

The Helmet of Navarre

BY BERTHA RUNKLE.

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(Continued.)

"My love, my love!" He snatched her into his arms; she held away from him to look him beseechingly in the face, her little clutching hands on his shoulders.

"Oa, you will get you will get!"

"Only if you come with me. Lorraine, it is such a little way! Only to meet me in the next square. We will slip out of the gates together—leave Paris and all its plots and murders, and at St. Denis keep our honeymoon."

"Monsieur," she said slowly, "I am told that my cousin Mayenne offered a month ago to give me to you for your name on the roster of the League. Is that true?"

"It is true. But you cannot think, Lorraine, it was for any lack of love for you. I swear to you—"

"Nay, you need not. I have it by heart that you love me!"

"Lorraine!"

"But when you could not take me with honour you would not take me. Your house stands against us; you would not desert your house. Am I then to be false to mine?"

"A woman belongs to her husband's house."

"Aye, but she does not wed the enemy of her own. Monsieur, you are full of loyalty; shall I have none? I was born, my father before me, in the shadow of the house of Lorraine; the Lorraine prince, our kinsmen, our masters, our friends. When I was orphaned young, and penniless because King Henry's Huguenots had wrenched our lands away, I came here to my cousin Mayenne, to dwell here in kindness and love as a daughter of the house. Am I to turn traitor now?"

"Lorraine," he was fiercely beginning, when Mlle. de Travaune bounded in.

plied the nearest of the ladies. "You have been, in the goodness of your heart, far too forbearing, too patient under many presumptions. One would suppose the mistress here to be Mme. de Montpensier. The Duchess de Mayenne retorted. Then her eye fell on Mlle. de Montlhuc, making her way softly to the door, and the vials of her wrath overflowed upon her."

"What, Lorraine, you could not be at the pains to follow me to the rescue of my child! Your little cousin, poor innocent, may be eaten by the beetles for aught you care, while you prink over trinkets."

Mademoiselle faced her blankly, scarce understanding, midst the whirl of her own thoughts, of what she was accused. The little Tavana came gallantly to the rescue.

"I did not follow you either, madame. We thought it scarcely safe; Lorraine could not bear to leave this fellow alone."

Mme. de Mayenne glanced instinctively at her dressing-table's rich accoutrements, touched in spite of herself by such care of her belongings.

"I had not suspected you made of such forethought," she said with relenting. "I vow for once I am beholden to you. You did quite right, Lorraine."

XXVI.

WITHIN THE SPIDER'S WEB.

Mademoiselle slipped softly out of the room, taking our hearts with her. Our one desire now was to be gone; but it was easier wished than accomplished, for there remained the dreary process of bargaining. Mme. de Mayenne had set her heart on a pearl bracelet, Mme. de Brie wanted a vinaigrette, a third lady a pair of shoe buckles. M. Etienne developed a reckless-

felt when I entered the tunnel, helpless in the dark, unable to cope with dangers I could not see. Mayenne was a well, the light shining down its sides a way, and far below the still surface of the water. You hang over the edge and peer till your eyes drop out; yet can as easily look through iron as discern how deep the water is. I seemed to see clearly that Mayenne suspected us not in the least. He was as placid as a summer day, turning over the contents of the box, showing little interest in us, much in our wares, every now and then speaking a generous word of praise or asking a friendly question. He was the very model of the gracious prince; the humble tradesman whom we feigned to be must needs have worshipfully loved him. Yet withal I believed that all the time he knew us; that he was amusing himself with us. Presently, when he tired, he would walk casually out of the room and send in his creatures to stab us.

Had I known this for a truth, that he had discovered us, I should have braced myself, I trow, to meet it. The certainty would have been bearable; I had courage to face ruin. It was the uncertainty that was so heart-shaking—like crossing a morass in the dark. We might be on the safe path; we might with every step be wandering away farther and farther into the treacherous bog; there was no way to tell. Mayenne was quite the man to be a rich patron of the crafts, to pick out a rich present for a friend. He was also the man to sit in the presence of his enemy, unbetraying, tranquil, assured, waiting. It seemed to me that in a few minutes more of this I should go mad; I should scream out: "Yes, I am Felix!"

