

THE WONDERFUL FLOWER OF WOXINDON.

An Historical Romance of the Times of Queen Elizabeth.

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CHAPTER XXXIII.—Continued.

He took it eagerly. I noticed that his hand shook, and his countenance fell.

"Has any one except Wade seen this draft?" he inquired.

"Only Queen Mary's secretaries," I replied.

"Nan and Curie will not give me much trouble, and Wade is one of Mary's bitterest enemies," my uncle rejoined.

"Besides, after all, a rough draft proves nothing; it may easily have been altered afterwards."

"I know that this was not," I exclaimed triumphantly.

"Here is deciphered the copy of the letter which I wrote from Philippe's dictation at the Green Dragon; it is word for word the same."

"Now is the falsification proved or not?" Thereupon I gave the copy to my uncle, that he might collate it with the other.

He ran his eye over them, complimented me sarcastically on my skill in the defence, and remarked that it was well that the English law allowed no counsel for the prisoner in charge of high treason, or these documents in the hands of the lawyers might give us some trouble.

Then he enjoined on me, for the good of the State, to preserve strict silence on the subject.

This speech revealed to me that Walsingham was a party to this forgery, that he might even have given orders for it, and intended to make use of it for the condemnation of an innocent person.

I broke forth in indignant expostulations against such flagrant injustice, and declared my determination to proclaim the truth at whatever cost to myself.

"Fool that you are!" exclaimed Walsingham, unable to control his anger.

"Would you betray your uncle, and put him to public shame, and ruin your country, which cannot be at peace while that woman lives? See here, I will make short work of your incontrovertible proofs."

So saying he crushed the papers in his hand, and tossed them in the fire.

I will not recall our mutual recriminations. They ended in my being placed in custody in my uncle's house, to consider whether, within forty-eight hours, I would swear to preserve secrecy, and beg pardon on my knees, or be consigned to the Tower for siding and abetting Windsor's escape.

At the end of that time Walsingham came to me and asked if I would come to a better mind, and would comply with his wishes. I told him my resolution was unchanged, and I begged him not to stain his conscience with the blood of an innocent person.

He would not listen to a word, but said: "A truce to your entreaties! However, before I send you to the Tower—whence, be it remembered, death will be your only release—you shall have a trial of what imprisonment on bread and water is, here in this house. I will give you a month's probation; if you still persist in your obstinacy, in the middle of September you shall be transferred to a living grave. I answered nothing and he left me."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

The time has now come, as my husband reminds me, to let St. Barbe rest, while I continue our narrative, and acquaint the gentle reader with the incidents connected with my flight from England.

I must return to that July night 1586, when, standing on the dock of the Jeannette, beside my brother Frith, Miss Cecil and my Uncle Robert, with a heavy heart I watched the ship that had brought us thither disappear in the darkness.

No sooner had we got on board the brig than she weighed anchor, and with all sails set, made for the month of the Thames. We had not been more than half an hour under way, when three shots sounded from Gravesend; they were repeated from the forts we had just passed.

"Aha!" said our captain, "that was meant for us! We did not leave Gravesend a minute too soon; had we been any later the guns there would have obliged us to stop. News must have come from London about the contraband goods I have on board, and shall not be surprised if they send one of their ships after us to stop. They are welcome to do it; the Jeannette can run a race with any English craft, so long as they do not put out from Sheerness to take us. All lights must be extinguished, and a sharp lookout kept. The ladies had better go down below."

Miss Cecil and I betook ourselves to the little cabin; Uncle Robert and Frith remained on deck, doing what they could to assist the crew. It was an anxious time for us; for presently we knew from the rolling of the vessel that we had got out of fresh water, and were about to encounter the dangers of a passage across the Channel. From time to

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We do not need to give all the reasons why Scott's Emulsion restores the strength and flesh and color of good health to those who suffer from sick blood.

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Young women in their "teens" are permanently cured of the peculiar disease of the blood which shows itself in paleness, weakness and nervousness, by regular treatment with Scott's Emulsion.

