

THE EVENING TIMES, ST. JOHN, N. B., MONDAY, MAY 27, 1926.

The Helmet of Navarre

BY BERTHA RUNKLE.

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(Continued.)

"I bear malice!" I cried, flushing. "Monsieur is mocking me. I know monsieur cannot love me, since I attempted to save his life. Yet my wish is to be allowed to serve him so faithfully that he can forget it."

"Nay," he said, "I have forgotten it."

"For the second time," I said, "monsieur saved my life." And I dropped on my knees beside the bed to kiss his hand. But he snatched it away from me and flung his arm around my neck and kissed my cheek.

"Felix," he cried, "but for you my hands would be red with my father's blood. You rescued him from death and me from worse. If I have any shred of honor left it is to you that I owe it."

"Monsieur," I stammered, "I did naught. I am your servant till I die."

"You deserve a better master. What am I? Lucas's puppet? Lucas's fool?"

"Monsieur, it was not Lucas alone. It was a plot. You know what he said."

"Aye," he cried with bitter vehemence. "I shall remember for some time what he said. 'This would not kill me to make my cousin Valere duke! He was a man. But I—nom-de-dieu, I was not worth the killing!'"

"It is the League's scheming, monsieur."

"Oh, that does not need the saying. Secretaries don't plot against dukes on their own account. Some high man is behind Lucas—I dare swear his Grace of Mayenne himself. It is no secret now where Monsieur stands. Yet his king's party grows so strong and the mob so fierce Monsieur, the League dare not strike openly. So they put a spy in the house to choose time and way. And the spy would not stab, for he saw he could make me do his work for him. He saw I needed but a push to come to open breach with my father. He gave the push. Oh, he could make me pull his hand from the fire well enough, burn-

Tomorrow I go to pledge my sword to Henry of Navarre."

"Monsieur, if he comes to the faith—"

"Mordieu! faith is not all. Were he a pagan of the wilderness he were better than these Leagues. He fights honestly and bravely and generously. He could have had the day before now, save that he will not starve us. He looks the other way, and the provision-trains come in. But the Leagues, with all their regiments, dare not openly strike down one man—one man who has some all alone into their country—they put a spy into his house to eat his bread and betray him; they stir up his own kin to slay him; that it may not be called the League's work. And they are most Catholic and noble gentlemen! Nay, I am done with these pious plotters who would rodden my hands with my father's blood and make me outcast and despised of all men. I have spent my lifetime with the League; I will go with Henry of Navarre; I caught his fire."

"By St. Quentin," I cried, "we will beat these Leagues yet!"

He laughed, yet his eyes burned with determination.

"By St. Quentin, shall we! You and I, Felix, you and I alone will overturn the whole League! We will show them what we are made of. They think lightly of me. Why not? I never took part with my father. I lived about in these gay Paris houses, bent on my pleasure, too shallow a fop even to take sides in the fight for a kingdom that would keep me in but an empty-headed roisterer, trifling away his life in follies. They will find I am something more. Well, enter there!"

He dropped back among the pillows, striving to look careless, as Maitre Menard, the landlord, opened the door and stood shuffling on the threshold.

"Does M. le Comte sleep?" he asked me deferentially, though I think he could not

"Get my clothes, Felix. I must go to the Hotel de Lorraine."

But I flung myself upon him, pushing him back into bed and dragging the cover over him by main force.

"You can go nowhere, M. Etienne; it is madness. The surgeon said you must lie here for three days. You will get a fever in your wounds; you shall not go."

"Get off me, 'od rot you, you're smothering me," he gasped. Curiously I relaxed my grip, still holding him down. He appealed: "Felix, I must go. So long as there is a spark of life left in me, I have no choice but to go."

"Monsieur, you said you were done with the League—with M. de Mayenne."

"Aye, so I did," he cried. "But this—this is Lorraine."

Then, at my look of mystification, he suddenly opened his hand and tossed me the letter he had held close in his palm. I read:

M. de Mar appears to consider himself of very little consequence, or of very great, since he is absent a whole month from the Hotel de Lorraine. Does he think he is not missed? Or is he so sure of his standing that he fears no supplanting? In either case he is wrong. He is missed, but he will not be missed forever. He may, if he will, be forgiven; or he may, if he will, be forgotten. If I think, at the eleventh hour, to lay his apologies at the feet of

and that will profit neither you nor her, but only Lucas and his crew."

"That is as may be. At least I make the attempt. A month back I sent her a letter. I found it tonight in Lucas's doublet." She thinks me careless of her. I must go."

"But, monsieur—"

"Felix, beware what you say!" he interrupted with quickening ire. "I do not permit such words to be spoken in connection with M. de Montluc."

