

The Helmet of Navarre

BY BERTHA RUNKLE.

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(Continued.)
CHAPTER III.

M. le Duc is well guarded.

I stepped out briskly from the inn, raising now and again to inquire my way to the Hotel St. Quentin, which stood, I knew, in the Quartier Marais, where all the grand folk lived. Once I had found the broad, straight Rue St. Denis, all I need do was to follow it over the hill down to the riverbank; my eyes were free, therefore, to stare at all the strange sights of the great city—markets and shops and churches and prisons. But most of all I gaped at the crowds in the streets. I had scarce realized there were so many people in the world as passed me that summer morning in the Town of Paris. Bewilderingly busy and gay the place appeared to my country eyes, though in truth at that time Paris was at its very worst, the spirit being well-nigh crushed out of it by the sieges and the iron rule of the Sixteen.

I knew little enough of politics, and yet I was no dull ass not to see that great events must happen soon. A crisis had come, I looked at the people I passed who were going about their business so tranquilly. Every one of them must be either Mayenne's man, or Navarre's. Before a week was out those peaceful citizens might be using pikes for tools and exchanging bullets for good mornings. Whatever happened, here was I in Paris in the thick of it. My feet fairly danced under me. I could not reach the hotel soon enough. Half was I glad of Monsieur's danger, for it gave me chance to show what stuff I was made of. Live for him, die for him—whatever fate could offer I was ready for.

The hotel, when at length I arrived before it, was a disappointment. Here one did not wait till midday to see the street was of decent width, and the houses held themselves back with reserve, like the proud gentlemen who inhabited them. Nor did one here regret his possession of a nose, as he was forced to do in the Rue Compejarret.

Of all the mansions in the place, the Hotel St. Quentin was, in my opinion, the most imposing; carved and ornamented and stately with gardens at the side. But there was about it none of that staid liveliness one expects to see about the houses of the great. No visitors quipped in or out, and the big iron gates were shut, as if none were looked for. Of a truth, the persons who visited Monsieur these days preferred to slip in by the postern after nightfall, as if there had never been a time when they were proud to be seen in his hall.

Beyond the grilles a sentry in the green and scarlet of Monsieur's men-at-arms, stood on guard, and I called out to him boldly.

"He turned at once; then looked as if the sight of me scarce repaid him.

"I wish to enter, if you please," I said.

"I am come to see M. le Duc."

"You," he ejaculated, his eye wandering over my attire, which, none of the newest, showed signs of my journey.

"Yes, I," I answered in some resentment. "I am one of his men."

"He looked me up and down with a grin.

"Oh, one of his men! Well, my man, you must know M. le Duc is not receiving today."

"I am Felix Broux," I told him.

"You may be Felix anybody for all it avails; you cannot see Monsieur."

"Then I will see M. le Duc," I said.

Monsieur's Master of Horse, the staunchest man in France. This sentry was no body, just a common fellow picked up since Monsieur left St. Quentin, but Vigo had been at his side these twenty years.

"Vigo, say you! Vigo does not see street boys."

"I am no street boy," I cried angrily.

"I know Vigo well. You shall smart for flouting me, when I have Monsieur's ear."

"Aye, when you have! Be off with you, rascal. I have no time to bother with you."

"Imbecile!" I sputtered. But he had turned his back on me and resumed his pacing up and down the court.

"Oh, very well for you, monsieur," I cried out loudly, hoping he could hear me.

"But you will laugh! other side of your mouth by and by. I'll pay you off."

It was maddening to be halted like this at the door of my goal; it made a fool of me. But while I debated whether to set up an outcry I also would bring forward some officer with more sense than the early sentry, or whether to seek some other entrance, I became aware of a sudden bustle in the courtyard, a narrow slice of which I could see through the gateway. A page dashed across; then a pair of flunkies passed. There was some noise of voices and, finally, of hoofs and wheels. Half a dozen men-at-arms ran to the gates and swung them open, taking their stand on each side. Clearly, M. le Duc was about to drive out.

A little knot of people had quickly collected—sprung from between the stones of the pavement, it would seem—to see Monsieur emerge.

"He is a bold man," I heard one say, and a woman answer, "Aye, and a handsome." ere the heavy coach rooled out of the arch.

I pushed myself in close to the guardsmen, my heart thumping in my throat now that the moment had come when I should see my Monsieur. At the sight of his face I sprang bodily up on the coach step, crying, all my soul in my voice, "Oh Monsieur! M. le Duc!"

