

MONTREAL TRUE WITNESS.---Supplement.

The White Rose of Scotland.

A HISTORICAL SKETCH.

"Catharine, we must part. The king this morn contemptuously refused me further aid. Indignant at his want of faith, I retorted in no measured terms, and am enjoined, on no measure of paying my life a forfeit to my penance, to quit the kingdom, three days only being allowed me to prepare for my departure. I must return to Flanders, there to seek that support which is denied me here. Toils and dangers await me, to which I cannot consent to thy exposure. That tender form of thine, my love, is not suited to endure the buffet of my stormy fortune."

Such were the words of the husband of the Lady Catharine Gordon, on his return from an unsuccessful interview with James IV. of Scotland.

"And shall Huntly's daughter," replied the lady, "thus consent to desert her husband? No, my dear Richard, I have shared your short-lived splendor, let me participate in your reverses. Let us leave Scotland; let us together seek our exile, and a kindred fate be ours. Where thou goest will I go, where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God!"

"Noble-minded woman—but it must not be!" ejaculated the youth. "Catharine—for I dare no longer wear a mask—prepare to curse thy unworthy husband. Thou deemest me the rightful heir to England's crown, but know me as a base impostor. I won thy love by a lie. Ambitiously aspiring to the heart of one fair and noble as thyself, have I entailed on a great and glorious race ruin and dishonor. Yet, oh! forgive me, and do not execrate my wild ambition."

"Oh, Richard, was this deception generous? Yet hold, my swelling heart, and let my duty as a wife subdue my woman's pride. My husband, avert not from me thus thy fearful eyes. Whoever thou art, thou has been to me all tenderness. It will be now my grateful task to prove to thee that Catharine Gordon's love was unalloyed by interest and ambition. If she adored thee when, 'mid thy gullant train, thou stoopedst unmated, 'twas not the splendor of thy royal name that bade me wish thee mine. Yes, my husband, I loved thee, and still I love thee, for thyself alone. Let us, then, thy these shores; desert from the wild pursuit of what thou hast no claim to, and let us seek a happy, a contented privacy."

"Alas, my beloved! it is impossible. Bound by a solemn oath to pursue, while I have being, the claim I have asserted, no rest, no peace remains to me. Leave me to my woes—leave me to my dishonor. Why should I be wretched?"

As the unhappy speaker concluded he added in his arms his faithful wife, and ineffectually endeavored to subdue her determination to share his fortunes.

The reader will ere this have discovered in the husband of the Lady Catharine the youth who, during the reign of Henry VII., had arrogated to himself the title of Richard, Duke of York, second son of Edward IV., who with his brother had been murdered in the Tower by the inhuman Richard III.

Possessed of every accomplishment that could engage affection, the youth, whose name was Perkin Warbeck, a Fleming, had gained the ready respect and confidence of many persons of rank in England.

After the failure, however, of his endeavors to excite a revolt in that country, which were discovered by the vigilance of the king, and frustrated by the immediate execution of his adherents, he had repaired to Scotland, and solicited the assistance of James IV. to place him on the throne of England.

James, whose credulity was equal to his valor, was easily prevailed on to support his pretensions.

He received him with the highest distinction, and in a short time consented to his union with a relative of his own, the Lady Catharine Gordon, daughter of the Earl of Huntly.

Between the "White Rose of Scotland"—for such was the appellation which the extraordinary beauty of this young lady had gained her—and the adventurer an ardent attachment had existed from the earliest period of his arrival in Scotland.

But finding the English people by no means disposed to join the fictitious prince, the Scottish king gave up the cause as hopeless.

The sun was attaining to his meridian height when the unhappy adventurer and his devoted bride embarked at Leith for Flanders.

"Bless thee, liddle! bestow a bawbee in charity on pair auld wileless Mansie."

Such were the words addressed by a wretched-looking figure to the Lady Catharine, as, leaning on her husband's arm, she appeared on the beach.

