MC2289

POOR DOCUMENT

Store Open Tonight until 11 p. m.

UNION CLOTHING CO'Y

26-28 CHARLOTTE STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.
Old Y. M. C. A. Building. Alex. Corbet, Manager.

THE BUSY STORE

You can be sure of More Value for your money here than any other store. At this popular growing store you can get more up-to-date and stylish garments at a lower price than any other store in the city. Almost any style suit or overcoat can be found right here. Come, see for yourself.

What About These Prices?

A Splendid $3.00 Trouser in good serviceable Fabrics and nice Patterns, at - - - - $1.98 a Pair

Men's $12.50 Suits, Special This Week, at $9.98.
Men's $3.00 Trousers at $1.98.
Men's Top Coats, in Black and Fancy, at $8, $10, $12, $15 to $18.
Special lots of Men's Working Trousers, lots of patterns to select from, at $1.10, $1.40, $1.60, $1.75 to $2.25.
Boys' 2-piece Suits, worth $2.50 to $3.00, now at $1.98.
Boys' Good Knee Pants at 48c. to 75c. a pair.
Men's Good Black Overalls at 48c. a pair.

WE SELL PROGRESS BRAND CLOTHING.

Union Clothing Co.

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.

OFF FOR THE WEEK END TRIP.

The week-end trip is looked forward to with much pleasure by the city motorists during the spring and summer. The tours at these times are, of course, but short, and the clothes are not necessarily of too severe a character. The coat of rubberized silk or satin, in a variety of shades from the lightest tan to the deepest brown, navy blue and even red, is both smart and serviceable. One fetching model is of a tan colored waterproof satin, with vest of brown satin trimmed with red and brown passementerie, and buttons of the satin set in brown bone rims at the end of simulated button holes of soutache. The central figure of the picture wears a gray rubberized coat, long and enveloping, buttoning closely around the neck, with a wide turnover collar inset with red leather, the fronts fastening with buttons of the satin set in red rims. The third of this happy looking trio wears a similar model in brown, with trimmings in a deeper shade. The hats exemplify what is most modish in automobile headwear for this season.

Undigested Food

When any portion of food remains in the stomach and refuses to digest, it causes the torments of indigestion. This undigested food rapidly ferments, irritating the sensitive coating of the stomach, while other parts of the body, particularly the head, suffer in consequence.

So long as this undigested food remains in the stomach, the discomfort continues. A few doses of

BEECHAM'S PILLS

stop all fermentation, sweeten the contents of the stomach and give natural assistance that relieves the stomach of its burden. The use of Beecham's Pills gradually strengthens the stomach nerves and soon restores them to a normal, healthy condition.

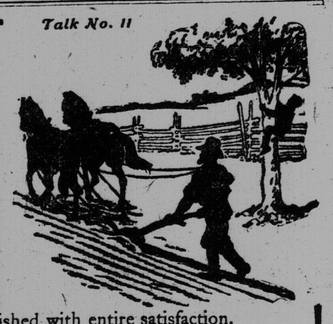
Beecham's Pills positively cure all stomach troubles, while their beneficial effects on the liver and kidneys greatly improve the general health.

Beecham's Pills have been used and recommended by the general public for over fifty years.

Prepared only by the Proprietor, Thomas Beecham, St. Helens, Lancashire, Eng.
Sold everywhere in Canada and U. S. America. In boxes 25 cents.

Talk No. 11

Tweeds of Strength.



To combine durability in Tweeds with beauty, lightness with firmness, is no easy task. But in Hewson Tweeds it has been accomplished with entire satisfaction.

Hewson Tweeds don't get shabby after a month or two. They're fine, soft wool to the last shred—and when that last-shred time comes, after long and constant use, they *look wool* because they *are wool*.

There's a quality about them that commands respect even among people who never wear their clothes to anywhere near the last-shred time.

Hewson "Bannockburn" Tweeds are an especially strong weave—just the thing for work about the farm—or hunting, mining and other rough, outdoor use. Made by special machinery that turns out invincible cloth for hard wear and tear. With these Tweeds a man exposed to changing climatic conditions, to rain, frost, snow, dampness, finds a ready health-guard.

