

# Northern Messenger

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## Master Turnstile's Commission.

(By Frances Browne, in 'Friendly Greetings.')

Master Thomas Turnstile was emphatically a man of the period. Sincere in nothing but the pursuit of self-interest, it might be truly said that he feared not God nor regarded man, but was fanatically devoted to the service of the uppermost for the time, and had profited and been preferred accordingly. The son of a Chester attorney, and brought

The results were seen by his old neighbors about an hour before sunset that day, when he rode up to the Blue Posts in the state and style of a travelling nobleman, mounted on a good horse, and two trumpeters some way in front announcing his approach with powerful flourishes. The good people of Bridge street ran to their doors and windows to see the sight, and all business and work were suspended while they gazed on the visible evidences of Master Turnstile's promotion.

One would have thought it was at least the Lord Keeper of the Great Seal whom

nest, and the flatteries of the innkeeper were cast in the shade by his. Master Turnstile was his dear friend, the man he had always loved, whose greatness he had foreseen, in whose preferment he gloried. There was no wine wanted to intoxicate the newly arrived; by this time adulation had done the business. He took Dr. Feathernest's arm with the air of a prince condescending to a loving subject, and ordering his saddle-bags to be carried in before him, by way of a hint, at the wealth or valuable papers they contained, proceeded at once to the tapestried chamber.

The pasties, the roasts, and the confections were all discussed in due course, and fortunately gave satisfaction.

The bishop's chaplain called for cards at the end of a Latin grace, and the pair commenced playing; but Dr. Feathernest had a design to execute. The bishop's chaplain contrived to turn his friend's attention from the cards to the good wines and good ales which the house afforded, so frequently that Giles was kept on a continual march between the tapestried chamber and the cellar, and Master Turnstile soon began to talk a good deal more than he played. But the process of intoxication had different effects upon each; it made Dr. Feathernest solemn and slow, but Master Turnstile boastful and garrulous.

'They will soon be both under the table,' said Giles, as he came down with a fagged, weary look to the little parlor where his wife sat at needlework. 'My good Rosanna, I have been on foot serving them these three hours and more—and there is the chaplain's call again,' he added, at the sound of the silver whistle, the predecessor of our modern bell. 'I pray thee go up and take my place for a little.'

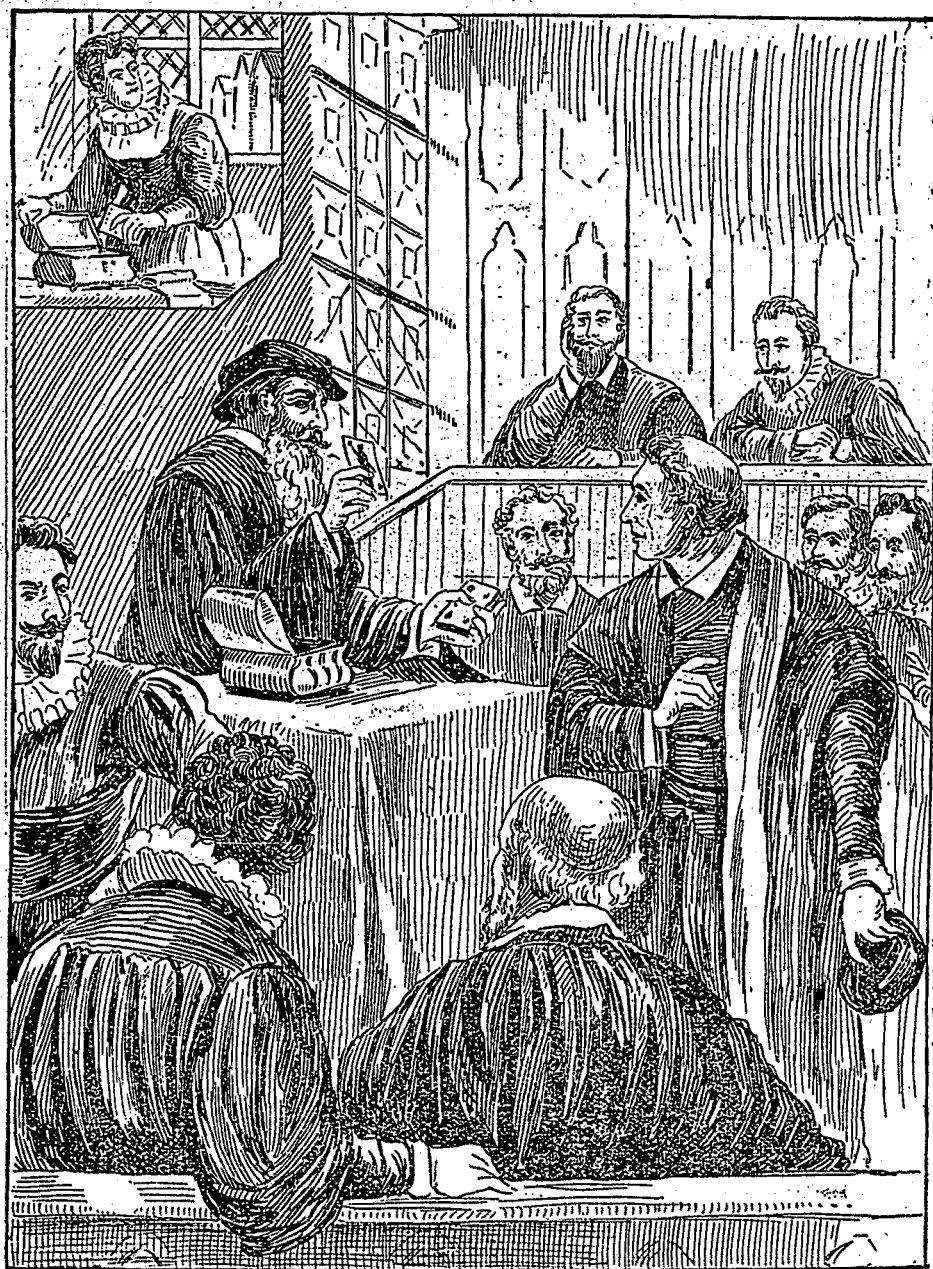
'That I will, husband,' said Rosanna, throwing down her work and hurrying to the room.

