

The Helmet of Navarre

BY BERTHA RUNKLE.

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(Continued.)
"Ventre bleu!" Lucas shouted. "I wrote the description. I myself lodged information against Mar. I came here to make sure you took him. Carry me before Belin; he will know me."

I trembled lest the officer could not but see that the man spoke truth. But I had no need to fear; there is a combination of stupidity and vanity which nothing can move.

"I have no orders to take you to M. de Belin," he returned calmly. "So you wrote the description, did you? Perhaps you will deny that it fits you?"

He read from the paper:
"Charles-André-Etienne-Marie de St. Quentin, Comte de Mar. Age, three-and-twenty; figure, tall and slender; was dressed yesterday in black with a plain falling band; carries his right arm in a sling."

"Is my arm in a sling?" Lucas demanded.

"No, in a handcuff," the captain laughed, at the same moment that his dragon exclaimed, "His right wrist is bandaged, though."

"That's nothing! It is a mere scratch. I did it myself last night by accident," Lucas shouted, striving with his hampered left hand to pull the folds apart to show

The next moment the soldier had twisted a handkerchief about his mouth.

"Ready!" the captain asked of Gaspard, who had come back just in time to aid in the throttling. "Move on, then."

He led the way out, the two dragons following with their prisoners. And this time Lucas's fertile wit failed him. He did not slip from his captors' fingers between the room and the street. He was deposited in the big black coach that had aroused my wonder. Lucas cracked his whip and off they rumbled.

I laughed all the way back to the Hotel St. Quentin.

XIX.
TO THE HOTEL DE LORRAINE.

I found M. Etienne sitting on the steps before the house. He had doffed his rusty black for a suit of azure and silver; his sword and pommel were heavy with silver chisings. His blue hat, its white plume pinned in a silver buckle, lay on the stone beside him. He had discarded his sling and was engaged in tuning a lute.

Evidently he was struck by some change in my appearance; for he asked at once: "What has happened, Felix?"

Leaguer in the camp."
"But in the hotel—"

"Be comforted; I shall not enter the hotel. There is a limit to my madness. No; I shall go softly around to a window in the side street under which I have often stood in the old days. She used to contrive to be in her chamber after supper."

"But, monsieur, how long is it since you were there last?"

"I think it must be two months. I had little heart for it after my father—So, you see, no one will be on the lookout for me tonight."

"Neither will mademoiselle," I made my point.

"I hope she may," he answered. "She will know I must see her tonight. And I think she will be at the window."

The reasoning seemed satisfactory to him. And I thought one wet blanket in the house was enough.

"Very well, monsieur. I am ready for anything you propose."

"Then I propose supper."

Afterward we played shovell-board, I risking the pistoles mademoiselle had given me. I won five more, for he paid little heed to what he was about, but was ever fidgeting over to the window to see

were we, free as air, steering our course for mademoiselle's window. One of us was in love, and the other wore a sword for the first time, and all the power of Mayenne daunted us not.

We came at length within bowshot of the Hotel de Lorraine, where M. Etienne was willing to abate somewhat his swagger. We left the Rue St. Antoine, creeping around behind the house through a narrow and twisting alley—it was pitch-black, but he knew the way well—into a little street dimlylighted from the windows of the houses upon it. It was only a few rods long, running from the open square in front of the hotel to the net work of unpaved alleys behind. On the farther side stood a row of high-gabled houses, their doors opening directly on the pavement; on this side was but one big pile, the Hotel de Lorraine. The wall was broken by few windows, most of them dark; this was not the gay side of the house. The overhanging turret on the low second story, under which M. Etienne halted, was as dark as the rest, nor, though the casement was wide open, could we tell whether anyone was in the room. We could hear nothing but the breeze crackling in the silken curtains.

"Take your station at the corner there," he bade, "and shout if they seem to be coming for us. But I think we need not be molested. My fingers are so stiff they will hardly recognize my hand on the strings."

I went to my post, and he began singing, scarce loud enough for any but his lady above to mark him:

Fairest blossom ever grew
Once she loosened from her breast.
This I say, her eyes are blue.

