

THE WONDERFUL FLOWER OF WOXINDON.

An Historical Romance of the Times of Queen Elizabeth.

BY REV. JOSEPH SPILLMAN, S. J.

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(Reproduced from the Montreal True Witness.)

CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

I therefore stepped boldly forward, and owned that I had been the one to lock the door, and that when I did so, I was not aware of Topcliffe's presence within the room. (This was no departure from the truth, since I did not know, but only suspected that he was there.) The man glared at me, burst into a hoarse laugh, saying he did not believe I was capable of playing him such a trick, but he had no doubt I should not hesitate to tell a lie to get my sister out of a scrape. Where was I going to, he inquired, and what did I want on the stairs? I replied that I had gone down into the kitchen to fetch something that was required for my father, and that the soldier who was on guard at the foot of the staircase could bear witness that it was I, not my sister, who had passed him. Topcliffe immediately had the man called in; but whether he had not yet slept off the fumes of liquor, or whether he saw what Topcliffe wished him to say, at any rate, he asserted it to be his conviction that the young lady, who nearly stumbled over him last night, was not so tall as myself. Thereupon Topcliffe without further question arrested my sister in the Queen's name. Anne burst out crying. I appealed to Windsor to give evidence that I, not she, had left the room. All in vain; Topcliffe denounced us all as a lot of lying Papists and said he believed the testimony of his own eyes and his watchman's before that of our tongues. Having delivered my sister over to the charge of two halibediers, he proceeded to announce that, as it was now broad daylight, he intended to make a thorough search of the house and garden. He was quite certain he said that in the course of the aforesaid night, a mass priest had been with the sick man, and could not now be very far off. Seeing a bunch of keys hanging at my waist-band, he ordered me to go with him. Resistance was useless; consequently while the rest of the party remained under surveillance in the hall, I was compelled to accompany the odious creature with half a dozen of the most cunning of his satellites, upstairs and downstairs, into every corner and cranny of the house; standing by, an unwilling spectator, while every door was unlocked, every wall measured, and every part that appeared suspiciously thick struck with a hammer to ascertain whether it sounded hollow, and might conceal a secret chamber. I was quite afraid that the principal hiding place would be discovered. There was no one in it, it is true, but its disclosure would have brought us into sad trouble. For full five minutes Topcliffe stood on the stone under the back stairs, which concealed a subway into the barn hard by, where Brother—was a lay Jesuit, very clever at concealment, had contrived a capital hiding place. However, this time our tormentor did not succeed in routing anything out; the failure did not improve his temper, and very crossly he made me a sign to accompany him to the garden and outbuildings.

In the barn and woodshed he thrust his sword recklessly in and out of the trusses of hay and straw and between the piles of firewood, bidding his men to toss the faggots from one corner to another. Still nothing was found, and I began to think the work was over, when he caught sight of the ladders, hanging from wooden pegs outside the stables. It happened that the smaller ladder was only suspended from one peg, so that it hung awry, one end resting on the ground. As everything else was in the most perfect order, thanks to old John's care, this little piece of carelessness struck Topcliffe, and he went close up to the ladders. Then he was led to notice some fresh garden weeds adhering to the foot of the larger ladder. "Hullo!" he exclaimed, "it is Gospel truth, this ladder has been used, and within a few hours too! Now I know the way that scorned mass priest got into the old fool's room. What do you say to that, Miss Bellamy?"

What indeed could I say? In my confusion I could only stammer something about the ladder being in use for all manner of purposes. "O course," he said in his sneering way, "We understand this ladder, nearly 50 feet long, was wanted last night to gather the priest off the dwarf pear tree yonder, that are now just in blossom! May I have the pleasure, Miss Bellamy, of conducting you to the spot where that ladder was planted two or three hours ago? Let me see, which gable window was it? Ah, I see. Allow me."

He advanced towards me with a smile; I put his proffered arm aside indignantly, whereat he only laughed, and said I was really quite amiable as my sister, but never fear, he would yet devise the means to cure us of our apishness.

When we got to the place beneath the window, he triumphantly pointed out the holes in the ground made by the foot of the ladder, asking me if I could still persist in my denial! I answered nothing. Then he looked at a bed of tulips that was trampled down, and in which several flowers were broken off. "What a pity," he said sarcastically. "Do you not think, Miss Bellamy, that people should be rather more careful? The ladder might have been stood on the gravel path, then your flowers would not have been spoiled. Besides the footprints would not have been seen, as they are so very plainly in the soft mould. Just look here—these huge marks must have been made by your worthy uncle's great boots; those there are the traces of the Jesuit, on whose head, mark you, a prize of £100 is set. Let me take the exact measure, one never knows how it may come in useful. Well, the good man does not appear to wear shoes of the latest fashion. Now here are some of a very different style and shape; one of the young gentlemen staying in your house must have been here, or some other abettor of the priest; these ministers of Baal never lack a gallowbird in their train. But how do these pretty little footprints come here? They are almost too small to be yours, my young lady, nor are they quite like a gentleman's shoe. Oh! I have it, they belong to the dear little lad who whispered in his sister's ear so sweetly last night on the stair: It is all right. True enough, it is all right, I can say that now; for since I have got these threads in my hand, I will not let them slip from my grasp, but out of them we will form a rope, a rope to fit the Jesuit's neck. By my troth, here comes the little man himself, just as we were speaking of him!"

