

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 XXII—(Continued.)

"True enough," he rejoined. "But I am happy to say that I bring you good news." He opened the door to make sure that no one was listening, then dropping his voice, he continued: "If we speak low and mention no names, I can tell you now. He then informed me that all was going on well with our undertaking; they had heard from Lancashire that the way would be made smooth in another fortnight at the latest. Anthony had a most encouraging letter from the prisoner, and only a few more details remained to be settled. To discuss these, the friends were to meet next Friday evening at the 'Blue Boar' at St. Giles-in-the-fields.

"This is Monday," I answered. "Tomorrow I must visit my patient. I can get to Woxindon by Thursday evening, and on Friday I will be at the 'Blue Boar.' How about Saturday?"

"If only you would not blurt out names!" Gifford whispered. "All is well; you shall hear particulars on Friday."

Thereupon he bade me good night and took his departure. I busied myself in preparing to start on my journey to London directly after my visit to the castle on the morrow.

CHAPTER XXIII.

I will not dwell upon my meeting with my sweetheart, when I reobed Woxindon after a long day's ride. The two days separation had only served to enhance her charms in my eyes, and the tears on her cheeks, tears half of joy, half of sorrow, might well be compared to dewdrops on the petals of an opening rose. But the old lady had aged perceptibly in the short interval; I noticed how trembling were the hands she extended to me in welcome. By her two sons I was also kindly received; as soon as I had taken some refreshment I started for London with uncle Remy, because it was contrary to the good old-fashioned notions of propriety for two persons who were betrothed to pass the night under the same roof.

On the way uncle Remy said that Anne's elopement caused them less concern since they had heard that Babington had married her at once. The nuptial bond had been tied by a seminary priest from Douay, named Ballard, the usual preliminaries being dispensed with in virtue of the extraordinary powers granted by the Holy See to missionaries. Nevertheless he feared that Anne's contumacious and disobedience argued ill for the happiness of her married life. Yet he was prepared to forgive her and recognize Babington as his nephew, both in his own name and on behalf of the other members of his family, provided they would both acknowledge they had done wrong, and asked forgiveness. This reconciliation he hoped might be brought about by means of my mediation. I willingly promised to do my utmost to effect it.

When we emerged from the leafy shelter of the wood, we perceived that a storm was coming up in the west. The sun had disappeared behind a bank of heavy clouds, which were spreading rapidly over the sky, and we put spurs to our steeds in order to reach our destination before the outbreak of the tempest. As we passed through St. Giles, the first gusts of wind, heralds of the coming storm, swept over the plain, enveloping us in a cloud of dust. Low raged it was drifted across the sky like a troop of skirmishers, pelting us with rain in the form of large heavy raindrops. A stream came the vanguard of the army, rattling and roaring, the main body following in series ranks upon their heels. We were galloping through Newgate when the war of the elements broke loose, and the artillery of the heavens, which we heard muttering in the distance, was discharged over our heads. Fishes of red lightning rent the sky, accompanied by sharp peals of thunder, while rain and hailstones pattered down on roof and pavement. We were fain to draw our cloaks over heads and press onward with all speed to Tibbourn's dwelling house in the strand. We arrived there wet through, but met with a warm welcome, and were soon provided with dry clothes and a glass of hot punch, while the friendly house-keeper took our dripping cloaks to be hung up by the kitchen fire.

We sat in the twilight and told one another of what had occurred since we last met. The storm that was raging without caused it to be come dark long before the ordinary time, for it was midsummer. The rain which came down like a waterfall, dashed against the windows that looked towards the river, while the panes rattled with every fresh peal of thunder.

Tibbourn spoke of his lawsuit; he said that his counsel had informed him, in so many words, that he could not hope for a favorable verdict, unless he attended the reformed service. This led to a fresh discussion of the vexed questions, whether it was allowable, when considerable property was at stake, to assist occasionally as a mere spectator at the heretical worship. I maintained that it was; Tibbourn said no, and he was right, because to be present in the Protestant church was considered as a proof of apostasy. Our debate was put to stop by a loud knock at the door which opened on to the garden, and my friend, the boatman hurried in, looking, to borrow a homely expression, like a drowned rat.