From her breast the rose she drew,
Dole for me, her servant blest,
Fairest blossom ever grew.

The music paused, and I turned from my watch of the shadowy figures crossing the square, in instant alarm lest something was wrong. But whatever startled him ceased, for a moment he went on again, and as he sang his voice rang fuller:

Of my love the guerdon true,
'T is my bosom's only guest.
This I say, her eyes are blue.

Still to me 't is bright of hue
As when first my kisses prest
Fairest blossom ever grew.

Sweeter than when gathered new
'T was the sign her love confessed.
This I say, her eyes are blue.

He stopped again and stood gazing up into the window, but whether he saw something or heard something I could not tell. Apparently he was not sure himself, for presently, a little tremulous, he added the four verses:

Askest thou of me a clue
To that lady I love best?
Fairest blossom ever grew!
This I say, her eyes are blue.

He doffed his hat, pushing back the hair from his brow, and waited, eager, hopeful. There was a little stir in the room that one thought was not the wind.

(To be continued.)

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The purest, most nutritious, most wholesome and cheapest infant food in the world, is LACTATED FOOD. Its similarity of composition to healthy breast milk, renders it the most trustworthy food for infants and feeble children.

LACTATED FOOD corrects all derangements in digestion, prevents dysentery, diarrhoea and constipation, and gives perfect and lasting health.

Thousands of mothers in Canada have sent in strong and valuable letters of testimony in favor of LACTATED FOOD. Many mothers say that if it had not been for LACTATED FOOD, their little ones would have found an early grave.

Keep your little one vigorous and strong during the summer by using LACTATED FOOD. All doctors recommend it, and your druggist will tell you that it is the best.

The treasurer of the Free Kindergarten gratefully acknowledges the following donations for May: Mother Goose entertainment given by the children of Trinity church Sunday school, under the direction of Miss Jarvis, \$35.25; from parlor comedy given at Mrs. W. Frank Hatheway's, \$34.87; Joe, Allison, \$15; T. S. Simms, \$5; Misses Kathleen Ooster and Edith Cudlip, \$4; Mrs. W. E. McFulfin, \$1.

F. R. Butcher, of Middleton (N. S.), and his son are at the Dufferin.

Vigo came at once from the guard-room at my summons. It was on my tongue to tell him of M. le Comte's mad resolve to fare forth alone; to beg him to stop it. But I remembered how blame-worthy I myself had held the equity for interfering with M. Etienne, and made up my mind that no word of cavil at my lord should ever pass my lips. I lagged across the court at Vigo's heels, silent.

M. Etienne was standing in the doorway.

"Vigo," he said, without a change of countenance, "get Felix a rapier, which he can use prettily enough. I cannot take him out tonight unarmed."

Vigo hesitated a moment, saluted, and went.

"Monsieur," I cried, out, "you meant all the time to take me!"

He gazed down on my heated visage and laughed and laughed.

"Felix," he gasped, "you had your sport over there at the inn. But I have seen nothing this summer as funny as your face."

Vigo came back with a sword and baldrac for me, and a rapier, besides, but M. Etienne would not let me have it.

"Circumstances are such, Vigo, that I want no noisy weapons."

The equity regarded him with a troubled countenance.

"I wish I knew, monsieur, whether I do right to let you go."

"We will not discuss that, an it please you."

"I do not, monsieur. I have no right to curtail M. le Comte's liberties. But I let you go with a heavy heart."

He looked after us with forbidding eyes as we went out of the great gate, alone, with not so much as a linkboy. But if his heart was heavy, our hearts were light. We paced along as merrily as though to a feast. M. Etienne hung his lute over his neck and strummed it; and whenever we passed under a window whence leaped a pretty head, he sang snatches of love songs. We were alone in the dark streets of a hostile city, bound for the house of a mighty foe; and one of us was wounded and one a tyro. Yet we laughed as we went; for there was Lucas languishing in prison, and here

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Cool summer weights. For men and women. Ask your dealer. And write for free booklet—with sample of fabric.

