

The Helmet of Navarre

BY BERTHA RUNKLE.

GROSSET & DUNLAP Publishers: New York.

(Continued.)

I sprang forward with the impulse to throw my arms about him, in the pure rapture of recognizing his voice. This struggle, whom we had rushed in, blindfold, to save, was Monsieur! If we had been content to mind our own business, had sheered away like the deputy—it turned me faint to think how long we had delayed with old Marceau we were so nearly too late. I wanted to seize Monsieur to convince myself that he was all safe, to feel him quick and warm.

I made one pace and stopped; for I remembered what ghastly shadow had been between me and Monsieur—that horrible lying story.

"Dieu!" gasped M. Etienne, "Monsieur!"

For a moment we all kept silence, motionless; then Monsieur flung his sword over the wall.

"Do your will, Etienne."

His son darted forward with a cry.

"Monsieur, Monsieur, I am not your assassin! I came to your aid not dreaming who you were; but, had I known, I would have fought a hundred times the harder. I never plotted against you. On the honor of a St. Quentin I swear it."

Monsieur said naught, and we could not see his face; could not know whether he believed or rejected, softened or condemned.

M. Etienne, catching at his breath, went on:

a Lorraine—Mayenne's nephew, and for years Mayenne's spy. He came to you to kill you—for that object pure and simple. Last spring, before he came to you, he was here in Paris with Mayenne, making terms for your murder. He is no Huguenot, no Kingsman. He is Mayenne's henchman, son of Guise himself."

"And how long have you known this?" asked Monsieur.

"Since this morning." Then, as the import of the question struck him, he fell back with a groan. "Ah, Monsieur, if you can ask that, I have no more to say. It is useless." He turned away into the darkness.

That they should part thus was too miserable to be endured. I was sure Monsieur's question was no accusation, but the stirring of bewilderment.

"M. Etienne, stop!" I commanded.

"Monsieur, it is the truth. Indeed it is the truth. He is innocent, and Lucas is a Guise. Monsieur, you must listen to me. M. Etienne, you must wait. I stirred up the whole trouble with my story to you, Monsieur; and I take it back. I believe I was telling the truth. I was wrong."

When I left you, I went straight back to the Rue Coupejarrets to kill your son—a young murderer, I thought. And there I found Grammont and Lucas side by side. We thought them sworn foes; they were hand in glove. They came at me to end me because I had told, and M. Etienne saved me. Lucas mocked him to his face.

"I've told you I'm no League! Mayenne offered me mademoiselle if I would come over. I refused. Last night he sent me word that he would kill me as a common nuisance if I sought to see her. That was why I tried."

"Monsieur," I cried, curiosity mastering me, "was she in the window?"

He shook his head, his eyes on his father's face.

"Etienne," Monsieur said slowly, "can't you see that Mlle. de Montluc is not for you?"

"I shall never see it, Monsieur. The first article in my creed says she is for me. And I'll have her yet for all Mayenne."

"Then, monsieur, we'll steal her together!"

"You? You'll help me?"

"Why, dear son," Monsieur explained, "it broke my heart to think of you in the League. I could not bear that my son should help a Spaniard to the throne of France, or a Lorraine either. But if it is a question of stealing the lady—well, I never proceed about prudence yet, thank God!"

M. Etienne, wet-eyed, laughing, hugged Monsieur.

"By St. Quentin, we'll get you your lady! I hated the marriage while I lived. I thought it would make you a League, I could not see you sacrifice your honor to a girl's bright eyes. But your life—that is different."

"My life is a little thing."

"No," Monsieur said; "it is a good deal—one's life. But one is not to guard one's

"Oh, I give you up! Go your ways. But I will not come to save you the next time."

"No, lad; you will be at my side hereafter."

M. Etienne laughed and said no more.

"But in truth," Monsieur added, "I did not expect wailing. If these fellows watched the gate, they hid cleverly. I never saw a finger-tip of them till they sprang upon us by the corner here, when we were almost home."