As ill luck would have it, at that moment Uncle Remy appeared round the corner of the house holding the boy by the hand. I saw the exultant look Topcliffe gave them, and tried to give them a sign to warn them to beat a hasty retreat. But it was already too late. Topcliffe asked them quite civilly to come where we were standing; as soon as they did so, he seized hold of Frith's arm, and asked him whose were the footprints in that flower bed? The child looked at me with a frightened expression in his blue eyes, but he answered sturdily: these were the footprints of a good many people. This reply cost him several hard cuffs from Topcliffe, who then lifted him up and stood him down in the flowerbed; but Frith, guessing his design, defeated it by scraping the earth with his feet, so as to obliterate all traces of his having been there. This made Topcliffe very spiteful, he pulled the poor little fellow's hair unmercifully.

But one might go too far with Frith. He was a good, gentle child as long as he was treated kindly, but if he thought anyone was unjust to him, he could show himself a true Bellamy by his obstinacy, for we are known to come of a stubborn race. Frith set his teeth and looked at his tormentor with angry defiance, but he did not utter a word, even when Topcliffe boxed his ears so hard that the tears started to his eyes, saying: "None of your insolence for me, if you please! You little know me. I have taught many other birds to sing besides fledglings like you!"

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Master Topcliffe," exclaimed Uncle Remy, "for striking a lad like that. I will not permit it."

Let It Alone.

Scott's Emulsion is not a good medicine for fat folks. We have never tried giving it to a real fat person. We don't dare. You see Scott's Emulsion builds new flesh. Fat people don't want it. Strong people don't need it.

But if you are thin Scott's Emulsion is the medicine for you. It doesn't tire you out. There is no strain. The work is all natural and easy. You just take the medicine and that's all there is to it.

The next thing you know you feel better—you eat better—and you weigh more. It is a quiet worker.

Send for free sample. SCOTT & BOWNE, Toronto, Ont. and all druggists.

"Who asks you for permission?" the scoundrel rejoined. Then calling one of his men, he bade him cut a stout switch from a willow tree. When this was brought to him he trimmed it with his dirk, and whistled it round twice or thrice in the air with a whistling sound; then flourishing it over poor Frith's head, he addressed him thus: "Now Master Frith, my name is Topcliffe, and you may perhaps have heard I have been the means of bringing many hundreds to the gallows, or what is worse, to the rack. I am not a man to be trifled with. Now listen to me: Last night that very ladder was brought here, and by it the Jesuit Elmond climbed up to the gable window yonder. I know very well that you, my young master, brought the Jesuit here, and you conducted him home again; so you know now, where he is hidden. Pay heed to what I say: I am going to count five and twenty, quite slowly, and if by the time I have done, you do not tell me where the Jesuit has put himself, I will lay this switch about you so soundly that you will not know whether you stand on your head or your heels, and will be ready to tell me all I want to know. Lay the young gentleman on the garden seat, and hold him down; that is right. Now I am going to begin: one—two—"

"Master Topcliffe, what are you thinking of?" interposed Uncle Remy. "Do you imagine that a child like that would be told where a Catholic priest is concealed?"

"Five—six," the man went on.

"Never fear, Uncle Remy, I will not let him know it if he should cut me to pieces."

"There now, the young villain confesses he knows it! Eighty-nine."

"Stop that!" cried Uncle Remy, "whatever I have to suffer for it, I will not stand by and see the boy flogged. You are exceeding your powers." So saying he wrested the switch out of Topcliffe's hand, broke it to pieces, and flung it on the ground.

The tyrant shouted to his men to seize and bind Uncle Remy, but he was a powerful man, and easily shook off the two who laid hands on him. Snatching a pike from a third, he swung it about him with such effect, that all his antagonists retreated, their leader among them, and the two that were holding Frith down on the garden seat, let him go free. Quick as thought the child sprang to his feet, slipped between the legs of the men with astounding dexterity, and would have made good his escape, had not cousin Page most inopportunistly appeared on the scene with some armed retainers and thus stopped him in his flight.

