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Prices from $6.00 to $22.00

The Viper of Milan.

A ROMANCE OF LOMBARDY.

BY MARJORIE BOWEN.

(Continued.)

The boy looked up bewildered; he was half-dazed with this sudden misfortune.

"We go to Verona!" he repeated. "We have food and a little money—if only this had not happened!"

He turned to his prostrate cousin and burst into tears.

The woman looked at him with pity; the old peasant shrugged his shoulders.

"Thy cousin was over-bold! As well face the evil one—" he mumbled and crossed himself, "as to step into the path of the—" he stopped abruptly and cast uneasy glances around him.

"And that?" cried the boy, his tears arrested, "that man on horseback?"

"That was the Visconti! Aye! Gian Galeazzo Maria, Duke of Milan!"

The lad gazed down the road with interest and new terror.

"The Duke of Milan! He who lately warred with Florence!" he cried breathlessly.

"Aye, and beat her!" There was a touch of pride in the answer, for the peasant was of Milan. But the boy did not notice the remark, he was too absorbed in terrified conjecture.

"And they in the carriage—?" he whispered.

A silence fell. The crowd shuffled away from him, and turned their faces to the city. Used to scenes of horror as they were, the cavalcade that had just passed them seemed, even to their half hearts, to have chilled the sunlight with its terror.

A young woman suddenly snatched her child up from the ground and strained it to her, in a passion of distress.

"Oh, Luigi, Luigi, my little child, it was his father and mother, his father and mother!"

She grasped the old man's arm. "Marked you how she looked at me?" she cried.

The peasant checked her outbreak, but looked down the road with gloomy eyes.

"They will never return from Brescia," he said; "they must be near seventy—old for such an end. However, hush thee, woman, 'tis no affair of ours!" Several anxious voices echoed him.

"Why should we care!" said one, "'tis a Visconti the less to crush us."

And Vittore saw the whole band turning off, pushing, driving, and urging their beasts along. He dragged at his still senseless companion in a sudden panic.

"Help me!" he said. "We would on; I dare not stay alone."

The old man laughed harshly.

"Where will you on to? Are we to drag you into Milan to be whipped to death for harboring you; and Verona is in the hands of the Visconti—his last and greatest victory!"

"But my uncle—Della Scala's court!" cried the boy distractedly. The old man drew himself up in his rags and spoke with a mixture of pride and awe

"Mastino della Scala perished in the flames of his burning palace; his wife is a prisoner, yonder in Milan, in the Visconti's hands. Thou hast not much to look for from Della Scala's court," he said.

"Hold thy peace! Hold thy peace!" cried angry voices. "What hast thou to do with such as he?" and the old man, whose better intelligence made him a source of danger to the others, was dragged away.

"But thou wilt not leave me here?" said Vittore, in distress. "Where shall I go? What shall I do?" But the peasant folk were not much moved by his misfortunes, too much used to scenes like this.

"We risk our necks by staying by thee," growled one dark-browed man. "As for thy companion, it is his own mad doing. He is dead, and we may be dead this time to-morrow, and kicked into the ditch like him."

Even the woman listened blankly to his entreaties, and the throng suddenly departed on its way.

"Any moment a soldier of the Visconti may come by, or the Visconti himself may return, then anyone found tending one of his victims will be in sorry plight." This, mumbled out with curses at the delay, was their only answer.

The peasants of Lombardy lived in the shadow of an awful name. Gian Galeazzo Maria Visconti knew neither fear of God nor man, neither pity nor remorse.

The young Florentine sank down upon the grass, and looked after the retreating train in mute distress. To seek for help would mean to leave his cousin, and he could not move him. Tomaso lay in a deep swoon, for the blow had driven him back upon a stone. Terribly wounded about the face, Tomaso added to his young cousin's distress by his ghastly appearance, his head bound in rough bandages, torn from Vittore's clothing, and now darkly stained with blood. The boy wrung his hands and looked up and down the road—no one in sight.

It was just after the victory in the long-standing wars between the cities; Verona had fallen into the Visconti's hands; interchange of traffic was for the time laid low; the road was likely to be deserted, and for hours none passed.

The boy dragged Tomaso's head and shoulders as far into the shade as he could manage, remoistened the bandages about his head, and tried to force down his throat some of the food and drink they carried. But the youth muttered between clenched teeth, and lay with wide-staring eyes, inert and unresponsive. His consciousness had returned, but he was delirious in fever. As the day wore on, new and sickening terror seized on Vittore The Visconti would return to Milan! Hiding his face in his hands, he sobbed aloud. Since the bright dawn of the morning, what a change in prospects! Della Scala's court a ruin—and Tomaso's father—his uncle, the only parent he had ever known—what of him! And Tomaso too! He must sit there and see him die beside him. As the noontide waned, he had fallen again into stupor, and the boy looked at his changed face distractedly.

