

A LETTER TO OUR READERS.

33 COTTAGE ST., Melrose, Mass.

Dear Sir:

"Ever since I was in the Army, I had more or less kidney trouble, and within the past year it became so severe and complicated that I suffered everything and was much alarmed—my strength and power was fast leaving me. I saw an advertisement of Swamp-Root and, writing asking for advice, I began the use of the medicine and noted a decided improvement after taking Swamp-Root only a short time. I continued its use and am thankful to say that I am entirely cured and strong. In order to be very sure about this, I had a doctor examine some of my water today and he pronounced it all right and in splendid condition."

I know that your Swamp-Root is purely vegetable and does not contain any harmful drugs. Thanking you for my complete recovery and recommending Swamp-Root to all sufferers I am,

Very truly yours,

L. C. RICHARDSON.

You may have a sample bottle of this wonderful remedy, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, sent absolutely free by mail, also a book telling all about Swamp-Root. If you are already convinced that Swamp-Root is what you need, you may purchase the regular 75c. and \$1.25 size bottles at the drug stores in Canada. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

FUND FOR SEAMEN'S INSTITUTE NEW HOME IS STARTED

At a largely attended meeting of the members of the Seamen's Institute last night the report of the season's winter work was read. The treasurer's report was very gratifying. He announced that James F. Robertson had donated \$250 to the building fund. The income for the past six months was about \$1,434 and there is a balance of \$210 on hand after all bills are met. Of this balance \$100 has been deposited to the credit of the building fund.

The winter port season just closed has been a particularly busy one at the rooms in the Shipman House. A great mass of interesting figures was presented. The institute was open 182 days during the six months with a daily average attendance of 100 seamen. Nine hundred and ten visits were made to vessels and no less than 9,000 parcels of magazines and other reading matter were placed on board outward bound ships. Seventy-five religious and twenty-five temperance meetings were held and the average attendance was 100 men.

The number of temperance pledges signed was 375. No less than 114 letters from and to seamen have passed through the hands of the manager. One hundred and twenty visits to sick mariners in hospital and elsewhere have been made, \$800 has been deposited for seamen, \$500 has been sent home for them and \$1,000 has been exchanged.

The amount collected during the six months for the work was \$1,434.24. The collections from the various steamship lines were: Allan, \$248.57; C. P. R., \$241.02; Donaldson, \$25; Black Diamond, \$25; and Pickford & Black, \$21.87, a total of \$564.46.

Lady Tilley moved the adoption of Mr. Gorbell's report and spoke of the deep pleasure it gave her to see the work so prosperous.

Miss Lovitt also presented a report from the ladies' auxiliary in which she stated that the new piano presented by them to the institute is almost paid for.

Strictly private and confidential is all correspondence in reference to our most marvelous treatment for Cancer and Tumors. Our remedy is pleasant to use and even the members of your own family need not know you are using it. Many severe cases of

CANCER.

have been permanently cured. Let us send you the names of some of these persons so that you can investigate this truly wonderful treatment. Scott & Jury, Bow, Manville, Ont.

VICTORIATOWED HERE UNINJURED

Towed by the tug W. H. Murray the Star Line steamer Victoria arrived at Indian Point about 6 o'clock last evening, apparently minus the women for her enforced detention opposite Palmer's wharf.

Five tugs were engaged in pulling the steamer back into deep water. After about an hour it was thought best to tow her to St. John and not come to Indian Point under her own steam.

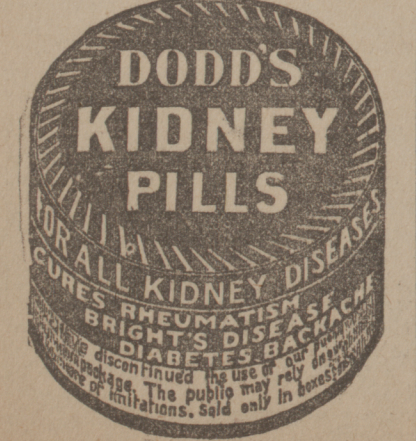
WHEN THAT COLD COMES

How is it to be cured? This method is simplicity itself. Rub the chest and throat well with Nervine, use it as a gargle and take some in hot water before retiring along with one of Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Next morning find you refreshed, free from cold and bright as a dollar.

These household remedies are wonderfully successful, and certainly won't fail in your case. For sale at all dealers.

Rev. Mr. Bamford of Carleton, lectured in Victoria street Baptist church last evening. His subject was, Canada, through the eyes of an Englishman, and his treatment of the theme was able. That he has made a close study of Canadian life and conditions was clearly shown and the address made a most favorable impression.

Miss Rita Linton, who has been spending the winter with her uncle, Thomas Linton, here, returned yesterday to her home in Truro.



THE HELMET OF NAVARRE

BY BERTHA RUNKLE.

GROSSET & DUNLAP Publishers: New York.

(Continued.)

"Messieurs," I said, "I swear by the blessed saints I am what I told you. I am no spy, and no one sent me here. Who you are, or what you do, I know no more than a babe unborn. I belong to no party and am no man's man. As for why you choose to live in this empty house, it is not my concern and I care no whit about it. Let me go, messieurs, and I will swear to keep silence about what I have seen."

"I am for letting him go," said Yeux-gris.

Gervais looked doubtful, the most encouraging attitude toward me he had yet assumed. He answered:

"If he had not said the name—"

"Stuff!" interrupted Yeux-gris. "It is a coincidence, no more, if he were what you think, it is the very last name he would have said."

