

THE EVENING TIMES, ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1906.

# The Helmet of Navarre

BY BERTHA RUNKLE.

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(Continued.)

"Monsieur wouldn't have a patrol about the house. He wouldn't publish to the mob that he feared any danger whatever. Of course no one foresaw this. However, the arrest is the best thing that could have happened."

"Vigo!" I gasped in horror. Was Vigo turned traitor? The solid earth reeled beneath my feet.

"He'd never rest till he got himself killed," Vigo went on. "Monsieur's lot enough, but M. Etienne's mind to bind. If they hadn't caught him tonight he'd have been in some worse pickle tomorrow; while, as it is, he's safe from swords at least."

"But they can murder as well as the Bastille as elsewhere!" I cried.

Vigo shook his head.

"No; had they meant murder, they'd have settled him here in the alley. Since they lugged him off unharmed, they don't mean it. I know not what the devil they are up to, but it isn't that."

"It was Lucas's game in the first place," I repeated. "He's too prudent to count on the open and fight M. Etienne. He never strikes with his own hand; he way to make someone else strike for him. So he gets M. Etienne into the Bastille."

house. And then eat your supper. It's a long road to St. Denis."

I ran at once, through a fusillade of jeers from soldiers, grooms, and housemen, across the court, through the hall, and up the stairs to Marcel's chamber. Never was I gladder of anything in my life than to doff those swaddling petticoats. Two minutes, and I was a man again. I found it in my heart to pity the poor things who must wear the trappings their lives long.

But for all my joy in my freedom, I choked over my supper and pushed it away half tasted, in misery over M. Etienne. Vigo might say comfortably that Mayenne dared not kill him, but I thought there were few things that gentlemen dared not do. Then there was Lucas to be reckoned with. He had caught his fly in the web; he was not likely to let him go long undevoured. At best, if M. Etienne's life was safe, yet he was helpless, while tomorrow our mademoiselle was to marry. Vigo seemed to think that a blessing, but I was nigh to weeping into my soup. The one ray of light was that she was not to marry Lucas. That was something. Still when M. Etienne came out of prison, if ever he did, I could scarce bring myself to believe it. He would find his dear vanished over the rocky Pyrenees.

"Mademoiselle! Come into the house!" She clutched me with fingers as cold as marble, which trembled on mine.

"Where is M. de St. Quentin?"

"At St. Denis."

"You must take me there tonight."

"I was going," I stammered, bewildered; but you, mademoiselle."

"You knew of M. de Mar's arrest?"

"Yes."

"What coil is this, Felix?" demanded Vigo, coming up. He took the torch from her hand, and held it in the direction of her own. He lowered the light, shielding it with his hand, as if it were an impertinent eye.

"You are Vigo," she said at once.

"Yes; and I know not what noble lady mademoiselle can be, save—will it please her to come into the house?"

He led the way with his torch, not suffering himself to look at her again. He had his foot on the staircase, when she called to him, as if she had been accustomed to addressing him all her life:

"Vigo, this will do. I will speak to you here."

"As mademoiselle wishes, I thought the salon fitter. My cabinet here will be quieter than the hall, mademoiselle."

He opened the door, and she entered.

"Yes, the bats," she returned, with a little smile. "And my hands on the ropes!" She turned them over; the skin was torn cruelly from her delicate palms and the inside of her fingers. Little threads of blood marked the scores. "Then I came here," she repeated. "In all my life I have never been in the streets alone—not even for one step at noon day. Now will you tell me, M. Vigo, that I cannot go to St. Denis?"

"Mademoiselle, it is yours to say what you can do."

"I dropped on my knees and laid my lips to her fingers, softly, for fear even their presence might hurt her tenderness."

"Mademoiselle!" I cried in pure delight. "Mademoiselle, that you are here!"

She flushed under my words.

"At least no little thing brought me. You know M. de Mar was arrested?"

We ascended, she went on, more to me than to Vigo, as if in telling me she was telling M. Etienne. She spoke low, as if in pain.