Monsieur looked at me coldly, blankly, without a hint of recognition. The next instant the young gentleman beside him sprang up and struck me a blow that hurled me off the step. I fell where the ponderous wheels would have ended me had not a guardsman, quick and kind, pulled me out of the way. Some one shouted, "Assassin!"

"I am no assassin," I cried; "I only sought to speak with Monsieur."

"He deserves a hiding, the young cur," growled my foe, the sentry. "He's been pestering me this half-hour to let him in. He was one of Monsieur's men, he said. Monsieur would see him. Well, we have seen how Monsieur treats him!"

"Beit, no," said another. "We have only seen how our young gentleman treats him. Of course he is too proud and dainty to let a common man so much as look at him."

"They all laughed; the young gentleman seemed no farther.

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to share his father's exile. Maybe I was jealous of the love his father bore him, which he so little repaid. I had never thought to like him, St. Quentin though he were; and now that I saw him I hated him. His handsome face looked ugly enough to me as he struck me that blow.

I went along the Paris streets blindly, the din of my own thoughts louder than all the noises of the city. But I could not remain in this trance forever, and at length I woke to two unpleasant facts: first, I had no idea where I was, and second, I should be no better off if I knew.

Never, while there remained in me the spirit of a man, would I go back to Monsieur; never would I serve the Comte de Mar. And in this trance, however, I had been so long as my father retained the spirit that was his, could I return to St. Quentin with the account of my morning's achievements. It was just here that, looking at the business with my father's eyes, I began to see a suspicion that I had been hatched like an insolent young fool. But I was still too angry to acknowledge it.

Remained, then, but one course—to stay in Paris, and keep from starvation as best I might.

My thrifty father had not seen fit to furnish me any money to throw away in the follies of the town. He had calculated closely what I should need to take me to Monsieur, with a little margin for accidents; so that, after paying Maitre Jacques, I had hardly two pieces to jingle together.

For three years I had browsed my fill in the duke's library; I could write a decent letter both in my own tongue and in Italian, thanks to Father Francesco, Monsieur's Florentine confessor, and handle a sword none so badly, thanks to Monsieur; and I felt that it should not be hard to pick up a livelihood. But how to start about it I had no notion, and finally I made up my mind to go and consult him whom I now called my one friend in Paris, Jacques the inn-keeper.

"I was easier said than done. I had strayed out of the friendly Rue St. Denis into a network of dark and narrow ways that might have been laid out by a wild old stag with the dogs hot on him, so did they twist and turn and double on themselves. I could make my way only at a snail's pace, asking new guidance at every corner. Noon was long past, when at length I came on lagard feet around the corner by the Amour de Dieu.

Yet was it not fatigue that weighted my feet, but pride. Though I had resolved to seek out Maitre Jacques, still it was a hateful thing to enter as suppliant where I had been the patron. I had had for my breakfast like a lord, but I should have to beg for my dinner. I had bragged of Monsieur's fondness, and I should have to tell how I had been flung under the coach-wheel. My face slackened to a stop. I could not mix myself to enter the door. I tried to think how to better my story, so to tell it that it should redound to my credit. But my invention stuck in my pate.

As I stood striving to summon up a jaunty demeanor, I found myself going straight at the sluttered house, and of a sudden my thoughts shifted back to my vision.

These murdered Huguenots, dead and gone ere I was born, had appeared to me as plain as the men I passed in the street. Though I had beheld them but the space of a lightning flash, I could call up their faces like those of my comrades. One, the nearest me, was small, pale, with pinched, sharp face, somewhat rat-like. The second man was conspicuously big and burly, black-haired and bearded. The third and youngest—all three were young—stood with his hand on Blackbeard's shoulder. He, too, was tall, but slenderly built, with clear-cut visage and fair hair gleaming in the glare. One moment I saw them, every feature plain; the next they had vanished like a dream. It was an unholly thing, no doubt, yet it held me with a shuddery fascination. Was it indeed a portent, this rising of heretics from their unblest graves? And why had it been shown to me, true son of the Church? Had any one else ever seen what I had seen? Maitre Jacques had hinted at further terrors, and said no one dared enter the place. Well,

grant me but the opportunity, and I would dare.