She threw her a small coin, which the beggar received, ejaculating:

"Many thanks, liddle; Mansie's prayers shall swell the breeze that wafts thee over the wide saut wava. But," almost shrieked she, gazing intently on the astonished Catharine, "muckle fear has I ye needna wish a speerly voyage—better a watery grave than a broken heart—better a pillow on the sauntering brize than a sleepless bed in a foreign land."

"What meanest thou?" earnestly demanded Catharine, whose curiosity and alarm were strongly excited by the words of the beggar.

"Ah, liddle, dinna ask. Gin ye saw wi' auld Mansie's een, ye wadna leave the land o' yer forebears to roam 'mang ruthless faes, a lanely exile. Fareweel, fareweel, liddle; dinna forget the warnin' o' auld Mansie!"

As she spoke she turned from the disappointed Catharine, who, with her husband, repaired to the boat that was to convey them to the vessel which was about to waft her forever from her native land.

As the boat was rowed from the shore, the beggar's discordant voice was heard chanting the following song:

"The White Rose has bloomed
Through a brief summer day,
Yet the White Rose is doomed
To a rapid decay.

"Thy smile may impart
A' its sweetness a' while,
Yet the worm's in thy heart
That shall banish that smile.

"Fareweel—oh, fareweel!
'Mid the tempest that blows,
In my ear rings the knell
O' Scotland's White Rose.

"Swift to bear thee away,
Round these hoarse billows swell
Aye again, an' for aye,
Rose o' Scotland, fareweel!"

As the last words of the song pealed on the ears of the terror-stricken Catharine, she ascended the side of the vessel, and, with eyes tearless from agony, perceived the shores of her native land receding fast from her view.

By an agreement between the English and Flemish courts, all English rebels had been excluded from the Low Countries.

Perkin, though born in England, was a Fleming by extraction, and might therefore have claimed admission into Flanders.

But, as he must have dismissed his English retainers, the brave companions of his dangers, and as he had to apprehend a cold reception from a people who were determined to maintain an amicable footing with the English Court, he resolved not to hazard the experiment, but repaired to Ireland, where he remained for some time in insecure and comfortless exile.

It is not to be expected that we shall follow the historian in a detail of his subsequent attempt upon England, of his landing in Cornwall, being joined by the populace, and taking upon himself for the first time the title of Richard IV., King of England.

It was at this period that his too faithful wife, following the fortunes of her unhappy husband, fell into the hands of the enemy.

This was a fatal blow to the adventurer.

In all his wanderings she had shared his fortunes.

With all his faults he had still adored his lovely, his ill-fated bride, his fair and spotless "White Rose."

We shall not depict the humiliating scene of his surrender to King Henry—of the exposure of his fictitious claims, of his ignominious treatment and close confinement, of his repeated efforts to escape, and lastly, of his arraignment and condemnation—but pass on to the scene of execution.

The last morn that ever broke upon the eyes of the unhappy pretender to royalty dawned heavily and slowly.

At an early hour the roads and lanes adjacent to the hill of Tyburn, the place of execution, were thronged with anxious and expecting thousands.

A detachment of soldiers surrounded the sledge on which the culprit and his confessor were placed.

As the procession approached the fatal spot, Perkin threw his eyes upon the gallows that frowned on the hill, and observed to his confessor, with a smile of bitter disappointment:

"Yonder is the throne to which ambition has exalted me."

The father entreated him to dismiss from his thoughts everything that might distract him from the awful duty of preparing to meet his Maker, adding, that though disappointed of an earthly throne, the present place was to be a stepping-stone to an eternal one.

"Were not these arms pinioned," cried the prisoner, "I would embrace the tree; and, since my tongue is not restrained, I thank thee for the best assurance."

He was now urged to a public confession of his imposture.

