Council of the Empire, the Upper House of the Russian Parliament, at the Ceremonial Opening.



Upper House of the Douma. From L'Illustration.

THE

HELMET OF NAVARRE

BY BERTHA RUNKLE.

GROSSET & DUNLAP Publishers: New York.

(Continued.)

XXI.

A chance encounter.

The street before us was as orderly as the aisle of Notre Dame. Few wayfarers passed us; those there were talked together as placidly as if love-trysts and melees existed not, and tunnels and countersigns were but the smoke of a dream. It was a street of shops, all shuttered, while, above, the burghers' families went respectably to bed.

"This is the Rue de la Ferronnerie," my master said, pausing a moment to take his bearings. "See, under the lantern the sign of the Pierced Heart. The little shop is in the Rue de la Soierie. We are close by the Halles—we must have come half a mile underground. Well, we will swing about in a circle to get home. For this night I've have enough of the Hotel de Lorraine."

And I. But I held my tongue about it, as became me.

"They were wider awake than I thought—those Lorrainers. Pardieux! Felix, you and I came closer quarters with death than is entirely amusing."

"If that door had not opened—" I shuddered.

"A new saint in the calendar—la Sainte Ferou! But what a madcap of a saint, then! My faith, she must have led them a dance when Francis I was king!

"Nathless it galls me," he went on, half to himself, "to know that I was lost by my own folly, saved by pure chance. I underrated the enemy—worst mistake in the book of strategy. I came near flinging away two lives and making a most unsightly mess under a lady's window."

"Monsieur made somewhat of a mess as it was."

"Aye, I would I knew whether I killed Brie. We'll go round in the morning and find out."

"I am thankful that monsieur does not mean to go tonight."

"Not tonight, Felix; I've had enough. No; we'll get home without passing near the Hotel de Lorraine, if we go outside the walls to do it. Tonight I draw my sword no more."

To this day I have no quite clear idea of how we went. A strange city at night—Paris of all cities—is a labyrinth. I know that after a time we came out in some meadows along the river-bank, traversed them, and plunged once more into narrow, high-walled streets. It was very late, and lights were few. We had started in clear starlight, but now a rack of clouds hid even their pale shine.

"The snake-hole over again," said M. Etienne. "But we are almost at our own gates."

But, as in the snake-hole, came light. Turning a sharp corner, we ran straight into a gentleman and his porte-flambeau, swinging along at as smart a pace as we.

"A thousand pardons," M. Etienne cried to his encounterer, the possessor of years and gravity but of no great size, whom he had almost knocked down. "I heard you, but knew not that you were so close. We were speeding to get home."

The personage was also of a portliness, and the collision had knocked the wind out of him. He leaned panting against the wall. As he scanned M. Etienne's open countenance and princely dress his alarm vanished.

"It is unseemly to go about on a night like this without a lantern," he said with asperity. "Them unicipality should forbid it. I shall certainly bring the matter up at the next sitting."

"Monsieur is a member of Parliament?" M. Etienne asked with immense respect.

"I have that honor monsieur," the little man replied, delighted to impress us, as he himself was impressed, by the sense of his importance.

"Oh," said M. Etienne, with increasing solemnity, "perhaps monsieur had a hand in a certain decree of the 28th June?"

The little man began to look uneasy.

"There was, as monsieur says, a measure passed that day," he stammered.

"A rebellious and contumacious decree," M. Etienne rejoined, "most offensive to the general duke," Whereupon he fingered his sword.

"Monsieur," the little deputy cried, "we meant no offence to his Grace, or to any true Frenchman. We desire peace after all these years of blood. We were informed that his Grace was angry; yet we believed that even he will come to see the matter in a different light—"

"You have acted in a manner insulting to his Grace of Mayenne," M. Etienne repeated inexorably, and he glanced up the street and down the street to make sure the coast was clear. The wretched little deputy's teeth chattered.

The linkman had retreated to the other side of the way, where he seemed on the point of fleeing, leaving his master to his fate. I thought it would be a shame if the badgered deputy had to stumble home in the dark, so I growled out to the fellow:

"Stir one step at your peril!"

I was afraid he would drop the flambeau and run, but he did not; he only sank back against the wall, eyeing my sword with exceeding deference. He knew not that there was but a foot of blade in the scabbard.

The burgher looked up the street and down the street, after M. Etienne's example, but there was no help to be seen or heard. He turned to his tormentor with the valour of a mouse at bay.