"Silence!" he commanded in a voice as sharp as crack of pistol. "The St. Quentin had ever a most abundant faith in those they loved. I remembered how Monsieur in just such a blaze of resentment had forbidden me to speak ill of his son. And I remembered, too, that Monsieur's faith had been justified and that my accusations were lies. No, no, I attempted further warnings."

(To be continued.)

ARE YOU OFTEN BILIOUS?

Read This and Learn How to Prevent Attacks.

Biliousness is merely a term applied to a condition that exists when the body is overloaded with bile. The complexion turns yellow, eyes look dull, pimples, itching and eczema break out, headaches are ever present. Biliousness has two great causes, constipation and defective liver action. If Dr. Hamilton's Pills are taken they not only correct the bowels, but act directly on the liver, regulating its bile

Unlike other medicines which purge and give but temporary relief, Dr. Hamilton's Pills remove the conditions which cause biliousness; thus permanent cures are effected.

Dr. Hamilton's Pills do cure biliousness and liver ills under all circumstances. We prove this statement by producing such convincing evidence as the statement of Mr. Fenwick Luddington of New Harbor, N. S., who writes "Three months ago I had no expectation of ever getting free from periodical bilious attacks. They were preceded by dizziness and dreadful headache. If I stooped over my head would swim and a nauseous feeling crept into my stomach."

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SAW AWFUL SIGHTS IN SAN FRANCISCO

A resident of San Francisco at the time of the terrible earthquake and fire, and an eye witness of some of the awful happenings, arrived in the city Saturday. She is Mrs. Margaret Shea, a former resident of St. John, and she is visiting her sister, Miss Mahoney, 16 Cliff street. Mrs. Shea, whose husband was the late John Shea, went to France about a year ago to look after some property left her by her brother, the late James Mahoney, a former resident of this city; and she had intended to make her home there.

The property was in Ryan street which is a part of the business section. She herself was residing in Ivy street. Mrs. Shea says that when the shock was felt, the chimney of her house collapsed and almost went through the roof, only a few boards preventing it from falling on her in bed. They were sleeping on the fourth story of a four-story hotel. Her daughter, Margaret, was thrown out of bed, the bed being almost turned upside down. A heavy bureau was completely turned over and the mirror demolished.

She went to the kitchen and saw and found the stove broken to pieces, the boiler pipes wrenched from the wall and the kitchen flooded. They made their way to the street with what clothes they could save.

As they passed a drug store a clerk dashed through the plate glass window and fell senseless on the pavement. He died later on the way to the hospital.

At noon their home took fire as a result of the dynamite. With some bed clothing they went to the park where they were obliged to sleep in the open for two nights, one of which it poured rain. Mrs. Shea says the government is to give to their family \$100 each. Some women had to take up their own clothes to make some for their children. Her son saw a man cut two fingers off a wealthy lady still living in the park to get the diamond rings she was wearing. A soldier later shot the man. The soldiers, she says, were ordered to destroy all the liquor but instead of doing so some converted it to their own use. As a consequence they were boisterous and she says shot people indiscriminately. She saw, she says, one man, a Mr. Elden, a wealthy wholesale merchant, ruthlessly shot down. He had joined in the Red Cross work and having moved his family to the outskirts of the city, was returning in his automobile. As he came to one detachment of soldiers he called out "Red Cross" and was allowed to pass and repeated the call to the next detachment, but was shot down. Mrs. Shea says that his body was taken from the auto and thrown into a ditch with others. She also says that her son saw a man shot for taking a loaf of bread.

They were not allowed lights for two nights, then wax candles were supplied them. For two days they went without food then the soldiers were ordered to break into the stores and canned fruit was given them. Soup was made on the streets in big wash tubs of tin and they were obliged to dip it out with empty fruit tins. The rich and the poor had to line up side by side for their daily allowance of bread. One four-story boarding house in which were 800 men was engulfed in the first story and those in this story walked out on the street, the others perished.

She complains that the English consuls did not do as much for them as the other consuls did for their people. Mrs. Shea will return to Sussex.

W. S. Grant, of Halifax, was registered at the Dufferin Saturday.



"I dared not deny him further!"

my hands so that I could never strike a free blow again. I was to be their slave, their thrall forever!"

"Never that, monsieur; never that!" I am not so sure," he cried. "Had it not been for the advent of a stray boy from Picardie, I saw Lucas would have put his purpose through. I was blindfolded; I saw nothing. I knew my cousin Gervais to be morose and cruel; yet I had done him no harm. I had always stood his friend. I thought him shamefully used; I let myself be turned out of my father's house to champion him. I had no more notion he was plotting my ruin than a child playing with his dolls. I was their doll, monsieur! their toy, their crazy hool on a chain. But life is not over yet."

