

THE WONDERFUL FLOWER OF WOXINDON.

An Historical Romance of the Times of Queen Elizabeth.

BY REV. JOSEPH SPILLMAN, S. J.

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CHAPTER XXX. (Continued.)

Walsingham silenced me with a gesture. "I want to hear nothing more," he said. "You have let Windsor escape; if that were all, I should not take it to heart. But now Babington, and almost all the others, have got away! I do not know how to tell the Queen of the conspiracy, on which as you know, depended the success of a political intrigue of great importance. If I cannot succeed in capturing the ring-leaders, at least, it will be my ruin with the Queen. Her thirst for vengeance is unquenchable."

He dismissed me very coldly. I went to Pooley, and from him I heard the following details. As soon as the Queen's letter was in Walsingham's hands, he gave Topcliffe instructions to keep a constant watch on the conspirators, but not to apprehend either of them, lest this should alarm the others. The arrest of Captain Fortescue, or rather the priest John Ballard, was through a mistake on the part of the sheriff's officer. Babington had, in consequence of it, gone to Walsingham, ostensibly to discover whether the arrest had any connection with the conspiracy, or whether it was because Fortescue's real calling had been found out. He hoped in reality, by this bold step to dissipate any suspicion Walsingham might entertain towards him, as he imagined he had done on a former occasion. But the astute Secretary of State again deduced the young man entirely, so that he was completely unconscious of the snare that was closing him in its coils. He and his confederates accepted in all good faith Pooley's invitation to a banquet to be held in the Paris Garden. Guards were posted at the entrances, and on the arrival of the last of the guests, Tichbourne, Pooley was about to give the concerted signal for their arrest to his satellites, when Babington rose and hastily went out. As he left behind him his sword and cloak, Pooley imagined he was gone to order some particularly choice wine; but finding he did not return, he went after him. Just at that moment Tichbourne made a sign to his associates; the guard attempted to seize him, but he gave them the slip, and got off, as did all the others except Savage who was very violent and Tilney, who really had little to do with the plot, and certainly was not one of the ring-leaders. Unhappily Tichbourne was taken some what later in a boat on the river; another of the confederates who was seen with him in the boat, apparently had fallen into the river and been drowned. That man was presumed to be Windsor. If so he had lost his life in a generous attempt to save his friend.

The next day I was told that Topcliffe was about to search the dwelling of a boatman named Ball, in the neighborhood of St. Catherine's wharf. Ball himself was in the tower, on suspicion of having aided in Mr. Ballard's escape from the Clink, but Topcliffe heard that Windsor was in the habit of going there frequently, and, thence he surmised that, if he had swam to shore, he might have taken refuge there. I determined to make one of the party. "I believe it will be a bootless errand," Topcliffe declared. "For if the man jumped into the river above the bridge, ten chances to one he was sucked under by the current just below. But we must never lose the occasion of a domiciliary search, for if one does not find the prey one is chasing, one may perhaps light on some other bird. In this way I have got hold of many a Romish priest, of whose existence I was not aware."

The house we were approaching was such a rickety, tumble-down concern, leaning over the water to such an extent, that it was not without trepidation that I entered it. After we had knocked repeatedly, the door was opened to us by a young man, who seemed greatly alarmed, when Topcliffe expounded to him the penalties of harboring traitors. He told us his father was in prison, and his sister lay at the point of death. This was no answer to Topcliffe's questions, but it accounted for the young fellow's agitation. I begged my companion not to press him too hard, but to search the house as he proposed. Beginning at the basement, which swarmed with fornicious rats, so that no one dared enter without a light and a stout cudgel, every corner and cranny was duly

examined. At length we mounted the ladder which led to the attic, but before we could enter the garret, the young man entreated us to desist from disturbing his sister's last moments. Topcliffe, considering that only as a subterfuge, instantly wrenched open the door of the apartment. I followed him into it, and in the fact on a pallet by the window lay a young girl in her last agony, painfully gasping for breath. When she perceived us, she made a movement, as if to forbid our approach. "Away," she murmured, "leave me in peace. I believe all the teachings of the Catholic Church; I hope for pardon through the merits of Christ and the intercession of Mary; I love God with my whole soul."

