

THE WONDERFUL FLOWER OF WOXINDON.

An Historical Romance of the Times of Queen Elizabeth.

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PUBLISHED BY PERMISSION OF B. HERDER, ST. LOUIS, MO.

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CHAPTER XXVI.—(Continued)

"Shout yourself hoarse," muttered old Bell, "it will not be easy to overtake us. Pull a long stroke and all together, we have a good quarter of an hour's start."

He gave Johnny a sign, the boat's head was turned, and until we were out of sight of the shouting warder, we made a faint of going up the river. But soon resuming our former direction, we shot down the stream like an arrow, propelled by four pairs of oars, tide and current both with us. Passing by on the opposite side, we saw lights moving to and fro outside the clink, and some of the guard running down to the docks, where the boats lay. Swiftly we flew past the crowd of vessels anchored below London Bridge, past the gloomy walls of the Tower, where so many Confessors of the Faith were immured, past the outlying houses and the City Wall.

Now we thought it was safe to speak. But the boatman said there was still great need for caution. The rain and darkness which were so much in our favor at the Clink, were now just the reverse, for we might easily run upon a sand-bank or come into collision with one of the vessels waiting in midstream for the turn of the tide. He himself took the helm, and sent his boy into the bow, to keep a sharp lookout.

The first streak of light in the east, heralding the dawn of day, found us between Woolwich and Gravesend. The river was getting broader, the banks flatter; nothing was to be seen but water, sandy beaches, left bare at low tide, and on the banks a few stunted willows. When the tide began to flow, rowing became more difficult, but a light breeze sprang up, our sail was hoisted, and we sped onward to Gravesend.

As it was nearly night when we got there, Bill proposed that we should go ashore, and pass the day at a secluded tavern which he pointed out to us, as he thought it unsafe to go on board the Jeanette by day-light. The police were sure to come down before long, and make inquiries for the fugitives. We followed his advice, and lay hidden till evening, when he came and under cover of the darkness, took us on board the Jeanette.

"God who has helped us so far, will help us till the end," whispered my affianced husband, as he assisted me up the ship's ladder. I pressed his hand and followed the others in silence on to the deck. A few moments more, and the friendly skiff disappeared from sight.

CHAPTER XXVII.

My friend Windsor desires me now to continue my story, and I will not deny that there is much that I can tell which ought not to be omitted from this eventful narrative.

The reader would not be greatly entertained were I to dwell upon the struggle that went on in my soul, distracted as it was by doubt. It is to my own humiliation and shame that I recall the resistance I offered to the truth, a resistance every day more culpable, as conviction was borne in upon me with greater force.

Walsingham's design in desiring me to take up my residence, as I did for a time at Cartley, was that I might watch Windsor and the captive Queen. The more I saw of Windsor, the greater was the esteem I felt for him. He seemed to devote himself to the care of the sick poor, seeking no other recreation than a solitary walk, reading his favorite Virgil in the shade of some spreading tree, or angling in the Trent or the Dove. In fact he appeared to be the most pacific of mankind, and had I not known for certain that he was involved in Babington's plot, I should have thought him the last man to engage in anything in the company of suspicious characters. He avoided me; this was only natural, as he could not but be aware that I was there to play the spy on him, and put a spoke in his wheel, when opportunity offered.

Still greater was the esteem wherewith Mary Stuart inspired me. I had thought to still the admiration which her beauty to the poor exerted on the occasion of my first visit to Cartley, by persuading myself that she was actuated by motives of policy, or at least, by Popish ideas of self-righteousness. But now, when I saw and talked to her almost daily, I was forced to acknowledge that her motives were of the most exalted character. Her patience and gentleness contrasted strikingly with Sir Amias Paulet's harsh, unmerciful behavior; scarcely ever did a word of bitterness escape her lips, although the indignation from which she suffered might have excused some amount of irritability. Nor, in spite of the humiliations to which she was subjected, did she

ever lose the sense of her regal dignity. Of Elizabeth, her deadly enemy, she always spoke with moderation, repeatedly expressing the wish that she could have a personal interview with her, as she was certain that all the misunderstandings caused by third persons would then melt away like snow in the spring sunshine. She complained very much of her Royal Sister's persistent refusal to allow her this favor that she asked. Of my Uncle Walsingham she judged too leniently; perhaps from politeness towards myself, more probably because he had advocated her release. Burghley she regarded as her bitterest foe, and when his name was mentioned, begged me never to speak of him before her, as she found it almost impossible to forgive him for having lent his weight to the Scottish rebels and murderers, to destroy her good name.