Your dealer will be glad to show you Hewson Tweeds. If, for any reason, he should not have them in stock, send us his name, and we'll supply him, and send you samples.

Hewson Woolen Mills, Ltd.,
The Big New Mill,
AMHERST, N.S.

PURE WOOL HEWSON, AMHERST. TWEEDS.

The Viper of Milan.

A ROMANCE OF LOMBARDY.

BY MARJORIE BOWEN.

(Continued.)

Conrad drew himself up.

"God helping me I will go to Milan," he said. "I will further your cause in Milan itself—even though I leave with you my sword."

Still Mastino stood motionless, and slowly Conrad passed through the doors, and down the staire, through the soldiery that turned their backs—cast out. As the door clashed to behind the Count, Mastino turned passionately and strode into the inner room, not knowing what he did, so great the agony of his helpless fury and despair.

A gloomy window gave a view upon the open country.

Della Scala strode to it; little he heeded the gloomy couch and [illegible] stained floor. He saw only the green plain of Lombardy, and his own diminished tents, lessened by the better half. He struck his hand against the window-frame violently—Visconti had triumphed!

This evening had he meant to seize Milan—the evening of this very day; and, behold, now it was all to be done again, the weary, weary waiting, the watching, the planning, the soothing his allies, the making good Carrara's treachery; and meanwhile—Isotta!

Della Scala dropped his head into his hands with a cry wrung from his heart. "Isotta! Isotta!"

The sunlight fell too on the crumpled parchment on the floor, and Mastino, raising his head, saw it lying there and ground it beneath his heel.

"Am I to be forever laughed at and betrayed?" he cried. "Ever served by traitors and leagued with fools? Shall I never learn I trust too much?" He looked around the chamber, and thought, with a bitterness beyond expression, that only a few hours before Visconti had passed through it.

Della Scala leaned against the wall; the very sunlight seemed black, the very sky hopeless. Yet his spirit rose against his fate.

He drew out and kissed the little locket he wore around his neck, the pearl locket that always hung there. Then suddenly rousing himself and walking blindly forward, opening one door in mistake for another, found himself at the top of two steps, looking down into a chapel. For a moment, his brain reeling and sick, he stepped back, bewildered, doubting what he saw.

The place was high and dome-shaped, with plain stone walls, lit by two windows facing each other, but shrouded in dark hangings that admitted only a faint, cold light.

The air was damp and vault-like, and the room itself bare of any furniture or adornment save a purple hassock, and two lamps of rusty gold that hung by long, blackened chains from the ceiling. Opposite the entrance hung against the stone wall a purple curtain, and before it a large crucifix, crudely painted. The dim light just struck its dismal coloring, and to Mastino's fevered fancy the dead Christ seemed to twist and writhe along His contorted body.

The lamps were long out, and the sense of incense on the air faint.

Della Scala entered softly, catching his breath painfully, the terror of religion strong within him.

On the purple hassock he knelt, with clasped hands, before the disfigured Christ, his heart rising to his lips in passionate prayer.

"Lord, thou understandest! Because I cannot deck thy altars with the gold of victory, thou wilt not forsake me, thou wilt have mercy on me and on her!"

And he stretched out his arms to the figure in an exaltation of trust and hope. "Even as I spare those who betray, so wilt thou spare her, O Christ!" He flung himself from his knees, face downward on thetlhrchh u,vlafain tfiltvuld- .--.-.—M the stones in a tumult of hope and trust. Around the folds of Mastino's cloak lay the leaves of some dead roses that had fluttered at his movement, from forgotten wreaths, hanging brown against the wall.

Mastino rose, eager for some answer—some assent. But the dead Christ was silent. Mastino could see the cracking paint on the ribs, the tawdry gold of the halo, and he came still nearer in a strange desperation.

Half-hidden in shadow, two faces looked down on him—expressionless, stone, the angels on the wall.

Mastino looked from them to the crucifix, and his fervent faith sank, chilled.

"Stone," he murmured in his heart. "Stone and paint," and he noticed the empty lamps that should be blazing with eternal fire, and he cried aloud in bitterness. "Men keep those alight, and without them the eternal fire dies! Stone angels and a painted God! What help in them?" And he dropped again upon the floor. "The lamps burn bright on Visconti's altars, and his saints smile—for the painter limned them so."