"You saw fit to be absent last night," Mayenne went on indifferently, his eyes on the ring. "I trust for your sake, you have used your time profitably."

"I have been about my own concerns," Lucas answered lightly, raising himself with his insolence against the other's disdain. In a moment he had mastered the excitement that brought him so stormily into the room. He was once more the Lucas who had entered that other night, nonchalant, mocking.

"Pretty trinkets," he observed, sitting down and lifting a bracelet from the tray.

The close kinship of these men betrayed itself in nothing so sharply as in their unerring instinct for annoying each other. Had Lucas volunteered explanation for his absence, Mayenne would not have listened to it; but as he withheld it, the duke demanded brusquely:

"Well, do you give an account of yourself? You had better."

Lucas repeated the tactics which he had found such good entertainment before. He looked with raised eyebrows toward us.

"You would not have me speak before these vermin, under?"

"The vermin understand no French," Mayenne made answer. "But do as it likes you. It is nothing to me."

My master pinched my hand. Mayenne did not know us! After all, he was what M. Etienne had called him—a man, neither god nor devil. He could make mistakes like the rest of us. For once he had been caught napping.

Lucas leaned back in his chair with a meditative air, as if idly wondering whether to speak or not. In his place I should not have wondered one moment. Had Mayenne assured me in that quiet tone that he cared nothing whether I spoke, I should scarce have been able to utter my words fast enough. But there was so strange a twist in Lucas's nature that he must sometimes thwart his own interests, value his caprice above his prosperity. Also, in this case his story was no triumphant one. But at length he did begin it:

(To be continued.)

SUMMER FOG

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills the Best Tonic for Summer

The long hot summer thins the blood, and leaves you weary, worn and wretched. Nothing can cure that summer fog except Dr. Williams' Pink Pills—because they actually make new blood and thus strengthen every organ and every tissue in the body. Every dose fills you with new strength, new energy, new life. Purge pills only weaken you more. Common tonics only stimulate for the moment. But Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make new blood, and nothing but good, pure rich red blood can brace you to stand the summer. That is why you should take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills now. Mr. W. J. Norfolk, White Horse, Yukon Territory, says: "I am thirty-nine years of age, and have been an athlete who scarcely knew the meaning of illness. Last year, however, my health gave way. I became nervous, did not sleep well and grew as weak as a kitten. It seemed as though I was completely worn out. I tried several so-called tonics, but it was only a waste of money, for they did me no good. Finally I began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and they put me on my feet again, and gave me new health and strength."

Every weak and easily tired man and woman will find new health, new strength and new energy through a fair use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They cure all blood and nerve diseases like anaemia, nervous exhaustion, headaches and backaches, indigestion, neuralgia, rheumatism and the special ailments that afflict most growing girls and women of mature years. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

FISH TOWED HIM AROUND AT WILL

Col. Tucker's Thrilling Experience With Monster Fish in St. John River.

(Fredericton Correspondence Daily Telegraph.)

Colonel John Joseph Tucker, ex-M. P. of St. John, spent today whipping the waters of the St. John near Springhill for the lordly salmon, and returned to the city this evening. He did not succeed in catching any salmon, but claims to have won the right of his life with a mysterious monster. He told a hair-raising story to a party of friends at the Queen tonight, and all seemed to think that he did well to escape with his life.

While casting for salmon, he said, he hooked an enormous fish which kept him busy for an hour and a half. He was in a boat at the time, and the fish towed the craft about at will. He called upon the guide for help, and the two of them tried hard to land the fish, but without success. As a last resort they were compelled to cut the line.

Asked if the fish weighed sixty pounds, the colonel replied emphatically that its weight must have been at least 100. He said that in all his experience it was the first time that he ever allowed a fish to get the better of him.

The colonel is not in a position to say whether the fish was a bass, salmon or sturgeon, but is inclined to think it was the latter.

JERE McAULIFFE

Jere McAuliffe and his company will start a six day's engagement of repertoire at popular prices, at the Opera House on Monday. It is announced that McAuliffe has the strongest acting company that he has ever had. The repertoire for the week will be:

Wednesday—"Pitts of New York."
Saturday—Will be announced later.
Monday—"The Man-of-War."
Tuesday—"Shamus O'Brien."
Wednesday—"Confessions of a Wife."
Thursday—"Up York State."
Friday—"The King of Tramps."
Saturday—"Wedded, but no wife."

