

# WHEN KNIGHTHOOD WAS IN FLOWER

Or, The Love Story of Charles Brandon and Mary Tudor, the King's Sister, and Happening in the Reign of His August Majesty King Henry the Eighth

By EDWIN CASKODEN [CHARLES MAJOR]

On every phase of the question which his good sense presented to him, Brandon, whose passion was as ardent though not so impatient as Mary's, that it would be worse than folly to try to see her. He, however, had determined to see her once more before he left; but as it could in all probability be only once, he was reserving the meeting until the last, and had written Mary that it was their last and only chance.

She could not endure inaction, so she did the worst thing possible. She went alone one afternoon, just before dusk, to see Brandon at our room. I was not there when she first went in, but having seen her on the way suspected something and followed, arriving two or three minutes after her. I knew it was best that I should be present and was sure Brandon would wish it. When I entered, they were holding each other's hands in silence. They had not yet found their tongues, so full and crowded were their hearts. It was pathetic to see them, especially the girl, who had not Brandon's hopelessness to deaden the pain by partial resignation.

Upon my entrance she dropped her hands and turned quickly toward me with a frightened look but was reassured upon seeing who it was. Brandon mechanically walked away from her and seated himself on a stool. Mary, as mechanically, moved to his side and placed her hand on his shoulder. Turning her face toward me she said: "Sir Edwin, I know you will forgive me when I tell you that we have a great deal to say and wish to be alone."

I was about to go when Brandon stopped me. "No, no, Caskoden, please stay. It would not do. It would be bad enough. God knows, if the princess should be found here with both of us, but with me alone I should be dead before morning. There is danger enough as it is, for they will watch us."

Mary knew he was right, but she could not resist a vicious little glance toward me, who was in no way to blame. Presently we all moved into the window-way, where Brandon and Mary, sat upon the great cloak and I on a camp stool in front of them, completely filling up the little passage.

"I can bear this no longer," exclaimed Mary. "I will go to my brother to-night and tell him all. I will tell him I suffer and that I shall die if you are allowed to go away and leave me forever. He loves me, and I can do anything with him when he is so kind."

"I can obtain his consent to our marriage. He cannot know how I suffer, else he would not treat me so. I will tell him so; I will convince him. I have in my mind everything I want to say and do. I will sit on his knee and stroke his hair and kiss his cheek and he will come around all right by the third visit. Oh, I know how to do it. I have done it so often. Never fear. I wish I had gone at it long ago."

Her enthusiastic fever of hope was really contagious, but Brandon, whose life was at stake, had his wits quickened by the danger. "Mary, would you like to see me a corpse before tomorrow noon?" he asked.

"Why, of course not! Why do you ask such a dreadful question?" "Because, if you wish to make sure of it, do what you have just said—to the king and tell him all. I doubt if he could wait till morning. I believe he would awaken me at midnight and put me to sleep forever—at the end of a rope or on a block pillow."

"Oh, no; you are all wrong. I know what I can do with Henry." "If that is the case, I say goodbye now, for I shall be out of England, if possible, by midnight. You must promise me that you will not only not go to the king at all about this thing, but that you will guard your tongue, jealous of the slightest word and remember with every breath that on your prudence hangs my life, which, I know, is dear to you. Do you promise?"

"I promise," said Mary, with drooping head, the embodiment of despair, all life and hope having left her again. After a few minutes her face brightened, and she asked Brandon what ship he would sail in for New Spain, and whence. "We sail in the Royal Wind from Bristol," he replied.

"How many go out in her, and are there any women?" "No, no," he returned. "No woman could make the trip, and, besides, on ships of that sort, half pirate, half merchant, they do not take women. The sailors are superstitious about it and will not sail with them. They say they bring bad luck—adverse winds from the deep and victorious foes."

"The ignorant creatures!" cried Mary. Brandon continued, "There will be a hundred men if the captain can induce so many to enlist."

"How does one procure passage?" inquired Mary. "By enlisting with the captain, a man named Brasard, at Bristol, where the ship is now lying. There is where I enlisted by letter. But why do you ask?" "Oh, I only wanted to know."

