

The Helmet of Navarre

BY BERTHA RUNKLE.

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(Continued.)

I had come unconsciously half-way up the street to him in the ardor of my interest; but now I was startled back to my duty by the sound of men running round the corner behind me. One glance was enough; two abreast, swords in hand, they were charging us. I ran before them, drawing blade as I went and shouting to M. Etienne. But even as I called an answering shout came from the alley; two men of the Spanish guards shot out of the darkness and at us.

M. Etienne, with his extraordinary quickness had got the late off his neck, and now, for want of a better use for it, flung it at the head of his nearest assailant, who received it full in the face, stopped, hesitated a moment, and ran back the way he had come. But three foes remained, with the whole Hotel de Lorraine behind them.

We put our backs to the wall and set to. The remaining Spaniard engaged me; M. Etienne, protected somewhat in the embrasure of a doorway, held at bay with his good left arm a pair of attackers. These were in the dress of gentlemen, and wore masks as if their cheeks blushed (well they might) for the deeds of their hands.

A broad window in the Hotel de Lorraine was flung open; a man leaned far out with a torch. The bright glare in our faces bewildered our gloom-accustomed eyes; I could not see what I was about, and rammed my point against

whom I had thought him—François de Bré.

M. Etienne was ready for the second gentleman, but neither he nor the soldier attacked. The torchbearer in the window, with a shout, waved his arm toward the square. A mob of armed men hurried itself around the corner, a pikeman with lowered point in the van.

This was not combat; it was butchery. M. Etienne with a little moan, lifted his eyes for the first time from his assailant to the turret window. In the same instant I felt the door behind us give. Throwing my whole weight upon it, I seized M. Etienne and pulled him over the threshold. Some one inside slammed the door to, just as the Spaniard hurled himself against it.

XX.

"On guard, monsieur."

We found ourselves in a narrow paneled passageway, lighted by a flickering oil-lamp pendant from a bracket. Confronting us was our preserver—a little old lady in black velvet, leaning back in chuckling triumph against the shot bolts.

She was very small and very old. Her figure was bent and shrunken, a pitiful little bag of bones in a rich dress; her hair was as white as her ruff; her skin as yellow and dry as parchment, furrowed with a thousand wrinkles; but her black eyes sparkled like a girl's.

madame grand'mère to shift for herself. No, no, my good friends; you may knock till you drop but you won't get in."

The attacking party was indeed hammering energetically at the door, shouting and trying to deny them at our peril. The eyes of the old lady glittered with new delight at every rap.

"I fancy they will think twice before they batter down M. Fero's door! Ma foi! I fancy they are mystified at finding you sanctuaries in this house. Was it not my Lord Mayenne's jacks, François de Bré?"

"Yes, and Marc Latour."

"I thought I knew them," she cried in evident pride at her sharpness. "It was dark, and they were masked, and my eyes are old, but I knew them! And which of the ladies is it?"

He could do no less than answer his savior.

"Ah, well," she said, with a little sigh, "I too once—but that is a long time ago."

Then her eyes twinkled again; I trow she was not much given to sighing. "That is a long time ago," she repeated briskly, "and now they think I am too old to do ought but tell my beads and wait for death. But I like to have a hand in the game."

"I will come to take a hand with you any time, madame," M. Etienne assured her. "I like the way you play."

She broke into shrill, delighted laughter.

"I'll warrant you do! And I don't mean to do the thing by halves. No;

narrow, nail-studded door.

"Here I bid you farewell," quoth the little old lady. "You have only to walk on till you get to the end. At the steps, pull the rope once and wait. When he opens to you, say, 'For the Cause,' and draw a crown with your finger in the air."

"Madame," M. Etienne cried, "I hope the day may come when I shall make you suitable acknowledgments. My name—"

"I prefer not to know it," she interrupted, glancing up at him. "I will call you M. Yeux-gris; that is enough. As for acknowledgments—poh! I am overpaid in the sport it has been."

"But, madame, when monsieur your son discovers—"

"Mon dieu! I am not afraid of my son or of any other woman's son!" she cried, with cackling laughter. And I warrant she was not.