"Is not then your master yet content?" said he; adding, "but I consent, and thus proclaim my infamy. Urged on by restless ambition, but more by the ready tool of others' designing, I have disturbed the quiet of these realms, and sought a crown to which I had no claim. Father," he added, lowering his voice, "Heaven is my witness that had I not been bound by oath, I had long discontinued this iniquitous and futile enterprise. My unhappy Catharine! how does my heart bleed at thought of her. She long, long entreated me to resign the ambitious claim. That angel woman, father, in the flower of youth, in beauty's hour of pride, resigned her fate to my keeping; the descendant of a line of princes, she brooked alliance with a wanderer, an outcast.

"She loved me—she wedded me—she clung to my misfortunes—she joined in all my miseries, to prove the fervor of her truth. Oft has she wiped my burning brow, streaming with drops of anguish—oft has she cheered, with sounds of hope, my sinking heart. But now, now, father, she pines in bitter restraint, the captive of your master. Heaven's curse light on him if he give her gentle bosom aught of pain! 'Twas well for both we were spared the misery of a last adieu. I deemed it, in thy king, refinement of hatred to deny a final interview, but my heart now tells me he did it more in mercy than in anger. But no more. I have done with earth—I have done with Catharine."

He knelt, and crossing his hands on his breast, ejaculated a silent prayer.

At that moment a stir was perceived among the crowd, and a female broke through the soldiers that surrounded the drop, and threw herself into the arms of the criminal.

"Not yet! not yet! Spare him a little longer! Tear him not so soon from my arms!" she ejaculated.

"My poor mourner, 'tis too late," replied the condemned.

"Oh, no, no, no!" replied Catharine, "it is never too late for mercy. Take him back to his dungeon—respite him but a few hours. I will again to the king, throw myself at his feet, nor cease till he forgives!"

Nature could do no more.

She sank insensible into the arms of her husband.

"Now is the time," cried he, printing a last kiss on her pale cheek, as he consigned her to his confessor, directing him to remove her from the spot. "The bitterness of death is past," ejaculated he, as he threw on her one lingering look, and calmly submitted to the hands of the executioner.

The motion attending the removal of the Lady Catharine restored animation.

Involuntarily she turned her eyes towards the fatal spot.

What she saw may be conceived from the sequel.

"The fiends have murdered him!" she shrieked.

They were the last words of expiring reason that burst from the lips of the White Rose of Scotland.

The Climax of Medicine.



The Great System Renovator,

The Best Blood Purifier, Liver and Kidney Regulator, and Health Restoring Tonic in the World.

Warranted to cure every form of disease arising from a Torpid Liver, Impure Blood, and disordered Kidneys, and every species of Humor from an ordinary pimple to the worst Scrofula, if taken in time, faithfully adhering to directions. Broken down conditions of the system requiring a prompt and permanent Tonic that will restore and invigorate the flagging vital powers will find the long sought remedy in

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

The discoverer of this marvellous medicine does not claim that it is an infallible cure-all, well knowing that there are certain advanced stages of disease, such as Consumption, Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, Cancer, etc., that often baffle all medical science and skill, but it is claimed, demonstrated, and established beyond controversy, that all ordinary diseases of the Blood, Liver and Kidneys, General Debility, Scrofula, Rheumatism, Catarrh, Biliousness, Jaundice, Loss of Appetite, Constipation of the Bowels, Obstructions, Retention of the Urine, Dropsy, Enlargement of the Spleen, Fits, Lowness of the Spirits, Headache, Weakening Discharges, and all forms of Female Weaknesses, whose name is legion; Piles, Heart Disease, Apoplexy, Dyspepsia, Uterine Diseases, &c.

For the purification of the blood and toning of the system no combination known to medical science can equal the life-giving principles of

Burdock Blood Bitters.

Do not exhaust and debilitate the system with drastic cathartics and strong purgatives, when a few doses of so pleasant and palatable a remedy as Burdock Blood Bitters will produce the desired result without harm or inconvenience to the most delicate constitution.