We talked awhile on various topics, but Mary always brought the conversation back to the same subject, the Royal Wind and New Spain. After asking many questions she sat in silence for a time and then abruptly

have been as well kept. Observe as we progress into what the breaking of it led him.

He had known that if he should but see her once more his already tottering will would lose its equipoise, and he would be led to attempt the impossible and invite destruction. At first this scheme appeared to me in its true light, but Mary's subtle feminine logic made it seem such plain and easy sailing that I soon began to draw enthusiasm from her exhaustless store, and our combined attack upon Brandon eventually routed every vestige of caution and common sense that even he had left.

Siren logic has always been irresistible and will continue so no doubt despite experience. I cannot define what it was about Mary that made her little speeches, half argumentative, all pleading, so wonderfully persuasive. Her facts were mere fancies, and her logic was not even good sophistry. As to real argument and reasoning, there was nothing of either then, and it must have been her native strength of character and intensely vigorous personality—some unknown force of nature operating through her country—and turned the channels of other persons' thoughts and filled them with her own will.

There was magic in her power, I am certain, but not the magic to which Mary administered her favorite remedy, the Gordian knot treatment. Brandon said: "It cannot be. You are not my wife, and we dare not trust a priest here to unite us."

"No," replied Mary, with hanging head, "but we can—can find one over."

"I do not know how that will be. We shall probably not find one—at least I fear. I do not know."

Brandon insisted: "But no women are going. As I told you, they would not take one. Besides, how could you escape? I will answer the first question you ever asked me. You are of sufficient consideration about the court for all your movements to attract notice. It is impossible. We must not think of it. It cannot be done."

"Oh, but it can be done. Never doubt it. I will go, not as a woman, but as a man. I have planned all the details while sitting here. Tomorrow I will send to Bristol a sum of money asking a separate room in the ship for a young nobleman who wishes to go to New Spain in company with his brother, just before they sail. I will buy a man's complete outfit and will practice being a man before you and Sir Edwin when we start."

Here she blushed that I could see the scarlet even in the gathering gloom. She continued: "As to my escape, I can go to Windsor castle, then perhaps on to Berkeley castle, over by Reading, where there will be no one to watch me. You can leave at once, and there will be no cause for them to spy upon me when you are gone, so it can be done easily enough. That is it. I will go to my sister, and she is now at Berkeley castle, the other side of Reading, you know, and that will make a shorter ride to Bristol when we start."

The thought, of course, could not but please Brandon, to whom, in the warmth of Mary's ardor, it had almost begun to offer hope, and he said musingly: "I wonder if we could reach New Spain, if we might build ourselves a home in the beautiful green mountains and hide ourselves safely away from all the world, in the lap of some cozy valley, rich with nature's bounteous gift of fruit and flowers, shaded from the hot sun and sheltered from the blasts, and live in a little paradise all our own. What a glorious dream, but it is only a dream, and we had better awake from it!"

"No, no! It is not a dream," interrupted downright determined Mary. "No, no! I am not a dream," interrupted downright determined Mary.

"Why, of course not! Why do you ask such a dreadful question?" "Because, if you wish to make sure of it, do what you have just said—to the king and tell him all. I doubt if he could wait till morning. I believe he would awaken me at midnight and put me to sleep forever—at the end of a rope or on a block pillow."

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# BARON KOMURA PLEADED WITH NEW ALLIANCE.

MONTREAL, Sept. 27.—Baron Komura, the Japanese peace envoy, accompanied by Baron Kaneko and M. Sato, left this evening for Vancouver on the Imperial Limited. The train was held a short time for them at Montreal Junction, the Adirondack Express, on which they travelled from New York, being late. The party did not come into the city, their private car being detached at the Junction. Although the hour was somewhat late Baron Komura consented to a short interview with a representative of the Press.

"In coming to this country on my way home," he said, "I have first of all to express my sincere regret at my inability to accept the invitation of the government of the Dominion to visit Canada on my way home, after the peace conference."