"Monsieur, beware what you do. I am Pierre Marceau!"

"Oh, you are Pierre Marceau? And can M. Pierre Marceau explain how he happened to be faring forth from his dwelling at this unholy hour?"

"I am not faring forth; I am faring home. I—we had a little con—that is, not to say a conference, but merely a little discussion on matters of no importance—"

"I have the pleasure," interrupted M. Etienne, sternly, "of knowing where M. Marceau lives. M. Marceau's errand in this direction is not accounted for."

"But I was goin home—on my sacred honor I was! Ask Jacques, else. But as we went down the Rue de l'Eveque we saw two men in front of us. As they reached the wall by M. de Mirabeau's garden a gang of footpads fell on them. The two drew blades and defended themselves, but the ruffians were a dozen — a score. We ran for our lives."

M. Etienne wheeled round to me.

"Felix, here is work for us. As I was saying, M. Marceau, your decree is most offensive to the general-duke, and therefore, since he is my particular enemy, most pleasing to me. A beautiful night, is it not, sir? I wish you a delightful walk home."

He seized my by the hand, and we dashed up the street.

At the corner the noise of a fray came faintly but plainly to our ears. M. le Comte without hesitation plunged down a lane in the direction of the sound.

"I said I wanted no more fighting tonight, but two against a mob! We know how it feels."

The clash of steel grew ever louder, and as we wheeled around a jutting garden wall we came full upon the combatants.

"A rescue, a rescue!" cried M. Etienne. "Shout, Felix! Montjoie St. Denis! A rescue, a rescue!"

We charged down the street, drawing our swords and shouting at the top of our lungs.

It was too dark to see much save a mass of struggling figures, with every now and then, as the steel hit, a point of light flashing out, to fade and appear again like a brilliant glow-worm. We could scarce tell which were the attackers, which the two comrades we had come to save.

But if we could not make them out, neither could they us. We shouted as boldly as if we had been a company, and in the clatter of their heels on the stones they could not count our feet. They knew not how many followers the darkness held. Th group parted. Two men remaining in hot combat close under the left wall. Across the way one sturdy fighter held off two, while a sixth man, crying on his mates to follow, fled down the lane.

M. Etienne knew now what he was about, and at once took sides with the solitary fencer. The combat made equal, I started in pursuit of the flying figure. I had run but a few yards, however, when I tripped and fell prostrate over the body of a man. I was up in a moment, feeling him to find out if he were dead;; my hands over his heart dipped into a pool of something wet and warm like new milk. I wiped them on his sleeve as best I could, and hastily groped about for his sword. He did not need it now and I did.

When I rose with it my quarry was swallowed up in the shadows. M. Etienne whose light clothing made a distinguishable spot in the gloom, had driven his opponent, or his opponent had driven him some rods up the lane the way we had come. I stood perplexed, not knowing where to busy myself. M. Etienne's side I could not reach past the two duels and of the four men near me, I could by no means tell, as they circled about and about, which were my chosen allies. They were all sombrely clad, their faces blurred in the darkness. When one made a clever pass, I knew not whether to rejoice or despair. But at last I picked out one who fenced, though valiantly enough, yet with greater effort than the rest; and I deemed that this had been the hardest prssed of all and must certainly be one of the attacked and the one most deserving of succour. He was plainly losing ground. I darted to his side just as his foe ran him through the arm.

The assailant pulled his blade free and darted back against the wall to face the two of us. But the sword of the wounded man fell from his loose fingers.

"I'm out of it," he cried to me; "I go for aid,"

And his late combatant sprang forward to engage me, I heard him running off, stumbling where I had.

There had been little light toward the last in the court of the house in the Rue Coupejarrets, and less under the windows of the Hotel de Lorraine; but here was none at all. I had to use my sword solely by the feel of his against it, and I underwent chilling qualms lest presently, without in the least knowing how it got there, I should find his point sticking out of my back. I could hardly believe he was not hitting me; I began to prickle in half a dozen places, and knew not whether the stings were real or imaginary. But one was not imaginary; my shoulder which Lucas had pinked and the doctor had bandaged was throbbing painfully. I fancied that in my earlier combat the wound had opened again and that I was bleeding to death; and the fear shook me. I lunged wildly, and I had been sent to my account in short order had not at this moment one of the other pair near us, as it appeared afterwards, driven his weapon square through his vis-a-vis's breast.