STRICTLY VEGETABLE, And one of the best medicines in use for regulating the bowels,

Burdock Blood Bitters Are Tonic, Laxative, Alterative (purifying), Diuretic (acting upon the urinary secretions), gently stimulating and invigorating all the organs of the body to a healthy action.

They act beneficially not alone upon the Liver, but upon the entire glandular system, carrying off impurities and all morbid and offensive accumulations, and regulating the secretions to a proper action; they thus impart a healthy tone and vigor to the whole

system. Diseases that have baffled all other treatment speedily yield to their benign influence.

Blood is the vital fluid by which the organs and tissues of the body are nourished; being the source from which we derive all physical and mental vigor, how necessary that it be kept pure. If the blood contain poisonous matter all the organs become impaired. The majority of diseases that afflict the human family arise from an impure or impoverished state of the blood, or an improper action of the Liver.

The Liver is the largest gland of the body, and the only one that is supplied with venous as well as arterial blood: its office is to secrete bile, which is nature's proper cathartic.

When the Liver is Affected

The bowels are constipated, the skin becomes pale, or else of a dark and sallow hue: the healthy elements of the blood become separated, and it is either loaded with thick and offensive matter becoming clogged in the system, or the watery portion may predominate, giving rise to bloating, dropsical swellings, etc., headache, biliousness, pain in the back and shoulders, dyspeptic symptoms, such as distress after eating, pain in the region of the stomach; a languid, tired, exhausted, stupid feeling comes over the sufferers, rendering them depressed in spirits, gloomy and miserable. General weakening and debility of the whole system follows, and the weaker organs of the body take on inflammatory or diseased action; congestion or consumption of the special organs affected is the result.

Burdock Blood Bitters

Are composed entirely of herbal medicines, prominent among which is that well known, valuable plant, *Arctium Lappaz*, or Burdock, that grows so plentifully by our waysides.

This invaluable plant, like many another, has been underrated in value because of its simplicity; yet the best botanical authority ascribes to it golden virtues as a blood purifier, and as such it ranks second to none.

Burdock possesses Alterative, Aperient and strong Diuretic properties, with a marked action upon the skin and secretions; alone it has wonderful power in Dropsies, slow perhaps in action by itself, but when combined, as it is in these bitters, with other choice alteratives and tonics, its action is truly marvellous, so marked and decided in its effects that a sample bottle of three or four doses will readily convince the most sceptical.

Burdock Blood Bitters

Is put up in a neat package, containing a bottle of twelve fluid ounces, and sold everywhere at

ONE DOLLAR PER BOTTLE.

One bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters will do more to break up the most obstinate forms of disease than a half-dozen of any other similar preparation now or ever on the market. Burdock Blood Bitters is the

Great Household Panacea,

And a combination covering so many indications and meeting so many requirements, that no family should be without it.

Sickness comes when least expected, and no remedy contains so many valuable properties of *Materia Medica* as this great blood purifier.

CERTIFICATES.

HONEYWOOD, Jan. 21, 1881.
Mr. T. MILBURN & Co.—I inform you that my wife was taken bad with what the doctors pronounced liver complaint and pleurisy, for which I doctored for a long time, and she got worse; indeed, so bad that she could not sleep except on her hands and knees—could not lie down at all; indeed, I tried almost everything, and no result, when I was advised to try your Blood Bitters, which I did, and before the bottle was half gone she could lay on her back and sleep just as good as ever; and before the whole bottle was gone she was comparatively well, and which she now is, and for which we thank your Burdock Bitters.
Yours truly,
JOHN B. STEVENS, Honeywood.

VACRELL, 2nd March.
Messrs. T. MILBURN & Co.—I have suffered for years with constant pain in the head, and at regular intervals, terrible sick headaches. A half bottle of your Burdock Bitters has entirely relieved me from both. I am recommending it to all my acquaintances afflicted with this trouble.
Yours truly,
Mrs. R. McCLELLAN.

