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The Helmet

Continued from page two.

along. I followed him into the house. DR. F. DURY TORON'TO UNIVERSI-by a whole history, false and true, con-cerning Mile. de Montine office.—Ridout-st., corner Kent and underlings, but behind their backs there is none with whom make so free. And there we have the advantage of our masters, for they know little of our private matters, while we know everything of theirs.

In the hall the captain turned me over to a lackey, who conducted me ter. He passed in, while I remained to undergo the scrutiny of the pair of flunkies whose repose we had invaded. But in a moment my guide appeared again, lifting the curtain for me to

The big room was ablaze with candles set in mirrored sconces along the walls, set also in silver candelabra on the tables. There was a crowd of people in the place, a hundred it seemed to my dazzled eyes; grouped, most 7-52 of them, about the tables set up and down, either taking hands themselves at cards or dice or betting on those who did. Bluff soldiers in breastplate and jack-boots were not wanting in the throng, but the larger number of the gallants were brave in silken doublets and spotless ruffs, as became a noble's drawing-room. And the ladies! mordieu, what am I to say of them? Tricked out in every gay color under the sun, agleam with jewels-eh bien, the

I stood blinking, dazed by the lights and the crowd and the chatter, unable | Montluc. The fight was over other mat fitted and adjusted

Hours. -9 to 5. Saturday evenings, in the first moment to note clearly any ters. I am only told to say M. leccomte face in the congregation of strange regrets most heartily that his wound countenances. Nor would it have helped me if I could, for here close about were a dozen fair women, any one of whom might be Mile. de Montluc. My heart hammered in my throat. I knew ber Royal College Dental Surgeons, not whom to address. But a young noble near by, dazzling in a suit of pink, took the burden on himself. "I heard Mar's name; yet you are

not M. de Mar, I think." He spoke with a languid but none the less teasing derision. In truth I must have resembled a little brown hare suddenly turned out of a bag in the midst of that gorgeous company. "No," I stammered; "I am his servant. I seek Mile, de Montluc."

"I have wondered what has become of Etienne de Mar this last month," spoke a second young gentleman, advancing from his place behind a fair one's chair. He was neither so pretty nor so fine as the other, but in his short, stocky figure and square face there was a force which his comrade lacked. He regarded me with a far keener glance as he asked:

"Peste! he must be in low water if this is the best he can do for a lack-

"Perhaps the fellow's errand is to beg an advance from Mlle. de Montluc," suggested the pink youth. "Who speaks my name?" a clear

voice called; and a lady, laying down her hand at cards, rose and came to-She was clad in amber satin. She

was tall and she carried herself with stately grace. Her black hair shadowed a cheek as purely white and pink as that of any yellow-locked Frisian girl, while her eyes, under their sooty lashes, shone blue as corn flowers. I began to understand M. Etienne. "Who is it wants me?" she repeated,

and catching sight of me stood regarding me in some surprise, not unfriendly, waiting for me to explain myself. But before I could find my tongue the man in pink answered her with his "Mademoiselle, this is a minister

plenipotentiary and envoy extraordinary-from the court of His Highness "Oh, that is it!" she cried with a little laugh, but not, I think, at my un-

couthness, though she looked me over "He has not come himself, M de

"It appears not, mademoiselle." She did not seem vastly disconcerted for all she cried in doleful tones: "Alack! alack! I have lost. And Paul the lowest current rates. Office is not present to enjoy his triumph. He wagered me a pair of pearl-broid-

A ex. Jackson. ered gloves that I could not produce "But it is not his fault," I answered her eagerly. "It is not M. de Mar's fault, mademoiselle. He has been hurt to-day and he could not come. He is in bed of his wounds; he could not walk across his room. He tried. bade me lay at mademoiselle's feet his

lifelong services." "Ah, Lorance!" cried a young demoiselle in a sky-colored gown, "methinks you have indeed lost M. de Mar if he sends you no better messenger of his regrets than this horse-boy.

"I have lost the gloves, that is cer tain and sad," Mile. de Montluc replied, as if the loss of the wager were all her care. "I am punished for my vanity, mesdames et messieurs. I undertook to produce my recreant squire and I have failed. Alas!" And she put up her white hands before her face with a pretty imitation of despair save that her eyes sparkled from between

By this time the gamesters about us had stopped their play, in a general interest in the affair. An older lady coming forward with an air of authority demanded: "What is this disturbance, Lor-

"A wager between me and my cousin Paul, madame," she answered with instant gravity and respect. "Paul de Lorraine! Is he here?" the other asked, unpleased, I thought.