KIDNEY DISEASE AND ITS DANGERS

CAN BE QUICKLY CURED BY DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

Kidney disease comes on quietly, it may have been in the system for a long time before you suspected the real cause of your trouble. There may have been backaches, a swelling of the feet and ankles, disturbances of the urinary organs, such as, brick dust deposits in urine, highly colored, scanty or cloudy urine, bladder pains, frequent urination, stone in bladder, etc.

Perhaps you did not know that these were symptoms of kidney disease, so the trouble kept growing worse, until Neuritis, Sciatica, Rheumatism, Diabetes, Dropsy, and worse of all, Bright's Disease have taken hold of your system.

Doan's Kidney Pills should be taken at the first sign of anything wrong. There is no other safe way, (plasters and liniments are useless), as the trouble must be eradicated from the system.

Doan's Kidney Pills go to the seat of the trouble, strengthen the kidneys, and help them to filter the blood properly and flush off all the impurities which cause kidney trouble.

Mr. Thomas Mayhew, Smith's Falls, Ont., writes: "For over four months I was troubled with my kidneys, and my back got so lame I felt miserable all over. After taking five boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills I was as well as ever."

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but have heard M. Etienne's tirade long before I was born. 'What is it?' 'Not yet,' I answered. 'What is it?' 'Why a man came with a letter for me. I am not sure, but it is sent in. I told him Monsieur was not to be disturbed; he had been wounded and was sleeping; I said it was not seem to wake him for a letter that would keep him from morning. But he would have it 'twas of instant import, and so—'

"Oh, he is not asleep," I declared, eagerly ushering the maitre in, my mind leaping to the conclusion, for no reason save my ardent wish, that Vago had discovered our whereabouts."

"I dared not deny him further," added Maitre Menard. "He wore the liveries of M. de Mayenne."

"Of Mayenne?" I echoed, thinking of what M. Etienne had said. "Pardieu, it may be Lucas himself!" And snatching up my father's sword I dashed out of the door and was in the cabaret in three steps.

The room contained some score of men, but I peering about by the uncertain candle-light, could find no one who in any wise resembled Lucas. A young gambler seated near the door, whom my sudden entrance had jostled, rose, demanding in the name of outraged dignity to cross swords with me. On any other day I had deemed it impossible to say nay, but now with a real vengeance, a quivering defiance on my hands, he seemed of no consequence at all. I brushed him aside as I demanded M. de Mayenne's man. They said he was gone. I ran out into the dark court and the darker street.

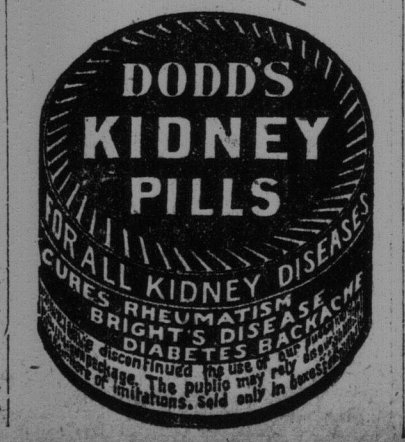
A tapster, lounging in the courtyard, had seen my man pass out, and he opened with much reason that I should not catch him. Yet I ran a hundred yards up street shouting on the name of Lucas, calling him coward and skulker, hiding him from court and fight me. The whole neighborhood became aware that I wanted one Lucas to fight; light twinkled in windows; men, women, and children poured out of doors. But Lucas, if it were he, had for the second time vanished out of sight.

I returned with drooping tail to M. Etienne. He was alone, sitting up in bed sweating me, his cheeks scarlet, his eyes blazing.

"He is gone," I panted. "I looked every where, but he was gone. Oh, if I caught Lucas—"

"You little fool!" he exclaimed. "This was not Lucas. Had you waited long enough to hear your name called, I said and told you. This is no errand of Lucas but a very different matter."

He sat up, musing, still with that glitter of excitement in his eyes. The next instant he threw off his bed clothes and started to rise.



SILVER CLOUD SWEPT ON ROCKS

Schooner Wrecked Between Black Point and Mispic

LEFT HIGH OUT OF WATER ON LEDGE

Slid Off Later and Sank—Wind Took Nova Scotia Packet and Swell Took Her Ashore—Captain and Crew Come to St. John.

Straddling two rocks on the coast between Black Point and Mispic the forty-five ton single topmast schooner Silver Cloud is a total wreck. She struck in thick weather Saturday morning about 11 o'clock while on the way here from Digby with a load of junk from Mr. Webber of that town.