"He is dead!" he cried, "I know he is dead!" But he dared not leave him; besides, Milan held a terror, and he would scarcely dare to enter it. Perhaps when the peasants returned they might have pity on them; if not—again his sobs filled up the lonely outlook. The long hours dragged by; a horseman passed, a mercenary laden with some plunder from Verona; he did not even turn in his saddle. A few peasants slowly came back from Milan, seeking their huts around the neighboring villas. But they were as deaf to his cries as before; he could come with them if he liked; but the other—he was dead and killed by the Visconti; let him lie there. And now Vittore was in despair; the sun was beginning to drop behind the trees, the delicate stems of the poplars stretched in long blue shadows, the faint golden light lay across the primroses, making them fairy-like. Suddenly a step aroused him. Some one along the road. He started to his feet, and there, still in the distance, but rapidly approaching, was the figure of a traveler, his shadow thrown before him, his face set toward Milan.

CHAPTER TWO

"Francisco"

A gleam of hope sent Vittore forward. Here was some one who, alone and on foot, must know the perils of travel, and might be kind-hearted; though, with Tomaso dead, what even pity could do for him he scarcely knew. Then again the boy's heart failed him. Perhaps this was no more than some wandering robber. He paused, drew back, and the traveler came on not noticing him, his gaze fixed keenly on the distant city.

By the roadside some boulders, half-hidden in violets and golden with moss, offered a seat, and half-stumbling over them, the stranger abruptly withdrew his eyes from Milan and saw for the first time the boy, who from a few paces off was timorously observing him.

He was a pawerful man of gigantic size, clothed in coarse leather, undressed, patched, slashed and travel worn. His legs were bound with straw and thongs of skin, the feet encased in rough wooden shoes stuffed with grass.

A battered leathern cap covered his head, and from his shoulder hung a ragged scarlet cloak. A dagger and a sword were stuck in his belt, a leather pouch hung at his side. The man's face and bearing belied his dress. He was not handsome, and a peculiar effect was given to the expression by the half-shut brown eyes, but he had a grave and stately bearing, and as he a little unclosed a searching gaze upon Vittore, the boy felt renewed encouragement.

"Sir," cried the lad advancing, "I am in great distress. My cousin lies there dead, or dying. Help me to give him some shelter."

"I am a stranger here," replied the self to-night."

His accent, like his bearing, again belied his dress. He spoke in the refined Tuscan tongue, the language of the better classes, and to Vittore, who was gently nurtured, more familiar than the rough dialect of Lombardy, which he and Tomaso could only badly comprehend.

"But what I can find for myself," he added, "thou are welcome to share. Where is thy cousin?"

Vittore pointed to the recumbent figure half-hidden in the bank; the man glanced across, then around him. The sun was almost set, a whole flock of delicate little pink clouds lay tremblingly over Milan, its noble outline already half in shadow.

"It will be dark soon," he said," "and perchance—" he broke off abruptly. "Thy cousin, didst thou say?—what has happened to him? Wounded in some roadside fray?"

He rose as he spoke and crossed over to the fallen boy. "And what are you two doing traveling alone?" he demanded sternly.

"Alas, messer, we were going to Verona."

"To Verona by way of Milan?"

"We had no choice. The company we traveled with were bound hither, but three days ago we missed them, and came on here alone, lest perhaps they had preceded us. But for this accident we thought to pass the night in Milan—but now, what shall we do? and we hear that Verona has been taken!"

The stranger was quiet a long breath. and Vittore did not see his face.

"How did this happen?" he asked presently, touching the mark upon Tomaso's face. And Vittore told him.

The stranger was quite a long breath.

"So this is Visconti's doing," he said at last. "Thy cousin is a brave lad."

And he fell again into silence which Vittore dared not break, while under the stranger's care Tomaso opened his eyes, and feebly muttered and tried to rise. But the other bade him wait a while, and turned to Vittore again.

"And which way did Visconti ride?" he asked.

The boy pointed. "The peasants said it was toward Brescia."

"And he has not yet re-entered Milan?"

"No, messer." By now Vittore felt and showed respect.

"Then we will not enter Milan either," said the stranger, "since Visconti has not."

The boy gazed on him, struck by his tone, and Tomaso's eyes, half-closing, reopened and fixed themselves upon the stranger's face.