"After supper M. de Mayenne went back to his cabinet and left Paul de Lorraine."

"I wish we had killed him," I muttered. "We had no time or weapons."

"M. de Mayenne sent for me then," she went on, wetting her lips. "I have never seen him so angry. He was furious because M. de Mar had been before his face and he had not known it. He felt he had been made a mock of. He raged against me—I never knew he could be so angry. He said the Spanish envoy was there, good for me; I should marry Paul de Lorraine tomorrow."

"Mordieu, mademoiselle!"

"That was not it. I had borne that!" she cried. "Mayhap I deserved it. But while my lord thundered at me, word came that M. de Mar was taken. My lord swore he should die. He swore no man ever set him at naught and lived to boast of it."

She swept on unheeding.

"He said he should be tried for the murder of Ponton—he should be tortured to make him confess it."

She dropped down on her knees, hiding her face in her arms on the table, shaking from head to foot as in an agony. Vigo swore to himself, loudly, violently: "If Mayenne do that, by the throne of Heaven, I'll kill him!"

"Is that all you can say? Mayenne may torture him and be killed for it!"

"I shall send to the duke—" Vigo began.

"Aye! I shall go to the duke! I can say my lord killed Ponton. I know much besides to tell the king. I was Mayenne's cousin, but if he would save his secrets he must give up M. de Mar. Mother of God! I have been his obedient child; I have let him do so with me as he would. I sent my lover away. I consented to the Spanish marriage. But to this I will submit, he shall not torture and kill Etienne de Mar!"

Vigo took her hand and kissed it. (To be continued.)



"If Mayenne do that, by the Throne of Heaven, I'll kill him!"

that's the first step. I suppose he thinks Mayenne will attend to the second."

"Mayenne dares not take the boy's life," I answered. "He could have killed him, as he chose, in the streets, and sent his body to the Bastille. But now that Monsieur's taken publicly to the Bastille, Mayenne dares not kill him there, by foul play or by law—the Duke of St. Quentin's son. No; all Mayenne can do is to confine him at his good pleasure. Whence presently we will pluck him out at King Henry's good pleasure."

"And meantime he is to rot behind bars?"

"Unless Monsieur can get him out. But then," Vigo went on, "a month or two in a cell won't be a bad thing for him, neither. His head will have a chance to cool. After a dose of Mayenne's purge he may recover of his fever for Mayenne's ward."

"Monsieur! Lou will send to Monsieur!"

"Of course. You will go. And Gilles with you to keep you out of mischief."

"When? Now?"

"No," said Vigo. "You will go clothe yourself in breeches first, else you are not likely to arrive anywhere but at the mat."

## WEARY DAYS AND SLEEPLESS NIGHTS

Many men and women too night after night upon sleepless beds until near dawn. Their eyes do not close in the sweet and refreshing repose that comes to those whose heart and nerves are right. Worry or disease has so debilitated and irritated the nervous system that it cannot be quieted. Or, again, you have heart palpitation and sensation of sinking, a feeling you are going to die; or perhaps you wake up from your sleep feeling as though you were about to choke or smother, and rest leaving you for the night. Allow these conditions to continue and you will feel your health declining.

It is the nerves and heart that are not acting properly.

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They soon induce healthful, refreshing sleep, not by deadening the nerves, but by restoring them to healthy action and removing all symptoms of heart trouble, which is often the cause of nervousness and sleeplessness.

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Vigo would not even let me start when I was ready. Since we were too late to find the gate open, we must wait until the close of the clock, at which hour the St. Denis gate would be in the hands of a certain Bessac, who would pass us with a wink at the word St. Quentin.

