

The Helmet of Navarre

BY BERTHA RUNKLE.

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(Continued.)

Grammont had raised himself to his knees and was trying painfully to get on his feet.

"A hand, Lucas," he gasped.

Lucas gave him a startled glance but neither went nor spoke to him.

"I am not much hurt," said Grammont, huskily. Holding by the wall, he clambered up on his feet. He swayed, reeled forward, and clutched Lucas's arm.

"Lucas, Lucas, help me! Draw out the knife. I cannot. I shall be myself when the knife is out. Lucas, for God's sake!"

"You will die when the knife is out," said Lucas, wrenching himself free. He turned again to M. le Comte, and his eyes gleamed as he saw the blood trickling down his sleeve and the sword tremble in his hand.

"Come on, then," he cried to Yeu-gris. But I sprang forward and seized the sword from M. le Comte's hand.

"On guard!" I shouted, and we went to work.

I could handle a sword as well as the next one. M. le Duc had taught me in his idle days at St. Quentin. It served me well now, and him, too.

The light was fading in the narrow court. Our blades shone white in the twilight as the weapons clashed in and out. I saw, without looking, Grammont leaning against the wall his gory face ashen, and Yeu-gris watching me with all his soul, now and then shouting a word of advice.

I had had good training, and I fought for all there was in me. Yet I was a boy not come to my full strength, and Lucas was more than my match. He drove me back farther and farther toward the house-wall. Of sudden I slipped in a corner of blood. It is no lying excuse. I had slipped and lost my guard. He ran his

gris. "It is most likely the watch," I paled at the thought, for the watch was the League's tool. It might go hand with us if captured. "Go through the house, M. le Comte," I cried. "Quick, if you love your life! I'll keep them at the alley's mouth as long as I can."

Not waiting for his answer, I rushed down the passage. At the end of it I ran against Lucas, who, in his turn, had bowed into Vigo.

XI
Vigo.

I knew of old that it was easier to catch a weasel asleep than Vigo absent where he was needed; yet I did not expect to meet him in the alley, Monsieur, then and changed his mind.

"Well caught!" cried Vigo, winding his arms around Lucas, who was struggling furiously for liberty. "Here, Maurice, Jules, I have number one. Ah, you young sinner! with your crew again? I thought as much. Tie the knot hard boys. Better be quiet, you snake; you can't get away."

For he quieted down directly.

"So the game is up," he said pleasantly. "I had hoped to be gone before you arrived, dear Vigo."

We had both been deprived promptly of our swords and Lucas's wrists were tied together, but my only bond was Vigo's hand on my arm.

"Where are the others?" he demanded. "No tricks, now."

"Here," I said, and led the way down the passage. Maurice and Jules, with their prisoner, pressed after us, and half a dozen of the duke's guard after them. The rest stayed without to mind the

Still M. le Comte held back, silent. Treachery was no less treachery though Grammont was dying. All the more they were cousins, bedfellows, was the injury great to forgive. M. le Comte said nothing.

How Grammont found the strength only God knows, who haply in his goodness gave him a last chance of mercy. Suddenly he straightened his sinking body, started from our hold, and tottered toward his cousin, both hands outstretched in appeal.

M. le Comte's face was set like a flint. The dying man faltered forward. Then M. Etienne, never changing his countenance, slowly, half reluctantly, like a man in a dream, held out his hand.

But the old comrades, estranged by traitors, were never to clasp again. As he reached M. le Comte, Grammont fell at his feet.

"He was a strong man," said Vigo. He turned Grammont's face up and added the word, "Dead." Vigo adored the Duke of St. Quentin. Otherwise he had no emotions.

But I was not case-hardened. And I—I myself—had slain this man, who had died slowly and in great pain. Vigo's voice sounded to me far off as he said bluntly:

"M. le Comte, I make you my prisoner."

"No, by Heaven!" cried M. Etienne, in a vibrating voice that brought me back to reality. "No, Vigo! I am no murderer. Things may look black against me but I am innocent. You have one villain at your feet and one a prisoner, but I am not a third! I am a St. Quentin; I do not plot against my father. I was to aid Grammont to set on Lucas who would not answer a challenge."

learned of this plot, he swore he'd go in open day. 'If the League must kill me, says he, 'they can do it in daylight, with all Paris watching.' That's Monsieur!"

At this I understood how Vigo came to be in the Rue Coupejars. Monsieur, in his distress and anxiety to be gone from that unhappy house, had forgotten the spy. Left to his own devices, the equestrian, with suspicion at Lucas's absence, laid instant hands on Martin the clerk, with whom Lucas, disliked in the household, had had some intimacy. It had not occurred to Vigo that M. le Comte, if guilty, should be spared. At once he had sounded boots and saddles.

"I will return with you, Vigo," M. le Comte said. "Does the meanness lucky in my father's house call me parricide, I must meet the charge. My father and I have differed but we are no longer friends. We are still noblemen. I could never plot his murder, nor could he for one moment believe it of me."

I guilty wretch, quailed. To take a flogging were easier than to confess to him the truth. But I conceived a must.