"Messer, you hate Visconti?" whispered Vittore.

The man laughed shortly "There are many in Lombardy who hate Visconti," he said. "Perhaps I not less than others. Boy," he added, with sudden intensity, "I have only two things to live for: one is to tell Visconti to his face what one man's hatred is."

(To Be Continued.)

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Pain in the back and constant headaches mean Kidney Trouble. Swollen hands and ankles, and pain in the joints, mean Kidney Trouble. Frequent desire to urinate—urine hot and scalding—mean Kidney Trouble. Neglecting sick Kidneys means Bright's Disease.

If you know your kidneys are affected—or if you suspect they are affected—give them the help they need—GIN PILLS. Taking GIN PILLS regularly soothes the irritated, inflammed membranes—gives to the kidneys new strength—corrects every kidney and bladder trouble

NAPANEE, May 13, 1906.

I received the sample box of GIN PILLS and was greatly benefitted by them. My kidneys were in such bad condition I could not lift or stoop without great pain. In fact, they pained me nearly all the time. I have taken three boxes, working all the time at heavy work on the railroad, and did not lose a day. FRANK TRUMPER.

And they are sold on a positive guarantee that they will cure you or money refunded. Put them to the test with the understanding that you must be cured or you get your money back.

So sure are we that GIN PILLS are just what you need in your own case, that we will send you a free sample to try. Write, mentioning this paper, to the Bole Drug Co., Winnipeg.

50c. a box—6 boxes for $2.50. 89

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.

SPRING HAT TRIMMED WITH PLUMES.

The sketch depicts a new and becoming hat shape for spring wear. The brim of the hat is tacked to the crown to form a large toque shape, the back of the hat being folded down on the hair with a point in the centre, a flat velvet rosette made of four loops with a ford across the centre being used on either side of the centre point. The brim was turned up sharply across the face, and two fluffy plumes were arranged across the left front and side. These plumes were held in place by a rosette of maline, through which two large ornamental pins were thrust.

BUDGET FOR WEDNESDAY

Premier Pugsley Announces That it Will Probably be Ready by That Time.

FREDERICTON, March, 7—In the house this afternoon Premier Pugsley announced that the budget would be presented on Wednesday next. The house went into committee for the consideration of bills.

The bill for the abolition of the tolls on Hartland bridge was first taken up, the chief commissioner explaining that it was considered desirable in the public interest that the bridge should be made free. He proposed two slight amendments to the bill as drawn, which were adopted and the bill agreed to.

The next bill was in amendment of the general mining act and provides that on the application of five or more persons engaged in mining in the province the surveyor general might, under certain conditions, make grants of crown lands not exceeding ten acres to one person. The attorney general thought it advisable in the interests of those miners that the lands so granted should be protected against judgment debts and from liability to seizure under execution until the expiration of three years from the date of such grant and he moved that the bill be amended accordingly. This having been done the bill, as amended, was agreed to.

The committee then considered the bill to amend the life and accident assurance act which provides that the assured may by notice to the assurance company substitute a new beneficiary for the person named as such in the policy and this after some little discussion was agreed to.

The speaker having resumed the chair the bills were reported and ordered for third reading.

The premier said that in future it might be necessary for the house to sit on Saturdays in order to overtake the business which is far ahead of them.

WILD BLIZZARD IN CAPE BRETON

Immense Snow Drifts, Mail Service Suspended and Railways Tied Up.

Sydney, March 7—Not within the past 25 or 30 years has Cape Breton seen such a fearful blizzard as prevailed today and is raging with terrific fury tonight. Traffic is suspended in every direction, streets are blocked and only those who by force of circumstances were compelled to do, moved out at all during the day. The wind is blowing at the rate of between 72 and 75 miles an hour.

A. collieries were idle, men have been called out to keep surface workings clear. The mines will be idle most likely for some days. It will take the remaining part of this week to open up lines in order to move coal.

Immense dritts are piled upon sidewalks. The early express for the west could not be made up owing to the fact that the roundhouse where the engines are housed was completely blocked. The passenger car sheds were also snowed under.

WATER AND SEWERAGE

Yesterday's Board Meeting Taken up With Discussion of New Hydrants.

At a special meeting of the water and sewerage board yesterday afternoon F. A. Barbour, the consulting engineer, was heard as to the merits of various makes of fire hydrants with a view of changing the pattern now in use which has been considered unsuited to a high pressure service. There was considerable technical discussion, in which members of the board of fire underwriters and Director Murdoch took part. It was decided that Messrs. Barbour and Murdoch should submit a report as to the best types which they agreed upon as suitable for use in the city.