"Mr. Windsor is here!" he exclaimed. "Thank God, I am not too late. Save yourselves, gentlemen, to-night all Papists are to be put to the sword!"

"Why, Bill, what strange story is this?"

"I will tell you presently, when you are in safety. Should I come out for a stupid joke on a night like this? Do not stop to consider, for God's sake! Take your money and your arms, throw on your cloaks, and in with you into the boat! As true as I stand here, your life hangs on a thread, and we have not a moment to lose!"

We looked at one another in bewilderment. But the man was so evidently in earnest, that we thought it best to follow him. Tibbourn put in his pocket all the money he had in the house; we buckled on our swords and wrapped our mantles round us. Meanwhile Bill informed us that it was reported as a certain fact that a decree had been passed by the Queen's Council for the massacre of all Papists in their houses on that night. More than once already such rumors had been set afloat, which in those troubled times easily found credence, and put all Catholics in mortal fear. Many persons then abandoned their homes and spent the night in the fields; others hired boats on the Thames, and floated up and down the river. We thought possible there might be a murderous uprising of the people, in consequence of a lying rumor about the coming invasion being spread about. It struck me that perhaps our conspiracy was discovered, and the issue of a decree for our arrest had given rise to the report. In times such as ours, no man felt himself safe.

So out we went in rain and storm under Bill's guidance, and soon found ourselves on the river's bank. The boat, tossed about by the waves, was half full of water, and we had to ladle it out with our hats before entrusting our persons to the stream. At last we put off, and so strong were wind and current, that it was all the sturdy arm of our boatman could do to direct the course of the boat right.

"I will take you to my home," he said, "you will be safe there. Then I must go to St. Paul's stairs, to fetch another friend of yours. He is to be there by 10 o'clock. Listen, half past nine is striking, we must make haste. Look out for the bridge ahead of us!"

In a few minutes we reached St. Catherine's docks, and made the boat fast to one of the posts beneath the boatman's dwelling. Bill gave the signal; the rope ladder was let down, and we all three climbed up into the narrow room, dimly lighted by a small oil lamp. There we found several Catholics who lived in the neighborhood, and had sought refuge in the humble abode. Women and children cried and lamented; the men paced up and down; some guarded the door, others watched

from the window what went on in the alley below. One said one thing, one another.

"On the stroke of midnight," said one, "the great bell of St. Paul's will give the signal for the massacre."

"No, a shot will be fired from the Tower, when it is to begin," another asserted.

"Oh, it has already commenced in St. Dunstan's and Whitefriars," a third declared. "No mercy is shown even to women and children."

"I have been informed," another said, "that shooting is to go on, by order of the Privy Council, lest, if the gunpowder is used freely, it will run short when the Spaniards land."

"They have landed already, near Dover, 50,000 strong to-morrow they will be before London," was the confidential assertion of the same individual, who stated that the massacre had already begun. "Those who are fortunate enough to live through this night, will see the old Catholic days back in England. The Spaniards once here, we shall see no more of Anne Boleyn's daughter, who has done all the mischief, for they will set Mary Stuart on the throne. Bolt the doors, friends, and be patient, to-morrow may have good things in store for us!"

One did not know what to make of these contradictory reports. My friends and I were shown into a small upper room, where we could be quiet. Standing at the window, we gazed out on the broad river. The rain had abated, the clouds had broken, and the moon cast an uncertain light on the waves as they hurried by. By these fitful gleams we could discern a quantity of craft of every size, crowded with people, passing to and fro.

"Fugitive brethren!" said Tibbourn. "Merciful Heavens, what days we live in! It could hardly have been worse for us in Rome, under Nero or Diocletian."

"Our enemies are evidently determined to drive us to desperation," I remarked.