"I am done for. Run who can!" he cried as he fell. The sword snapped in two against the paving stones; he rolled over and lay still, his face in the dirt.

My encounterer, with a shout to his single remaining comrade, made off down the lane. On my part, I was very willing to let him depart in peace.

The clash of swords up the lane had ceased at the stricken man's cry, and out of the gloom came the sound of footfalls fainter and fainter. I deemed that the battle was over.

The champion came toward me, three white patches visible for his face and hands; the rest of him but darkness moving in darkness. He held a sword rifled from the enemy, and advanced on me hesitatingly, not sure whether friend or foe remained to him. I felt that an explanation was due from me, but in my ignorance as to who he was and who his foes were, and why they had been fighting him and why we had been fighting them, I stood for a moment confused. It is hard to open conversation with a shadow.

He spoke first, in a voice husky from his exertion: "Who are you?"

"A friend," I said. "My master and I saw two men fighting four—we came to help the weaker side. Your friend was hurt, but he got away safe to fetch aid."

The unknown made a rapid step toward me, crying, "What—"

But at the word M. Etienne emerged from the shadows.

"Who lives?" he called out. "You Felix?"

"Not hurt, monsieur, And you?"

"Not a scratch. Nor did I scratch my man. Permit me to congratulate you, monsieur l'inconnu, on our coming up when we did."

Th unknown said one word:

"Etienne!"

(To be Continued).

THAT STAB-LIKE PAIN IN THE SMALL OF THE BACK COMES FROM THE KIDNEYS

AND CAN BE CURED BY

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

It is not the back that is aching, but the kidneys which are situated beneath the small of the back.

Therefore, dull pain in the back, or sharp, quick twinges, are warnings of sick kidneys—warnings of kidney trouble. Plasters and liniments will not cure a bad back, for they cannot reach the kidneys which cause it. Doan's Kidney Pills reach the kidneys. That is what they are for and that only. So, if you would be free from backache, swelling of the feet and ankles, frequent or suppressed urine, painful sensation when urinating, specks floating before the eyes, frequent thirst, brick-dust deposit in the urine, or anything wrong with the urinary organs or bladder, you must keep your kidneys well. Help them to work freely, and help them to flush off all the body's waste and impurities.

Doan's Kidney Pills are made from the purest roots and herbs, and have a remarkable healing and toning effect on the kidneys. Mrs. Barling, 26 Locomotive Street, Hamilton, Ont., writes. "I had been troubled considerably with my kidneys, using many remedies, but finding no relief. I tried Doan's Kidney Pills and found them to act directly on the kindeys, and making them strong again."

Price 50 cents per box, three boxes for $1.25, all dealers or The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

AT McGILL COLLEGE

Montreal, June 7—In the medical graduating class at McGill, R. S. McArthur is the leader, winning the Holmes Gold Medal for the highest aggregate in all subjects. A maritime province man is also second, R. McL. Shaw winning the Wood medal for the best average in all clinical branches.

The maritime province men winning the degree of M. D. are:

H. C. B. Allen. Cape Tormentine; J. W. Auld, Cove Head (P. E. I.); A. Des B. Callbreck, Tryon (P. E. I.); B. R. Field, Port Elgin; A. E. G. Forbes, Little Harbor (N. S.); D. R. Fraser, Montague Bridge (P. E. I.); C. P. Holden, St. John; T. V. Hunter, East Florenceville (N. B.); B. F. Johnson, Midland (N. B.); J. L. Joughins, Moncton; O. B. Keddy, Milton (N. S.); J. S. Layton, Oakfield (N. S.); R. S. McArthur, Summerside; P. A. MacDonald, Alma (N. B.); G. McNaughton, Black River (N. B.); D. C. Malcolm, St. John; J. N. Michaud, Campbellton; W. J. Patterson, Moncton; G. B. Peat, Andover; F. E. Robbins, Halifax; R. McL. Shaw, Penobsquis; C. E. Walsh, Jordan Falls (N. S.); R. C. Weldon, jr., Halifax (N. S.); C. S. Williams, Tyne Valley (P. E. I.); A. MacG. Young, Millville (N. S.)

WEDDINGS

Camp-Belyea.

The residence of James P. Belyea, Lower Gagetown, was the scene of an interesting event on Saturday morning, June 2nd, when Addie E. Belyea was united in marriage to Capt. A. Fi Camp, of Upper Jemseg. The ceremony was performed by Rev. C. B. Lewis, in the presence of about forty guests. The bride was the recipient of a number of valuable presents, among which was a handsome gold watch and chain from the groom. After luncheon the bridal party boarded the steamer May Queen for Upper Jemseg, where they will reside.