She related to me her whole history, from the time when, a child of six, she was taken to the French Court as the future bride of the Dauphin, there to spend twelve happy years, the only happy years of her life. She told me how she had, on the death of Queen Mary, as the heir to the crown, assumed the arms and title of the Queen of England, thereby provoking Elizabeth's undying enmity; and how, a widow when scarcely eighteen, she left France to ascend the throne of Scotland, disturbed and in unruly times, when the hand of a young and inexperienced woman was singularly ill-fitted to take the helm of the State.

"I should have been treated with the greatest regard," she said, "had I consented to adopt the doctrines preached by Knox. But as I announced my determination to adhere to the Roman Catholic, the only true Church, Knox openly insulted and defied me, and in league with him and his fanatical proselytes, the Lords of the Covenant never rested until they ruined my good name and saw me cast into prison. And yet I solemnly swore to respect the Reformed religion as then established, for did I persecute one of my subjects on account of his creed?"

She then proceeded to relate how her marriage with her cousin, Henry Darnley, had been a further cause of offence to Elizabeth; how she had proposed, in a constitutional manner, to establish the Catholic religion; how Darnley betrayed her royal consort, and caused Rizzio, her secretary, who was conducting the proceedings, to be assassinated in her very presence. How Darnley was deceived in his turn by the Covenanters, who refused him the reward of his treachery, the kindly power to which he aspired, and displayed to the Queen the document he had signed in proof of the infamous part he had played. How she had, at his entreaty, freely forgiven him, refused to consent to a separation, and after his illness, been fully reconciled to him.

And then came the explosion which destroyed the house of Kirk-in-the-Field where Darnley was sleeping! Murray, Morton and Ruthven were

Loss of Flesh

When you can't eat breakfast, take Scott's Emulsion. When you can't eat bread and butter, take Scott's Emulsion. When you have been living on a milk diet and want something a little more nourishing, take Scott's Emulsion.

To get fat you must eat fat. Scott's Emulsion is a great fattener, a great strength giver.

Those who have lost flesh want to increase all body tissues, not only fat. Scott's Emulsion increases them all, bone, flesh, blood and nerve.

For invalids, for convalescents, for consumptives, for weak children, for all who need flesh, Scott's Emulsion is a rich and comfortable food, and a natural tonic.

Scott's Emulsion for bone, flesh, blood and nerve.

We will send you a free sample. Be sure that the picture in the form of a label is on the wrapper of every bottle of Emulsion you buy. SCOTT & BOWNE, CHEMISTS, Toronto, Ontario. 50c. and \$1. all druggists.

accomplishes in this murder; Bothwell was acquitted by his judges, and their verdict was confirmed by Parliament. "But suspicion still attached to him," the Queen said, "and therefore I steadfastly refused to marry him, despite the pressure brought to bear on me by a strong party of the Lords. Then he resorted to violence, carried me off to his castle at Dunbar, and compelled me to go through the ceremony which would give him the position of power he coveted. Would that I had died a thousand times rather than submit to it! For this compulsory marriage put a weapon in my adversaries' hands, and gave a coloring of truth to the vile accusation they brought against me of having connived at my husband's murder. Some forged letters were brought forward in support of this charge, and my fate was sealed. An insurrection of the Lords of the Covenant was followed by my incarceration at Lochleven and the complete abolition of the Catholic religion. After my escape from and the fatal defeat at Langside, I fled to England, where, as you know, instead of the promised assistance on which I relied, I found perpetual imprisonment in store for me. My principal enemies were, within a short time, arraigned before the judgment-seat of God; Murray was assassinated, Marjory suddenly, Morton and Ruthven were executed for the murder of Darnley. Almost all met with a violent death; may God forgive them, as I strive to do! Only one thing is a source of continual anxiety to me; the salvation of my only son, whom I left, an infant in the cradle, when I was taken as a prisoner to Lochleven. To win him back to the Catholic faith, I would gladly sacrifice my life."

This sorrowful story, which was told me in detail, differed on many points from the account which I had previously heard. I cannot deny that I was deeply moved by it. Everything about it seemed to bear the impress of truth, and I said within myself, if this is a tissue of lies and hypocrisy, Mary Stuart is an accomplished deceiver, and I shall find the means of unmasking her. Could I discover her to be in any way mixed up in the design of murdering Elizabeth, not a single word will I believe of her self-deception, although it is stated so calmly and bears so strong an appearance of truth.