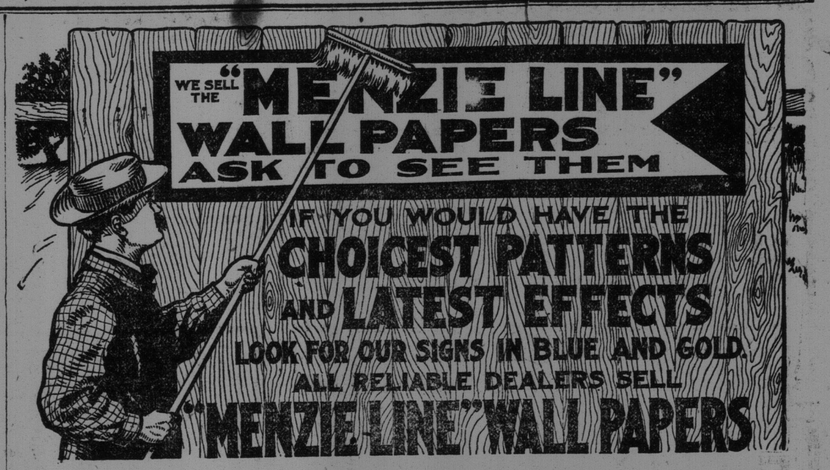
HEART TROUBLE CURED

In the rush, hurry and worry of modern times, we overwork the heart. Is it any wonder then that there comes a breakdown of this wonderful little engine, when such a continued strain is placed upon it day after day. There are many forms of heart trouble and the slightest derangement of this important organ is extremely dangerous. To strengthen the weak heart it is necessary to use a remedy that will act upon the heart tissue, restore and revitalize it and at the same time tone up and invigorate the nervous system, we have such a combination in

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS

Mrs. Ella Dingman, Morganston, Ont., writes of her experience with them: "It is with the greatest of pleasure that I recommend Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. I was troubled for a long time with my heart; I had weak and dizzy spells, could not rest at night, and I would have to sit up in bed the greater part of some nights, and it was absolutely impossible for me to lie on my left side. At last I got a box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills and they did me so much good I got another box and they effected a complete cure. I have not been troubled with my heart since."

Price 50 cents per box or 3 boxes for $1.25 all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.



Ask any Honest Grocer for the Best Sauce and he will give you

Lea & Perrins'

"It's always fair weather When good fellows get together"

"70 YEARS REPUTATION BEHIND IT"

TAKING IT EASY

One December day of last year I stopped at a district schoolhouse on Long Island to make some inquiries of the teacher, and I found her engaged on some sewing and the dozen scholars playing around out doors. In reply to my queries she explained:

"The school board has some little misunderstanding between themselves, and until it is settled we are taking things easy."

"Is the misunderstanding serious?" I asked.

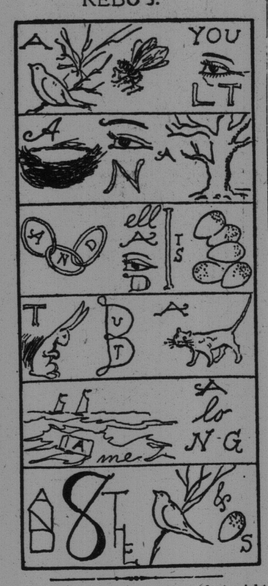
"Not so very. I taught the children that the Island of Jamaica was in the Caribbean Sea, and the moderator has an idea that it's in the Caspian. He has gone up to Brooklyn to find out. I taught the children that the world revolves on its axis once in 24 hours. One of the directors thinks I am an hour off, and he's gone up to Brooklyn to see about it. I taught the children that the Amazon River was in South America, but the other director thinks it's in China, and has gone up to Brooklyn to see about it."

"And you are letting things go while they satisfy themselves?"

"Yes. I did start in to teach the children during the interval that if a farmer sold two cows for $30 apiece and two sheep for $4 each he got $68 in all for what he sold, but a tin peddler came along and advised me not to get into any trouble while waiting, and so we are holding a sort of picnic. You keep right on this road to get to Saybrook."

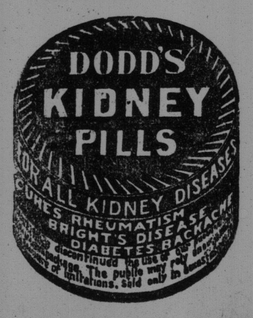
JOE KERR.

REBUS.