McLaughlin-Andrews.

H. Douglas McLaughlin, of this city, was married last Wednesday in Grace church, Winnipeg, to Miss Eunice Andrews, a popular young society lady of the prairie capital. The ceremony was followed by a reception at the home of Fletcher Andrews, uncle of the bride. Mr. and Mrs. McLaughlin are now on a honeymoon trip through Muskoka and the Thousand Islands. Their home will be in Winnipeg. The groom is a successful grain merchant in Winnipeg. Walter S. McLaughlin, of Minneapolis, brother of the groom, and Mrs. McLaughlin and Miss Mary McLaughlin, of this city, were among the guests, as were Mr. and Mrs. C. E. McPherson.

Sheehan-Vose.

Charles Sheehan, Western Union agent at Lubec, was married on Monday last to Miss Emma A. Vose, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Vose, of that place. The ceremony, which took place in the church of the Sacred Heart, Lubec, was performed by Rev. C. O'Sullivan. The bride was gowned in pearl silk and was attended by her sister, Miss Winnifred Vose, while John E. Sullivan was groomsman. After the wedding there was a reception at the bride's home.

H. G. Robinson, of New York, accompanied by his secretary, H. E. Lazarus, and Engineers J. H. O'Neill and J. F. Hillary, arrived in the city last night on the Boston express. Mr. Robinson says that it is his intention to give demonstrations of the Marconi wireless telegraphy in the city.

CANCER ITS CAUSE AND CURE.

Send 6 cents (stamps) for this little book that tells of the wonderful cures made by our painless home treatment. Stott & Jury, Bowmanville, Ont.

There was a large audience at the concert given by the members of Marlborough Lodge, Sons of England, in Foresters' hall, Charlotte street, last night. The very excellent programme which had been provided was keenly enjoyed. The chairman, C. Ledford, gave a short opening address after which the following took part in the evening's entertainment: Miss Calvert, Miss Oram, Miss Nellie Maxwell, Mr. Whelpley, Fred McKean, George Homer, Joseph Kelly, John Salmon, H. Noakes and Geo. H. Lewis.

Miss Hattie Tweedie, of Moncton, is at the Royal.

TRY

HEALTHENE

FOR THE BLOOD AND NERVES.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR IT.

PREPARED BY

The Healthene Co., ∴ Sydney, C. B.

Don't Pass

HENDERSON & HUNT'S STORES, either 40 and 42 King Street, or 555 Main Street, North End, when in need of

CLOTHING

FOR YOURSELF OR BOY.

You want the **best value for your money**---always, and at the same time something **"up-to-date in style," perfect in fit,** and **correct in workmanship.** We can meet all these requirements, as we make it a point to get these from the manufacturers.



MEN'S CLOTHING.

The best values in:

MEN'S SUITS at $5.00, $6.00 $8.00 and $10.00.
"FIT-REFORM" Tailor-made Men's Suits at $12.00, $15.00, $18.00 and $20.00.
MEN'S PANTS at 90c., $1.00, $1.50 up to $5.00.
MEN'S OVERCOATS at $6, $8, $10 and $12 00
RAINCOATS at $8, $10, $12, $15.00.

BOYS' CLOTHING.

The best values in:

2 PIECE SUITS at $2, $3 to $5.
3 PIECE SUITS at $3, $4, $5 to $8.
BUSTER BROWN SUITS at $3, $3.50 to $6.
SAILOR NORFOLK SUITS at $2.75, $3 to $5.00
BOYS' PANTS at 40c. to $1.50.

GENT'S FURNISHINGS.

The best values in:

SOFT FRONT SHIRTS at 50c., 75c., $1 to $1.75
REGATTA SHIRTS at 75c., $1, $1.25 and $1.50
NECKWEAR at 25c. to 75c.
GLOVES at 75c. to $3.00.
CAPS at 25c. to $1.00
COLLARS and CUFFS; UNDERWEAR, SOCKS, ETC.

If you have not tried "OUR GOODS," we would like to get a trial order, for we can give the "RIGHT CLOTHES TO CLOTHE YOU RIGHT."

HENDERSON & HUNT,

40 and 42 King Street.

Branch Store: 553 and 555 Main Street, North End