"Here comes our worthy boatman with a new freight," exclaimed Bellamy, pointing to a light stuff that was being made fast to the posts supporting the boat. At that moment a ray of moonlight broke through the clouds, enabling us to recognize the persons seated in the boat. "By George! it is my niece and Babington," he ejaculated.

I laid my hand on his: "Here is an opportunity, my dear friend, to practice a Christian virtue, and show that it is not with you lips alone that you say daily: 'Forgive us our debts.'"

He returned the pressure saying: "You do well, Windsor, to remind me of that. But go you to meet them, and just say a word to them before I see them."

Accordingly I went down into the lower room, which I entered just as Babington and his young wife ascended the rope ladder. In the dim light they did not recognize me at once, so I left them a few minutes to recover themselves, before taking Babington aside, and speaking to him. "You hear, Windsor?" was his astonished exclamation. "Yes, and Tibbourn too, and do not excite yourself—Bellamy!"

"What, Remy! Good Heavens! In that case my wife and I had better take refuge somewhere else. She is so excitable, and is so irritable at the least mention of Woxindon, that I often regret having persuaded her to leave it."

"That makes it all the more necessary to avail yourself of the occasion that now presents itself for a reconciliation. I give you my word for it. Bellamy is prepared to forgive all, if you and Anne will acknowledge yourselves in the wrong, as freely as I forgive you."

"As you!" he rejoined. "Pray what have you to forgive? Was it not through your tale-telling that the old lady turned me out of the house? What were we to do, but to take the law into our own hands?"

"My good fellow, I assure you upon my honor, that never a word to your disadvantage did I utter to Mistress Bellamy. It was a servant who reported to the old grandmother your secret meetings in the ruined castle, against which I had already warned you. But let that pass now. At any rate your mode of procedure has caused much distress to all the members of the family at Woxindon. And the fact that at this moment we have, as it is reported, a sword hanging over our heads, is reason enough to ask pardon of all against whom we have offended, and seek mutual reconciliation."

For all his levity and vanity, Babington had too good a nature to allow him to barden his heart against this friendly overture. He grasped my hand affectionately: "God bless you, Edward," he said, "I see that I have wronged you and given pain to others, and I will do all I can to make reparation."

(To be continued.)

Mens felt hats at Week's & Co. We are having a splendid sale of our Christy Hats this year beating all other year's hallow. We give the best value and have a big stock of the latest styles to choose from. We will be glad to show them to you Weeks & Co. The People's Store.

TO MY GUARDIAN ANGEL.
BY FATHER FABER.

Dear Angel, ever at my side!
How loving must thou be
To leave thy home in heaven to guide
A little child like me!

Thy beautiful and shining face
I see not, though so near;
The accents of thy soft low voice
I am too deaf to hear.

But I have felt thee in my thoughts,
Fighting with sin for me;
And when my hearts loves God, I know
The sweetness is from thee.

And when, dear Angel! I kneel
Down
Morning and night to pray,
Something there is within my heart
That tells me thou art there.

And when I pray, thou prayest too,
Thy prayer is all for me;
And when I sleep, thou sleepest not,
But watchest patiently.

Ah me! how lovely they must be
Whom God has glorified:
And one of them,—oh, happy thought!
Is ever at my side.

Minard's Liniment the best Hair Restorer.

The Royal Month and the Royal Disease.

Sudden changes of the weather are especially trying, and probably to none more so than to the scrofulous and consumptive. The progress of scrofula during a normal October is commonly great. We never think of scrofula—its bunches, cutaneous eruptions, and wasting of the bodily substance—without thinking of the great good many sufferers from it have derived from Hood's Sarsaparilla, whose radical and permanent cures of this one disease are enough to make it the most famous medicine in the world. There is probably not a city or town where Hood's Sarsaparilla has not proved its merit in more homes than one, in arresting and completely eradicating scrofula which is almost as serious and as much to be feared as its near relative,—consumption.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Then love me, love me, Angel dear!
And I will love the more;
And help me when my soul is cast
Upon the eternal shore.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills cure Anæmia, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Weakness, Palpitation, Throbbing, Faint Spells, Dizziness, or any condition arising from Impoverished Blood, Disordered Nerves or Weak Heart.