It is a true blood food and is naturally adapted to the cure of the blood sickness from which so many young women suffer.



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white-haired old man, as well as the Father Rector, lifted up their hands in joyful wonder, and would not listen to a word Miss Cecil said, when with tears she entreated to forgive the part her father had acted in shedding the blood of Campion and other martyrs.

Meanwhile the lay-brothers had prepared a repast for us in one of the parlours, to which my little brother Frith did great credit, for he was in high spirits; the Rector having consented to take him into the College. And when, on the sound of a bell, merry voices were heard in the courtyard below, and Frith looking out the window, saw a number of boys playing at football, nothing would do but he must join at once his future comrades.

To this the Fathers had no objection, the Rector went down to introduce him to his play-fellows, and the boy was in such a hurry that he would hardly wait to bid us good-bye.

Thus for the present Frith was provided for. About Uncle Robert we had no cause for anxiety. He intended, after he had seen us safely homeward in Paris, to take service under Parma in the Netherlands, for he was still in the prime of life, and well trained in the use of arms.

But what was to become of us two girls? We timidly asked the Fathers: There was no difficulty about that they said; a messenger had already been sent to the Benedictine nuns in Montmartre, who would willingly take us in. Thereupon I thought myself obliged to say I had no wish to become a nun; on the contrary I was engaged to be married. I could not help coloring as I said that; but Father Provincial answered smilingly, he would not compel, or even persuade us to embrace the religious life, for to enter a convent without a vocation, was to ensure misery for oneself and for others.

We were only to be the nuns' guests for two or three days, until a home could be found for us in the house of some persons of quality. While we were still at table, a note of kind invitation came from the lady-abbess for the English ladies, and we immediately proceeded to the Convent, after taking grateful leave of the good Fathers. Uncle Robert remained behind, as he was to stay under their hospitable roof for a few days.

At the door of the convent we were met by the Abbess, an aged and venerable lady, who welcomed us with motherly kindness, and knew how to set us at our ease at once. Taking us by the hand, she conducted us through the long, cool corridors into the garden, bright with summer flowers, and shaded by spreading yew trees.

At the entrance there stood a time-honored image of the Mother of God, holding the Divine Child in her arms, looking down graciously upon us from a bouquet of elegant foliage and fragrant lilies. In passing we paused to kneel a moment, and utter the prayer the Church places on her children's lips.

"Nos cum prole pia, Benedicta Virgo Maria." The Abbess led us to an arbor, where the whole community were assembled at recreation, and introduced us to them, saying—"see my children, God has sent us these young ladies from England, who for love of the Holy Church have left father and mother, brother and sister, home and home, what will their reward be? Tell us, Sister Hedwig, our youngest novice!"

At these words a youthful nun, about the age of my sister Anne, rose up and looking at us with smiling blue eyes, replied: "Our Lord Himself, tells us; Reverend Mother; a hundred-fold and eternal life."

"True, Sister, centuplum et vitam eternam! Now let us do our part to prove the truth of the words." Then she bade the lay sister bring fruit and cakes, the nuns laid their needlework aside, all tongues were unloosed, and we chatted merrily until a graver topic was introduced and with deep interest and sympathy our recital of the woes of Catholics in England was listened to by all present.

At length the bell sounded for Vespers, and the Sisters betook themselves to the choir. We followed them into the solemn stillness of the sanctuary, dimly lighted by painted windows. Fixing my eyes on the tabernacle, I firmly thanked our hidden God for the protection afforded us on our flight, as well as for the unexpected welcome we had met with amongst those who were dedicated to Him. Then the organ began, and its swelling notes filled the church, while the psalms and antiphons of the day, sung in choir, sounded to me like the song of angels. A sense of repose and peace came over me; I had never felt so far from earth and so near heaven.

(To be continued.)

Senator Dead.