"Yes, madame. He dropped from the skies on us this afternoon. He is out the principal and interest repaid to not find time to pay his respects to not find time to pay had the leisure

We invest money for clients on The other lady, whom I now guessbentures, investment stocks and herself, turned somewhat sharply on herself, turned somewhat sharply on

Count's defection, and they were pleased to be merry with me over it. pleased to be merry with me over it. I vowed I could get him back if I wishly also promptly attended to.

Percentage

hand toward me. "But I did not expect it in this guise, madame. Blame your lackeys who know not their du-

"I blame you, madem de Mayenne answered her tartly. "I consider my salon no place for intrigues with horse-boys. If you must hold collocuy with this fellow take him thither he belongs to the stables."

But though some of the company obey-

the stables we all will go, mademolthrough a couple of antechambers to a selle," declared the pink gallant. "We curtained doorway whence issued a all want news of the vanished Mar." sorely. And I dare swear this messenger's account will prove diverting." lisped the sky-colored demoiselle.

> Montluc would take me to the stablespany. But she had no such intent.

for the world frustrate your curiosity, Blanche; nor yours, M. de Champfleury. Tell us what has befallen your master, Sir Courier." "He has been in a duel, mademoi-

Whom was he fighting?"

"Or did her big brother set on him for a wicked papist?" The questions chorused upon me; I saw they were framed to tease mademoiselle. I answered as best I

"He thinks of no lady but Mile. de prevents his coming, and to assure mademoiselle that he is too weak and faint to walk across the floor."

"Then exceed your instructions little. Tell us what monsieur has been about these four weeks that he could not take time to visit us." I was in a dilemma. I knew she was

Mar's, M. le Duc," Brie answered. "He came here with messages for Mile. am getting out of him wha

Mar has been up to since he disapp "You are at unnecessary pains, my dear Franceis; I already know Mars whereabouts and deings rather better than he knows them himself."

Brie dropped his hand from my colar, looking by no means at ease. I pereived that this was the way with Mayenne: you knew what he said, but you did not know what he thought. His somewhat heavy face varied little; what went on in his mind behind the smiling mask was matter for anxiety. If he asked pleasantly after your health you fancied he might be thinking how well you would grace the gal-

M. de Brie said nothing and duke continued: "Yes. I have kept watch over him these five weeks. You are late, Francois. You little boys are fools; you hisk because you do not know a thing I do not know it. Was I cruel to keep my information from you, ma belle

The attack was absolutely sudden he had not seemed to observe her. Mademoiselle colored and made no stant reply. His voice was neither loud nor rough; he was smiling upon her. "Or did you need no information, mademoiselle?"

She met his look unflinching. "I have not been sighing for tidings of the Comte de Mar, monsieur." "Because you have had tidings, mademoiselle?" "No, monsieur, I have had no com-

munication with M. de Mar since May -until to-night." "And what has happened to-night?" "To-night-Paul appeared." "Paul!" ejaculated the duke, startled momentarily out of his phlegm. "Paul

"He was, monsieur, an hour ago. He has since gone forth again, I know whither or for what." Mayenne ruminated over this, pulling off his gloves slowly. "Well? What has this to do

She had no choice, though in evident fear of his displeasure, but to go through again the tale of the wager and letter. She was moistening her dry lips as she finished, her eyes on his face wide with apprehension. But



In a flash he was out of their grasp, flying down the alley.

the same time I could not answer her if the whole affair were a triviality: question. It was sheer embarrassment and no intent of rudeness that caused of gloves, Lorance."

exclaimed the thick-set soldierly fel- sey, laughing lightly. low who had bespoken me before, whose hostile gaze had never left my face. "I'll have him flogged, mademoi-

selle, for this insolence." "M. de Brie"-she began at the same moment that I cried out to her: my haste floundering deeper into the mire: "Mademoiselle sees for herself that I cannot tell about M. le Comte's

Brie had me by the collar. "So that is what has become he cried triumphantly. thought as much. If Mar's affairs are to be a secret from this house, then, nom de Dieu, they are no secret."

to shake the truth out of me till my teeth rattled together; I could not have spoken if I would. But he cried on, his voice rising with excitement: Quentin stands and what he has been about. He came into Paris smooth and smiling, his own man, forsooth-neither ours nor the heretic's! Mordieu! he was Henry's, fast and sure, save that he was not man enough to say so. I told Mayenne last month ought to settle with M. de St. Quentin; asked nothing better than to attend to him. But the general would not, but let him alone, free and unmolested in his work of stirring up sedition. And