"Monsieur," I said, "I told M. le Duc you were guilty. I went back a second time and told him."

"And he?" cried M. Etienne.

"Yes, monsieur, he did believe it."

"Mortieu! that cannot be true," Vigo cried, "for when I saw him he gave no sign."

"It is true. But he would not have M. le Comte touched. He said he could not move in the matter; he could not punish his own kin."

M. le Comte's face blazed as he cried out:

(To be continued.)

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MAPLE LEAF IS NOW SAFE IN PORT

Yacht on Trip from Chester (N. S.) Encountered Rough Weather.

Sidney Kerr's yacht Maple Leaf sailed into port at 6 o'clock last evening rather to the relief of friends of those aboard, who had been somewhat anxious on account of the long time taken in bringing the yacht here from Chester (N. S.).

Ten days or more ago Capt. Lavin, Herbert P. Flaherty and a lad named Titus went to Chester to bring the yacht here for Mr. Kerr and it was thought they would be here some days ago. It is now found that rough weather and head winds caused the delay. In fact for some days they had to stay in the harbor at Liverpool (N. S.) for shelter.

On the first part of the trip, from Chester to Liverpool, the worst weather was encountered. A boat was lost and other slight effects of the heavy weather were noted. Then the yachtmen put into Liverpool and stayed four or five days waiting for good weather.

In the run from Liverpool here they had better weather and they sailed into Lower Cove slip and tied up at 6 o'clock last evening. The yacht behaved well on the trip and those who manned her are well pleased with her qualities.

Cancer OF THE Face

Stott & Jury, Bowmanville, Ont., will gladly send you the names of Canadians who have tried their painless home treatment for Cancer in all parts of the body. Some of the cures are simply marvellous.

ITALIANS AND IRISH IN FEUD

Lawlessness on New York Excavation Job to be Investigated.

NEW YORK, May 17.—According to Coroner Peter Acritelli, lawlessness has prevailed for months in the excavation making for the new Grand Central station, and the Italian government has demanded an investigation, says the World.

The coroner yesterday caused the arrest of John Eldredge, general superintendent of the O'Rourke Co., and held him in \$1,000 bond on a charge of homicide. He issued subpoenas for some president of the corporation and all its general foremen.

"There has been an average of two deaths a day among the employees ever since I took office," said Coroner Acritelli last night. "The records will bear me out in this statement. Most of the deaths have been among the Italian employees."

"For two weeks I have been investigating at the request of the Italian government made through Consul General Count A. Reybaudi Massaglia. I have pretty good evidence in my possession that there has been a feud between the Irish and Italian laborers. It seems that an Italian did not know how to handle dynamite. It went off and killed an Irishman. Ever since then ledges of rock have had a way of falling upon Italians. Most of the laborers work."

"When I hear of the Italian general investigating as a committing magistrate and send my findings to the district attorney for action."

"I ordered the arrest of Eldredge in connection with the death of Angelo Esposito."

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CAMP SUSSEX DETAIL HAS BEEN RECEIVED

Further Facts About the Militia Assembly Next Month.

Instructions received by Col. White, D. O. C., from Ottawa yesterday, give the detail of the militia camp at Sussex for this season. The provisional staff will be as follows:

General Staff.
Camp Commandant, Lieut. Col. G. Rolt White, D. O. C., M. D., No. 8.
Orderly officer to be detailed by camp commandant.
Chief staff officer, Lieut. Col. D. McLeod Vince, 13th Infantry Brigade.
Administrative Staff.
D. A. A., Gen. Captain W. R. Marshall, D. S. A., M. D., No. 8.

Heads of Departments.
District engineer to be detailed.
Senior A. S. C. officer, Major A. E. Massey, C. A. S., C.
Principal medical officer, Lieut. Col. J. E. March, P. M. O., M. D., No. 8.
Senior O. S. C. officer, Lieut. Col. H. A. Armstrong.
Paymaster to be detailed.
Principal veterinary, Capt. W. H. Simon, P. V. O.

Officers Specially Employed.
Musketry Inspector, Capt. S. B. Anderson, 74th Regt.
Intelligence officer, Major E. T. P. Sheehan, D. I. O., M. D., No. 8.
Signalling officer, Lieut. T. E. Power, D. S. O., M. D., No. 8.

Brigade Staff.
12th Infantry Brigade, Lieut. Col. H. H. McLean, commanding; Col. H. M. Campbell, brigade major.
The date of the camp will be June 26; the corps to participate were announced in yesterday's Telegram.
This season a badge will be awarded for the best shot in each regiment, cavalry and infantry, and the engineers. The badge is to be worn on the forearm. It will be given to the man obtaining the highest figure by dividing the total of the points obtained by the number of rounds fired.

P. R. A. MEETING

The annual meeting of the New Brunswick Provincial Rifle Association was held Thursday night in the head quarters of the 62nd Fusiliers. In the absence of Lt.-Col. McLean, Lt.-Col. T. G. Loggie, the vice-president, was in the chair. There was a good attendance. The following were present from outside points: Major Kinnear and Capt. Arnold, Sussex; Capt. S. B. Anderson, Moncton; and Major F. B. Black, Sackville.