Senator A. P. Wood (Liberal), of Hamilton, died on the 21st inst., of pneumonia, aged 77 years. Senator Wood was of Scotch and English descent. He commenced his business career in Toronto, but after three years removed to Hamilton where he had since lived. He came to the front rank as a business man in the line of hardware and took a lively part in all forward movements toward the development of the country. He sat in the House of Commons from 1874 to 1878 as a supporter of the McKenzie Administration and was again elected in 1896, but was subsequently elevated to the Senate.

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BURDOCK

Blood Bitters has the most natural action on the stomach, liver, bowels and blood of any medicine known, hence its effects are prompt and lasting. It cures, without fail, all such diseases as Dyspepsia, Constipation, Biliousness, Etc.

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Sick Headache, Boils, Pimples, Tumors, Scrofula, Kidney Complaint, Jaundice, General Tongue, Loss of Appetite and General Debility. The fact that it is guaranteed to cure if used according to directions warrants any sufferer in giving a fair trial to Burdock Blood.

BITTERS.

IT ISN'T THE HEAD BUT THE HEART.

BY D. A. MCCARTHY

It isn't the head but the heart, my lad, Whatever the cynic may say, It isn't the head but the heart, my lad, That wins in the world today; The glittering prizes of splendor and wealth

May fall to the clever and smart, But prizes far higher of honor and love Aare not won by the head, but the heart!

It isn't the head but the heart, my lad, That captures the man in the street, It isn't the head but the heart that wins

The love of the people you meet; Oh, wit is a weapon that many may use, And shrewdness in life is an art, But kindness is better than either, I ween,

For it reaches direct to the heart! It isn't the head but the heart, my lad—

Oh, carry this lesson through life!— It isn't the head but the heart, my lad, That wins, after all, in the strife; The brain, it is true, does a wonderful work,

But yet it is only a part, For the truest and best of the work of the world Isn't done by the head but the heart!

—S. H. Review

The Spirit of Winter.

The Spirit of Winter is with us, making its presence known in many different ways—sometimes by cheery sunshine and glistening snows, and sometimes by driving winds and blinding storms. To many people it seems to take a delight in making bad things worse, for rheumatism twists harder, twinges sharper, catarrh becomes more annoying, and the many symptoms of scrofula are developed and aggravated. There is not much poetry in this, but there is truth, and it is a wonder that more people don't get rid of these ailments. The medicine that cures them—Hood's Sarsaparilla—is easily obtained and there is abundant proof that its cures are radical and permanent.

Mrs. Honey—I am so glad your sister enjoyed her visit to us, Mr. Smith. Mr. Smith.—Oh, well, she is the sort of a girl who can enjoy herself almost anywhere, you know.

HIS OWN FREE WILL.

Dear Sirs,—I cannot speak too strongly of the excellence of MINARD'S LINIMENT. It is THE remedy in my household for burns, sprains, etc., and we would not be without it.

It is truly a wonderful medicine, JOHN A. MACDONALD, Publisher Arnprior Chronicle.

"If you married a title, Clorinda, would you rather be a dukess or a carless."

"I think, I'd rather be a coal baroness."

The essential lung-healing principle of the pine tree has finally been successfully separated and refined into a perfect cough medicine, Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Sold by all dealers on a guarantee of satisfaction. Price 25 cents.

Minard's Liniment Cures LaGrippe.

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP.

A Pleasant, Prompt and Perfect Cure for COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, SORE THROAT, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, CROUP, and all Throat and Lung Troubles.

Obstinate Coughs yield to its grateful, soothing action, and in the racking, persistent cough often present in consumptive cases it gives prompt and sure relief. Mrs. S. Boyd, Pittston, Ont., writes: "I had a severe cold in my throat and head and was greatly troubled with hoarseness. Two bottles of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup completely cured me." Price 25 cents per bottle.

Prince Edward Island Farmer compelled to stop clearing up his farm.



Mr. Job Costain, Minnesegash, P.E.I., writes: "In the Spring of 1901 I started to clear up a piece of land, but had not worked many days before I was taken with a very lame back, and was compelled to stop work. The trouble seemed to be down in the centre of my back and my right side and I could not stoop over. I got a box of Doan's Kidney Pills and before I had taken the whole box I was completely cured and able to proceed with my work. I take great pleasure in recommending them to all farmers who are troubled as I was." 50c. a box, or 3 for \$1.25. All dealers or The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

MISCELLANEOUS

Waiter (at a quick-lunch stand)—Do you want to eat this sandwich or take it with you. Gentleman.—Both.