Topcliffe changed color; he glanced around and his practised eye detected the possibility of space between the wall at the back of the bed and the sloping roof, which might serve as a lurking place. But, accustomed though he was to scenes of bloodshed and butchery, he could not endure to find himself in presence of the king of terrors in a lonely garret, and therefore relinquished to me the task of examining the chamber. While he waited outside, I spoke a few words to the dying girl. I observed that she pressed to her lips a small silver crucifix which I was certain I had seen in Windsor's possession, when at Chartley. Looking closely at the wall, I saw plainly that it was merely a partition, in fact the traces of a small door were discernible in the woodwork. There was little doubt that Windsor had occupied a watery grave, that he was there within a few feet of me. My pulses throbbed fast; once more I had to decide whether I should deliver him up to justice or place myself in a most dangerous position. I had given him his life once—if he chose to risk it again, it was his own responsibility. While I was thus debating within myself, the sight of the dying girl turned the scale in Windsor's favor. I thought when my last hour came, I should not regret having shown mercy; nay, on this my hope of obtaining mercy would depend.

Young Ball, who stood beside me, watched with trembling anxiety my scrutiny of the partition wall behind the bed. It also caused evident uneasiness to the dying girl; she clasped her hands beseechingly, and endeavored to speak. But the effort was too much for her; her head sank back upon the pillow, and with the holy name of Jesus on her lips, she drew a deep breath and expired. Her brother fell on his knees by the bedside, sobbing aloud; I too knelt and breathed a silent prayer for the departing soul. Then I covered the pallid countenance with a linen cloth, and led the weeping boy from the chamber.

Having satisfied Topcliffe's inquiries, I left the house with him. "Take my word for it, Windsor is at the bottom of the Thames, he remarked as the door closed behind him.

Consumption

Salt pork is a famous old-fashioned remedy for consumption. "Eat plenty of pork," was the advice to the consumptive 50 and 100 years ago.

Salt pork is good if a man can stomach it. The idea behind it is that fat is the food the consumptive needs most.

Scott's Emulsion is the modern method of feeding fat to the consumptive. Pork is too rough for sensitive stomachs. Scott's Emulsion is the most refined of fats, especially prepared for easy digestion. Feeding him fat in this way, which is often the only way, is half the battle, but Scott's Emulsion does more than that. There is something about the combination of cod liver oil and hypophosphites in Scott's Emulsion that puts new life into the weak parts and has a special action on the diseased lungs.

A sample will be sent free upon request. Be sure that this picture in the form of a label is on the wrapper of every bottle of Emulsion you buy.

SCOTT & BOWNE, CHEMISTS,
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50c and \$1; all druggists.

CHAPTER XXXII.

It was not long before tidings were brought to us that Babington, on leaving the Paris Garden, had run to Lambeth, where he crossed the river, and had betaken himself to Westminster, to the lodgings of his friend Gago. There a change of clothes was given him, and thence with three others who joined him, he made his way, under cover of night to St. John's Wood.

"They have gone to Woxindon!" I exclaimed. Topcliffe was of the same opinion. A troop of constables immediately prepared to start; I was to accompany them at my uncle's wish, as he thought it was an opportunity for me to remove the unfavorable impression made by Windsor's escape. Topcliffe took with him some well-trained blood-hounds.

"This time," he said, "I mean to revenge myself on these Bellams, who have so often made a fool of me." As he uttered these words he looked almost as fierce as the dogs he held in leash.

Half of the company had orders to guard the approaches to the manor-house; the other half proceeded with us to the ruin, where the search was to begin. As we drew near, we saw in the twilight, the figures of a man and a woman walking along the path which led from the ruin to the house. On the dog being let loose, they instantly rushed in that direction. The woman screamed with terror. "For God's sake, Remy!" we heard her exclaim, "the devil's hounds, that attacked Frith!"

"These are no supernatural dogs; be still, and they will not hurt you," the man replied.

"In the Queen's name, hold!" cried Topcliffe, advancing out of the trees. "Surrender, or these beasts shall tear you to pieces!"

"So it is you, Master Topcliffe! Is this a fresh device on your part to frighten women and children, taking a quiet stroll in the evening?" the man answered with the utmost composure.

Topcliffe replied with an oath, any means were right for persons guilty of high treason, like him and his niece, who it was well known, harbored godless conspirators who plotted against the Queen's sacred majesty.

"It is false!" shrieked the woman who clung to Mr. Bellamy's arm. "It is false! Babington never did—"

Bellamy bade his niece hold her tongue. But the warning was too late.

Topcliffe exclaimed in triumph: "Aha! Babington! Hoer how they betray their own secrets! Quite right, Babington is the one we have come to find, he and some others. Tell me this moment where these fine fellows are, for, as sure as my name is Topcliffe, if you do not deliver them up at once, you shall be cleared out of this Popish nest one and all, from the old witch down to this saucy maiden, with whom I have a long account to settle!"