On board the schooner were Capt. Geo. Pope, of Digby; Mate D. W. Hanselbacher, of Culloden, and Joe Simms, of Digby, a boy.

Speaking of the wreck Saturday night the mate said they left Digby Friday for here. The weather was thick all Friday night and there was no wind Saturday morning a breeze sprang up, but on account of the thick weather they were de-buffed for a time to their position.

Having determined where they were near Mispic Cape—they stood down the bay for St. John, keeping quite a distance off shore. But at an unfortunate time the wind fell them and a heavy swell carried their schooner ashore despite all they could do. She struck stern first and held to the rocks. The small boat was manned and men and boys tried to save the schooner into deep water before she should become firmly stranded. Their efforts were futile, however, and on the ledge she stayed.

Perched High on Rocks.

"When it was seen that nothing could be done by us," said Mate Hanselbacher, "Captain Pope went ashore. This was about 11.30 o'clock and he walked to St. John in search of help. Meanwhile the boy and myself stood by and took our personal belongings into the small boat."

"When the tide left the schooner," said he, "it showed a peculiar sight. There the vessel reared, perched high upon two rocks. From the top of her sail to low water was fully twenty-five feet. Foreward, for twenty feet her keel was free of the water, then she was caught for some distance; then came the space between the rocks and here you could row a small boat under the schooner from one side to the other. She was caught fast again about two feet from the stern post."

"Had she listed seaward she would have fallen completely over, masts down, but she took a little cant towards shore and there she hung."

Rowed to This Port.

"We stood by all day and then rowed to St. John. We reached Partridge Island after a hard row and there a gasoline launch took us in tow and brought us to the Market slip. I looked around for some schooner I knew, and found L. M. Ellis, and Captain George Lent has been good enough to put us up on board for the night."

Captain Post, on reaching the city during Saturday afternoon, secured the tug Leader and she went down to try to pull the schooner off the rocks. In the thick weather, however, the stranded vessel could not be found, and the tug, with Captain Post, returned to port.

The Silver Cloud was twenty-six years old and was owned by Messrs. Thompson, Peters, Tupper, Worne and Nichols, of Digby, and Captain Post. She was not insured. The schooner has been engaged in the packet business and once before in trouble, being run down about seven years ago by the D. A. B. steamer.

The tug Leader, with Capt. Post on board, went down to the schooner again yesterday morning, leaving here about 9 o'clock and returning about 11. It was found that the little vessel had slid off the rocks seaward and was lying on her side with about three or four feet of her masts over water at nearly full tide. Capt. Post said yesterday that he believed the vessel would be a total loss.

SMOKERS CANCER.

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

FIRE IN CHATHAM CHURCH

Chatham, N. B., May 26.—(Special)—Old St. John's church caught fire yesterday afternoon and would have been totally destroyed had it not been for the prompt action of the fire brigade. The flames were extinguished before the damage was serious, but the building was flooded with water. It is supposed that a small boy and firecrackers were responsible for the blaze.

The death of William Muirhead occurred last night. The deceased, who was the only surviving son of the late Senator Muirhead, was about sixty years old, and had been a victim of paralysis for some time.

The funeral of Mrs. Wilkinson, wife of Rev. William Wilkinson, rector at Bay Du Vin, took place this afternoon from the house of Judge Wilkinson, and was very largely attended. St. Paul's church, where the impressive funeral service was conducted by Ven. Archbishop Finlay, being crowded with sorrowing friends. The choir of St. Mary's church supplemented St. Paul's choir and the hymns—Hail Glorious Morn, On the Resurrection Morning, and For All My Sins—were sung by the choir.

Mr. J. B. Benson, Tucker William, of Bay Du Vin, and William McLeod, of Bay Du Vin, and burial was in St. Paul's cemetery. Among the many beautiful floral tributes were one from the family of the deceased and one from Judge Wilkinson.

Mrs. Wilkinson went to Kentville (N.S.) in the early winter for treatment, and death occurred there on Thursday. Besides her husband she leaves a family of eight who have much sympathy in their sad loss.

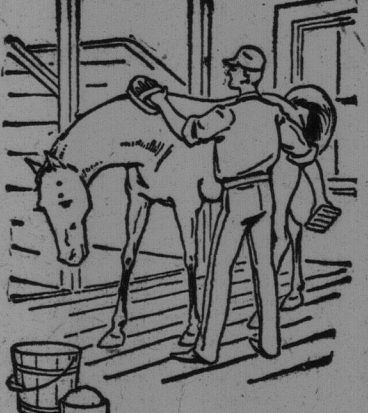
During the thunder storm early Saturday morning several electric light fuses were burned out and fuses at Greenville were knocked down and the posts torn up. Saturday the thermometer registered eighty-one and a half above.



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