A good audience turned out last night to the temperance meeting in Tabernacle Baptist church. Rev. Perry J. Stackhouse presided and Bruce Addison was the principal speaker. Mr. Addison confined his remarks solely to the evils of intemperance on the individual, family and community.

E. W. Titus left on his return to Calgary yesterday via Chicago and St. Paul. Mr. Titus also intends spending a few days with his aunt at Devonport, Iowa



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can be had by any man, no matter how much exposed.

Wearing Under Rubbers:

MEN'S VICI KID BLUCHER BOOTS	$3.50
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Wearing Without Rubbers:

MEN'S WATERPROOF SOLE BLUCHER BOOTS	4.00
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MEN'S WATERPROOF STORM BOOTS	5.00

Greatest value possible, leaders in style.

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PURE FOOD INSURES GOOD HEALTH

MAGIC BAKING POWDER INSURES PURE FOOD.

E. W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED TORONTO, ONT.

NOTICE.

There will be sold at Public Auction at Chubb's Corner (so called) in the City of Saint John at the hour of twelve o'clock (Noon) on Monday the twenty fifth day of March next All and singular all the right, title, interest and estate of Lorenzo D Parks in and to All that certain lot of land in the City of Saint John (formerly Parish of Portland) beginning at the north eastern corner of a lot of land sold by James White to Thomas Corkery, fronting on the Black Spring Road (so called) thence running easterly along the southern line of the said road thirty feet or thereabouts to the line of division between the lands of the said James White and the lands of the heirs of the late William Hazen running back southwardly from said road preserving the same breadth seventy five feet or thereabouts to the rear line of land occupied by Robert Godfrey.

The foregoing Sale will be made under and by virtue of the Act 58th Victoria, Chapter 49, for the purpose of realizing the several amounts of money hereinafter stated namely:— $12.50 $12.22. $12.22. $ 2.22 $12.92. $12.85. $12.71. $12.78. $14.40. $14.96 $15.68. and $16 00 said amounts being respectively for twelve respective assessments from and including the year '894 to and including the year 1905 respectively assessed against the said Lorenzo D. Parks on said land for ordinary City taxes in the City of Saint John no part of which has been paid.

Dated the 20th day of February A. D. 1907.

FRED SANDALL.
Receiver of Taxes for the City of Saint John.

C. N. SKINNER
Recorder of the City of Saint John.

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Sweet Daffodils, Tulips, Hyacinths, Narcissus, Freesias, Lily of the Valley, Violets, &c. Floral Emblems a specialty.

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AGENTS WANTED.

Either whole or spare time. Excellent contract given.
Fire, Life, Accident, Health, Plate Glass and Liability Insurance.

McLEAN & McGLOAN,
42 PRINCESS STREET.

At a meeting of the Military Veterans' Association last evening the managing committee were authorized to arrange for the annual dinner which will be held March 22. There was a good attendance of members and several candidates were elected.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

Commencing March 1st and until April 30th, 1907

Special Low Rates, Second Class to British Columbia and Pacific Coast Points from St. John, N.B.

To Vancouver, B. C., Victoria, B. C., New Westminster, B. C., Seattle and Tacoma, Wash., Portland, Ore. . . . $56.40

To Nelson, B. C., Trail, B. C., Rossland, B. C., Greenwood, B. C., Midway, B. C. . . . $53.90

Proportionate rates from and to other points.

Also rates to points in Colorado, Idaho, Utah, Montana and California.

For full particulars call on W. H. C. Mackay, St. John, N.B., or write W. B. Howard, D.P.A., C.P.R., St. John, N.B.

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Sat., Mar. 16 . . . . . LAKE ERIE
Fri., Mar 22 . . *EMPRESS OF IRELAND
Sat., Mar. 30. . . . . LAKE MANITOBA
Fri., April 5 . . . *EMPRESS OF BRITAIN

ST. JOHN, N. B., to LONDON via HALIFAX.

Wed., April 10. . . . . *MOUNT TEMPLE (2nd and 3rd Class.)
Wed., April 24. . . . . *LAKE MICHIGAN (3rd Class only. $26.50.)

*Steamers marked thus sail from Halifax afternoon after leaving St. John.

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S. S LAKE CHAMPLAIN and LAKE ERIE carry only ONE CLASS of Cabin Passengers (Second Class). to whom is given the accommodation situated in the best part of the steamer, 40.00 and $42.50.

1st CABIN—$50.00 and upward, according to steamer.

2nd CABIN—$40.00, $45.00 and $47.50.

3rd CABIN—$26 50 to $28.75.

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