"Have the goodness to call your dogs off first, they will drive my poor niece mad," Mr. Bellamy replied. "I supported this request, and the two brutes, growling and snarling, were again held in leash by their master, a worse brute than they."

"Now," he demanded, "make short work of it and show me where Babington and his confederates are."

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Sick Headache, Boils, Pimples, Tumors, Scrofula, Kidney Complaint, Jaundice, Coated 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.

A NEW YEAR'S VOW.

BY JOHN H. VAN BOLHUY.

Amid the tolling of the bells the old year goes to rest, And some will curse its memory and some will call it blest. But though no more the breathing thing that made us laugh or cry, It still lives in the grave of time, and it shall never die!

For in the minds of men on earth, some day, some hours shall live, That brought such sorrow or such joy as only God can give, And though the new year, too, will bring its sunshine and its rain, The old sad days, the old glad hours, we all shall live again!

Oh no, the old year cannot die—the lessons that it taught, Are lessons to the new-born year that cannot come to naught, Whatever good, whatever ill, the future have in store, Is but the fruit grown from the seed of years that went before!

But God has given us the task, as gardeners of His earth, That we shall treat whatever grows according to its worth, That we shall nurse the glorious fruit, and shall destroy the weed That ripens in the new-born year out of the old year's seed.

And if our duty well, there is no cause for fear, As in the frosty air the bells ring in the glad new year, The year that we now vow to make the noblest and the best, As 'mid the tolling of the bells, the old year goes to rest!

—S. H. Review.

TAKE NOTICE.

During the year the space devoted to advertising MINARD'S LINIMENT will contain expressions of no uncertain sound from people who speak from personal experience as to the merits of this best of Household Remedies.

Village Swain—Lovely moon, ain't there, Sally?

Sally (revisiting her home)—Nuthin' to what we 'as in town!

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.

"Hi Bill, look here! I weigh four pounds more 'n you!"

"Aw, y'r cheatin', Skinny. Youse got y'r han' in y'r pockets."

Minard's Liniment the best Hair Restorer.

Papa (the night before Christmas)—What are you crying for, Jimmie?

Jimmie—Harry Fuller's legs are fatter than mine.

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.

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.

Obtunate 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, Pittsburg, 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.



Mr. Job Costain, Minnigash, P.E.I., writes: "In the Spring of 1900 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."

20c a box, or 3 for \$1.25. All dealers or The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

MISCELLANEOUS

Damlegh—Frost had the audacity to call me a penny-a-liner.

Synnox—A gratuitous insult! I call it. He knows well enough that nobody'd pay a penny a line for anything you wrote. Frost ought to be ashamed of himself.

The Christmas Dinner.

In spite of the fact that the word dyspepsia means literally bad cook, it will not be fair for many to lay the blame on the cook if they begin the Christmas Dinner with little appetite and end it with distress or nausea. It may not be fair for any to do that—let us hope for the sake of the cook! The disease dyspepsia indicates a bad stomach, that is a weak stomach, rather than a bad cook, and for a weak stomach there is nothing else equal to Hood's Sarsaparilla. It gives the stomach vigor and tone, cures dyspepsia, creates appetite, and makes eating the pleasure it should be.

Mrs. Benham—I smell smoke.

Benham—Keep quiet; I don't want everybody to know that I bought this suit at a fire sale.

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.

Old Emdee—Well, how do you like your profession?

Young Emdee—Profession is O. K. It's the practice I'm kicking about.

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.

Customer—The metal in that knife you sold me is as soft as putty. It got dull the first time I used it.

Dealer—Y-e-s, but think how easy it will be to sharpen.

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.

David—You don't mean to say she rejected your proposal?

Jonathan—Hardly that; she was sort of non-committal, so to speak. She said when she felt like making a fool of herself she'd let me know.

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

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.



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 from pain and weakness, nervousness, sleeplessness, anemia, faint and dizzy spells and the numerous troubles which render the life of a 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 tired 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, no-ambition feeling.

50c 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—31

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50 per cent. off.

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

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put up in

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It is a Very Superior Article

And gives splendid satisfaction whatever used.

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Collars, Cuffs, Ties, Suspenders, Gloves, Socks, Linen and Silk Handkerchiefs, Tennis Shirts, Waterproof Coats, Umbrellas, Light Summer Coats and Vests, Caps, Collar Buttons, Cuff Links, Tie Clips, etc.

Everything New and Up-to-date.

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