M. Etienne bent over and turned face up the man whom Monsieur had run through the heart. He was an ugly enough fellow, one eye entirely closed by a great scar that ran from his forehead nearly to his grizzled mustache.

"This is Bernet le Borgne," he said.

"Have you encountered him before, Monsieur?" He was a soldier under Guise once, they say, but he has done naught but hang about Paris taverns this many a year.

We passed to wonder how he lived; we knew he did somebody's dirty work. Clisson employed him once, so I know something of him. With his one eye he could fence better than most folk with two. My congratulations to you, Monsieur."

But Monsieur, not heeding, was bending over the other man.

"Your acquaintance is wider than mine. Do you know this one?"

M. Etienne shook his head over this other man, who lay face up, staring with wide dark eyes in the sky. His hair curled in little rings about his forehead, and his cheeks were smooth; he looked no older than I.

"He dashed at me the first of all," Monsieur said in a low voice, "I ran him through before the others came up. Monsieur! I am glad it was dark. A boy like that!"

"He had good mettle to run up first," M. Etienne said. "And it is no disgrace to fall to your sword, Monsieur. Come, let us go."

But Monsieur looked back again at the dead lad, and then at his son and at me, and came with us heavy of countenance.

On the stones before us lay a trail of blood-drops.

(To be Continued.)

The Childrens Friend

Baby's Own Tablets is not for babies only. It is a medicine for children of all ages. It is gently laxative and comforting. It cures indigestion, all forms of stomach troubles, constipation, simple fevers, diarrhoea and makes teething painless. There's a smile in every dose. Mrs. Henry Mater, London, Ont., says: "Having used Baby's Own Tablets I can say with sincerity that I know nothing as good for simple fevers, stomach and bowel troubles. My baby has thrived splendidly since I began giving her the Tablets." You can get Baby's Own Tablets from any medicine dealer or by mail at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

When eggs are plentiful and sure to be fresh, there is no dancier dish than a soufflé. Its delicious appeal at this time of year particularly, and as the invigorating warmth of early summer changes to the stifling, muggy heat of dog days, the housewife will find that this light yet nourishing form of food is second in favor only to ice cream. The soufflé is a regard to the preparation of a soufflé is that the eggs must be unqualifiedly fresh and perfectly cold.

Omelet Soufflé—Pound six coarsely six lumps of loaf sugar and pour over them a teaspoonful of vanilla essence. Spread the sugar on a sheet of paper and bake it in a warm corner of the kitchen to dry. Bake six blanched sweet almond meats until they are quite crisp and of a deep golden color. Then pound them, but not too finely, and mix with the vanilla. Divide the yolks from the whites of four new laid eggs, and put the latter into a basin with two additional whites. Stir into the basin containing the four yolks, three tablespoonfuls of finely powdered sugar and beat the mixture with a wooden spoon for ten minutes. Add gradually the grated rind of a small lemon. Now put a pinch of salt with the white of the six eggs, whisk to a very stiff froth and stir lightly into the yolks. Butter a soufflé or other mould, pour the mixture into it and bake immediately in a quick oven. Ten minutes should be sufficient to cook the soufflé, and just before it is served the vanilla sugar and almonds should be scattered over the top.

Corn Soufflé—Heat one pint of milk. Stir into it a teaspoonful of salt, cornmeal and a little butter. Beat into this the previously beaten yolks of four eggs and then the whites of two eggs, and mix thoroughly. Butter baking dish, pour in the cornmeal mixture and cook twenty-five minutes in a moderate oven. Sprinkle with sugar. Spinach Soufflé—Cook four pounds of spinach in the usual way, and after draining all the moisture from it, pass through a wire sieve. Take a tablespoonful of any cooked ham, carrot or onion which may be in the house, and mix with the spinach. Add then to the spinach with two tablespoonfuls of butter. Season the mixture with salt, sugar, pepper and grated nutmeg. Add the yolks of two eggs and then the whites of three eggs which have been whisked to a very stiff froth. Pour at once into a well buttered mould, and pass through a wire sieve, pouring a little warm butter over it. Scatter some breadcrumbs lightly over the surface and bake in a quick oven for about twenty minutes.