The captive Queen did not tell me her history as a connected whole, but in parts, at different times, yet I never detected any discrepancy in her statements. Once I asked her what she would do if she were set at liberty. She replied that formerly it was her design, should she regain her freedom, to hasten to Scotland, to withdraw her son from the influence of scoundrels, and defeat their schemes; and to call upon the faithful Catholics in the lowlands, as well as the highland clans, to unite in one supreme effort to maintain the Catholic faith in the country. But now she had completely abandoned all such ideas; the time for action was past, her son was already twenty years of age. She would therefore retire to her beloved France, to her relatives of the House of Guise, to end her days in peace and the undisturbed exercise of her religion. Many and many a time had she brought her Royal Sister of England to release her from this almost intolerable captivity, but she would only consent to do so on certain conditions, two of which could not be accepted, namely that she renounce her claim to the crown of England, and abjure the Catholic faith.

(To be continued.)

THE UNSAID WORD.

Out of sight and out of reach they go—These close, familiar friends, who loved us so; And, sitting in the shadow they have left,

Alone with loneliness, and sore bereft, We think with vain regret of some fond word

That once we might have said and they have heard.

—Nora Perry.

Milburn's S. Erling Headache Powder contains neither morphine nor opium. They promptly cure Sick Headache, Neuralgia, Headache, Headache of Grippe, Headache of delicate ladies and Headache from any cause whatever. Price 10c. and 25c.

Bobs.—I wonder who first discovered that it's the unexpected that always happens.

Slobbs.—It must have been the weather man.

Worms affect a child's health too seriously to neglect. Sometimes they cause convulsions and death. If you suspect them to be present, give Dr. Low's pleasant Worm Syrup, which destroys the worms without injuring the child. Price 25c.

The harm that happens to others very seldom does us any good, and seldom does us any harm. People who are successful are neither envious, jealous nor revengeful.—Max O'Rell.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

Truly the prominent woman's husband is to be pitied, but fortunately for most married men who play second fiddle in the orchestras to which they belong give but few public performances.

Minard's Liniment Cures La Grippe.



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The original kidney specific for the cure of Backache, Diabetes, Bright's Disease and all Urinary Troubles.

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They cure when all others fail.

Not a Cure All, but purely a Kidney Pill. 50c. per box, or 3 for \$1.35. All dealers or THE DOAN KIDNEY PILLS CO. Toronto, Ont.

THE WILL AND THE WAY.

It was a noble Roman,
In Rome's imperial day,
Who heard a coward croaker,
Before the battle say:

"There's safe in such a fortress;
There is no way to shake it—"
"On I on!" exclaimed the hero,
"I'll find a way to make it!"

Is fame your aspiration?
Her path is steep and high;
In vain he seeks the temple,
Content to gaze and sigh!

The shining throne is waiting
But he alone can take it
Who says, with Roman firmness:
"I'll find a way, or make it!"

Is learning your ambition?
There is no royal road;
Alike the peer and peasant
Must climb to her abode.

Who feels the thirst for knowledge,
In Helicon may slake it,
If he has still the Roman will
To "find a way or make it!"

Are riches worth the getting?
They must be bravely sought;
With wishing and with fretting
The boon cannot be bought.

To all the prize is open,
But only he can take it
Who says with Roman courage
"I'll find a way, or make it!"

—John G. Saxe.

An English Author Wrote.

"No shade, no shine, no fruit, no flowers, no leaves, —November!" Many Americans would add no freedom from catarrh, which is so aggravated during this month that it becomes troublesome. There is abundant proof that catarrh is a constitutional disease. It is related to scrofula and consumption, being one of wasting diseases. Hood's Sarsaparilla has shown that what is capable of eradicating scrofula, completely cures catarrh and taken in time prevents consumption. We cannot see how any sufferer can put off taking this medicine, in view of the widely published record of its radical and permanent cures. It is undoubtedly America's Greatest Medicine for America's Greatest Disease—Catarrh.

At the establishment of a certain hair-dresser the following scene recently took place, to the joy of those awaiting their turn:

Barber (inspecting the victim on the chair)—Your hair is getting very thin, sir.

Victim.—Yes? That's all right, I've been giving it anti fat; I hate stout hair.

Barber.—It's quite gray, sir.

Victim.—Of course! I'm in half mourning just now.

Barber.—But you really should put something on it, sir.

Victim.—So I do, every day.

Barber.—Ah! May I ask what?

Victim.—My hat.

MESSRS. C. C. RICHARDS & Co.

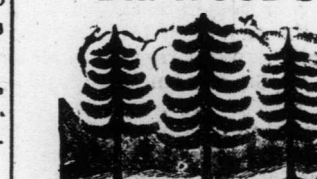
Gentlemen,—Theodore Dorais, a customer of mine was completely cured of rheumatism after five years of suffering, by the judicious use of MINARD'S LINIMENT.

The above fact can be verified by writing to him, to the parish priest or any of his neighbors.

