

THE SCOTTISH CHIEFS; OR THE LIFE OF SIR WILLIAM WALLACE

BY MISS JANE PORTER. CHAPTER XXXV. CONTINUED.

"Lady," asked one of the lords, "if you thought so well of the queen and of this man, why did you not caution her against his smiles, and deem it necessary to persuade her not to see him again?"

"Thank you, my dear Jane," replied the king; "you almost persuade me of Margaret's innocence. Believe it, sire!" cried she; "whatever romantic thoughtlessness her youth and inexperience may have led her into, I pledge my life on her virtue."

"Repeat to me," demanded the king, "as answer to my head, all that you know of Queen Margaret's intimacy with the man who calls himself a minstrel. At these words, the French woman fell on her knees, and exclaimed, 'Sire, I will reveal all, if your Majesty will grant me a pardon, for having too faithfully served my mistress!'"

"Then I obey," answered the baroness. "The only time I have heard of or saw this man, was when he was brought to play before my lady at the Bishop's banquet. I did not much observe him, being at the other end of the room, so I cannot say whether I did not have seen him in France; for many noble lords adored the Princess Margaret, though she appeared to frown upon them all. But I must confess, when I attended her majesty's disrobing after the feast, she put to me so many questions about the minstrel, that I began to think her admiration too great to have been awakened by a mere song. And then she asked me if a king could have a nobler air than he had; she laughed and said, she would send your majesty to school to learn of him. Her majesty then talked of his beautiful eyes; so blue, she said, so tender, yet proud in their looks; and only a minstrel! De Pontoise, added she, 'can you explain that? I being well learned in the idle tales of our troubadours, answered, 'Perhaps he is some king in disguise, just come to look at your majesty's charms, and go away again!'"

"This testimony, signed by my hand, is to assure Edward, King of England, upon the word of a knight, that Margaret, Queen of England, is in every respect guiltless of the crimes alleged against her by the Lord Souils, and sworn to by the Baroness de Pontoise. I came to the court of Durham on an errand connected with my country; and that I might be unknown, I assume the disguise of a minstrel. By accident, I encountered Sir Piers Gaveston; and ignorant that I was other than I seemed he introduced me at the royal banquet. It was there I first saw her majesty; and I never had that honour but three times. One I have named; the second was in your presence; and the third and last, in her apartments, to which you yourself saw me withdraw. The Countess of Gloucester was present the whole time; and to her highness I appeal. The queen saw in me only a minstrel; my art alone as a musician was her favour bestowed, and, by expressing it with an ingenuous warmth, which none other than an innocent heart would have dared display, she has thus exposed herself to the animadversions of libertinism, and to the false representations of a terror-struck, because worthless friend. I have escaped the snare which her enemies had laid for me; and for her sake, for the sake of truth and your own peace, King Edward I declare, before the world in whose esteem I hope to live and die, that your wife is innocent! And should I ever meet the man who, after this declaration, dares to utter name to mine in a tale of infamy, by the power of truth, I swear that I will make him write a recantation with his blood. Pure as virgin's chastity is, and shall ever be, the honour of

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"This is his majesty's face!" exclaimed Souils. "Insolence, rebellion, contumacious, dishonouring, severe murmurs, and Edward had too much good sense to echo any one of them; but, turning to Bruce, he said, that in consideration of his youth, he would pardon him what had passed, and reinstate him in all the Earl of Carrick's honours, if he would immediately declare where he had hidden the minstrel. "I have not hidden him," cried Bruce, "nor do I know where he is; but, had he been innocent, no power on earth should have wrenched him from me!"