He stopped in the middle of a word. All the company who had been pressing around us halted still. I knew that behind me some one had entered the

I turned in his grasp to face the new-

He advanced into the room, return-

deserving of all featty from me; yet at he answered amiably, half absently, as "Never mind; I will give you a pair

amused for an idle moment over our

monsieur. A new bit of finery is the best of balms for wounded self-esteem, is it not, Blanche? I confess I am piqued; I had dared to imagine that my squire might remember me "I meant no insolence; I crave still after a month of absence. mademoiselle's pardon." I added, in should have known it too much to ask of mortal man. Not till the rivers run up hill will you keep our memories green for more than a week

tle demoiselle in blue, Mile Blanche de she will be awake the night long weeping over M. de Mar's defection. vent no better? The Comte de Mar-

sown hand, holding it up aloft for us all to see. It was by chance the knave of diamonds; the pictured face with its yellow hair bore, in my fancy at Behold M. de Mar-behold his fate!" With a twinkling of her white fingers she had torn the luckless knave into a dozen pieces and sent them whirling over her head to fall far

Mademoiselle glanced at me

hing me his horseboy." Thus far I had choked down adness for me to attem

him; there was not one here who cared to hear good of him. But at her last insult to him my blood boiled a

"If I were a horse-boy-which I an not-I were twenty times too good to be carrying messages hither. You need not rail at his poverty, mademoiselle; it was you brought him to it. It was for house. But for you he would not now be lying in a garret, penniless and disyou and your false house have brought

Brie had me by the throat. Mayenne interfered without excitement. "Don't strangle him, Francois; I may need him later. Let him be flogged and locked in the oratory." He turned away as one bored over

a triffing matter. And as the lackeys dragged me back to the door I heard Mile, de Montluc saying: "Oh, M. de Latour, what have I done in destroying your knave of diamonds! Ma foi, you had a quatorze!"

"Here, Pierre!" M. de Brie called to the head lackey, "here's a candidate for a hiding. This is a cub of that fellow Mar's. He reckoned wrong when he brought his insolence into this house. Lay on well, boys; make him Brie would have liked well enough,

I fancy, to come along and see the fun, but he conceived that his duty lay in the salon. Pierre, the same who had conducted me to Mile. de Montluc, now led the way into a long oak-panelled parlor. Opposite the entrance was a huge chimney carved with the arms of Lorraine; at one end a door led into a little oratory where tapers burned before the image of the Virgin; at the other, before the two narrow windows, stood a long table with writing materials. Chests and cupboards nearly filled the walls. I took this to be a sort of council-room of my lord May-

Pierre sent one of his men for a cane and to the other suggested that he should quench the Virgin's candles. "For I don't see why this rascal should have the comfort of a light in there," he said. "As for Madonna Mary she will not mind; she has a million others to see by." I was left alone with him and

promised myself the joy of one good blow at his face, no matter how deep they flayed me for it. But as I gathered myself for the rush he spoke to me low and cautiously:

"Now howl your loudest, lad, and I'll not lay on too hard." My clinched fist dropped to my side. "You never did me any harm," he muttered. "Howl till they think you half killed, and I'll manage.

I gaped at him, not knowing what to make of it. But this is the way of the world; if there is much cruelty in it there is much kindness too. "Here's the cane, nom d'un chien!" Pierre exclaimed boisterously. "Give it here, Jean; there'll not be much of

it left when I get through." "You'll strip his coat off?" said the second lackey from the oratory.

CHAPTER XIV.

"My faith! no; I should kill him if I did, and the duke wants him," Pierre retorted. So without more ado the two men tied my wrists in front of me, and Jean held me by the knot while Pierre laid on. And he, good fellow, grasping my collar, contrived to pull my loose jerkin away from my back, so that he dusted it down without greatly incommoding me. Some hard whacks I did get, but they were nothing to what a strong man could have given in grim earnest.

I trust I could have taken a real flogging with as close lips as anybody, but if my kind succorer wanted howls, howls he should have. I yelled and cowered and dodged about, to the roaring delight of Jean and his mate. Indeed, had drawn a crowd of grinning variets to the door before my performance was over. But at length, when I thought I had done enough for their pleasure and that of the nobles in the salon, I dropped down on the floor and lay quiet with shut eyes.