Thus was hatched in my brain the notion of forcing an entrance into that haunted house. I was an idle boy, foot-loose and free to do whatever mad mischief presented itself. Here was the house just across the street.

Neglected as it was, it remained the most pretentious edifice in the row, being large and flaunting a half-decayed coat of arms over the door. Such a house might well boast two entrances, I hoped. It did, for there was no use in trying to batter down this door with the eye of the Rue Compejarret upon me. I turned along the side street and after exploring several muck-heaped alleys found one that led me into a small square court bounded on three sides by a tall house with sluttered windows.

Fortune was favoring me. But how to gain entrance? The two doors were both firmly fastened. The windows on the ground floor were small, high, and iron-shuttered. Above, one or two shutters swung half open, but I could not climb the smooth wall. Yet I did not despair; I was not without experience of snuffers.

I selected one closed not quite tight, leaving a crack for my knuckle blade. I found the hook inside, got my dagger under it, and at length drove it up. The shutter cracked shrilly open.

A few good blows knocked in the casement. I followed.

I found myself in a small room bare of everything but dust. From this, once a porter's room, I fancied, I passed out into a hallway dimly lighted from the open window behind me. The hall was large, paved with black and white marble, and at the end a stately staircase mounted into mysterious gloom.

(To be continued.)

A WOMAN'S BACK IS THE MAINSPRING OF HER PHYSICAL SYSTEM. The slightest Back-ache, 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 neglected 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

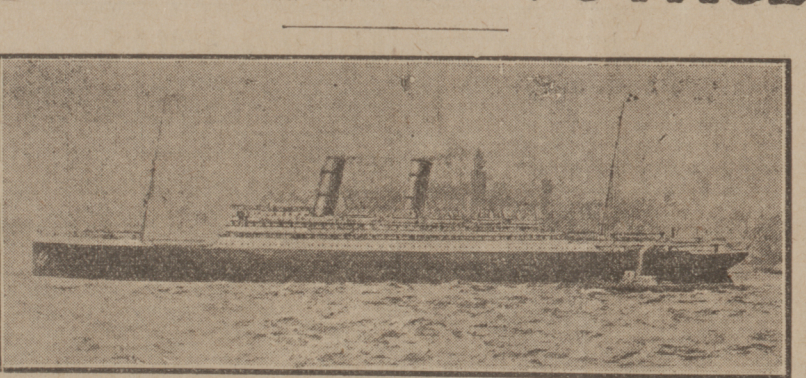
They act directly on the kidneys, and make them strong and healthy.

Mrs. Mary Galle, 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.

At the meeting of the Holy Name Society in the cathedral Sunday evening Nov. A. W. Moahan concluded his address on the sacredness of life. He will soon begin a series on church history.

"EMPRESS OF BRITAIN" ON MAIDEN VOYAGE



STEAMER EMPRESS OF BRITAIN ON MAIDEN VOYAGE TO QUEBEC

Liverpool, May 5.—Amidst loud cheers from a large assemblage that re-echoing down the Mersey must have been an enthusiastic "new voyage," the magnificent new ocean greyhound of the C. P. R. Company, the Empress of Britain, Capt. Stewart, R. N. R., sailed out from this port on her maiden voyage this evening at 7.20 o'clock. The event was a notable one and many Canadians and friends of Canada in the mother country made it a red letter day in the history of the empire. The "Empress," which is a triumph of marine architecture, sailed gracefully down the stream carrying a complement of passengers—1,475—besides a cargo of 2,500 tons of general merchandise, a consignment of £205,000 sterling (more than \$1,000,000) in specie. There were 158 first cabin, 480 second cabin and 837 third class passengers.

Amongst the prominent people on board are Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, president of the C. P. R.; Lady Shaughnessy and Miss Shaughnessy, R. B. Angus and daughter, Mrs. Wanklyn, Col. E. A. Whitehead, E. S. Clouston, general manager of the Bank of Montreal; Hon. L. J. Forget and family, Mr. and Mrs. S. Carsley, of Montreal; Senator L. Melvin Jones, of Toronto; Hon. Edouard Garneau, Hon. Adair Ferguson and Mrs. Dobell and family, for Quebec; Mr. and Mrs. Grace, of Gavan, Scotland; Dr. and Mrs. Elgar, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas McDougall, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Allan, Major and Mrs. Audsitt, Sir Robt. Filmer, Thos. E. Kenney, Halifax; and W. L. Griffith, of the Canadian government offices, London.