"Madame," M. Etienne said, "I trust we shall meet you again when I shall have time to tell you what I think of you." He dropped on his knees before her, kissing both her hands.

"Yes, yes, of course you are grateful," she said, somewhat bored apparently by his demonstration. "Naturally one does not like to die at one's age. I wish you a pleasant journey, M. Yeux-gris, and you too, my fresh-faced boy. Give me back my lantern and fare you well."

"You will tell us see you safe in your hall."

"I will do nothing of the sort! I am not so decrepit, thank you, that I cannot get up by my own stairs. No, no; no more gallantries, but get on your way! Begone with you! I must be back in my chamber working my altar-cloth when my daughter-in-law comes home."

Crowing her elfin laugh, she pulled the door open and fairly hustled us through.

"Good-by—you are fine boys," she said, slamming the door upon us. As we took our first breath of the dank, foul air, we heard bolts snap into place.

"Well, since we cannot go back, let us go forward," said M. Etienne, cheerfully. "I am glad she has bolted the door; it is to throw them off the scent should they track us."

(To be continued.)

WEAK KIDNEYS.

Restored to Strength by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Bad blood is the cause of weak kidneys. The impurities of the blood clog the filters so that they are unable to perform their work of separating the waste matter from the blood—the bad from good. The symptoms of diseased kidneys are numerous. The dull, sunken eye, the coated tongue, the backache, weak, shaky knees, salivary, swollen face all show what is wrong. This disease must not be neglected. Every day delayed in finding a cure is a day nearer "Bright's disease"—that trouble is incurable. Do not waste time and money on a medicine which acts only on the kidneys. It may relieve, but it cannot cure you. The trouble to be permanently cured must be treated through the blood. Good blood makes healthy kidneys. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make new, rich red blood—that's why they cure when other medicines fail. Thousands owe good health—some life itself—to this medicine.

Among them is Roy Davidson, who resided with his uncle, Mr. C. B. Maclean, near Brockville, Ont. Mr. Maclean says: "My nephew, Roy, had weak kidneys. About a year ago he took the measles and this left him in a bad state. His kidneys were so weak that they were incapable of performing their functions. He suffered from backache, weakness and restlessness. For a time he had to leave school. Our family doctor was unable to help him. In fact he told me that Roy might never get better; that the disease would probably grow worse. I then procured a supply of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I had already used the Pills myself with great benefit and felt confident they would cure Roy. He began taking them, and continued their use until he had taken a half dozen boxes, which fully cured him. He is now strong and better than he ever was and neither study nor work about the farm seem to fatigue him. I believe Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved him from a life of misery."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills do just one thing—but they do that thoroughly. They actually make new, rich, red blood, which feeds and strengthens every nerve and organ in the body. That is why this medicine cures such common ailments as anemia, general weakness, headaches and backaches, indigestion, palpitation of the heart, rheumatism, neuritis, and the ailments which make the lives of so many women and young girls miserable. Don't take something else's which the dealer may say is "just as good." If you can't get the genuine Pills from your dealer send to The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and get them by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50.

ACADIA COLLEGE CLOSING

Wolfville, June 5.—Class day at Acadia College is becoming one of the most interesting features of commencement week and the hall was crowded this morning to enjoy this festive occasion. The president, Harry B. Harvey, of Bridgetown, gave the opening address and welcome the visitors. The secretary, Miss Alice Dowling, Halifax, called the roll and the names of former members of the class were responded to by humorous remarks and apt quotations.

The class history was given by F. S. Kinlay, of Port Hillford, and was a most apt and humorous production abounding in wit.

The class prophecy, made by Walter P. Coy, of Sackville, was a peep into the future.

The valedictory by Frederick A. Porter of Fredericton, gave a touch of sadness to the occasion as he referred to the friendships formed during the course and the ties soon to be sundered as each student goes out into the world to fight the battle of life.

The closing exercises of Acadia seminary took place this evening, when the assembly hall was crowded with the friends and patrons of the school. Principal DeWolf presented the diplomas and prizes won by the outgoing class which numbered twenty-six.