Papa (reading the bad reports of his children in school).—Its awful that we should have such stupid children.

The Boy.—But, papa, where should the smartness come from in our family?

Backache, swelling of feet and ankles, puffing under eyes, frequent thirst, scanty, cloudy, high colored urine and all urinary troubles lead to Bright's disease, dropsy, diabetes etc. Doan's Kidney Pills are a sure cure.

A Red Hot Season.

During the hot season the blood gets over heated, the drain on the system is severe and the appetite is often lost. Burdock Blood Bitters purifies and invigorates the blood, tones up the system and restores the lost appetite.

Minard's Liniment cures Burns, etc.

"So the engagement's off?"

"Yes; she advised him to practice economy, and he started in by getting her an imitation diamond."



Travellers and Tourists

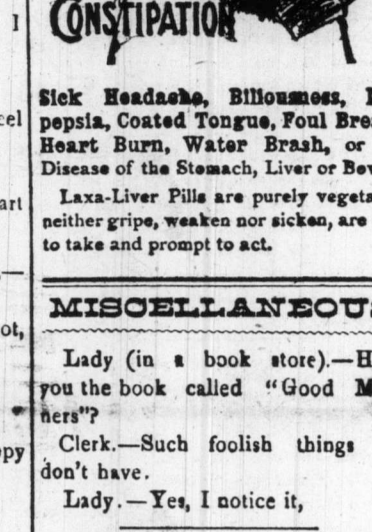
Travelling from place to place are subject to all kinds of Bowel Complaint on account of change of water, diet and temperature.

Dr. Fowler's Ext. of Wild Strawberry

is a sure cure for Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Colic, Cramps, Pains in the Stomach, Seasickness, Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, Summer Complaint, and all Fluxes of the Bowels in Children and Adults.

Its effects are marvellous. It acts like a charm. Relief is almost instantaneous.

Does not leave the Bowels in a constipated condition.



MISCELLANEOUS.

Lady (in a book store).—Have you the book called "Good Manners?"

Clerk.—Such foolish things we don't have.

Lady.—Yes, I notice it.

Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills regulate the bowels, cure constipation, dyspepsia, biliousness, sick headache and all affections of the organs of digestion.

She (in the park).—I wonder what kind of a tree that is?

He.—Why, that's a dogwood tree.

She.—But how can you tell?

He.—By its bark, of course.

British Troop Oil Liniment is good for man or beast. Relieves pain, reduces swelling, allays inflammation, cures cuts, burns, bruises, sprains, stiff joints, bites of insects, rheumatism, etc. A large bottle for 25 cents.

Salesman.—We will sell the furniture, madam, on very small weekly installments.

Customer.—Yes, I know. I am a little afraid it might wear out before its paid for.

Messrs. C. C. Richards & Co.

Gentlemen.—In June 98 I had my hand and wrist bitten and badly mangled by a vicious horse. I suffered greatly for several days and the tooth cuts refused to heal, until your agent gave me a bottle of MINARD'S LINIMENT, which I began using, and the effect was magical. In five hours the pain had ceased, and in two weeks the wounds had completely healed and my hand and arm were as well as ever.

Yours truly,
A. E. ROY.

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Children are often attacked suddenly by painful and dangerous Otic, Cramps, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, etc. Dr. Fowler's extract of Wild Strawberry is a prompt and sure cure which should always be kept in the house.

De Jinks.—Here's a nice cigar. I picked it out especially for you.

Boggs.—Thanks; I'd rather take the one you picked out for yourself.

Suits.

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HYNDMAN & CO. Agents. Queen St., Dec. 21, 1898.

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The prices range from 10c to 35c a bottle.

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