

Union Clothing Company

26-28 Charlotte Street, St. John, N. B. Old Y. M. C. A. Building. ALEX. CORBET, Mgr

UNDECIDED!

Well, it's not such a hard matter to decide the Clothes question. A little shopping round and watching the advertisements will do the business. There is something wrong when a store is always advertising clothing bargains and blowing too much. The man you have confidence in is the quiet, dignified man—so is the store.

It may help you to know that we select our clothes ourselves—that every garment is then made to our special order by our regular makers, whom we have well tested and proved to be experts in this line. But come and see for yourself—remembering all the time that WOOL IS WOOL here.

You can get a good SPRING SUIT or OVERCOAT here for \$10, \$12, \$15, \$18 to \$22, and every garment is honestly worth 25 per cent. more than the money we ask for it.

BUY OF A HOUSE THAT NEVER DISAPPOINTS

The Viper of Milan.

A ROMANCE OF LOMBARDY. BY MARJORIE BOWEN.

(Continued.) His enemies were many, and some powerful, and Visconti took no chances. At his side hung a dagger long and sharp, and his fingers were often on the hilt in readiness. At his old place sat Giannotto.

Every inch was covered with precious stones: each point tapering into a delicate tressure of gold, fine as hair.

Visconti drew a chair to the table, and leaned back in it, his eyes upon the jewels; so absorbed was he, he did not heed the opening door nor Tasio's entrance.

And Tasio scarcely saw his brother, for joy at the little coronet, so brilliant in the sun's straight ray.

"How dost thou come here, Tasio?" asked his brother, started; but at sight of Tasio's vacant, foolish face, he sank back, and noticing his joy, he smiled.

"For Tasio was crazed, and remembered nothing even of things that gave him pleasure. 'Dost thou like it?' he continued, gratified at the delight in his brother's eyes. 'Thy taste in goldsmiths' work is good, Tasio.'

"Is beautiful, Gian, wondrous beautiful!" cried Tasio in rapid breath.

"I bought it with the price of half a city," said Gian. "And hold it cheap."

"The words had no meaning for Tasio, as his brother knew; he only voiced his own pride in the lovely bauble.

"And wilt thou wear it?" asked Tasio. The Duke laughed good-humoredly.

"Not I, Tasio; still soon—when Della Scala's crushed—thou shalt see it worn by some one—some one whose face will outshine these stones, Tasio."

"Whose will it be?" asked his brother childishly.

"A lady, Tasio; and when this coronet is on her head, she will be Visconti's wife and the Duchess of Milan."

"He paused on the word, and looked at Tasio; but there was no wonder in his brother's eyes, his gaze held by the flashing stones, Tasio."

"Now, by Saint Mark!" cried Visconti suddenly. "This is no time to be maundering with a toy and an idiot."

"How comes thou to be alone, Tasio? Where is thy page?"

"As he spoke he returned the casket to the bureau. Tasio, in eager curiosity, looked over his shoulders into the open drawer. There lay the turquoise-colored gloves.

"And before Gian could stop him, he had caught them up."

"Visconti snatched them from him; at the same moment came a clamoring upon the door. It was Giannotto knocking lustily.

"Now, who beats down the door?" cried the Duke, and waiting for no further summons, Giannotto entered. The Duke, starting, thrust the turquoise gloves into his doublet.

"What is it now, Giannotto? Did I not say that I was coming?"

"My lord, it presses. De Lana would see you—there has been fierce fighting outside the walls—the army clamors for you."

"Lead the way," said Visconti shortly, and, preceded by his secretary, he returned hastily toward his council chamber.

The anteroom, brilliant in pink stone and gold, the great hall itself, flaring in painted walls and dazzling stained-glass windows, were full of people—courtiers, soldiers, artists, and craftsmen.

Gian Visconti kept neither the open court nor the free table of his father; he was neither lavish in his hospitality, save when it suited his own ends, nor liberal in his rewards; still he loved, encouraged, and jealously exacted the homage of all artists. Woe be to the painter or poet who took his painting or poetry to any other in Milan save the Duke himself!

"There were many there today, eagerly among the throng, among them the German architect of the glorious new church; but today Visconti passed unheeding through them. The city was at war."

He stepped into the council chamber unannounced, followed closely by Giannotto. The great gilt ornate room was full of Milanese and foreigners, allies or guests of Visconti.

"You look grave, my lord," cried Visconti, his gray eyes wide, "and fearful. I had not thought you of so poor a courage. Yet, since you are so far to heart, I come to tell you from my own lips that I ride against Verona today! Have you forgotten, my lord, that a Visconti still rules Milan?"

"There was no answer from the splendid throng; they had comprehended much of late, but not to his chief."

"Have you no thanks for so much comfort?" laughed Visconti. "Let all those who may care to follow make their ready, and let those who care not—stay to make us welcome from a victory. Come, De Lana."

He turned away with his hand on his favorite captain's arm. To a man the crowded assembly flocked to follow.

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.



CLEVER COMBINATION OF TWO MODISH MATERIALS.

This costume by Drexell exemplifies the fashionable combination in a novel manner of two materials in a two-piece costume. In color it is a rich golden brown, and the fabrics which go to its fashioning are chiffon taffetas and voile in the same shade of brown, but producing an effect wholly different to the monochrome costume of one material, by reason of the texture and finish of the fabrics.

Down with Della Scala! To the city walls! And while the cry still sounded, before the enthusiasm could abate, Visconti, armed and mounted, rode at the head of some thousand mercenaries and Milanese, to the farthest rampart of the city.