It is expected that under ordinary circumstances Quebec will be reached next Friday evening or early Saturday morning.

Battleford, Edmonton, Red Deer, Regina and Alameda.

The Imperial Limited on its first run, this season, from Montreal to the Pacific Coast, arrived here today on time. Geo. H. Ham and about a dozen of Montreal newspaper men came as far as Ottawa and were met here by the members of the parliamentary press gallery. The train was composed of new cars and is probably the finest that ever crossed this continent.

Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Estabrooks have gone to Toronto on a short visit.

Mrs. John Burpee, who has been spending some weeks in the southern states, is expected home on Tuesday.

Ottawa, May 6.—(Special)—The homestead entries granted during the month of April were twice as large as for April, 1905. The entries are 6,203 compared with 3,790 for April, 1905, or an increase of 2,413. The principal increases are at

A. Poyas, president; D. Ashkins, vice-president; Max Ross, treasurer; Harry Jacobson, secretary; H. Garson, C. H. Brigger, M. Jacobson and I. Levine, trustees.



Come Tuesday.

Come Wednesday.



A Two-Day Opening Display of

DAINTY CLOTHING FOR CHILDREN

Boys, Girls and Infants.

ANOTHER-DELIGHTING COLLECTION of Frocks, Dresses, Slips, Coats, Reefers, Blouses, Suits, Pants, etc., etc. The daintiest exposition of cute little clothes we have ever held. No matter how great the spring rush at home, no mother should neglect seeing these goods on the opening days, for the choicest are always laid aside by early shoppers.

WHITE AND COLORED FROCKS AND DRESSES.

MOTHER HUBBARDS, 40c. to 85c. Each.

For children from 2 to 4 years of age. Made of the very best English Cambric Print in tiny Pin Dots, Fancy Spots, Baby Checks and Little Stripes, Blues and Mixed Colorings. Ample in size and strongly made. Wee braids are used in finishing.

FRENCH DRESSES, 85c and 95c. Each.

For children from 3 to 4 years. Also made in the best quality of Print. Long-waisted style with perky little skirts. In Pink Checks and Blue Checks, lace trimmed and with Yokes, etc., they are as fetching a lot of child garments as can be had in any store in Canada.

BUSTER BROWNS, \$1.25 to \$2.10 Each.

For children from 3 to 12 years. Made of reliable Prints, Ducks and Linens. Plain and Fancy, the latter in Stripes, Dots, etc. Fitted with wide Collars and a regular Buster Belt. One of the most popular models of recent years.

SAILOR SUITS, \$1.15 to \$1.75 Each.

For children from 6 to 12 years of age. In Prints and Ducks, Blues with White Spots. Regulation sailor pattern.

tern. Large Collars and Knotted Necktie. A very pretty little dress.

Ordinary Waist Dresses, 95c., \$2.30 Each.

For children from 6 to 12 years. Made of Prints and Ginghams in Black and White, Blue and White Checks and other colors. Trimmed with White Pique Strappings. A large assortment.

WHITE DRESSES, 90c. to \$4.90 Each.

From infants' sizes up to fit girls 12 years old. Made of Fine Sheer Lawns, Nainsook and Dotted Swiss. Mother Hubbard and French styles. Very tastefully trimmed with Valenciennes Laces and Hamburgs.

White Pique Sailor Suits, \$2.75 Each.

Ages 8 to 12 years. Prettily garnished with Insertion around the collar. This is in the skirted style. A highly dainty and summery suit for a little girl. Particularly stylish this season.

ROMPERS, 75c. Each.—In Plain and Checked Ginghams. Full and free.

CREEPERS, 75c. Each.—In good Prints, Pretty Colors. Very strong.

PADDLERS, 40c., 50c.—Made of rubber for seaside. Shepherd checks.

LITTLE SUMMER REEFERS, COATS AND CLOAKS.

ORFAM FLANNEL REEFERS, \$2.10 EACH.—For children from 2 to 4 years. They have Pearl Buttons and are boxy.

NAVY BLUE SERGE REEFERS, \$1.75 EACH.—Also with Pearl Buttons and in the true reefer cut. Cute and serviceable.

WHITE PIQUE REEFERS, \$1.00 to \$2.00 EACH.—For children from 2 to 4 years. Have Pearl Buttons.