This cousin Page was my grandmother's nephew, and like all the rest of our family, a staunch Catholic at heart, although he had conformed to the new form of worship, in order to evade the exorbitant fines that were reducing all our Catholic families in turn to beggary. Alas! it is through weakness such as his, that our beloved island has been bereft of her choicest heirloom, the true faith; because the greater number of the nobility and gentry for the sake of retaining their property, complied with the will of their ruler, in the conviction that better times must come, when they would again openly profess their ancient creed. Pools indeed were they, and forgetful of our Lord's words: No servant can serve two masters; you cannot serve God and mammon. Thus all who would not forego mammon gradually lost the inestimable treasure of the Faith.

Cousin Page came puffing and red in the face like a turkey cock, for he was a corpulent man, and had been walking quickly. As soon as he saw us he cried out: "Cousin Bellamy, cousin Mary, I have just heard that my cousin Richard died last night. I am sorry, heartily sorry for you both. He was a good man, but headstrong like all the rest of you, and by his culpable obstinacy, he has ruined his fine estate. But what is up now? By my troth, that is Master Topcliffe! I wish you good morning! Another domiciliary visit to my stubborn popish relations—what are you after, my lad? Stop him, men, stop him."

These last words were addressed to Frith, who begged to be released, or the wicked man would beat him to death. Our unhappy relative, whose dastardly conduct may God forgive, listened to Topcliffe, and brought the struggling boy back. As soon as he learnt the state of affairs, he said: "A nice story this, Cousin Bellamy!"

(To be continued.)

Used internally Hayward's Yellow Oil cures 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.

He—"I suppose, before seeing one of these plays, one should read the book."

"Yes; Then in some cases, one might avoid the play."

Minard's Liniment relieves Neuralgia.

BRITISH



TROOP OIL LINIMENT

FOR

Sprains, Strains, Cuts, Wounds, Ulcers, Open Sores, Bruises, Stiff Joints, Bites and Stings of Insects, Colds, Contracted Cords, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Bronchitis, Croup, Sore Throat, Quinsy, Whooping Cough and all Painful Swellings.

A LARGE BOTTLE, 25s.

WHEN CHRIST WAS BORN.

BY FLORENCE EARL COATES.

On that divine all-hallowed morn
When Christ in Bethlehem was born,
How lone did Mary seem to be,
The kindly beasts for company!

Yet when she saw her Infant's face,
Fair with the soul's unfeigned grace,
Softly she wept for love's excess,
For painless ease and happiness.

She pressed her treasure to her heart—
A lowly mother, set apart
In the dear ways that mothers are,
And heaven seemed nigh, and earth afar;

And when grave kings in sumptuous guise
Adored her Babe, she knew them wise;
For at His touch her sense grew dim—
So all her being worshipped Him.

A nimbus seemed to crown the head
Low-nestled in that manger-bed,
And Mary's forehead, to our sight,
Wears ever something of its light;

And still the heart—poor pensioner!
In its affliction turns to her—
Best loved of all, best understood,
The type of selfless motherhood!

—Scribner's Magazine.

High Pressure Days.

Men and women alike have to work incessantly with brain and hand to hold their own nowadays. Never were the demands of business, the wants of the family, the requirements of society, more numerous. The first effect of the praiseworthy effort to keep up with all these things is commonly seen in a weakened or debilitated condition of the nervous system, which results in dyspepsia, defective nutrition of both body and brain, and in extreme cases in complete nervous prostration. It is clearly seen that what is needed is what will sustain the system, give vigour and tone to the nerves, and keep the digestive and assimilative functions healthy and active. From personal knowledge, we can recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla for this purpose. It acts on all the vital organs, builds up the whole system, and fits men and women for these high pressure days.

Mrs. Hauskeep—You needn't deny it, Delia! I saw you permit that policeman to kiss you last night.

Delia—As coarse, ma'am. Shure, ye wouldn't have me resist an officer, would ye?

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, leads to consumption.

"Have you realized anything from that mining investment you were telling me about?" Yes, I've realized the truth of the saying, "A fool and his money is soon parted."

Milburn's Sterling Headache Powders contain neither morphine nor opium. They promptly cure Sick Headache, Neuralgia, Headache, Headache of Grippe, Headache of delicate ladies and Headache from all cause whatever. Price 10c. and 5c.

Minard's Liniment the best Hair Restorer.



MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS FOR WEAK PEOPLE.

AND THOSE TROUBLED WITH

Palpitation, Throbbing or Irregular Beating of the Heart, Dizziness, Shortness of Breath, Distress after Exertion, Smothering Feeling, Spasms or Pain through the Breast and Heart, Morbid Condition of the Mind, Partial Paralysis, Sleeplessness, Nervousness, Anæmia, General Debility, After-Effects of Grippe, Loss of Appetite, etc.