The total registration for the year is 216, of whom 102 have been in residence and 100 in course leading to graduation, the largest in the history of the school.

The following received diplomas on completion of their collegiate course:

Nelle C. Eldwick, Advocate; Elsie J. Rogers, Springfield; Edith Soper, St. John; Grace Bowes, Dorchester; Louise Cunningham, Gagetown; Hortense Spurr, Malvern Square; Grace Prisk, West Gore; Edith Burditt, St. John; Louise Blair, Wolfville; Nettie Cochran, Wolfville; Emily Emmerson, Dorchester.

Sophomore matriculation diploma—Pearl Morse, Lawrencetown; Greta Gray, Campbellton; Mildred Weldon, Kingston.

Pianoforte artist's course—Lavinia Lewis, Hillsboro; Eunice Haines, Freeport; Minnie McElmorn, Oxford.

Pianoforte teacher's course—Louise Cunningham, River Glade (N. B.); Ruth O'Brien, Hebron.

Elouation—Tena M. Mitchell, Wolfville; Julia McIntyre, Springfield (N. B.).

Special certificates—Muriel Keirstead, St. Stephen; Annie Eaton, Granville; Mrs. O. D. Harris, Wolfville; Grace Burgess, Hantsport; Gladys Harris, Wolfville.

Paysant prize, excellence in English—Margory Bates, Wolfville.

Paysant prize in piano—Lavinia Lewis, Hantsport; Emily Emmerson, Dorchester.

St. Clair paint scholarship—Iva Grace Prisk, West Gore.

Governor general's medal essay work—Nettie E. Cochran.

J. W. Churchill of Hantsport has placed \$100 for scholarship at the disposal of the principal for next year.

The graduating class presented to the seminary a beautiful electrolier for the reception room each of its four globes of figured ground glass having the inscription, "1906."

Hon. H. R. Emerson and party arrived this morning in a private car.

The steamer Hestia is in dry dock and the water is being pumped out of the dock gradually while in the meantime the cargo is being discharged. An official investigation into the accident to the Donaldson line steamer Hestia, which struck a rock near Sheburne, will be held before Commander Tilling, commencing on Wednesday morning at ten o'clock. The investigation will be held in the examination room, in the post office building—Halifax Chronicle.

Miss Susie Reynolds, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. P. C. Millett, Buffalo, has returned home.

Physicians prescribe it.

Abbey's Salt is regularly ordered by physicians in place of Citrate of Magnesia, Seidlitz Powders, Epsom Salts, Liver Pills and Mineral Waters.

The medical profession at large recognizes the fact that Abbey's Salt is not only the ideal laxative and cure for Constipation, but is also a perfect tonic to purify the blood—correct

Abbey's Effer-vescent Salt

stomach, liver and kidney troubles—and invigorate the whole system.

25c. and 60c. a bottle.

NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY

The monthly meeting of the Natural History Society of N. B. was held in the society's rooms, market building, last evening, Dr. Geo. F. Mathew in the chair.

D. Leavitt Hutchinson, Robert Jardine and H. V. McKinnon were elected ordinary members and Miss Alice D. Estey, Mrs. H. V. McKinnon, Mrs. Burditt and Miss Burditt associate members.

A beautiful specimen of crystalline was presented by Capt. R. C. Cole and the library was enriched by numerous publications from scientific societies.

Dr. J. H. Scammell read an interesting and instructive paper on preventive medicine.

A paper on the physiographic character of the report of Hon. John V. Ellis, the society's delegate to the Royal Society, was made by Dr. W. L. Ellis and showed that the N. H. S. of N. B. was doing its share of original work.

Invitations were extended to the society to hold field-days at the residence of W. F. Burditt, Coudreville, at the summer residence of Dr. George F. Mathew, at Clifton, that of Dr. Geo. U. Hay at Ingleside, the camp of J. W. Banks at Dark Lake and Camp Nature on the Nerepis, the collecting resort of A. Gordon Leavitt and Wm. McIntosh.