The reports of the council for the past year and a statement of the accounts of the association were received.

The secretary then read a letter from the Dominion Rifle Association to the effect that the Ross rifle would not be allowed in the regular matches at Ottawa. This was felt, however, to be still an open question and the matter of allowing the Ross rifle at the Sussex matches was referred to the council of the association, many members strongly advising that its use be permitted.

Votes of thanks to the president, vice-president, and Col. March, P. M. O., for donations to last year's prizes were passed.

The new range at Sussex being limited to 400 yards, a committee was appointed to ascertain if additional portions of the church property could not be purchased so as to provide a 1,000-yard range. The election of officers resulted as follows:

President, Lt.-Col. H. H. McLean.
Vice-president, Lt.-Col. Loggie.
Members of D. R. A. Council—Major C. F. Winter, Ottawa; Capt. F. B. Carvell, M. P., and Capt. J. L. McAvity.

The Council of the Association—Capt. F. S. Frost, S. B. Anderson, Lieut. J. T. McGowan, Major J. M. Kinnear, Major O. W. Wetmore, Capt. J. Manning, Capt. J. L. McAvity, Major J. T. Hartt, Capt. H. Perley, Lieut. S. B. Smith, Capt. R. H. Arnold, Major F. B. Black, Capt. W. E. Forbes, Capt. E. A. Smith, J. M. Morrison, Capt. F. B. Carvell, Lieut. L. A. Langstroth, Lieut. E. K. McKay, Lieut. John Neill and P. L. Doyle.

At a subsequent meeting of the council the following were elected members of the executive committee—Capt. S. B. Anderson, Major J. M. Kinnear, Capt. J. Manning, Capt. J. L. McAvity, and Lt.-Col. March. Major J. T. Hartt was re-elected secretary and treasurer.

The selection of the team from this province for the maritime match which will be shot at Bedford (N. S.), June 14, was referred to the executive committee.

The annual matches of the association will commence on Tuesday, August 14, and a special meeting of the council will be held on June 7 to determine the prize list and make further arrangements.

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ACCIDENT TO ST. MARTINS TRAIN

Hampton, N. B., May 17.—The passenger car of the Hampton and St. Martins train ran off the track this morning just before reaching the crossing leading to Snow's mill. There were but few passengers, and they sprang out before the car had actually ceased moving. The baggage portion of the car was piled full of travelers' sample trunks. The car was badly broken and the steps and platform were broken off, but fortunately no person was injured. The accident is said to have been caused by spreading of the rails. The car was left by the side of the track where the engine came on with three cars of lumber. The passengers were accommodated in the tender of the engine.

MR. AND MRS. J. A. BROSNAN AND CHILD, OF VANCEBORO, WERE REGISTERED AT THE DUFFERIN YESTERDAY.

Fort William, Ont., May 17.—(Special)—As a result of a feud which had its inception in Nipigon, a small town sixty miles east of Fort Williams, W. A. Armstrong and Isadore Bouchard, formerly employed on the projected line of the Transcontinental railway, are dead in Helen Lake on the North Shore of Lake Superior.

Thompson and Bouchard were drowned last Tuesday and their deaths were, with one exception, the most tragic that ever occurred in this district.

While in a canoe half a mile from the shore the men engaged in combat, capsizing the craft. Undaunted they climbed to the top of the upturned canoe and engaged in a hand to hand struggle, lasting nearly 20 minutes, when, their strength spent, they slipped into the water and sank.

Some weeks ago Thompson and Bouchard became involved in a quarrel over a girl and ever since "bad blood" between

the two had existed. In Nipigon last Monday Thompson publicly threatened Bouchard; notwithstanding that on the day following they left for the north with a survey party. They had gone about five miles when Thompson and Bouchard left their companions, and returned to Nipigon where they called on the woman they both admired.

Early Tuesday morning the two men put off in a canoe ostensibly to rejoin the surveyors and it was soon afterwards that they were seen astride their overturned canoe fighting with all the strength they possessed.

A fisherman and his daughter standing on the shore a half mile away were the only ones to witness the death struggle. Bouchard was the first to go down. A minute later Thompson toppled from the canoe and disappeared from view. The bodies have not been recovered.

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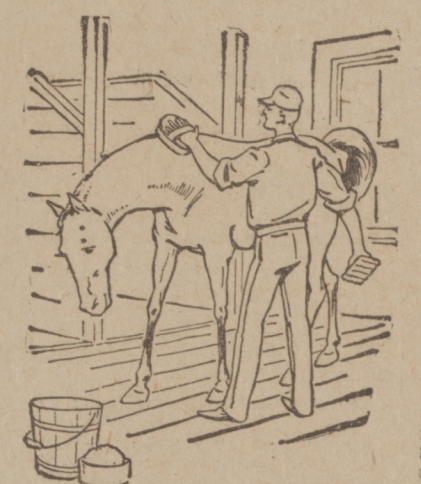


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