Roberts at Cody's on the charge of attempted assault on Ella Sorrensen, Griffiths was sent up for trial. The hearing was concluded Thursday night and the magistrate said he felt there was sufficient evidence to send the prisoner up for trial. He believed there should be a thorough investigation.

Thursday night the complainant finished her testimony and the defence did not offer any. The prisoner was taken back to Gagetown jail, and his trial will be before Judge Hanington, July 21. J. King Kelley, who appeared for the complainant, returned to the city yesterday morning.

MEDALS FOR SOLDIERS

Presentations Made to 62nd Color Sergeants After Last Night's March Out.

An interesting ceremony took place on the conclusion of the first march out of the 62nd Fusiliers for the season last night. On reaching the drill shed Colonel Edwards, who was in command, called Color Sergeant E. S. Wetmore, of Company to the front and presented to him the medal for the best regimental shot for the year 1906. These medals are offered by the government for annual competition.

He next called up Color Sergeant Drake, of D Company and presented to him a long service medal. Sergeant Drake has been connected with the 62nd Fusiliers for twenty years, half of which period he has held his present rank.

There was a large turnout for the first parade of the season. More than 200 men were in line, under command of Colonel Edwards. The line of march was up Carmarthen to King street east, to the north side of the old burying ground where a halt was made for fifteen or twenty minutes while the band played. From the old burying ground the line of march was again taken up along the north side of King Square to Charlotte, along Charlotte to the north side of Queen Square, along Mecklenburg to Carmarthen to the drill shed. Col. Edwards complimented the regiment on the neat soldierly appearance of the men.

New Company

It is understood that a new company is being formed for the manufacture of school and general furniture, with the object of buying out the S. B. Lordly Furniture Company property, and carrying on the same business on a more extended scale.

Several prominent business men have already signified their intention of forwarding the movement by getting together a capital of $10,000; and as half the amount has already been subscribed, it is probable that operations will be commenced at an early date on contracts already secured for the Lordly adjustable school desk. This desk has been selected for the Hampton consolidated school.

Piety often seems like pretense to those who have not felt the impulse of principle.

The CANADIAN DRUG CO., LTD.

Drugs, Patent Medicines
Toilet Articles
Druggists' Sundries

Everything the Drug Trade needs. The Best Goods, the Right Prices, Prompt and Satisfactory Service.

Address all correspondence to
THOMAS GIBBARD, Manager

The CANADIAN DRUG CO., LTD.
70-72 Prince William Street. P. O. Box 187. St. John, N. B.

HOME PAPERS
THE TELEGRAPH AND TIMES

THESE PAPERS are delivered to St. John residences BY CARRIER. They are taken into the homes of responsible and desirable people who pay for the privilege of reading them.

An advertisement in The Big Papers will place you in company with the most prominent local and general advertisers in Canada.

THE TELEGRAPH and TIMES enjoy a greater advertising patronage than any other two papers in New Brunswick, and if business is any indication of ability to deliver results, then The Big Papers are always "making good."

RATES ARE NEVER CUT. One price to all. Telephone main 705 for The Advertising Dept.

COMBINED CIRCULATION OVER 15,000