Club Chatter—The Old Soldier—"Yes, sir, and I can tell you that I've had six horses killed under me in war."

Motorist—"Pooh! that's nothing. I've had a dozen pedestrians killed under me"—Pick-me-up.

Mrs. C. B. Roberts and son, John B. Roberts, B. A., who have been the guests of Ald. Lockhart, have returned to their home in Welsford.

Miss B. G. Baird returned from New York yesterday.

DOUBLED UP WITH CRAMPS

Stomach feels like an infernal machine. You want relief mighty quick.

Nothing does the work half so quick as Polson's Nervine. Why it kills the pain instantly. If your bottle is empty get another today. Nervine keeps the doctor bill small, because it cures little ills before they grow big. Nothing for indigestion, heartburn and cramps like Polson's Nervine. Large bottles for 25c.

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15¢ AND 25¢ SIZES

A GREAT BARGAIN.

A Gilt Tea Set.

(54 Pieces)

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Only 10 Tea Sets in Lot.

PEOPLES' DEPT. STORE,
142 Mill Street.

"When I saw that crew rush at you I said I would save you!"

my Spaniard's lilt, snapping my blade. The sudden impact sent him stumbling back a pace, and M. Etienne, who, with the quick eye of the born fencer, saw everything, cried to me, "Here!"

I darted back into the doorway beside him. His two assailants finding that they gained nothing by their joint attack, but rather hampered each other, one dropped back to watch his companion, the cleverer swordsman. This was decidedly a man of talent, but he was shorter in the arm than my master and had the disadvantage of standing on the ground, whereas M. Etienne was up one step. He could not force home any of his shrewd-planned thrusts; nor could he drive M. Etienne out of his coign to where in the open the two could make short work of him. The rapiers clashed and parted and twisted about each other and flew apart again; and then before I could see who was touched the attacker fell on his knees with M. Etienne's sword in his breast.

M. Etienne wrenched the blade out; the wounded man sank backward, his mask-string breaking. He was the one

"I did not mean to let my nightingale's throat be slit," she cried in a shrill voice quavering like a young child's. "I have listened to your singing many a night, monsieur; I was glad tonight to find the nightingale back again. When I saw that crew rush at you, I said I would save you if only you would put your back to my door. Monsieur, you are a young man of intelligence."

"I am a young man of amazing good fortune, madame," M. Etienne replied, with his handsomest bow, sheathing his wet blade. "I owe you a debt of gratitude, which is ill repaid in the base coin of bringing trouble to this house."

"Not at all—not at all!" she protested with animation. "No one is likely to molest this house. It is the dwelling of M. Fero!"

"Of the Sixteen?"

"Of the Sixteen," she nodded, her shrewd face agleam with mischief. "In truth if my son were within you were little likely to find harbourage here. But, as it is, he and his wife are supping with his Grace of Lyons. And the servants are one and all gone to mass, leaving

I shall save you, hide and hair. Be so kind, my lad, as to lift the lantern from the hook."

I did as she bade me and we followed her down the passage like spaniels. She was so entirely equal to the situation that we made no protest and asked no questions. At the end of the hall she paused, opening neither the door on the right nor the door on the left, but passing her hand up one of the panels of the wainscot, suddenly she flung it wide.

"You are not so small as I," she chuckled. "Yes, I think you could make shift to get through. You, monsieur lantern-bearer, go first."

I doubled myself up and scrambled through. The old lady, gathering her petticoats daintily, followed me without difficulty, but M. Etienne was put to some trouble to bow his tall head low enough. We stood at the top of a flight of stone steps descending into blackness. The old lady unhesitatingly tripped down before us.

At the foot of the stairs was a vaulted stone passageway, slippery with lichen, the lanterns hanging in beads on the wall. Turning two corners, we brought up at a

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First Meeting of the Douma.

After the religious services conducted by the Metropolitan of St. Petersburg, the Douma was opened by M. Frisch, secre-

tary of state, with a speech in which he pointed out that the delegates were in the fortunate position of being able to

work with full publicity and freedom of speech. Wishing all success to the work of the delegates, M. Frisch declared the

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