Iced Cheese and Tomato Soufflé—Mix half a pound of butter with a cup of cream and set with four ounces of grated cheese and two tablespoonfuls of sieved tomato thickened with flour and mixed with celery salt, cayenne and a dust of curry powder. Beat the mixture for a few minutes, pour into a china dish and place on ice long enough for the soufflé to become very cold. Just before it is served, cover the top of each with strips of red pepper arranged to form a lattice-work pattern, and in the spaces between place alternately a little powdered parsley and grated cheese.

THE SWEET SOUFFLE

Chocolate Soufflé—The following recipe is easily carried out provided the oven is of the right temperature. It will prove invaluable when an unexpected dinner is desired in a hurry. Put a level tablespoonful of corn flour into a basin and mix it to a smooth paste with half a cup of milk

or cream. Add two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar and pour into a small saucepan containing two tablespoonfuls of warm butter. Stir the mixture over the fire until it is quite thick. Then turn it into a basin and add a tablespoonful of powdered sweet chocolate and leave it to cool. Separate the yolks from the whites of three eggs. Beat the former and whisk the latter to a stiff froth. Add the yolks to the cornflour mixture and half a teaspoonful of vanilla essence. Beat well for a few moments, then stir in the chocolate and pour into a buttered soufflé mould. Bake at once in a quick oven for half an hour, or longer if the base is only fairly quick. Serve the soufflé with whipped cream very slightly sweetened and flavored with vanilla.

Strawberry Soufflé—Make a thick custard with the yolks of five eggs and a cup of milk or cream. Sweeten with four tablespoonfuls of sugar and whisk until it is cold. Pass sufficient very ripe strawberries through a fine sieve to produce a pint of pulp and juice. Sweeten with half a pound of sugar and mix with the custard. Have ready a pint of stiffly whipped cream and add the pulp of four eggs which have been whipped to a stiff froth and mixed with a tablespoonful of powdered sugar. Stir the cream and eggs alternately into the strawberry mixture, blending them thoroughly. Pour at once into a mould and stand on ice to freeze. When ready serve with crushed and sweetened strawberries.

Praline Soufflé—Put four ounces of crushed loaf sugar into a copper stewpan and let it melt gradually over a slow fire until it turns a golden brown. Add four ounces of blanched sweet almond meats which have been coarsely chopped, and stir with a wooden spoon until the mixture is quite smooth. As soon as it is ready, spread the mixture on a dish which has been lightly buttered and when cold pound to a powder in a wooden chopping bowl. Make two cups of drinking chocolate, strain and pour into a basin containing the powder of ten eggs which have been beaten with half a tablespoonful of powdered sugar. Pour the mixture into a soufflé mould and bake in a quick oven. The soufflé should be surrounded with chopped ice and water until cold. Add the prepared almonds, which in half an ounce of sheet gelatine which has been previously dissolved in a small quantity of hot milk, half a cup of sweetened whipped cream, and lastly, the whites of five eggs whisked to a stiff froth. Place on ice until chilled thoroughly, or for about three hours.

The Tonic of Health

Must be more than a stimulant—must be a food as well. There is one medicine that is both a food and a tonic—it aids digestion, purifies the blood, converts food into nutriment that builds up muscles, brain and bone. That tonic is Ferrozone contains iron and builds up a run-down system. Ferrozone supplies oxygen to purify the blood, phosphorus to develop the brain, and in all cases it gives the body the strength it needs. It makes strong men and women. You'll eat, sleep, think and feel better by using Ferrozone. It's the only tonic that buys a box of fifty chocolate-coated Ferrozone tablets, at all dealers.