If a child eats ravenously, grinds the teeth at night and picks its nose, you may almost be certain it has worms and should administer without delay Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup. This remedy contains its own cathartic.

"Is he much of an architect?" "Well, say! If I wanted to build a castle in the air I wouldn't go to any one else."

British Troop Oil Liniment is unsurpassed by any liniment on the market to-day. It is composed of healing, soothing and cleansing vegetable oils and extracts. It is put up in large bottles for the small price of 25 cents.

Willie—Say, pa? Pa—Well, what now? Willie—What becomes of a hole in a doughnut?

Milburn's Sterling Headache Powders give women prompt relief from monthly pains and leave no bad after-effects whatever. Be sure you get Milburn's. Price 10 and 25 cents. All dealers.

Floor-walker—She complains that you didn't show her common civility. Salesgirl—I showed her everything in my department, sir.

Found At Last.

A liver pill that is small and sure, that acts gently, quickly and thoroughly, that does not grip. Laxa-Liver Pills possess these qualities, and are a sure cure for Liver Complaint, Sick Headache, etc.

Mamie—I bet your dolly can't shut its eyes when it goes to sleep. Mine can. Minnie—Mine can, too. Mamie—Let's see. Minnie—It ain't sleepy now.

For Cuts, Wounds, Chilblains, Chapped Hands, Rheumatism, Stiff Joints, Burns, Scalds, Bites of Insects, Croup, Coughs, Colds, Hayard's Yellow Oil will be found an excellent remedy. Price 25 cents. All dealers.

The lesson was in multiplication, and the teacher sought to impress upon little Johnnie that three times two, and two times three, amounted to the same thing.

"Now" said she, "if you could have two bags of three oranges in each, or three bags with two oranges in each, which would you choose?"

"The three bags with two oranges in each," replied Johnny without hesitation; "then I'd have one more bag to bust."

Minard's Liniment relieves neuralgia.



MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS

Have Restored Thousands of Canadian Women to Health and Strength.

There is no need for so many women to suffer pain and weakness, nervousness, sleeplessness, anemia, faint and dizzy spells and the numerous troubles which render the life of woman a round of sickness and suffering.

Young girls budding into womanhood, who suffer with pains and headaches, and whose face is pale and the blood watery, will find Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills help them greatly during this period.

Women at the change of life, who are nervous, subject to hot flashes, feeling of pins and needles, palpitation of the heart, etc., are aided over the trying time of their life by the use of this wonderful remedy.

It has a wonderful effect on a woman's system, makes pains and aches vanish, brings color to the pale cheek and sparkle to the eye.

They build up the system, renew lost vitality, improve the appetite, make rich, red blood and dispel that weak, tired, listless, non-ambitious feeling.

See PER BOX, OR 3 FOR \$1.25 ALL DEALERS.

The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Strayed.

There has been on the subscriber's premises since the 15th of November, a year and a half old Bull, color red. Unless claimed by January 15th, 1903, he will be sold by auction on the premises to pay expenses.

CHAS. W. LEARD. Riverton, Lot 52, Dec. 24, 1902—3i

Read This.

50 per cent. off.

We have a few of Tuck's celebrated Calendars left over from our big sale, to be cleared out by day at exactly

Half Price.

Now here is a snap. Some of the most beautiful ones are left. Office and pocket diaries for 1903—a nice stock, low prices. The Canadian Almanac for 1903, the only one published in Canada now on sale. Peloubet's Notes on the International S. S. Lessons for 1903.

Geo. Carter & Co.

Quaker MARMALADE

This is a new brand of ORANGE MARMALADE put up in One Pound Glass Jars.

It is a Very Superior Article

And gives splendid satisfaction whatever used.

Try a pot of it from BEER & COFF, GROCERS.

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