"He has had his fill, I trow; we must not spoil him for the master," Pierre said. "Oh, he'll come to in a minute," another answered. "Why, you have not even drawn blood, Pierre!" He laid his hand on my back, whereat I

groaned my hollowest. "It will be many a day before he cares to have his back touched," laughed Pierre. "Here, men, lend a hand. Pardieu! I wonder what Our Lady thinks of some of the devotees we

As they lifted me he took my hand with an inquiring squeeze; and I squeezed back, grateful if ever a boy was. They flung me down on the oratory floor and left me there a prison-

I spent the next hour or so trying to teeth, and failing that, to chew the stout rope in two. I was minded as worked of Lucas and his bonds, and wondered whether he had managed to rid himself of their inconvenience. He

and even now was planning fresh evil against the St. Quentins, I remembered his face as he cried to M. le Comte that they should meet again; and thought that M. Etienne was likely to have his hands full with Lucas, without this unlucky tanglement with Mile. de Montluc. In the darkness and solitude I called down a murrain on his folly. Why could he not leave the girl alone? There were other blue eyes in the world. And it would be hard on humanity if there were none kindlier. For three long years this girl's fair face had stood between him and his home, between him and action, between him and happiness. It was a fair face, truly, yet, in my opinion, neither it nor any maid's was worth such pains. If she had loved him it had not been worth it, but this girl spurned and flouted him. Why, in the name of heaven, could he not put the jade out of his mind and turn merrily to St. Denis and the road to glory. When I got back to him and told him how she had mocked him, hang me but him? That rested not with me but with

my dangerous host, the League's Lieutenant-General, dark-minded Mayenne. What he wanted with me he had not Would be consider with his servant

(Continued next week.)

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of Navarre

A laugh went up among those who augh at whatever a duchess says. "Come, mesdames, we will resume

"Indeed we do. We have missed him

was not enjoying myself. I had in the street again. I wished Mile. de anywhere out of this laughing com-"I think madame does not mean her sentence," she rejoined. "I would not

"And for what lady's favor?" "Is it a pretty Huguenot this time?" "Does she make him read his Bible?"

M. Etienne's chosen lady and therefore

C.P.A.

"About his own concerns, mademoi-

affairs in this house."

He shook me back and forth as if "It has been no secret where St.

M. de Brie dragged me back from But Mile. de l'attante quit

He stood smiling upon us as

"Then my grief is indeed

"I!" exclaimed Mile. de Montluc "I weep over his recreancy? It is a farfetched jest, my Blanche; can you in-She snatched a card from a tossed

rest him for conspiring against the But Mile. de Tavanne's quick tonrance. To be sure he does not come

ing the salutes of the company, but

childish games. The color came back "The young puppy begins to growl!" to her cheeks; she made him a curt-

> "She turns it off well," cried the lit-Tavanne; "you would not guess that

and wide among the company. selle!" quoth a grizzled warrior with a laugh. "Mordieu! have we your good permission to deal likewise with the esh-and-blood Mar when we go to ar-

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went straightway, doubtless, to some confederate who cut them for him, He had been at it three years too.

course, to tell him all I knew of the questioned me, what?

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Barriston McLAUGHLIN & PEEL, her cousin of Montluc. himself, but he sends so gallant a mes-"I do not yet hear your excuses, St Quentins; well, that was soon cess to the cheapest money market in Canada and will give my patros 10 For Belleville.

the benefit thereof. mademoiselle, for the introduction of done; belike he understood more than He was a tall, stout man, deep-chested, thick-necked, heavy jowled. His I of the day's work. But after he had a stable boy into my salon." the benefit thereof. wavy hair, brushed up from a high forehead, was lightest brown, while his "I beg you to believe, madame, I am EXPENSES OF LOAN kept down not responsible for it," she protested. "That is the greatest insult of all,"
she said. "I could forgive—and forget to the lowest possible point consts 55 For Whitby ... brows, mustachios and beard were Pierre, that I had never done him any P. JAMES, CAMBRAY, Ont., Linot responsible for it, site blow fit to
"Paul, when he was here, saw fit to
"Paul, when he was here, saw fit to ent with accuracy and necessary " 27 For Toronto. -his absence, but I do not forgive his of Victoria. Farm stock and all de Tavanne informed him of the dark. His eyes were dark also, his full harm? Or would he-I wondered lips red and smiling. He had the they flung me out stark into some al-ALL BUSINESS of this nature 23 For Toronto count's defection, and they were eauty and presence of all the Guises; ley's gutter whether M. . le Comte swelling rage at her faithlessness, her vanity, her despiteful entreatment of my master's plight. I knew it was trict'y private and confidential it needed not the star on his breast to would search for me and claim my car-cass? Or would he too have fallen by tell me that this was Mayenne him-Soothern 19 For Toronto 8.05 a.m