COUNTRY MARKET

It is expected that there will be a good supply of produce for sale in the country market tomorrow. The prices this week are practically the same as those of last Friday. Following is the list:—Veal, 8 to 16c; lb.; \$1 to \$2 per quarter; mutton, 12 to 18c; choice Canadian beef, 14 to 20c; pork, 14 to 16c; sweetbreads, 15 cents; calves' hails, 20c; fowl, \$1 to \$1.50 per pair; turkeys, 20c per lb.; case eggs, 14 to 15c; dozen; home-made eggs, 16 to 18c; spinach, 30c; pk.; lettuce, 6c; celery, 10 to 15c; cabbage, 7 to 12c; cucumbers, 10 cents; tomatoes, 20c; radishes, 5c; parsley, 5c; Bermuda onions, 6c; lb.; beet greens, 10c; bunch; cauliflower, 10 to 20 cents; rhubarb, 2c; asparagus, 25c; native spinach, 10c; bunch; new beets and carrots 10 to 12 cents. Butter is bringing 20 to 22 cents per lb. by the roll and 18 to 20c. by the tub. Sweet potatoes, 6c. lb.

UNITED BAPTIST CHURCH

In connection with the usual monthly exchange of pupils of the United Baptist Church of St. John the following appointments are arranged for Sunday morning, 10th inst:—
Prussek—Rev. D. Long, Tabernacle—F. A. Bishop, Waterloo St.—A. B. Cohen, Victoria St.—D. Hutchins, Main St.—A. J. Prosser, Ludlow St.—W. P. J. Stackhouse, Charlotte St.—W. F. S. Bamford, Fairville—R. W. Ferguson.

The temperance people of York Co. are organizing all the young men in Fredericton on the 9th of July for the purpose of furthering temperance interests in the county and city. It is not unlikely there will be organized a branch of the Temperance League.

THE "THISTLE" BRAND

Of Ladies' Waterproof Coats is superior to all others. We have just received a large shipment of these goods. They are now on sale.

LADIES' THREE-QUARTER WATER-PROOF COATS, perfect-fitting, new style at \$3.65, in light fawn, olive, mild and dark gray. All sizes, made in such a style that they can be worn rain or shine.

AT \$7.50. A three-quarter waterproof coat which can be depended on. The style is new, the cloth of the best that can be produced for this price. Come in fawn, drab and gray.

AT \$8.25. A very pretty tweed waterproof coat, right up to the minute in style. A large assortment of patterns.

AT \$9.00. A very handsome rain or shine waterproof coat, which has the style of a coat you would pay double the price for. In fawn, drab, green and gray. All sizes.

AT \$11.00. One of the finer makes and pretty styles that cannot be found in all stores. The pattern is exclusive.

AT \$13.50. A handsome tweed coat, 7-8 length, suitable for rain or shine. Medium light and dark colors.

AT THE SMALL WARE COUNTER. A SALE OF LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HOSE SUPPORTERS, WITH BUTTON FASTENING. A good elastic and fine web. All colors 9c. a pair.

LADIES' HOSE SUPPORTERS with mercerized fine quality of elastic web 15c. a pair. The regular 25c. quality, all colors, 4c.

LADIES' SILK WEB HOSE SUPPORTERS WITH SILK RIBBON, 19c. A PAIR, regular 30c. quality.

LADIES' HOSE SUPPORTERS WITH SILK PAD AND BELT, 25c. a pair, regular 45c. quality.

LADIES' SWISS EMBROIDERED COLLARS. A special lot on sale at 6c., 10c., 12c., 15c., 19c., and 25c.

LACE AND EMBROIDERY COLLARS WITH LONG FRONTS—the newest—29c., 50c., 65c., and 90c.

ATTRACTIVE WASH COLLARS, embroidered and tailor-made linen at 25c., 29c., 35c., and 50c.

WASH BELTS. Plain with embroidery and fancy embroidered work, at 25c., 35c., and 50c.

AN ATTRACTIVE SHOWING OF LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HOSIERY—A special offering of lace tan stockings at 17c. a pair. These are the regular 25c. quality. They come in all sizes. Children's lace tan stockings from 15c. to 30c. a pair, according to size.

LADIES' BLACK OPEN WORK STOCKINGS at 25c., 35c., and 50c.

