

The Helmet of Navarre

BY BERTHA RUNKLE.

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(Continued.)

My heart jumped into my mouth and I cringed back in terror, a choked cry rasping my throat. For, as I crossed the hall, peering into the dimness, I descried, stationed on the lowest stair—with up-raised bludgeon, a man.

For a second I stood in helpless stammer, voiceless, motionless, waiting for him to brain me. Then my half-uttered scream changed to a quivering laugh, as my eyes, becoming used to the gloom, discovered my boy to be a figure crouched in wood, holding aloft a long since quenched flambeau.

I blushed with shame, yet I cannot say that now I felt no fear. I thought of the pan-stricken woman, the doomed man, who had fled at the sword's point up these very stairs. The silence seemed to shriek at me, and I half thought I saw fear-maddened eyes peering out from the shadowed corners. Yet for all that—nay, because of that—I would not give up the adventure. I went back into the little room and carefully closed the shutter, lest some other meddler should spy my misdeed. Then I set my feet on the stair.

If the half-light before had been full of every terror, it was naught to the blackness now. My hand on the rail was damp. Yet I mounted steadily.

Up one flight I climbed, groped in the hot dark for the foot of the next flight, and went on. Suddenly, above, I heard a noise. I came to an instant halt. All was as still as the tomb. I listened, but a breath broke the silence. It never occurred to me to imagine a rat in this house of the dead, and the noise shook me. With a sick feeling about my heart I went on again.

On the next floor it was lighter. Faint outlines of doors and passages, were visible. I could not stand the gloom a moment longer; I strode into the nearest doorway and across the room to where a gleam of brightness outlined the window. My shaking fingers found the hook of the shutter and flung it wide, letting in a burst of honest sunshine. I leaned out into the free air, and saw below me the Rue Compejarret, and the sign of the Amour de Dieu.

The next instant a cloth fell over my face and was twisted tight; strong arms pulled me back, and a deep voice commanded:

"Close the shutter."

Some one pushed past me and shut it with a clang.

"Devil take you! You'll rouse the quarters!" cried my captor, fiercely, yet not loud. "Go join monsieur." With that he picked me up in his arms and walked across the room.

The capture had been so quick I had no time for outcry. I fought my best with him, half-strangled as I was by the cloth. I might as well have struggled against

the grip of the Maiden. The man carried me the length of the house, it seemed; flung me down upon the floor, and banged a door on me.

CHAPTER IV.

The three men in the window.

I tore the cloth from my head and sprang up. I was in pitch-darkness. I dashed against the door to no avail. Feeling the walls, I discovered myself to be in a small, empty closet. With all my force I flung myself once more upon the door. It stood firm.

"Dane! but I have got into a pickle," I thought.

They were no ghosts, at all events. Scared as I was, I rejoiced at that. I could cope with men, but who can cope with the devil? These might be villains—doubtless were, skulking in this deserted house—yet with readiness and pluck I could escape them.

It was as hot as a furnace in my prison, and as still as the grave. The men, who seemed by their footsteps to be several, had gone cautiously down the stairs after eking me. Evidently I had given them a fine fright, clattering through the house as I had, and even now they were looking for accomplices.

It seemed hours before the faintest sound broke the stillness. If ever you want to squeeze away a man's cheerfulness like water from a rag, shut him up alone in the dark and silence. He will thank you to take him out into the daylight and hang him. In token whereof, my heart welcomed like brothers the men returning.

They came in the room, and I thought they were three in number. I heard the door shut, and then steps approached my closet.

"Have a care now, monsieur; he may be armed," spoke the rough voice of a man without breeding.

"Doubtless he carries a culverin up his sleeve," sneered the deep tones of my captor.

Some one else laughed, and rejoined, in a clear, quick voice:

"Nathless, he may have a knife. I will open the door, and do you look out for him, Gervais."

Had a knife and had it in my hand ready to charge for freedom. But the door opened slowly, and Gervais looked out for me—to the effect that my knife went one way and I another before I could wink. I reeled against the wall and stayed there, cursing myself for a fool that I had not trusted to fair words instead of to my dagger.

"Well done, my brave Gervais!" cried he of the vivid voice—a tall fair-haired youth, whom I had seen before. So had I seen the stalwart blackbeard, Gervais. The third man was older, a common-looking fellow whose face was new to me. All three were in their shirts on account

of the heat; all were plain, even shabby, in their dress. But the two young men wore swords at their sides.