"Robert Bruce!" cried the king, "before I came this northern journey, I ever found you one of the most devoted of my servants, the most gentle youth in my court; and how do I see you at this moment? Braving my nobles before my face. How is it that, until now, I have never seen the virtuous friend whom you now call upon me to betray?" "Then you confess," cried the king, "that he was an instigator to rebellion?" "I avow," answered Bruce, "that I never knew what true loyalty was till he taught it me. I never knew the nature of real chastity, till he explained it to me, and allowed me to see, in himself, incorruptible fidelity, bravery undaunted, and a purity of heart not to be contaminated! And this is the man on whom these lords would fasten a charge of treason and adultery! But out of the filthy

Scotland, an invitation that the Scottish chief should accompany the prince to Paris, and there receive a mark of royal gratitude. Meanwhile, Philip sent him a suit of armour, with a request that he would wear it in remembrance of France and his own heroism. But nothing could tempt Wallace to turn aside from his duty. Impatient to pursue his journey towards the spot where he hoped to meet Bruce, he wrote a respectful excuse to the king; and arraying himself in the monarch's martial present (to convince him, by the evidence of his son, that he had so far obeyed the royal wish), he joined the prince to bid him farewell. Louis was accompanied by young De Longueville (whose pardon Wallace had obtained from the king, on account of the youth's abhorrence of the use which his brother had compelled him to make of his brave arm), and when they pressed their dispartament when they found that their benefactor was going to leave them, Wallace gave his highness a packet for the king, containing a statement of his vow to Lord Mar; and a promise that when he had fulfilled it, Philip should see him at Paris. The royal cavalcade then separated from the deliverer of its prince; and Wallace mounting a richly barbed Arabian which had accompanied his splendid armour, took the road to Rouen.

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"You expect me to answer you," said the prince; "out of respect to his brave will, for such is the character of Robert Bruce, that even the air shall not be tainted with slander against his truth, without being repurified by its confutation. Gaveston, you have known me five years; two of them we passed together in the jousts of Flanders; and yet you believe me capable of falsehood! Know that neither to save mean nor great would I deviate from the strict line of truth. The man you seek may have been in this tower; and as little am I bound to know where he now is as whether you go, when you relieve me from an inquisition which I hold myself accountable to no man to answer." "This well," cried Gaveston; "and am I to carry this haughty message to the king?" "If you deliver it as a message," answered Bruce, "you will prove that they who are ready to suspect falsehood find its utterance easy. My reply is to you. When King Edward speaks to me, I shall find the answer that is due to him." "These attempts to provoke me into a private quarrel," cried Gaveston, "will not succeed. I am not to be so foiled in my duty. I must seek the man throughout your apartments." "By whose authority?" demanded Bruce. "By my own, as the loyal subject of my outraged monarch. He bade me bring the traitor before him, and thus I obey." As Gaveston spoke, he beckoned to his men to follow him to the door whence Wallace had disappeared. Bruce threw himself before it. "I must forget the duty I owe to myself, before I allow you or any other man to invade my privacy. I have already given the answer that becomes Robert Bruce; and, in respect to your knighthood, instead of compelling, I request you to withdraw." Gaveston hesitated; but he knew the character of his opponent, and, muttering that he should return from a more powerful quarter, he left the room. In a few minutes a marshal and his officers appeared to force Bruce before the king. "Robert Bruce, Earl of Cleveland, Carrick, and Annandale, I come to summon you into the presence of your liege lord, Edward of England."

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How is a Cold to be Cured

When it has reached the chest, is developing into bronchitis and threatens to become pneumonia.

There's no time for delay or experimenting—It's time to use Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.

It seems too bad that there is no more pain and suffering associated with a cold, for then there would be less tendency to neglect treatment.

So gradually and stealthily does a cold pass from its simpler form of a cold in the head into inflammation of the bronchial tubes and then on to the lungs that many do not realize their condition until pneumonia is upon them.

Ordinarily, of course, the cold is thrown off, but with the system run down and weakened there is every reason to expect that a cold will end seriously.

Why should not every cold be taken seriously and Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine used before a severe illness is upon you?

There are many reasons why you should use Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. It is more thorough and far-reaching in its effects on the system than any mere cough medicine can possibly be. It keeps the cough loose and open, it aids expectoration and allays the inflammation.

It does more than this. It cures the cold as well as the cough. It is direct, positive and almost specific in action.

Mrs. Geo. Good, Tichenor, Addington Co., Ont., writes: "It is with pleasure that I certify to the wonderful success of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine as a cure for colds. It is the best and surest treatment for coughs and colds that we have ever been able to find." 25c a bottle, at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.