LADIES' PLAIN MACCO THREAD AND LISLE HOSE at 15c., 18c., 25c., 39c., 50c.

F. A. DYKEMAN & CO.,

59 Charlotte Street.

GILBERT LANE DYE WORKS.

LACE CURTAINS cleaned and done up EQUAL TO NEW. Carpets cleaned and beaten. Dyeing and scouring.

MACAULAY BROS. & CO., City Agents

TENDERS WANTED.

ST. JOHN EXHIBITION, 1st to 8th SEPTEMBER, 1906.

Tenders are requested for the following SELLING PRIVILEGES at the above Exhibition.

RESTAURANT, (Main Building.)

Cigars, Soda Fountain, Bottled Aerated Waters, Fruits, Peanuts, Pop Corn, Ice Cream, Confectionery, (Making and Selling). Tenders will be received up till noon Monday 4th June 1906. While the Exhibition Association desires, if possible, to have more than one party in each of the above lines (except restaurant) selling at the coming Exhibition, offers are asked for BOTH EXCLUSIVE AND COMPETITIVE Privileges. Those who offer for Exclusive Privilege only, and not for Competitive, or vice versa, will kindly be particular to state WHICH on their tender.

P. O. Box 411, St. John N. B. C. J. MILLIGAN, Manager.

Your Safeguard is the Label

Guarantees are plentiful—and usually worthless. The most trustworthy and responsible guarantees are those given "Under Acts of Parliament," declaring that the contents of a package, parcel, or bottle are in strict accordance with the Label.

Such are the guarantees that accompany

"STRATHMILL"

AND

"SPEY ROYAL" Scotch Whiskies

Distilled by the old-fashioned Pot Still method from the finest—and specially selected—Scotch Barley, they are

ALL-PURE MALT WHISKIES

In them the consumer will find conserved not only all the natural elements and flavors, but all the gently stimulating and health-giving qualities of absolutely genuine Scotch Whisky.

Genuine—Because distilled, aged and bottled as labelled.

Pure—Because made from all pure malted Scotch Barley.

Wholesome—Because containing only tonic qualities and food properties.

On sale at the leading hotels, buffets, bars and restaurants.

W & A Gilbey

Distillers, Bottlers and Distributors of the Finest and Oldest Scotch Whiskies.

Special cases containing six and twelve assorted bottles of W. & A. Gilbey's Pure Wines and Spirits. Ask for particulars and prices.

McINTYRE & COMEAU, LTD., Distributors,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

A GREAT BARGAIN.

A Gilt Tea Set,

(54 Pieces)

Worth \$4.00. On \$2.98

sale now for - - \$2.98

Only 10 Tea Sets in Lot.

PEOPLES' DEPT. STORE,

142 Mill Street.

Classified Advt. Pay

FLOWERS

We have them in greater profusion than ever. Lilies, Roses, Carnations and others, too numerous to mention. Also fine potted plants. Call and see them.

H. S. CRUIKSHANK 150 Union Street

DEWITT BROS.,

MAIN STREET.

FAIRVILLE, N. B.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in HAY, OATS and FEED, MEATS, BUTTER, EGGS and POTATOES.

Branch Warehouse, HARTLAND, Carleton County.

BISCUITS.

Our Graham Wafers cannot be equalled in the city. Ask your grocer for them and see you get the York.

YORK BAKERY,

290 Brussels street, 565 Main street.



"And he took his son in his arms."

"Monsieur, I know it is hard to credit. I have been a bad son to you, unloving, rebellious, insolent. We quarrelled; I spoke bitter words. But I am no ruffian. I am a St. Quentin. Had you had me whipped from the house, still would I never have raised hand against you. I knew nothing of the plot. Felix told you I was in it—small blame to him. But he was wrong. I know naught of it. Had been content to rest his case here, if I think Monsieur could not but have believed his innocence on his bare word. The stones in the pavement must have known that he was uttering truth. But he in his eagerness paused for no answer, but went on to stir Monsieur with statements new and amazing to his ear.