"I deeply appreciated the extreme courtesy of the Dominion government, and personally was very anxious to pay a visit to the country which Japan has had the most cordial relations, the imperative pressure of business and the lack of time did not possibly permit to avail myself of the opportunity afforded me of the courtesy and the good-will of the government."

cluding Dobbin, Harry Reed, Banquet, Don Alonso and others, to England. One of the greatest disasters Dwyer ever experienced financially was when Harry Reed was left at the post in England. In 1891 he owned Longstreet, said to be the equal of Salvator, and in 1892 had Michael III, a two-year-old, which died after an eighth of a mile trial. Dwyer said often since that Michael III was the greatest colt ever foaled.

Dwyer is mentally sound. Physical incapacity alone, being paralyzed from his waist down, necessitated his removal to an institution where a nurse might care for him and the best medical attention ease his last days.

The greatest bet Dwyer ever made was \$10,000 to win an insignificant sum. His horse, Joe Coten, won by a small margin. He was the original believer in the "big game" as he had been termed, will spend the rest of his life. The man who once bet \$10,000 to win \$100 he bought for \$25,000. Brother to his brother and former partner, Phil Dwyer.

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Prepare to fight the bitter cold of winter. In order to do this, your furnace must be in good condition. It is not, then the fault is yours, you should have had it looked over by

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# Intercolonial Railway

On and after JUNE 4, 1905, trains will depart and arrive daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

TRAINS LEAVE ST. JOHN.

6.00—No. 2 Express for Point du Chene, Halifax, Campbellton, Pictou, the Sydney.

7.45—No. 4, Mixed for Moncton.

11.00—No. 4, Express for Point du Chene, Quebec and Montreal.

11.45—No. 24, Express for Point du Chene, Pictou and Halifax.

12.15—No. 124, Suburban Express for Hampton.

17.15—No. 8, Express for Sussex.

18.15—No. 124, Suburban Express for Hampton.

19.00—No. 124, Maritime Express for Quebec and Montreal, Point du Chene.

2.40—No. 124, Suburban Express for Hampton.

4.25—No. 10, Express for Pictou, Halifax and the Sydney.

# TRAIN ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.

6.25—No. 3, Express from the Sydney, Halifax and Pictou.

7.45—No. 125, Suburban Express from Hampton.

9.00—No. 7, Express from Sussex.

12.00—No. 124, Maritime Express from Montreal and Quebec, Point du Chene.

13.30—No. 127, Suburban Express from Hampton.

16.30—No. 5, Mixed from Moncton.

17.00—No. 4, Express from Pictou, Pictou and Campbellton.

17.15—No. 25, Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton.

21.20—No. 1, Express from Moncton.

22.00—No. 125, Suburban Express from Hampton.

1.35—No. 31, Express from the Sydney, Pictou and Campbellton.

All trains run by Atlantic Standard Time. 8.00 o'clock is midnight. CITY TICKET OFFICE—7 King St. ST. JOHN, N. B. Telephone 1053.

D. POTTINGER, General Manager.

MACBETH—Ard Aug 18, bark "White Wings, Godfrey, from Rio Grande, and sailed 25th for Liverpool."

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Smythe St. and 61 Charlotte St. and Market St. Telephone 676.

# CANADIAN PACIFIC MONTREAL EXCURSIONS

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JUSTICE WILLIAM J. GAYNOR, who may be the next mayor of New York.

The fanatical have planned to a nomination at their hands, and it is believed that he will make a powerful candidate for the highest office in the gift of the greatest city on the globe.

The Daily and Weekly Sun are circulators in all parts of Canada and the United States.

# MISS CHARLOTTE WARREN,

of Newport and New York, who, according to the latest rumor, is to become the bride of no less a celebrity than James Hazen Hyde, the millionaire dilettante and erstwhile power in the Equitable Society.

After Saturday, Oct. 7th, the "Flying Dutchman" trains will be withdrawn and the following changes will take place in the rail and steamship service of the Dominion Atlantic Railway:

The steamer Prince Rupert will leave St. John on Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday; returning will leave St. John on Tuesday, Friday, Sunday.

The last sailings for the present season of the str. Prince Arthur, operating the service between New York and Yarmouth, will be on Saturday, Sept. 30th, and from Yarmouth on Oct. 4th.

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