Jere will introduce a lot of new songs, and A. W. Wilson will make merry with his Little Willie Green and Anderson and Gomer, the colored kings of ragtime comedy.

SUCCESSFUL STUDENTS

The following students have graduated in the manual training course at Fredericton. Elementary stage—Thirza E. Branscombe, Fredericton; M. Irene Campbell, Richmond Corner, Carleton county; Sara E. Scullin, Rolling Dam, Charlotte county. Advanced stage—Jennie P. Alward, Havelock, Kings county; Osburn N. Brown, Newcastle; L. Pearl Currier, Upper Gasquet, Queens county; Frank L. Morrison, St. John; Margaret Pickle, Central Norton, Kings county.



"My love! My love!" He snatched her into his arms.

"On guard!" she hissed at us. "They come!"

She looked behind her into the corridor. Mademoiselle gave her lips to monsieur in one last kiss, and slipped like water from his arms. I was at his side, and we busied ourselves over the trinkets, he with shaking fingers, cheeks burning through the stain.

The ladies streamed into the room, the lovely Mme. de Montpensier alone conspicuous by her absence. Mme. de Mayenne's face was hot and angry, and bore marks of tears. Not in this room only had a combat raged.

"Never shall he come into this house again," madame was crying vigorously. "I had had him strangled, the vile little beast, an she had not seized him. I will now, if she ever dares bring him hither again."

"You certainly should, madame," replied the ladies.

A WOMAN'S BACK IS THE MAINSPRING OF HER PHYSICAL SYSTEM. The Slightest Backache, if Neglected, is Liable to Cause Years of Terrible Suffering.

No woman can be strong and healthy unless the kidneys are well, and regular in their action. When the kidneys are ill, the whole body is ill, for the poisons which the kidneys ought to have filtered out of the blood are left in the system.

The female constitution is naturally more subject to kidney disease than a man's; and what is more, a woman's work is never done—her whole life is one continuous strain.

How many women have you heard say: "My, how my back aches!" Do you know that backache is one of the first signs of kidney trouble? It is, and should be attended to immediately. Other symptoms are frequent thirst, scanty, thick, cloudy or highly colored urine, burning sensation when urinating, frequent urination, puffing under the eyes, swelling of the feet and ankles, floating specks before the eyes, etc. These symptoms if not taken in time and cured at once, will cause years of terrible kidney suffering. All these symptoms, and in fact, these diseases may be cured by the use of

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

They act directly on the kidneys, and make them strong and healthy.

Mrs. Mary Gailley, Auburn, N.S., writes: "For over four months I was troubled with a lame back and was unable to turn in bed without help. I was induced by a friend to try Doan's Kidney Pills. After using two-thirds of a box my back was as well as ever." Price 50 cents per box or three boxes for \$1.25 at all dealers, or sent direct on receipt of price. The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

ness about prices that would have whitened the hair of a goldsmith's father. I thought the ladies could not fail to be suspicious of such prodigality, to imagine we carried stolen goods. But no; the quick settlements defeated their own ends; they fired our customers with longing to purchase further. I was despairing, when at length Mme. de Mayenne beckoned herself that supertime was at hand, and that no one was yet dressed. To my eyes the company already looked fine enough for a coronation; but I rejoiced to hear them thanking madame for her reminder, with the gratitude of victims snatched from an awful fate. We were commanded to bundle out, which with all alacrity we did.

Freedom was in sight. I was not so nervous on this journey as I had been coming in. As we passed, lackey-led, through the long corridors, I had ease enough of mind to enable me to take my bearings, and to whisper to my master, "That door yonder is the door of the council-room, where I was." Even as I spoke the door opened, two gentlemen appearing at the threshold. One was a stranger; the other was Mayenne.

Our guide held back in deference. The duke and his friend stood a moment or two in low-voiced converse; then the visitor made his farewells, and went off down the staircase.

Mayenne had not appeared aware of our existence, thirty feet up the passage, but now he inquired, as if we had been pieces of merchandise:

"What have you there, Louis?"