"My cousin Grammont—who is dead—was in the plot, and his lackey Ponton, and Martin the clerk, but the contriver was Lucas."

"Lucas?" continued M. Etienne. "Or, to give him his true title, Paul de Lorraine, son of Henri de Guise."

"But that is impossible!" Monsieur cried, stupefied.

"It is impossible, but it is true. He is

The TERRIBLE PANGS OF DYSPEPSIA CAN BE CURED

To be dyspeptic is to be miserable, hopeless, confused and depressed in mind, forgetful, irresolute, drowsy, languid and useless.

Constipation, headache, heartburn, sour stomach, distress after eating, belching of wind, faintness, and fullness and distention of the stomach are a few of the many distressing symptoms of the poor, weary dyspeptic.

Dyspepsia is a disease that in one way or another resembles nearly every other disease, and the only way to get rid of it is to tone up the stomach, liver, bowels and blood. This will be quickly done by the use of

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

It regulates the stomach, stimulates the secretion of the saliva and gastric juice to facilitate digestion, removes acidity, purifies the blood, and tones up the entire system.

Mrs. M. A. McNeill, Brook Village, N.S., writes: "Last winter I was very thin and was fast losing flesh owing to the run-down state of my system. I suffered from dyspepsia, loss of appetite and bad blood. I tried everything I could get but to no purpose. I finally started to use Burdock Blood Bitters, and from the first day I felt the good effects of the medicine and am strong and well again. I can eat anything now without any ill after effects. It gives me great pleasure to recommend Burdock Blood Bitters, for I feel it saved my life."

XXII.

The Signet of the King.

Already a won light was revealing the round tops of the plum trees in M. de Ulbrambe's garden, the high grey wall, and the narrow alley-way beneath it. And the two vague shapes by me were no longer vague shapes, but were turning round by moment, as if coming out of an enchantment, into their true forms. It really was Monsieur in the flesh, with a wet glint in his eyes as he kissed his boy.

Neither thought of me, and it was none of my concern what they said to each other. I went a rod or two down the lane, round a curve in the wall, and watched the bands of light streaking the eastern sky, an utter content. Never before had the world seemed to me so good a place. Since this misery had come right, I knew all the rest would. I should yet dance at M. Etienne's wedding.

I leaned my head against the wall, and had shut my eyes to consider the matter more quietly, when I heard my name.

"Felix! Felix! Where is the boy got to?"

The sun was clean up over the horizon, and as I blinked and wondered how he had contrived the feat so quickly, my two messieurs came hand in hand round the corner to me, the level rays of glittering on Monsieur's burnished breastplate, on both his shining faces. Now that for the first time I saw them together, I found them, despite the dark hair and the yellow, the brown eyes and the gray, wonderfully alike. There was the same carter, the same cock of the head, the same smile. If I had not known before, I knew now, the instant I looked at them, that the quarrel was over, it might never have been.

I sprang up and Monsieur the duke embraced me.

"Lucky we came up the lane when we did, eh, Felix?" M. Etienne said. "But, Monsieur, I have not asked you yet what madness sent you traversing this back passage at two in the morning."

"I might ask you that, Etienne."

The young man hesitated a bare moment before he answered:

"I am just come from serenading Mlle. de Montluc."

A shade fell over Monsieur's radiance. At his look M. Etienne cried out:

life at the cost of all that makes life sweet."

"Ah, you know I love her!" "They call me a fool," Monsieur went on musingly. "Because I risk my life in wild errands. But, monsieur! I am the wise man. For they who think ever of safety, and crutch and scheme and shuffle to procure it, why, look you, they destroy their own ends. For, when all is done, they have never really lived. And that is why they hate death so, these wretched wiles. I, who have never cringed to fear to live like a king. I go my ways without any man's leave; and if death comes to me a little sooner for that, I am a poor creature if I do not meet him smilingly. If I may live as I please, I am content to die when I must."

"Aye," said M. Etienne, "and if we live as we do not please, still we must die presently. Therefore do I purpose never to give over striving after my