'A bottle of Valencia, good dame; the best in thy cellar,' said Dr. Feathernest. 'We will drink the Pope's health; thou canst not refuse that, Master Turnstile, after what thou hast told me; but is it really true; may there not be some mistake in thy memory touching such a weighty commission?'

'No mistake at all; I tell thee the commission is here,' said Turnstile, taking up one of his saddle-bags; 'and to put an end to thine unbelief, I will show it instantly.'

He had taken a key from his pocket and was trying to open the lock of his saddle-bag with a rather unsteady hand, when Rosanna returned with the bottle of Valencia. She paused at the door. It stood partially open, but so covered with the heavy arras that those within could have no intimation of her approach, while she could see and hear all that passed in the room, and the sound of her husband's name made her instinctively listen and look.

'Giles Jackson is a loyal subject and a true Catholic, so is his wife, I'll warrant; but innkeepers retail news as well as wine, doctor. Some traveller, maybe a hidden heretic, might hear word of this from master or dame, get to Dublin as soon as myself—winds and tides are no respectors of persons, thou knowest—and warn the Protestants, which would partly defeat the Queen's design and ruin my commission. There it is,' said Turnstile, who had now got the bag opened, pulling out a packet, the silk and



"WHAT DOES THIS MEAN?" SAID THE LORD DEPUTY.

up to the same profession, he began the world, in the latter half of Henry VIII's reign, by laying informations against priests who stood out for the Pope's authority, and men of all ranks who scrupled to take the oath of supremacy. In the days of Edward VI., he discovered 'Papist plots,' and brought recusant Catholics under the operation of the penal laws by which Protestants when in power disgraced their purer faith. But as soon as Queen Mary was believed to be firmly established on the throne, Master Turnstile repaired to London in the train of Bishop Bonner, and became one of the earliest converts to the Church of Rome.

prudent Giles Jackson received with ceremonious welcomes to his poor house.

Such flattering attentions had their natural effect on Mr. Turnstile, a short, stout, vulgar-looking, red-faced man. They put him in the best of humors for the time being; he deigned to recognize Giles as one of his old neighbors; inquired after his health and prosperity, and was signifying his pleasure to sup in the tapestried chamber, when a man equally stout, but wearing the cap and gown which denoted a doctor of divinity, stepped between Giles and him, and fairly cut out the former.

It was the bishop's chaplain, Dr. Feather-