This was Greek to me; I had mentioned names but not Jacques and his own. And he was their friend.

"Messieurs," I said, "if it is my name that does not please you, why, I can say for it that it is not very high-sounding, at least it is an honest one and has ever been held so down where we live."

"And that is at St. Quentin," said Yeux-gris.

"Yes, monsieur. My father, Anton Broux, is Master of the Forest to the Duke of St. Quentin."

He started, and Gervais cried out:

"Yolal who is the fool now?"

My nerves, which had grown tranquil since Yeux-gris came to my rescue, quivered anew. The common man started at the very word St. Quentin, and the masters started when I named the duke.

Was it he whom I had spoken of as Monsieur? Who and what were they? There was more in this than I had thought at first. It was no longer a mere question of my liberty. I was all eyes and ears for whatever information I could gather.

Yeux-gris spoke to me, for the first time grudgingly.

"This is not a time when folks take pleasure-trips to Paris. What brought you?"

"I used to be Monsieur's page down at St. Quentin," I answered, deeming the night truth best.

"You were in Paris, my father sent me up to him. I reached the city last night, and lay at the Amour de Dieu. This morning I went to the duke's hotel, but the guard would not let me in. Then, when Monsieur drove out I tried to get speed with him, but he would have none of me."

The bitterness I felt over my rebuff must have been in my voice and face, for Gervais spoke abruptly:

"And you hate him for that?"

"No," I said, I shrilly enough. "It is his to do as he chooses. But I hate the Comte de Mar."

"The Comte de Mar?" exclaimed Yeux-gris.

"His son."

"He has no son."

"But he has, monsieur. The Comte de Mar."

"He is dead," said Yeux-gris.

"You, we knew naught—" I was beginning, when Gervais broke in:

"You say the fellow's honest, when he tells such tales as this! He saw the Comte de Mar—"

"I thought it must be he," I protested.

"A young man who sat by Monsieur's side, elegant and proud-looking, with an aquiline face—"

"That is Lucas, that is his secretary," declared Yeux-gris, as who should say, "That is his scullion."

Gervais looked at him oddly a moment, then shrugged his shoulders and demanded of me:

"What next?"

"I came very angry."

"And walked all the way here to risk your life in a haunted house? Pardon! too plain a lie."

"Oh, I would have done the like; we none of us fear ghosts in the daytime," said Yeux-gris.

"You may believe him; I am no such fool. He has been caught in two lies; first the Bethunes, then the Comte de Mar. He is a clumsy spy; they might have found a better one. Not but what that touch about ill-treatment at Monsieur's hand was well thought of. That was Monsieur's suggestion, I warrant, for the boy has talked like a dolt else."

"I am no liar," I cried hotly. "Ask Jacques whether he did not tell me about the Bethunes. It is his lie, not mine. I did not know the Comte de Mar was dead, and Lucas of yours is handsome enough for a count. I came here, as I told you, in curiosity concerning Maitre Jacques's story. I had no idea of seeing you or any living man. It is the truth, monsieur."

"Believe you," Yeux-gris answered.

"You have an honest face. You came in to my house uninvited. Well, I forgive it, and invite you to stay. You shall be my valet."

"The gray eyes flashed, but their owner rejoined lightly:

"You have a man; surely I should have one, too. And I understand the services of M. Felix are not engaged."

"Mille tonnerres! you would take this spy—"

"As I would take M. de Paris, if I chose," responded Yeux-gris, with a cold hauteur that smacked more of a court than of this shabby room. He added lightly again:

"You may think him a spy; I do not. But in any case, he must not blab of us. Therefore he stays here and brushes my clothes. Marry, they need it."

Easily, with grace, he had disposed of the matter. But I said:

"Monsieur, I shall do nothing of the kind."

"What!" he cried, as if the clothes-brush itself had risen in rebellion, "what! you will not!"

"No," I said.

"And why not?" he demanded, plainly thinking me demented.

"Because I know you are against the Duke of St. Quentin."

Rapiers and a vow.

I came to my senses slowly, to hear loud, angry voices. As I opened my eyes and stirred, the room reeled from me and all was blank again. Awhile after, I grew aware of a clashing of steel. I lay wondering thickly what it was and why it had to be going on while my head ached so, till at length it dawned on my dull brain that swords were crossing. I opened my eyes again, then.

They were fighting each other, Yeux-gris and Gervais. The latter was almost tripping on me. Yeux-gris had pressed him so close to the wall, then, that he forced his way out, and they drove each other round in a circle till the room seemed to spin once more.

I crawled out of the way and watched them, bewildered, absorbed. I had no reason to thrill over the contest than the mere excellence of it,—which was great,—since I was the cause of the duel, and my very life, believe, hung on the issue.

They were both admirable swordsmen, yet it was clear from the first where the palm lay. Anything simpler, lighter, easier than the sword-play of Yeux-gris I never hope to see in this imperfect world.

The heavier adversary was hot, angry, breathing hard. A smile hovered over Yeux-gris's lips; already a red disk on Gervais's shirt showed where his cousin's sword had been and would soon go again, and deeper. I had forgotten my bruise in my interest and delight, when, of a sudden, he was clear from the first where the palm lay. Anything simpler, lighter, easier than the sword-play of Yeux-gris I never hope to see in this imperfect world.

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