The half-opened shutters, overhanging the court, let plenty of light into the room. It had two straw beds on the floor and a few old chairs and stools, and a table covered with dishes and bread, food and wine-bottles. More bottles, riding-boots, whips and spurs two or three hats and saddle-bags, and various odds and ends of dress littered the floor and the chairs. Everything was of mean quality except the bearing of the two young men. A gentleman is a gentleman even in the Rue Compejarret—all the more, maybe, in the Rue Compejarret.

These two were gently born.

The low man, with scared face, held off from me. He whose name was Gervais confronted me with an angry scowl. Yeux-gris alone—for so I dubbed the third from his gray eyes, well open under dark brows—Yeux-gris looked no whit alarmed or angered; the only emotion to be read in his face was a gay interest as the black-avised Gervais put me questions.

"How came you here? What are you about?"

"No harm, messieurs. I made haste to protest, ruin my stupidity with that dagger. I climbed in at a window for sport. I thought the house was deserted."

He clutched my shoulder till I could have screamed for pain.

"The truth now. If you value your life you will tell the truth."

"Monsieur, it is the truth. I came in idle mischief; that was the whole of it. I had no notion of breaking in upon you or any one. They said the house was haunted."

"Who said that?"

"Maitre Jacques, at the Amour de Dieu. He stared at me in surprise."

"What had you been asking about this house?"

Yeux-gris, lounging against the table struck in: "I can tell you that myself. He told Jacques he saw us in the window last night. Did you not?"

"Aye, monsieur. The thunder woke me, and when I looked out I saw you as plain as day. But Maitre Jacques said it was a vision."

"I flattered myself I saw you first and got the shutter closed very neatly," said Yeux-gris. "Dane! I am not so clever as I thought. So old Jacques called us ghosts did he?"

"Yes, monsieur. He told me this house belonged to M. de Bethune, who was a Huguenot and killed in the massacre."

"He said my house belonged to the Bethunes! Well played, Jacques! You owe that gallant lie to me, Gervais, and the pains I took to make him think us Navarrese men. He is heart and soul for Henri Quatre. Did he say, perchance, that in this very courtyard Coligny fell?"

"No," said I, seeing that I had been fooled and had had all my terrors for naught, and feeling much chagrined thereat. "How was I to know it was a lie? I

know naught about Paris. I came up but yesterday from St. Quentin."

"St. Quentin!" came a cry from the henchman. With a fierce "Be quiet, fool!" Gervais turned to me and demanded my name.

"Monsieur, no one."

"You lie."

Again he gripped me by the shoulder, gripped till the tears stood in my eyes. "No one, monsieur; I swear it."

"You will not speak! I'll make you say Heaven."

He seized my thumb and wrist to bend one back on the other, torture with strength such as his. Yeux-gris sprang off the table.

"Let alone, Gervais! The boy's honest."

"He is a spy."

"He is a fool of a country boy. A spy in bed-chambered sleep, forsooth! No spy ever behaved as he has. I said when you first seized him he was no spy. I say it again, now I have heard his story. He saw us by chance, and Maitre Jacques' story spurred him on instead of keeping him off. You are a fool, my cousin."

"Pardieu! it is you who are the fool," growled Gervais. "You will bring us to the rope with your cursed easy ways. If he is a spy it means the whole crew are down upon us."

"What of that?"

"Pardieu! is it nothing?"

Yeux-gris returned with a touch of haughtiness:

"It is nothing. A gentleman may live in his own house."

Gervais looked as if he remembered something. He said much less boisterously: "And do you want Monsieur here?"

Yeux-gris flushed red.

"No," he cried. "But you may be easy. He will not trouble himself to come."

Gervais regarded him silently an instant, as if he thought of several things he did not say. What he did say was: "You are a pair of fools, you and the boy. Whatever he came for, he has spied on us now. He shall not live to carry the tale of us."

"Then you have me to kill as well?"

Gervais turned on him snarling. Yeux-gris laid a hand on his sword-hilt.

"I will not have an innocent lad hurt. I was not bred a ruffian," he cried hotly. They glared at each other. Then Yeux-gris, with a sudden exclamation, "Ah, bah, Gervais!" broke into laughter.

New, this merriment was a heart-stirring thing to hear. For Gervais was taking the situation with a seriousness that was as terrifying as it was stupid. When I looked into his dogged eyes I could not but think the end of me might be near. But Yeux-gris' laugh said the very notion that was ridiculous; I was innocent of all harmful intent, and they were gentlemen, not cut-throats.

(To be continued.)