Electricity Supersedes Steam in the Ogilvie Flour Mills.

WINNIPEG, April 3.—Electricity is now the main power which drives the Ogilvie Flour Mills in this city, and as a result their famous steam engine, one of the largest in Canada, now lies dormant.

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Are You Weak Instead of Strong? You are discouraged. You feel old and worn. You are sick, but not aware of the cause.

L. G. CROSBY LOSES SUIT Ottawa, April 3.—In the exchequer court today, judgment was delivered in the case of Lorenzo G. Crosby vs. The King.

There was a very large attendance last night at St. Luke's Sunday school Easter song service conducted by Miss L. Dunn and Miss Emma Robins.

The News.—No Pure Drug Cough Cure Laws would be needed, if all Cough Cures were like Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure.

For this reason mothers, and others, should insist on having Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure. No poison-marks on Dr. Shoop's labels—and none in the medicine, else it must by law be on the label.

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St. John Opera House

Home of the Lyceum Stock Company

Commencing MONDAY EVENING, TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY Annual Engagement

THE LYCEUM STOCK COMPANY

Presenting David Belasco's great society drama

"THE CHARITY BALL"

The most magnificent scenic production, superbly staged, ever seen upon the St. John stage, with a meritorious company of players, direct from New York city, including

- N. I. JELENKO, FRANK POWELL, HARRY HOCKEY, JOHN STEFFLING, WALTER D. NEALAND, WILLIAM BAUMANN, JOHN A. BUTLER, H. C. AIKEN, ELEANOR HICKS, JULIETTE ATKINSON, GRACE GOODALL, JEANNE HOLLIS, MARGARET LEE, ANNETTE BLAKE, LILIAN BOND

"ST. JOHN'S FAVORITE STOCK COMPANY"

WEDNESDAY MATINEE Evening Prices 15c, 25c, 35c, 50c. SATURDAY MATINEE Souvenir Photos of the house. Reception at the Stage. Seats now selling

COMING THURS. APRIL 11, 12, 13 "BLUE JEANS" FRI. SAT.

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.

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THOMAS GIBBARD, Manager

The CANADIAN DRUG CO., LTD.

70-72 Prince William Street, St. John, N. B. O. Box 187.

HE FORCED HER TO ROB New York Girl Says She Stole Money to Give it to Her Fiance.



He—May I claim the next walk? She—Why, yes, but what good will it do you?

NEW YORK April 3.—Her hiding place revealed to the police by her fiance, for whose sake, she declared, she had robbed her employer, Miss Sophie C. Sanders, a pretty girl of twenty, told an amazing and pathetic story in the Morrisania Police Court.

While sobbing her tender frame, she declared that the man she loved had compelled her to rob her employer after employer until turn the money over to him.

"I want you to find this man and bring him before me," said Magistrate Breen to Detective Cavanaugh. "You will not need a warrant. Arrest him on sight. I will deal with his case if he is taken."

"The girl said she lived at No. 630 East One Hundred and Fifty-fifth street. To Mr. Knieson, when she was engaged last Saturday, she had given her name as Sophie Smith and said she lived in East One Hundred and Sixty-fifth street."

"I met him eight months ago," said the young woman, "and I thought him a fine man. Afterward I learned he was a gambler. He induced me to steal from the first place where I worked by telling me he was in trouble and had no money. I took \$4 and gave it to him. Then I was ashamed, and left the place."

"In my next place I took \$14 and gave that also to my fiance. In each place after the first I had to give a false name and address. It was all false, false all the way through, and he kept urging me to take more. He began to tell me that unless I obeyed him he would have me arrested. That frightened me."

"But after I stole the \$24 from Mr. Knieson I made up my mind that I would never steal again, no matter what he did. On Sunday he said he had secured another place for me and that it was one where I could make a good life. I refused to go and we quarreled. He made the usual threat, but I still refused."

"I did not believe he would carry out his threat, but he did. He went directly to Mr. Knieson and told him where I was. Then the police came and arrested me."

"The police were held in \$500 bail for trial. Weeping bitterly, she was taken to the women's prison in Harlem. Miss Sanders is fatherless and aided in the support of her mother."

"There was a very fine concert in the old Chipman house last night, at which there was a large attendance. The following took part in a programme of exceptional excellence: Miss de Cue, Miss M. McArthur, Miss Irving, Miss Robins, Mr. Craigie and Mr. Fletcher. The band of straggling troops from the Empress of Britain also gave some good selections. Refreshments were served."

Mrs. C. W. Robinson, of Moncton, was at the Royal yesterday.

Destroys Hair Germs

Falling hair is caused by germs at the roots of the hair. Dandruff is caused by germs on the scalp.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

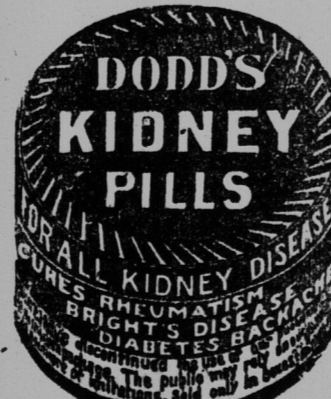
NEW IMPROVED FORMULA

quickly destroys all these germs, keeps the scalp clean and healthy, stops falling hair.

The New Kind

Does not change the color of the hair

J. C. AYER CO., Manufacturing Chemists, Lowell, Mass.



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