"An Italian goldsmith, so please your Grace, Madame has just dismissed him."

He led us forward. Mayenne surveyed us deliberately, and at length said to M. le Comte:

"I will look at your wares."

M. Etienne smiled his eager, deprecating smile, informed his Highness that we, poor creatures, spoke no French.

"How came you in Paris then?"

M. Etienne for the fourth time went through with his tale. I think this time he must have trembled over it. My Lord Mayenne has not the reputation of being easily gulled. For aught we knew, he might be informed of the name and condition of every person who had entered Paris this year. He might, as he listened stolid-faced, be checking off to himself the number of monsieur's lies. But if M. Etienne trembled in his soul, his words never faltered; he knew his history well, by this. At its finish Mayenne said:

"Come in here."

The lackey was ordered to wait outside, while we followed His Grace of Mayenne across the council-room to that table by the window where he had sat with Lucas night before last. I clinched my teeth to keep them from chattering together. Not Gramont's brutality, not Lucas's venom, not Mlle. de Tavenne's rampant suspicion, had ever frightened me so horribly as did Mayenne's amiable composure. He made me feel as I had

NESTLE'S FOOD.



Nestle's Food protects baby against colic, cholera, diarrhoea and the ills of the "second summer." Physicians say that Nestle's Food Babies are so nourished that Hot Weather can't affect them. Baby's health depends on baby's food. Nestle's Food means healthy babies. Sample (enough for 8 meals) sent free on request. THE LEEMING, MILES CO., Limited, Montreal.



The St. John Public Schools will close for the summer holidays, Friday, June 22nd.

TWO BIG SPECIAL OFFERS

For Rollicking Holiday Boys

COMMENCING THURSDAY.

OVER SEVEN THOUSAND SCHOOL CHILDREN will be freed from their studies on Friday. Half of these are active care-free boys, doubtless in need of good strong and attractive clothing for the vacation period. Commencing tomorrow morning we will be ready and alert to cater to these lads, or their parents, in every branch of boyish furnishings, and as a starter we beg to make the following bargain propositions:

300 Pairs Hewson Tweed Pants, Only 73c. Pair.

WE HAVE NO HESITANCY in characterizing this the very best pants offer we have ever made. Not only in point of timeliness is it a strong feature, but the quality of the garments, the style of them, their all-round worth make 73c. a mere song. No lad need go shabbily clad when such sterling goods are going so triflingly priced.

Only 73c. Pair.

THE HEWSON TWEEDS of which these pants are made are of all-wool manufacture. They are domestic cloths and therefore can be vouched for. Just to show how big a bargain we are giving we can say that in nearly every instance the price we are going to ask tomorrow would barely cover the cost of the cloth itself to a retail buyer. Ages 6 to 17 years.

Only 73c. Pair.

WASH SAILOR SUITS, From 49c. Up.

OUR WHOLE STOCK of Children's Sailor Wash Suits, ages 3 to 10 years, will be included in this grand sell-out; not because of any defects or soiled condition, but to make things especially lively. Mothers will indeed be surprised to see what we are going to sell for the money. Sailor patterns are now much in demand, too.

IN CAMBRICS, GALATEAS, DUCKS, Linen, Chambrays, etc. with White and Blue Stripes, Plain Blues, etc. Strong, stout fabrics that will wash like the proverbial tea cup. The cleanest and most serviceable summer apparel you can buy for a boy, especially for the holidays, when his "duds" have to stand so much.

49c., 59c., 69c., 99c., \$1.19 and \$1.49 per Suit.

Lowest Prices on Boys' Furnishings.

BOYS' HOLIDAY SWEATERS, 55c. To \$1.65.—In White, Red, Blue, Green and Mixtures. Durable and handy.

BOYS' HOLIDAY SHIRTS, 45c. To 90c.—The soft, crushable, soap-and-water kinds. All pretty colors. All sizes.

BOYS' HOLIDAY BELTS, 15c. To 30c.—In light and dark leathers, with nickel and gilt buckles. Tough and unbreakable.

BOYS' HOLIDAY NECKTIES, 10c. To 25c.—Nice light and airy summery qualities to dress up with when away. All colors.

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