

# THE HELMET OF NAVARRE

BY BERTHA RUNKLE.  
GROSSET & DUNLAP Publishers, New York.

(Continued.)

"Mademoiselle, it is not my habit to take advice from the damsels of my household. Nor do I admit them to my council-room. Permit me then to conduct you to the staircase."

"She retreated toward the threshold where I stood, still covering me as with a shield.

"Monsieur, you are very cruel to me."

"Your hand, mademoiselle."

"She did not yield to him but held out both hands, clasped in appeal.

"Monsieur, you have always been my loving kinsman. I have always tried to do you pleasure. I thought you meant harm to the boy because he was a servant to M. de Mar, and I knew that M. de St. Quentin, at least, had gone over to the other side. I did not know what you would do with him, and I could not rest in my bed because it was through me he came here. Monsieur, if I was foolish and frightened and indiscreet, do not punish the lad for my wrong-doing."

"Mademoiselle, I will do you no harm. I wish you sweet dreams, my cousin Lorraine."

"Monsieur," she cried, shrinking back till she stood against the floor-jamb, "will you not let the boy go?"

"How will you look tomorrow," he said with the unchanged smile, "if you use all your wits tonight, my pretty Lorraine?"

"Approach to you," she answered quickly. "You will mark my white cheeks and red eyes, and you will say, 'Now, there is my little cousin-Lorraine, my good ally, Monsieur's daughter, and I have made her cry her heart out over my crime.'"

"Her father, dying, gave her to me to guard and cherish, and I have made her miserable. I am sorry, I wish I had not done it."

"Mademoiselle," the duke repeated, "will you get to your bed?"

"She did not stir, but, fixing him with her brilliant eyes, went on as if thinking aloud.

"I remember when I was a tiny maid of five or six, and you and your brother Guise (whom I call Paul) would come to our house. You would ask my father to send for me as you sat over your wine, and I would run in to kiss you and be fed comfits from your pockets. I thought you the handsomest and gallantest gentleman in France, as indeed you were."

"You were the prettiest little creature ever was," Mayenne said abruptly.

"And my little heart was bursting with love and admiration of you," she returned.

"When I first could lip, I learned to pray for my cousin Henri and my cousin Charles. I have never forgotten them one night in all these years. God receive and bless the soul of Henri de Guise; God guard and prosper Charles de Mayenne. But you make it hard for me to ask it for my cousin Charles."

"This is a great colt, or a horse-boy," Mayenne said curtly.

"Late as it is dear to a horse-boy as to M. le Duc, de Mayenne."

"I tell you I did not mean to kill the boy," Mayenne said. "With the door shut he could hear nothing. I meant to question him and let him go. But you have seen it to meddle in what is no maid's business, mademoiselle. You have unlocked the door and let him listen to my concerns. Deal men, mademoiselle, tell no tales."

"M. de Mayenne," she said, "I cannot see that you need trouble for the sake of boys—you, the lord of half France. But if you must needs fair his tongue, why, even then you should set him free. He is a serving-boy sent here with a message. It is wanton murder to take his life; it is like killing a child."

"He is not so harmless as you would lead one to suppose, mademoiselle," the duke retorted. "Since you have been eavesdropping, you have heard how he used your cousin Paul's arrangements."

"For that you should be thankful to him, monsieur. He has saved you the stain of a cowardly crime."

"Monsieur!" Mayenne exclaimed, "who truly murdered my brother?"

"The Valois."

"And his henchman, St. Quentin?"

"Not so," she cried. "He was here in Paris when it happened. He was revolted at the deed."

"Did they teach you that at the convent?"

"No, but it is true. M. de St. Quentin warned my cousin Henri not to go to Blois."

"Pardieu, you think them angels, these St. Quentins."

"I think them brave and honest gentlemen, as I think you, Cousin Charles."

"That sounds ill on the lips that have but now called me villain and murderer," Mayenne returned.

"I have not called you that, monsieur."

### The Worst Nerves, The Weak Heart, The Tired Brain, The Wasted Strength.

What a multitude of women there are who feel that these words exactly suit their case. From early morn until late at night they have been on the go, year in and year out, attending to the daily household duties, looking after the wants of her children and spending the rest of her time attending to social and church work. Is it any wonder then that sooner or later there comes a general collapse? The action of the heart becomes weak and palpitating, the nerves become unstrung, the brain feels in a whirl half the time and the usual force of vitality is lacking.

It is at this time a woman should look after herself. If she does not, serious female disorders may set in and often cause weary months and years of helplessness and miserable suffering. What she wants is something to build up her system. For this purpose there is nothing so equal

### MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS

They are the women's friend in every case of the kind.

They will strengthen the weak heart, tone up the shaky, steady the nerves, clear the brain, clear, and restore the lost vitality.