SHIP LABORERS AT WAR AGAIN

There was trouble among the longshoremen Monday, and the Pettengill wharf was the scene of a mix-up. Police ultimately were sent to the wharf and not until their arrival did matters assume a normal state. The difficulty seems to be a three-cornered affair, in which the two organizations of ship laborers—the Longshoremen's Association and the Ship Laborers' Society—and Wm. Thomson & Co. figure. Yesterday's trouble has every appearance of the beginning of a struggle between the rival longshore bodies.

It seems that Stevedore Norman Gregory, who does Messrs. Thomson's work, has been employing the Longshoremen's Association in the work on the two tramp steamers Phoebe and Wadmir Reitz. Last evening two gangs of the new society men were sent down to the Pettengill wharf to work on the Furness liner Annapolis. It is said that the officials of the old association warned Mr. Gregory during the afternoon that they would then be ready to continue all work on the tramp steamers if he put the new society on the Furness liner, and consequently a big crowd of the Longshoremen's Association collected to see the outcome.

As the men went down aboard there were murmurings among the men standing about the wharf, and it was evident trouble was brewing. Stevedore Gregory and Foreman Edward McLeod had some talk on the steamer and as a result the new society started up the gang plank. McLeod was in the lead, and on reaching the wharf he turned to Mr. Gregory with the remark: "We're not forcing ourselves upon you anyway, and we're no cure."

A man in the crowd shouted as McLeod pushed his way through them: "Put the rates up to half a dollar, Ned, and we'll back you up."

"I don't want to raise or lower the rates," was the reply. "But you men tried to starve me out all winter. Now you take the boat," he continued, shaking his fist at the crowd that surged about him, "and see what you can do. I am living in this town as well as you, and I have

just as good right to make a living."

McLeod and his men filed out of the shed and into the street. The crowd on the wharf were evidently well pleased with this turn of affairs. In groups they chatted and laughed over the departure of their rivals.

The next move was when Stevedore Gregory made his appearance among the men. Then, addressing the old association members, he asked: "Now do you men want to go to work?"

There was no response. He repeated the question, with the same result. Then he appealed to the men individually, calling them by name. By this method he secured a few. And at this stage is where the trouble began.

"I wouldn't work for you," said one man. "You never did work for me. You don't work, any way."

Those who had declined to go to work expressed themselves quite freely about their comrades who had made up their minds otherwise.

The other man who said that he would go to work, said one, turning to a man beside him: "Well, what if he did?" said another. "He can if he wants to. I'm going to, and I am not scared to say so to you or anyone else, and I'm talking good sense. This is our chance now to go to work with this turn of events."

The other man got red in the face. He moved close. "You don't have to tell me that," said he. "I know what I'm talking about; you can do as you like; but I won't go to work and I think little of a man that would."

This was the finishing touch. His fellow laborer rushed at him, and blows were exchanged at a lively rate. They were soon separated, however, but trouble broke out in another quarter, as Stevedore Gregory secured another man.

"Don't go to work," said a group in chorus.

"If you fellows don't want to go to work you can stay just where you are," said Mr. Gregory; "but if any man wants to go aboard he has a right to."

After collecting his little band the stevedore said addressing them: "Well there's the three of you and if I can't get any more I will go to work myself. Just then some one shouted to those at the other end of the wharf, 'Here comes Ed McLeod back again and he has the main John with him.' This remark had reference to Foreman McLeod, and Percy W. Thomson, of Wm. Thomson & Co., who were seen wending their way towards the shed at the head of the two gangs of the new society's men.

The small quota of men who had decided to stand by Stevedore Gregory waited about ready to go to work. But with the other gangs back their chances were not bright. Then, further, they had incurred the displeasure of the rest of their number who now reviled them.

Mr. Thomson and Stevedore Gregory had a lengthy conference and as a result Foreman McLeod and his men returned to work. Mr. Thomson relieved Mr. Gregory of his duties, giving charge to Foreman McLeod. Later, however, Mr. Gregory was reinstated.

The new society's men at once commenced preparations for discharging cargo. The big crowd on the dock looked sullen, and some suggested interference, but as the work progressed police arrived with Sergeant Baxter in charge. The blue coats lined the sides of the staging and cleared the crowd back. It was only necessary, however, a few times to warn the laborers.

In one case one man had to be pushed back by the police a number of times for attempting to interfere with some of the men working at the staging. In another instance the shed was cleared of a number of men who, the police thought, talked too much. Chief Clark was on the scene but only for a short time.

A Telegraph reporter asked Stevedore Gregory for an explanation of the trouble but he declined to make any statement. Asked why the new society's men did not go to work when they first went aboard he said because they had not sufficient men.