I was so wroth with Vigo that I would not stay with him, but went upstairs into M. Etienne's chamber, and flung myself down on the window bench his head might never touch again, and wondered how he was faring in prison. I wished I were there with him. I cared not much what the place was, so long as we were together. I had gone down the mouth of hell smiling, so be it I went at his heels. Mayhap if I had struggled harder with my captors, shown my sex earlier, they had taken me too. Heavily I wished they had; I throw I am the only night ever did wish myself behind bars. And promptly I repeated me, for if Vigo had proved but a broken reed, there was Monsieur. Monsieur was not likely to sit snug and declare prison the best place for his sex.

The slow twilight faded altogether, and the dark came. The city was very still. Once in a while a shout or a sound of bell was borne over the roofs, or infrequent voices and footsteps sounded in the street beyond our gate. The men in the court under my window were quiet too, talking among themselves without much raillery or laughter; I knew they discussed the unhappy plight of the heir of St. Quentin. The chimera had rung some time ago the half hour after nine, and I was fighting to be off, but huffed as I was with him, I could not lower myself to go ask Vigo's leave to start. He might come after me when I wanted me.

"Felix! Felix!" Marcel shouted down the corridor. I sprang up, then, remembering my dignity, moved no further, but bade him come in to me.

"Where are you mooning in the dark?" he demanded, stumbling over the threshold under my window very quick if you knew what was there for you?"

"What?" I cried, divided between the wild hope that it was M. Etienne, and the wilder one that it was M. Etienne.

"Don't you wish I'd tell you? Well, you're a good boy, and I will. It's the prettiest lass I've seen in a month of Sundays—you in your petticoats don't come near her."

"For me?" I stammered.

"Aye; she asked for M. de Duc, and when he wasn't here, for you. I suppose it's some friend of M. Etienne's."

I supposed so, indeed; I supposed it was the owner of my borrowed plumage come to claim her own, angry perhaps because I had not returned it to her. I wondered whether she would scratch my eyes out because I had lost the cap—whether I could find it if I went to look with a light. None too eagerly I descended to her.

She was standing against the wall in the archedway. Two or three of the gardeners were about her, one with a flambeau by which they were all surveying her. She wore the coil and bands, the black bodice and short striped skirt, of the country girl, she showed a face flushed and downcast under the eddies' bold scrutiny. She looked up at me as at a meeting angel. It was Mlle. de Montieu.

I dashed past the torch-bearer, nearly upsetting him in my haste, and snatched her hand.

He pushed me in next, giving me the torch and saying:

"Ask mademoiselle, Felix, whether she wants me. He amazed me—he who always ordered."

"I want you, Vigo," mademoiselle answered him herself. "I want you to send two men with me to St. Denis."

"No; tonight."

"But, mademoiselle cannot go to St. Denis."

"I can, and I must."

"They will not let a horse-party through the gate at night," Vigo began.

"We will go on foot."

"Mademoiselle," Vigo answered, as if she had proposed flying to the moon, "you cannot walk to St. Denis."

"I must!" she cried.

I had put the flambeau in a socket on the wall. Now that the light shone on her steadily, I saw for the first time, though I might have known it from her presence here, how rent with emotion she was, white to the lips, with gleaming eyes and stormy breast. She had spoken low and quietly, but it was a main-force compulsion, liable to snap like glass. I thought her on the very verge of passionate tears. Vigo looked at her, puzzled, troubled, pitying, as on some beautiful mad creature. She cried out on him suddenly, her rich voice going up a key:

"You need not say 'cannot' to me, Vigo! You know not how I come here. I was locked in my chamber. I changed clothes with my Norman maid. There was a crenny at each end of the street. I slid down a rope of my bedchamber; it was dark—they did not see me. I knocked at Ferou's door—thank the saints, it opened to me quickly! I told M. Ferou—God forgive me!—I had business for the duke at the other end of the tunnel. He took me through, and I came here."

"But, mademoiselle, the bats!" I cried.

At the Massachusetts Agricultural College commencement exercises last week in Stone Chapel, the baccalaureate sermon was preached by Rev. Herbert S. Johnson of Boston.