He turned from the dismantled chapel and rushed up the three steps, half distraught.

In the outer chamber the sunlight dropped strong and golden, and Mastino shut the door of the dark and gloomy chapel behind him with a shudder.

"Lord!" cried an eager voice. "Lord!"

It was Tomaso and his father.

"Did you fear for me, Ligozzi?" said Della Scala kindly. "I have been praying for a patient heart." And the two who loved him looked at him awhile and could say nothing.

"My lord," began Tomaso again with a timid eagerness, "there is news—"

"Tomaso," said his father, "thy news can wait."

Mastino picked up his gauntlet from the deep window seat where he had laid it down, and fastening it on, looked at Ligozzi.

"What hast thou to say, Ligozzi? Have any of the men returned?"

Ligozzi stood fidgeting with his cap, looking uneasily at the ground.

"Come," and Mastino smiled sadly. "I am used to bad news, Ligozzi."

"Some few men have indeed returned from Giacomo's army, my lord, some fourscore—"

"Some fourscore!" repeated Della Scala. "Are there so many as fourscore that will not serve Visconti?"

"They have strange tales, my lord. They say Carrara himself is dead."

"Carrara dead!" cried Mastino with a sudden fierceness, savage as a bite. "Now, I had promised myself to killl Carrara. Who has forestalled me?"

"It is said—Visconti himself—they do not know."

"And the traitor dead," broke in Della Scala, "was there not one—not one to lead the men back to me again? Visconti, single-handed and unarmed, was allowed to take an army into Milan?"

"Alas, my lord, not only Carrara, his captains too, as it appears, have all been bought."

"Tell me no more," cried Mastino. "I am alone to blame. I cannot learn to deal with traitors."

"As for Count Conrad, the wretched German," continued Ligozzi, "he has left the camp." As he spoke, Ligozzi glanced through the window at the tents. "He took no one with him, but, ordering his Germans to fight as one man to the death for you, he rode along the road to Milan."

"Oh!" cried Mastino, with a great cry wrung from his soul. He rested his hand a moment on Ligozzi's shoulder. "I am well-nigh sick, Ligozzi," he said. "The empty-headed and the villain prosper, and I—and mine—go to the wall."

Tomaso stole forward. Della Scala noticed him and turned kindly.

"Something to tell me, sayest thou?" he asked.

Tomaso's eyes were full of tears. For some moments he could not find his voice.

"He hath discovered some secret passage; useless, I fear me," said the father.

"Nay, father, I tell thee it leadeth to the city! Today, lord, as I explored it, I found stored there some rolls of of silk, new and clean; together with some earths such as I have heard say painters use."

Della Scala started. He found the news not so unimportant as Ligozzi had.

"Go on, Tomaso," he said, and kept his half-closed eyes upon the ground.

"Indeed, my lord, it must be some old subway into Milan. 'Tis wide enough to admit six abreast, and recently used, as it opens some mile and a half outside the city. I have not yet penetrated to the extremity. Lord, think of it—it must open into Milan!"

Della Scala's worn face flushed involuntarily, his eyes turned to the closed door of the chapel. Had he belied the stone angels—the extinguished lamps?

"This seems great news, Tomaso," he said slowly. "I will see into it." He moved as he spoke. "My other gauntlet, Ligozzi?"

"I cannot see it, lord."

"Ah!" said Mastino suddenly. "I left it in the chapel!"

Tomaso had already departed for the gauntlet. Mastino, following to the door, saw him stoop and lift it from the ground.

Tomaso handed him the ponderous glove, and, as Mastino took it, he stifled the cry on his lips, and turned away to clasp it to his heart.

For inside his glove, almost hidden in the velvet lining, lay a soft white rose: a sign from heaven.

(To be continued.)