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SPRING NEEDLE RIBBED UNDERWEAR.

SERIOUS CHARGES AGAINST GLACE BAY POLICEMEN

Glace Bay, N. S., June 4.—The police investigation was continued today. A prominent citizen gave evidence that one of the police officers had served liquor over a bar in town, while in his uniform. According to other testimony a second policeman was seen staggering on one of the main streets, and by a bartender's testimony three others were in the habit of having free drinks in the house.

Rev. William Melie stated on the stand that he had made charges previously and an investigation had been promised, but had never materialized. It was common report that liquor dealers were getting a tip before officers reached their place of business to serve the papers.

The investigation has made some stir and promises to make more later on. The case was adjourned until Saturday next.

HORSE CAUSES BAD SMASHUP ON G. T. R.

Toronto, June 4.—A horse made a bad wreck of a double header fast G. T. R. south-bound freight this morning about a mile above Fergus. The horse jumped a fence to the track and when the freight came down a grade it started to run ahead between the rails. The first engine was thrown off the track to the left. The second engine ran clear over the leader and fully two car lengths ahead, then jumped the track to the right.

Twelve of the twenty-eight cars on the train were badly smashed. The train was in charge of Conductor Agel, of Palmerston. On the first engine were Engineer George Jeffrey and Fireman R. J. Moorehead. On the second engine, Engineer Munroe and Fireman Collins. Collins escaped without a scratch, but Moorehead, Jeffrey, Munroe and brakeman John Pettigrew all received painful injuries.

Hon. J. G. Forbes left for London (Ont.), last evening.

Why Gin Pills?

Gin Pills are called Gin Pills because each pill possesses all the curative qualities of one and a half ounces of the best Holland Gin. As a cure for Kidney trouble however, they have all of the good qualities of Gin, with none of its bad. 50 cents per box, 6 boxes for \$2.50. Trial box free if you mention this paper. The Sole Drug Co., Winnipeg, Man.

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With Laing's Canned Meats in the pantry, you can never be taken unprepared. 40 different kinds—made ready for the table at a moment's notice.

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save a hostess from embarrassment—enable her to plan the daintiest of luncheons and teas—and lend the spice of variety to every-day meals.

Your grocer should have Laing's Potted Meats, Cambridge Sausage, Corned Beef and the rest. Let us know if he has not.

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of a cook in order to insure good bread and pastry on Baking Day is a good flour, and one which is uniform. A brand which varies in quality and strength, and requires different methods of using every time, is a source of worry to any cook and the cause of much spoiled bread and pastry.

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is made by a process which insures every barrel and bag of flour, which leaves the mills being of a uniform strength, quality and color. Therefore, when once a cook learns to use "Five Roses" she will find that the "Five Roses" way of baking will give the same uniform results—the best—every baking day.

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All the local, Telegraphic, commercial and sporting news of the day.

Twelve pages on Saturday.

"I went to my post and he began singing"

it. But he could not, and fell silent, wide-eyed, like one who sees the net of fate drawing in about him. The captain went on reading from his little paper:

"Fair hair, grey eyes, aquiline nose—I suppose you will still tell us, monsieur, that you are not the man?"

"I am not he. The Comte de Mar and I are nothing alike. We are both young, tall, yes; but that is all. He is shaven all up the forehead; my wrist is but scratched with a knife-edge. He has yellow hair; mine is brown. His eyes—"

"It is plain to me, monsieur," the officer interrupted, "that the description fits you in every particular." And so it did.

I, who had heard M. Etienne described twenty times, had yesterday mistaken Lucas for him; the same items served for both. It was the more remarkable because they actually looked no more alike than chalk and cheese. Lucas had set down his catalogue without a thought that he was drawing his own picture. If ever hunter was caught in his own gin, Lucas was!

"You lie!" he cried furiously. "You know I am not Mar. You lie, the whole pack of you!"

"Gag him, Raveille," the captain commanded, with an angry flush.

"I demand to be taken before M. de Belin!" Lucas shouted.

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