Remember Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills cure the worst cases after other remedies fail.

Lax-Liver Pills cure Constipation.

Carpenters' Kidneys.



DOAN'S Kidney Pills

now on the first sign of Backache and is able to follow his trade with comfort and profit.

Carpentering is not an easy trade. The constant reaching up and down, the lifting and stooping over are all severe strains on the kidneys. No wonder a carpenter exclaimed, recently, that every time he drove a nail it seemed as though he was piercing his own back. He uses

DOAN'S Kidney Pills

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

"You should get your ears looped, O'Brien," said a smart tourist to an Irish peasant whom he was quizzing; "they're too large for a man."

"An' bebad," replied the Hibernian, "I was just thinkin' your's would want to be made larger; sure they're too small for an ass."

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.

"Oh, you cruel boy, to take those eggs out of the nest! Think of the poor mother bird when she comes—"

"The mother bird's dead, miss."

"How do you know that?"

"I see it in your hat!"

MESSRS. C. C. RICHARDS & CO.

Gentlemen.—After suffering for seven years with inflammatory rheumatism, so bad that I was eleven months confined to my room, and for two years I could not dress myself without help. Your agent gave me a bottle of MINARD'S LINIMENT in May, 97, and asked me to try it, which I did, and was so well pleased with the results I procured more. Five bottles completely cured me and I have had no return of the pain for eighteen months. The above facts are well known to everybody in this village and neighborhood.

Yours gratefully, A. DAIRT.

St. Timothee, Que., May 16th, 1899.

A despatch of the 15th from the Hague gives an outline of the terms on which the Boers will be willing to lay down their arms. The terms are very nice from the Boer standpoint, but it is not at all likely that Britain will accede to the terms. Among the things that the Boers will accept are a British Lord Commissioner with a Boer executive, both to be resident at Pretoria; the country to be divided into districts with British district officers and Boer committee chosen by polling by burghers; vote right to be reserved to British Government, the majority of British officers must be conversant with the Dutch language; Johannesburg to be retroceded to the British with complete British civil organization; war indemnity at least £10,000,000, to be distributed by mixed committees; disarmament to occur when the first batch of Boer prisoners are sent back to South Africa; no war tax to be levied; both languages to be recognized in schools. Courts and official documents; expense of garrison in South Africa to be borne by Great Britain; present Boer leaders to retain office so far as possible.

The new blocks and correct styles in Spring Hats are ready. Our \$2.25 Hats, "Wilkinson" make, are as good, we believe, as any Hat for which you may pay a higher price elsewhere.

Shapes of leading style, makers English and American, are here to select from.

We back our \$2.00 Derbys and Fedoras against all entries in the \$2.25 class.

Your money back if not satisfied

Come and see our Hats

—AT—

D. A. BRUCE'S,

Clothing, Hats, Furnishings,

Morris Block,

Charlottetown, P. E. I.

HERE IS PROOF.

Mrs. J. T. Skine of Shigawake, Que., writes: "I have used Burdock Blood Bitters as a spring medicine for the past four years and don't think there is its equal. When I feel drowsy, tired and have no desire to eat I get a bottle of B.B.B. It purifies the blood and builds up the constitution better than any other remedy."

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS.

Turns Bad Blood into

Rich Red Blood.

This spring you will need

something to take away that tired, listless feeling brought on by the system being clogged with impurities which have accumulated during the winter.

Burdock Blood Bitters is the

remedy you require.

It has no equal as a spring medicine. It has been used by thousands for a quarter of a century with unequalled success.

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Suits.

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Right to the Front

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But we do not charge high prices for our Goods—just enough to make you feel satisfied that you are getting the best value in town.

Tweed & Worsted Suits

FROM \$14 UP.

JOHN McLEOD & CO.,

Merchant Tailor.

Have You Ever Tried

Petrol

On Your Walls?

It is far superior to the Kalsomines and other preparations in use, as it contains no glue, but make a hard cement-like surface. A beautiful line of colors.

FOR SALE BY

Fennell & Chandler.

YOUR Spring Hat, SIR!

The new blocks and correct styles in Spring Hats are ready. Our \$2.25 Hats, "Wilkinson" make, are as good, we believe, as any Hat for which you may pay a higher price elsewhere.

Shapes of leading style, makers English and American, are here to select from.

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Stewing Prunes.

We have a large stock of California Stewing Prunes on hand, and in order to reduce we offer this week

3 lbs. 14c Prunes for 35c

3 lbs. 12c Prunes for 30c

3 lbs. 10c Prunes for 25c

3 lbs. 8c Prunes for 20c

All Fresh New Stock.

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