Foreman Edward McLeod, when asked

if he had not sufficient men when he first went aboard replied that he had and that the only reason that he did not go to work was that he had some discussion with the stevedore.

It was said by some of those of the new society that Mr. Gregory was not anxious to employ the new society men on account of employing the old association men on the tramps; he feared trouble in consequence.

It was said that he would have employed the old association men had he his choice, but that pressure was brought to bear to work the new society's men.

John Killen, business agent of the Longshoremen's Association, when asked by a Telegraph reporter for a statement, said that he thought Messrs. Thomson had used the association very unfairly. While at first the association had made the summer rate 40 cents it had been cut to 35 cents to meet the views of Messrs. Thomson and Gregory. He considered the employment of the new society a slap in the face.

In consequence the Longshoremen's Association will not go to work on the Wadmir Reitz and Phoebe this morning.

Percy W. Thomson when asked said: "There is nothing to say other than that we are endeavoring to do the right thing by both organizations. It is our intention to employ the new society on the Furness and our own boats and give the tramp steamers to the Longshoremen's Association. As both bodies are citizens of St. John we only desire that each should have a share of the work. If the Longshoremen's Association do not care to go to work on the two tramp boats in the morning we will arrange to give the work to the new society. In doing this we have no alternative. The work is there, but if the other people do not want it we will have to give it to others that do."

During the time the new society men were working some one on the wharf threw a deal and struck Foreman Leskey, an elderly man, on the back, almost knocking him down. The police are endeavoring to locate the man who threw it. The police remained on the wharf until a late hour last night.—Telegraph.

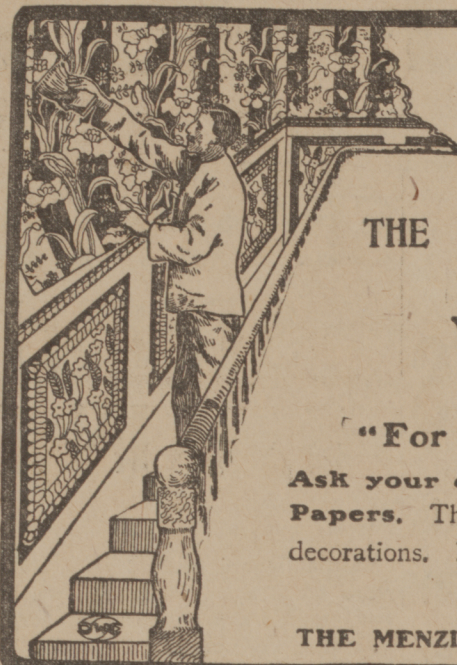
don, 91st Highlanders, Hamilton (Ont.); Lieut. W. H. Semple, 78th Regiment, Truro (N. S.); Sergt. G. M. Whiteley, 2nd Regiment, Q. O. R., Toronto (Ont.); Sergt. H. Kerr, 48th Highlanders, Toronto (Ont.); Sergt. E. H. Nichol, 12th Regiment, Toronto (Ont.); Sergt. T. H. Hayhurst, 13th Regiment, Hamilton (Ont.); S. Sergt. G. Mortimer, G. G. F. G., Ottawa (Ont.); Major C. L. Macadam, R. O., Montreal (Que.); Pte. W. A. Smith, G. G. F. G., Ottawa (Ont.); Capt. T. J. Murphy, 7th Fusiliers, London (Ont.); Sergt. Major J. J. Higgins, 13th Regiment of Infantry, Hamilton; Sergt. J. Gilchrist, 30th Regiment, Guelph (Ont.); Col. Sergt. Major J. J. Higgins, 13th Regiment, C. A., Victoria (B. C.); Pte. J. Leskey, 4th Regiment, C. O. R., Toronto (Ont.); Pte. J. Drysdale, 3rd Regiment, Victoria Rifles of Canada, Montreal (Que.); Pte. Leon Pinart, 43rd Regiment, D. C. O. R., Ottawa (Ont.); Pte. H. M. Blackburn, 90th Regiment, Winnipeg (Man.).

If a vacancy occurs the following are to be taken in order:

Pier S. Leask, 48th Highlanders, Toronto (Ont.); Corp. W. H. Youhill, 90th Regiment, Winnipeg (Man.); Captain G. H. Vroom, 60th Regiment, Roundhill (N. S.); Pte. A. Wilson, 43rd Regiment, D. C. O. R., Ottawa (Ont.); Sergt. W. Swaine, 14th Regiment, Kingston (Ont.).