A SPRING TONIC

Dr. Williams Pink Pills Make Rich, Red Health-giving Blood

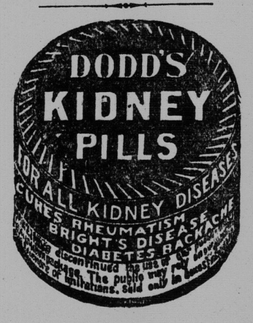
Cold winter months, enforcing close confinement in over-heated, badly ventilated rooms—in the home, in the shop, and in the school—sap the vitality of even the strongest the blood becomes clogged with impurities, the liver sluggish, the kidneys weakened, sleep is not restful—you awake just as tired as when you went to bed; you are low spirited, perhaps have headache and blotchy skin—that is the condition of thousands of people every spring. It comes to all unless the blood is enriched by a good tonic—by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills not only banish this feeling, but they guard against the more serious ailments that usually follow—rheumatism, nervous debility, anaemia, indigestion and kidney trouble. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are an ideal spring medicine. Every dose makes new, rich, red blood. Every drop of new blood helps to strengthen the overworked nerves; overcomes weakness and drives the germs of disease from the body. A thorough treatment gives you vim and energy to resist the torrid heat of the coming summer. Mrs. Jas. McDonald, Sugar Camp, Ont., says: "I was badly run down, felt very weak and had no appetite. I could scarcely drag myself about and felt that my condition was growing worse. I decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and before I had used a dozen boxes I was as strong as ever. My appetite returned and I am now able to do my housework without feeling worn-out. I think Dr. Williams' Pink Pills the best tonic there is."

It is a mistake to take purgatives in spring. Nature calls for a medicine to build up the wasted force—purgatives only weaken. It is a medicine to act on the blood, not one to act on the bowels, which is necessary. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a blood medicine—they make pure, rich, red blood, and strengthen every organ of the body. See that the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," is printed on the wrapper around each box. All other so-called pink pills are fraudulent imitations. Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

GOULDS MUST PAY FOR ONE CUSS WORD

NEW YORK, April 11—For just one little "damn" the Howard Goulds must pay $30,000. Even for millionaires this is expensive "cussin'." According to court record, the Goulds are paying the $30,000 to Abner J. Haydel, the architect, who designed their Long Island home Castle Gould, "for services rendered." But those who know the inside of the case all agree that, even though Mrs. Gould took out of his hands the task of duplicating Kilkenney Castle, he probably would not have sued had she not been so vehement at the memorable interview in the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, when she referred to him as the "damned architect."

The court of appeals has now affirmed the judgment which Haydel secured in two lower courts during a contest of more than two years. The appellate division had refused to allow Mrs. Gould to go to the court of appeals, but, in spite of this, an application for a new trial was made to that court. This application has just been denied. Unless, in some way, the Goulds can now get their case before the United States supreme court, and there isn't much likelihood that they can, Mr. or Mrs. Gould must pay the judgment or an execution can be secured by Haydel against the real or personal property of the defendants.



REPORT IS CONFIRMED

Puerto Cortez Has Been Surrendered by the Honduran Army and Navy.

MOBILE, Ala., April 11—Confirmation of the surrender of Puerto Cortez, Honduras, Saturday, April 6, by the Honduran army and navy, was brought here today by the steamer Mercator from Cortez. Among the passengers were: W. P. Kennedy, of New Orleans, J. A. Muenich, of New York, two young Americans, who had charge of the Honduran gunboat Latumbla, which they left when the Hondurans made ready to flee before the coming of the Nicaraguans.

Colonel Odenaz, according to the story of the passengers, prepared to give battle with the Nicaraguans but his soldiers began to rebel. Finally Colonel Odenaz decided to disband his army, and confiscating their arms discharged every soldier. He is said to have feared a revolt among his men rather than the coming of the invaders.

Upon consultation with American Consul Greeley, at Cortez, the port was turned over to the American representatives, and with twenty or more of his officers, Colonel Odenaz boarded the steamship Hiram and followed by the gunboat Latumbla, put to sea. The Colonel landed at Puerto Barrios, where he is now hiding, while the Latumbla was destined for Utilla. The evacuation of Cortez occurred Thursday evening last.

When the Mercator left the Honduran port, General Estrada was planning the capture of Amapala, an important island port.