TESTIMONIALS.

Bilious Headache.
The following is from the proprietor of the *Canada Presbyterian*, and Government printer for the Province of Ontario.

THE PRESBYTERIAN OFFICE,
TORONTO, April 13th, 1880.
GENTLEMEN,—It affords me unqualified pleasure to bear testimony to the great benefit I have experienced from using your Burdock Blood Bitters.
For several years I have suffered greatly from oft-recurring bilious headaches. I was induced to try the above remedy; I did so, with the happiest results. I now find myself in better health than for years past. I trust by using a couple of additional bottles to be permanently cured. I never gave a testimonial of this kind before, but recognizing the sterling character of your preparation, do so cheerfully in this case.
Yours faithfully,
C. BLACKETT ROBINSON.

Ulcerated Sore Leg Cured by one Bottle.
April 16th, 1880.

T. MILBURN & Co.
GENTLEMEN,—I, the undersigned, do hereby certify that I was for some weeks past afflicted with a rapidly increasing ulcerous sore leg, accompanied with limes all over my body. Satisfied that it was the result of impure blood, I applied to you for some remedy for the purpose of cleansing the same. I have used the bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters given me by you, and to my great surprise my leg is entirely cured independent of any outward application, and the limes have entirely disappeared.
WILLIAM TRAINER, Fruiterer,
480 King Street East.

Cure of Kidney Complaint.
344 Parliament Street,
Toronto, April 17th, 1880.

T. MILBURN & Co.
GENTLEMEN,—I have been for over a year subject to serious disorder of the Kidneys, often being unable to attend to business. Your Burdock Blood Bitters was recommended as a good remedy; I obtained a bottle and am happy to say that I was relieved before the bottle was half used. I intend to continue, as I have confidence that it will entirely cure me.
Yours truly,
BRUCE TURNER.

Kidney Disease.
Had strain across loins caused by shoeing a colt; cold settled into it causing Kidney Disease with tremendous pain. Tried several cures recommended; all failed. One half bottle of B. B. B. cured me.
JOHN BUCHANAN, Blacksmith,
York P.O., Ont.

York P.O., March, 1881.
This is to certify I had an unknown disease causing swelling of the limbs; tried all recommended medicines, but got no cure until after using one bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters, which has cured me sound and given me vigorous health.
WM. HARRING, Farmer,
York P.O., March, 1881.

Messrs. T. Milburn & Co., Toronto.
DEAR SIRS,—Had a severe cold and general debility of the system; used some of your Burdock Blood Bitters, which gave me immediate relief and cure.
Yours truly,
HENRY GRILSON.

GENTLEMEN,—Had unknown disease; tried doctors and all kinds of medicine, but gave no relief; used one bottle of B. B. B., which gave me wonderful relief. Another bottle I think will cure me.
Mrs. GRILSON.

Had a severe cold and cough, cured by Burdock Blood Bitters.
WARNER N. YOUNG, S.M. Agent,
York P.O., Ont.

THE QUICKEST PROCESS KNOWN.

Every Lady Her Own Dyer.



Mrs. Freeman's New Domestic Dyes in Powder.

Excelling in brightness of color, strength and permanency, all other dyes in the market. Clean in process, simple in method, elegant in effect, cheaper, more convenient and more durable than any other form of dyes as operated by the old process of dyeing.
By diligent research and untiring labor, we have succeeded in bringing these dyes to a uniform standard little short of perfection, by which we are able to produce the most beautiful, brilliant and perfectly permanent colors known in Art; while their use is so simple that all may meet with success in their efforts with them.
Properly blended, TWENTY-FIVE DIFFERENT COLORS may be produced by these dyes in the cleanest and quickest possible manner.

- LIST OF COLORS.**
Navy Blue, Brown, Dark Green, Gray, Violet, Magenta, Orange, Salmon, Orinison, Light Green, Light Blue, Black, Pink, Purple, Scarlet.