Said the speaker: "Lack of ambition would not be considered a virtue in the official estimation of the United States; there are many butterfly men and women; many would work for a position and then, when the position is secured, they would resign. To give you your heart's desire, to feel absolutely safe they should keep a box of Baby's Own Tablets in the house always. They cure all the minor ailments of children and are absolutely safe. Sold by medicine dealers or sent by mail at 25 cents a box by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont."

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FROM ALL DEADLY  
SUMMER COMPLAINTS.  
ALL DRUGGISTS.

**Alcohol Torpedo Boats**  
(New York Globe).

On the heels of the passage of the denatured alcohol bill comes the news that the International Power Company is preparing to manufacture torpedo boats with alcohol engines. C. F. Herrshoff of the famous firm of yacht builders, has, it is announced, perfected an alcohol motor, the rights to which have been purchased by the company. Regarding the advantages as to steaming radius and structural strength resulting from the use of alcohol engines, it is only fair to point out that the gasoline possesses similar advantages over coal, and is, besides, considerably more powerful as a heat producer than alcohol. The latter, however, is nearly as efficient for other reasons in an internal combustion motor as the gasoline, and is much safer and entirely free from disagreeable smell.

Alcohol should, one would suppose, prove an ideal fuel for submarines, and is certain that as soon as a supply of the denatured product is available it will entirely displace gasoline in these boats. It is said that many of the gasoline engines now in use can be relatively inexpensive changes be transformed into alcohol motors. If this is the case and the price of alcohol becomes sufficiently low a very large replacement of the former ill-em-

## A Large Lot of Ladies' Underskirts on Sale Saturday and Monday.

They Are a Manufacturer's Samples, and Will Be Sold Much Below the Regular Price.

They consist of Black and Colored Sateen, Black and Colored Moreen, Black and Colored Silk, and Gingham and Chambray Underskirts. The Sateen Skirts run from 65c. up to \$3.00 each. You will save from 35c. to \$1.50 on each skirt.

THE SILK SKIRTS ARE PRICED from \$3.35 to \$6.50, the \$6.50 quality being the regular \$10.00 skirt.

GINGHAM SKIRTS at 45c. Each, medium and dark colors.

CHAMBRAY SKIRTS, suitable to be worn with shirt waist suits, in neat colors, light and medium, 50c. each.

LADIES' SHIRT WAIST SUITS. A Special Lot of White Lawn Suits go on sale Saturday at \$2.50. They are the Regular \$4.00 suits, sizes 34, 36 and 38.

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LUSTRE SUITS AT \$3.00 in brown, green and cream. Made from splendid quality of lustre, and of a style that is very attractive.

CUSHION TOPS, for city or country home. A huge lot of lithograph cushion tops on sale at 10c, 15c. and 25c. each.

TAPESTRY CUSHION TOPS that are worth 40c. and 50c. each, your choice of the lot 25c.

COTTON LACE TRIMMINGS. We have placed on the counters today about one thousand yards of cotton lace trimmings in the guipure and Bourbon lace in widths running from one half to 4 inches wide which will be sold at from 5c. to 15c. a yard. This is only one quarter of their regular price.

A SALE OF COLORED SILK LACES AT 5c. A YARD. They are worth 25c.

BLACK SILK LACES AND TRIMMINGS AT 5c., 10c. and 15c. a yard. They are worth four times these prices. These are a lot we have secured under exceptional conditions, and are clearing them out at these prices so as not to interfere with the sale of the regular stock.

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Cigars, Soda Fountain, Bottled Aerated Waters, Fruits, Peanuts, Pop Corn, Ice Cream, Confectionery, (Makings and Selling).

Tenders will be received up till noon Monday 4th June 1906. While the Exhibition Association desires, if possible, to have more than one party in each of the above lines (except restaurants) selling at the coming Exhibition, offers are asked for BOTH EXCLUSIVE AND COMPETITIVE Privileges. Those who offer for Exclusive Privilege only, and not for Competitive, or vice versa, will kindly be particular to state WHICH on their tender.

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