OFFERS $10,000 FOR LOST CHILD

NEW YORK, April 12—A despatch from Dover, Del., says a reward of $10,000 for the recovery of four-year-old Horace Marvin was offered yesterday by William Spencer, of Philadelphia, who is unknown to the father of the child. Dr. Marvin received a post-card from Spencer containing a likeness of the child. Spencer says: "The person delivering the lost boy to me will take no risk, and will receive promises that my 'lips shall be sealed and silent forever.'" Dr. Marvin went to Philadelphia yesterday to meet Spencer.

$100 Reward, $100

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system; thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by all Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

HE RECEIVED THE TELEGRAM

C. P. R. Telegraph Co. Receives Word That Sir Wilfrid's Message Was Delivered.

It was thought yesterday morning that the mystery concerning the telegram sent from here by Sir Wilfrid Laurier to Hon. Sydney Fisher at Ottawa was cleared up. The evening papers were informed that the telegram never reached the minister, but had been lost in transmission. This was the first reply received in answer to a query from the local Canadian Pacific telegraph office to Montreal.

Later advices, however, disclosed the fact that there had been no irregularity in the case. The message was sent from St. John the afternoon the premier dictated it and was delivered to Mr. Fisher without any delay.

The C. P. R. yesterday received this message from the company's Ottawa superintendent on the missing message:

"Ottawa, April 12.

"We have located Fisher message of 5th. He got it O. K. same day."

The mayor who had previously formed the opinion from the tenor of Mr. Fisher's letter, that he had not received the telegram, has now wired him explaining the circumstances which led to its being given to the press. It is believed that in any case the information as to the purchase of a new dredge and the appropriation for dredging for the new wharf site will be made public within a few days.

WHEN?

NO TELLING when your work will be returned from the average print shop. The small Job office cannot execute orders as neatly and as speedily as the ***Big TELEGRAPH Printery*** with its many presses and skillful workmen; and again, you pay just as much for mediocre work and tardy service.

For the best printing at the price you want to pay and ***prompt delivery,***

TRY 'PHONE 31a

The Telegraph Job Dept.

The Daily Telegraph Building.

Came Near Dying

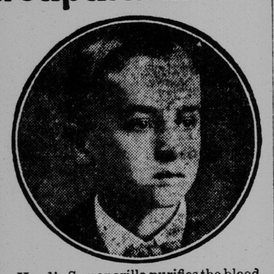
Abscess on the Hip—Dreadful Suffering—Hospital Treatment Failed.

Another Great Cure by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Charles L. Hutchins is well known and popular in S. Royalton, Vt., being driver of the stage to and from Chelsea. He says of his boy Arthur, now 15, whose portrait appears below:

"He fell on the mill dam and injured his hip. An abscess developed and dreadful sickness followed. The doctors lanced the abscess and later performed an operation in the Mary Fletcher Hospital in Burlington. Arthur came near dying after the operation, but we got him home and neighbors said he would certainly die. In the spring I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, as usual, and gave Arthur a little each day. After a week or two there was a great change in the boy. He seemed hungry, and one day surprised us by exclaiming, 'How good my food tastes!' We could soon see the color coming into his face, as day by day he got better, seemed more lively and took more interest in things.

"The sore is now entirely healed, there is no pain in hip or limb. Arthur goes to school every day and his health could not be better. To our friends his cure by Hood's Sarsaparilla seems miraculous."



Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood, eliminates scrofulous tendencies, cures dyspepsia and kidney troubles, gives

Sound Health, Restful Sleep.

It creates good appetite, relieves all symptoms of dyspepsia, makes one feel better, look better, eat and sleep better.

"My brother became completely run-down,—his blood was poor, in fact, his whole system was out of order. He took Hood's Sarsaparilla which produced wonderful results, in a surprisingly short time."

LENA BANNER, 126 Bleeker St., Toronto.

BRIGGS AND COTE DRAW

NEW HAVEN, Conn. April 12—Arthur Cote, of Maine, and "Jimmy" Briggs, of Boston, fought fifteen rounds to a draw last night before the Greenleaf Athletic Club. Briggs was the aggressor in the opening rounds, but later Cote evened matters.

Rev. Frank Baird, of Sussex, has been invited to deliver the annual address at the U. N. B. at the closing of the college in May. His subject will be Literature As a National Asset