A. COTE,
Merchant, St. Isidore, Que.,
May 12th, 1898.

What a boom it would be for millions should women ever break into politics and bet hats on the elections.

DR. WOOD'S



NORWAY PINE SYRUP

Stops the irritating cough, loosens the phlegm, soothes the inflamed tissues of the lungs and bronchial tubes, and produces a quick and permanent cure in all cases of Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, Hoarseness, Sore Throat and the first stages of Consumption.

Mrs. Norma Swanson, Cargill, Ont., writes: "I take great pleasure in recommending Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. I had a very bad cold, could not sleep at night for the coughing and had pains in my chest and lungs. I only used half a bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and was perfectly well again."

Price 25 cents a bottle.

OH, MY HEAD!

HOW IT ACHES!



HEADACHES.

NERVOUS
BILIOUS
SICK
PERIODICAL
SPASMODIC

Headache is not of itself a disease, but is generally caused by some disorder of the stomach, liver or bowels. Before you can be cured you must remove the cause.

Burdock Blood Bitters
will do it for you.

It regulates the stomach, liver and bowels, purifies the blood and tones up the whole system to full health and vigor.

There is a certain rich newspaper proprietor in the north of England whose ignorance of literature is profound, and the other day the sub-editor used a Keats sonnet as a "filler." Coming down on the following morning, as is his wont, to put his staff "through their paces," the proprietor called for the sub-editor, and said, pointing to the sonnet: "Now, what's that?"

"That, sir, oh, that's a sonnet by Keats."

"Well, I ca' it tommy rot. If he sends any more of them in, doant thou use them, or thou'lt ha' to pay for them theeself."

GOOD HEALTH IS IMPOSSIBLE

Without regular action of the bowels. Laxa-Liver Pills regulate the bowels, cure constipation, dyspepsia, biliousness, sick headache, and all affections of the organs of digestion. Price 25 cents. All druggists.

A certain small boy was going out to luncheon by invitation. His mother was anxious he should behave well, but, wisely recalling that simplicity is the essence of all true politeness, gave him but one caution: "Act, Tom, as if you were at home; take what you want with a 'Yes, please,' and decline anything with a polite, 'No, thank you.' Be as honest as at your own table."

At night Tom reported results. "I guess I did all right, mother, though I got a laugh on me once."

"What was that?" inquired his mother.

"Well, we had baked apples, and when it came my turn to be served Mrs. C. said: 'And now, Tom, which apple do you want?'"

"You told her, of course," interpolated his mother, as the boy hesitated a little. "You know, I have often explained that it is good manners to give a choice when one is asked."

"Yes, mother, I told her, and that was the laugh, I said, 'The one I want is gone.'"

Cobwebs are unknown in the stores that advertise in this paper.

The breath of the pines is the breath of life to the consumptive. Norway Pine Syrup contains the pine virtues and cures coughs, colds, bronchitis, hoarseness, and all throat and lung troubles, which, if not attended to, lead to consumption.

The handsomest wife does not always make the happiest home.

Used internally Hagyard's Oilcures Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Quinsy, Pain in the Chest, Croup, etc. Used externally cures Rheumatism, Stiff Joints, Contracted Cords, Sprains, Strains, Burns, Scalds, Cuts, and Bites of Insects.

If you want to live happy keep out of debt and out of jail.

British Troop Oil Liniment is without exception the most effective remedy for Cuts, Wounds, Ulcers, Open Sores, Rheumatism, Bites, Stings of Insects, etc. A large bottle 25 cents.

Hyndman & Co. Agents.
Queen St., Dec. 21, 1898.

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 & GOFF,

GROCERS.

Make Weak Hearts Strong. Make Shaky Nerves Firm.

They are a Sure Cure for Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Loss of Energy, Brain Fog, After Effects of La Grippe, Palpitation of the Heart, Anemia, General Debility and all troubles arising from a run down system.

They regulate the heart's action and invigorate the nerves. This is what they have done for others! They will do the same for you.

GREAT RELIEF.
I have taken Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills for palpitation of the heart and shattered nerves, and for both troubles have found great relief.—Mrs. W. Ackers, Eggenville, Ont.

FEELS SPLENDID NOW.
Before taking Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills I was all run down, could not sleep at night and was terribly troubled with my heart. Since taking them I feel splendid. I sleep well at night and my heart does not trouble me at all. They have done me a world of good.—Jas. H. Macleod, Hartsville, P.E.I.

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This is a new brand of

ORANGE MARMALADE

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One Pound Glass Jars.

It is a Very Superior

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And gives splendid satisfaction whatever used.

Try a pot of it from

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All kinds of Stoves at

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Ask to see the

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