Prince of Wales Home.

Portsmouth, Eng., May 7.—The British battleship Renown with the Prince and Princess of Wales on board arrived off Spithead this evening from India.



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BRITISH EDUCATION BILL UP FOR ITS SECOND READING

Twenty-two Hostile Amendments to It --Wyndham Moves Its Rejection.

London, May 7.—In the house of commons today Augustine Birrell, president of the board of education, moved the second reading of the education bill.

Although twenty-two hostile amendments had been papered, precedence was given to the amendment proposed by George Wyndham, Conservative, who, on behalf of the entire opposition, moved the rejection of the bill. Mr. Wyndham said the bill, with its five parts and forty clauses, opened up a field of acute controversy. It was, he said, flagrantly unjust and violated the principles of religious equality.

Sir Henry Fowler, Liberal, said Mr. Wyndham had avoided the true construction and meaning of the bill. The speaker protested against the language used outside the house of commons against the bill by former Premier Balfour, Mr. Wyndham, and others.

T. P. O'Connor, Irish Nationalist, on behalf of the Catholic schools, referred to the profound apprehension the measure had caused.

Jane Ramsay MacDonald, Liberal and Socialist, in behalf of the Laborites, criticized several provisions of the bill, but said it contained a genuine attempt to bring the education fabric of the schools under proper control and that it ought to go to the committee stage.

Other members took part in a prolonged debate, and the house adjourned.

Robert Corwell, of the Dominion Express Company, Halifax, was in the city yesterday.

John Keefe, manager of the Jas. Robertson Company, Ltd., left last evening for Montreal on business.

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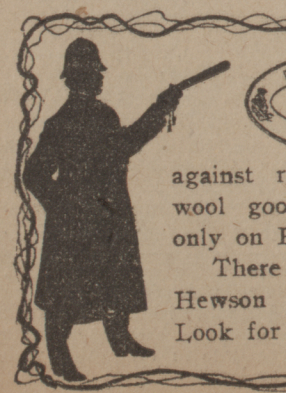
CUSHING SULPHITE CO. APPEAL UP AGAIN

Ottawa, May 7.—(Special)—In the Supreme Court today the arguments were concluded in the case of St. George Pulp and Paper Company vs. Rose and judgment was reserved.

The appeal in the Cushing Sulphite Fibre Co. vs. Cushing and others was next taken up. A motion to quash the appeal was made on behalf of the respondents, the claimant in the proceedings to wind up the company, and the liquidators appointed under the winding-up order by the judge of the Supreme Court in New

Brunswick, on the grounds that within fourteen days after the rendering of the judgment for winding-up proceedings for the appeal to the Supreme Court of Canada ought to have been commenced; that there could be no appeal from a discretionary order of this nature and that it did not appear from the record that there was a controversy exceeding \$2,000 involved upon the appeal.

The answer by the appellants was that the statute did not require the appeal to the Supreme Court to be taken within



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fourteen days, that the order was not merely discretionary, but an exercise of the ordinary jurisdiction of the court and that there was over \$2,000 involved as the claimant's debt exceeded that sum and was contested and, moreover, that \$200,000 in value was affected by the order. Hazen, K. C.; Pugsley, K. C.; Curry, K. C., and King appeared for the motions. Powell, K. C., and Hamilton, K. C. contra. Before the conclusion of the arguments on the motion the court adjourned until tomorrow.

The Canadian Bisle team for 1906 is chosen. Lieut. Col. E. W. Wilson, of Montreal, will command the team, and the adjutant will be Lieut. Colonel O. E. Talbot, M. P. Nearly all the marksmen who figured highest in the scores this year were able to accept positions on the Bisle as a gratification and the dominion will be represented by a very efficient team. They will sail on June 14th on the Allan liner Transatlantic, and will have about ten days practice before the competition begins.

The meeting of the National Rifle Association is fixed for July 9th at Biele.

Following are the officers and members of the Canadian Bisle team: In command—Lieut. Col. E. W. Wilson, commanding 3rd Regiment, Victoria Rifles of Canada, Montreal.

Adj. Lieut. Col. O. E. Talbot, M. P., commanding 17th Regiment, Levis, Quebec. Members—Pte. P. N. H. 7th Fusiliers, London (Ont.); Capt. W. H. Purves, 1st Regiment, D. C. O. R., Vancouver (B. C.); Capt. R. A. Robertson, 13th Regiment of Infantry, Hamilton (Ont.); Capt. E. Skeel