Mrs. George Lohes, Stanley Station, N.S., writes: "I was greatly troubled with weak and dizzy spells and was so run down I could not attend to my household duties. I bought two boxes of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills and after taking them I found that my trouble had all passed away. I am now strong and healthy again."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50 cents per box or 3 for \$1.25. If your dealer does not handle them, send direct to The Milburn Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

# SAY ROSEVELT IS CHIEF MUCKRAKER

## Muckrake Has Superseded Whitewash Brush in Washington---Work of United States Government Departments is Needlessly Behind---Senator Beveridge's New Bill.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 24—If the people of the country will watch the newspapers and magazines they will learn something about the goings on in Washington and especially in Congress. The white wash brush has given way to the muck rake and foul deeds long cryptic are being exposed. A number of senators and public men, the representatives of rapacious trusts are being shown up. They are either on the defensive or in retreat. Some of them, as is well known, are hiding, but the search light of investigation is inescapable. The country realizes as it has never realized before that it has long been in the grasp of grand dukes of the senate holding not by hereditary title, but with a grip none the less relentless and deadly and sucking the blood of the nation as rapaciously as their prototypes in Russia. President Roosevelt, in a recent speech, pretended to let them, but it was a sickly defense, half hearted; he did not mean it, and before he was through he had demonstrated what had long been known that he, himself, was the chief of the muck-rakers. Senators Aldrich, Platt, Drexler, Gorman, Elkins, Spooner have been exposed during the present session in a way that they doubtless never anticipated and if their rates return them to the senate when their present terms expire they will do so in the face of the most palpable evidence of selfish self-seeking and outrageous disregard of public interests.

A million automobiles, or Hoe printing presses or as many Mergantalers have not the complications, the wheels within wheels, of a great modern government like the United States. All these delicate and intricate parts are liable to get worn, broken and out of order but where their running depends upon non-supervised human effort there is in addition to all other disabilities the element of human laziness and inefficiency. This clumsy prologue is apropos of about the worst conditions of the United States Patent Office has ever been in. This office if left to itself would require no appropriation. It not only pays its way but brings a surplus revenue to the government every year. The fees paid by inventors for the examination and issue of their patents, more than pay the commissioner, the assistant commissioner, the examiner of interferences, the board of examiners in chief, the many principal examiners and the more than one hundred assistant examiners. But notwithstanding this powerful force, living off the fees of inventors, the work of the office is deplorably and unnecessarily behind-hand, and in some classes of invention the applicant for patent must wait six or eight months before his application, after it goes into the Patent Office, is even looked at, and in many a case a year or two will elapse before the case is examined, and the patent allowed or finally re-

### Hungry Hair

Perhaps your mother has thin hair! But that is no reason why you must go through life with half-starved hair. If you want long, thick, heavy hair, you must feed it. Feed it with a regular hair-food—Ayer's Hair Vigor. Well-fed hair stops falling out, keeps soft and smooth, and grows long and heavy. Feed your starving hair with Ayer's Hair Vigor!

J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

## Blowing up of Round House

(By Telegraph's Photographer.)



As it stood since 1850 until yesterday morning.



As it looked immediately after blowing up.

### Backache

is more than tiredness. Hard work does not bring sharp, shooting pains. And a dull, nagging pain—that a night's sleep won't drive away—is never due to weariness.

Nine times in ten, backache says Kidney Trouble. Pain is nature's way of telling you that your Kidneys are weak—that they cannot do nature's work—that they want help to get well and strong again!

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### Wants Plumber to Head Mexican Concern

Halifax, May 28—J. H. Plummer, who arrived at Sydney last week after having paid a visit to the steel company's plant, says that operations are proceeding satisfactorily and that everything is in excellent condition. The company was looking forward to the future with every confidence in the expansion of all the departments.

Mr. Plummer said further that he had not yet decided regarding the presidency of the Mexican Light & Power Co., which James Ross had requested him to accept. His first interest was with the Dominion

### Get Sub G. T. P. Contract

Quebec, May 28—(Special)—M. P. Davis, who has taken a sub-contract to construct fifty miles of the new transcontinental railway from the Quebec bridge site at Cape Rouge, west, from Hogan & McDonald, left this morning to walk over the ground with Engineer Grant. Mr. Davis expects to break ground in the course of ten days and make connection with the C. P. R. at Belair in a month's time, to enable the transmission of the steel required for the superstructure of the new Quebec bridge on the west side of the River St. Lawrence. It is calculated that the superstructure side from the Chaudiere will be completed this summer.

### CANCER.

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Mr. Plummer said further that he had not yet decided regarding the presidency of the Mexican Light & Power Co., which James Ross had requested him to accept. His first interest was with the Dominion

Judge Barker went to Deschambert yesterday.