

THE WONDERFUL FLOWER OF WOXINDON.

An Historical Romance of the Times of Queen Elizabeth.

BY REV. JOSEPH SPILLMAN, S. J.

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

(Reproduced from the Montreal True Witness.)

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

What Barbara was laying the table, and preparing the feast, the Bellamy related their adventures. Topcliffe had himself conducted them to prison, and stopping under the dark, frowning gateway with its iron gates, had asked the boy again if he would tell him the Jesuit's hiding place. The child acknowledged that the massive, formidable walls struck terror into his soul, but he stoutly refused to answer, thereby earning a hard blow from his enraged questioner. The poor little fellow went on to say that he had raised his eyes to the niche above the gateway where stood an image of the Blessed Virgin, and remembering that his grandmother had told him how Campion, on his way to execution, had saluted that very image, he bowed his own curly head respectfully, in imitation of the martyr. After that he did not feel much afraid of Topcliffe and the savage looking porter with the great keys. But when Topcliffe pointed out a ruffian-like individual, who glared at the child as if he would like to devour him, and told him it was the headman, who would cut his head off if he did not tell where the Jesuit was, his blood did, he said, run cold. "Then," he continued, "they put Anne and me into a narrow, pitch dark cell, without giving us a morsel of supper, where there was never a bed to sleep on, only a heap of straw in one corner, on which, when we had said our prayers, we huddled ourselves together and tried to sleep. And just fancy how horrible! There came a rustling in the straw, and something ran right over me, a mouse or a rat, I did not know which; and we both cried for fear lest we should be eaten alive before the morning. We thought of Daniel in the lion's den, and we felt sure that Almighty God, who shut the mouths of the great lions, would surely shut the mouths of the mice and rats. Then I remembered how the prophet Habacuc carried the reapers' dinner to Daniel, and I wished Uncle Remy would bring me my bread and milk. At last I fell asleep, and when I woke it was broad daylight, at least as light as it could be with only one little barred window, and the jailer was there with a basin of gruel for our breakfast. The whole morning we sat on a bundle of straw, till at once the key was turned in the lock, and in came Topcliffe, in a worse temper than I had ever seen him before. He was cursing and swearing, and I thought we were going to have our heads cut off. He drove Anne and me down the steps and out of the gate, but I did not forget to make my obeisance to our Lady as we passed. However he did not take us to the scullery, but to a fine house, where there was a grand gentleman with a gold chain. He was very kind; he kissed Anne's hand and patted me on the head, but I did not like him half as well as I like you, Mr. Babington, or you, Mr. Windsor; I do not know why, but he had such funny eyes—

CHAPTER XI.

The beautiful spring weather had tempted many people out on the river that afternoon, and it was covered with barges of every size and description, with bright pennons and streamers and full of gaily dressed folk. From the opposite bank, where the "Paris Garden," a favorite place of entertainment, was situated, came sounds of music; flags flying from the tents invited idlers to enjoy the amusements and pastime provided for them. Many of the boats were plying thither, others like our own, were rowed slowly up and down, and their occupants might bask in the sunshine and obtain a good view of the town, with its multitudinous houses, palaces and churches. Bill Bell roused us up as far as Westminster, where the magnificent Abbey was seen to perfection in the soft clear sunlight, but he took care not to approach too near to London Bridge for fear lest the young lady and the boy should discern the horrible trophies impaled thereon. Babington sat in the stern and steered the boat; the two children and myself occupied the middle, with St. Barbe and Pooley facing us in the bow. We had enough to do to tell the boy, who questioned us incessantly, the names of all the churches and prominent buildings, and were surprised at the sagacious remarks he made. "What is that gloomy edifice with a quantity of closely barred windows, close to the river-side?" he inquired. "That is the Clink," I answered. "There are about five and twenty Catholic priests confined there now, and many of our martyrs have languished within those walls." "And now Uncle Robert is shut up there," rejoined the boy. "Please Babington, steer us close by, perhaps we may see him at the window of his cell." "Very likely we shall," replied Babington, "provided it looks out on the river, for all the prisoners seem to have come to the window for the sunshine. Look you can see now after row of heads gazing out at the water." In fact, as we drew nearer to the walls we could see the face of some captive behind the grating of every

There is

no escaping the germs of consumption; kill them with health. Health is your only means of killing them. Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil will give you that health, if anything will.

SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE AND TRY IT. SCOTT'S BOTTLES ARE EVERYWHERE. 50c and \$1.00. All Druggists.

loophole, and before long the boy's sharp eyes described his uncle at one of the windows just under the roof. He shouted to him, and Anne waved her handkerchief. The prisoner recognized the children, and thrusting his hand through the bars waved a greeting in return. But the current was too strong to allow our remaining stationary, so we had to drift down and then pull back in a curve. After this had been done two or three times, it attracted the notice of the watchman, who called to us, asking what we were looking for, and bidding us begone from the place. The hubbub they made led a boatful of young men and low people who were passing to push their boat nearer, and assailed us with cries of "Papists! Papists!" Then they began to ask, if we had come to get absolution for our wicked plots from one of the priests of Baal who had lodged there at the Queen's expense, or if we were scheming to get the black-birds out of their cage?

Babington was never inclined to let himself be insulted by the populace, and he might have got us all into trouble, had not both the young lady and St. Barbe both begged our oarsman to row away as fast as he could. St. Barbe moreover stood up in the boat, and asked the watchman if they did not know who he was? Then a voice from one of the surrounding boats called out: "It is Lord Walsingham's nephew! Citizens, uncover your heads!" Thereupon the watchman on the banks and the people in the boats were fain with humble apologies to let us pass on our way; but just at that moment we became aware of the proximity of a barge of considerable size, whose rapid approach neither we nor the Londoners had observed in consequence of the recent commotion.

The vessel was a most magnificent one; on the prow was the gilt figure of a unicorn, supporting a shield with the arms of England; rich tapestries hung on the sides to the water's edge; in the middle of the deck was a pavilion of red and white silk, raised on painted poles and adorned with costly fringes and tassels. The centre of the pavilion was surmounted by a large gilt crown; plumes of ostrich feathers nodded from each corner while from the stern of the boat floated a silk banner bearing St. Andrew's cross. In the prow two servants of the royal household wearing their livery of black and red and bearing silvery staves were stationed; ever and anon they shouted with stentorian voices; Make way for Her Majesty the Queen!

It was, in fact, the royal barge, for Elizabeth, profiting by the beauty of the day, was removing the Court from Richmond to her palace at Greenwich. Manned by able oarsmen, it had outstripped the barges and boats of the Queen's suite, which were left almost out of sight in the distance. The Queen was to be seen seated on some velvet cushions beneath the baldachino, herself decked in costly and gorgeous apparel, for, as is well known, she resembled her mother, Anne Boleyn, in the delight she took in the extent and splendor of her wardrobe. I never had so good a view of her as from our boat on the Thames that afternoon, and I was much-struck by her proud and majestic appearance. She wore upon her head a small gold crown; an enormous ruff of the finest Brabant lace encircled her throat; her bodice was a blaze of jewels; her huge puffed sleeves of blue velvet were covered with a net work of lilac cords, and her white velvet skirt was stiff with gold embroidery and pearls. But it was not the magnificence of her dress that proclaimed her to be the Queen, so much as her haughty bearing, the keen, searching glance of her eye. She had once been handsome; but strong passion, had worked havoc with her beauty, havoc which the ruygopet could no longer avail to conceal. Several of her ladies in waiting sat at her feet. These were generally selected with care, lest their good looks should throw the Queen into the shade. A few countries stood or sat around, amongst them I remarked Sir Christopher Hatton, and the new favorite Sir Walter Raleigh, who took the place of the Earl of Leicester, their absent in Planders.

I had little opportunity to make these observations, for in less time than it now takes to put them into words, the royal barge was close upon us. Elizabeth had heard the shouts of the watchmen from a distance, and seen how the boats had gathered around us; and when the cry of "Papists" reached her ear, she at once gave orders to turn the barge's head in that direction. It may be imagined that we were both astonished and alarmed to find ourselves in the presence of Her Majesty, who from under the baldachino was looking at us with angry eyes.

"What is all this about? What has happened?" She inquired in no kindly tone of voice. The smallest boats that were around us immediately drew off, leaving us almost alongside of the royal barge. "Why does no one answer?" continued the Queen with rising irritation. "What is this about Papists that I heard?" Babington and I stood up in the boat to explain and excuse ourselves. Before we could utter a word, Elizabeth's eye fell upon St. Barbe, and she exclaimed with some asperity:

"Why there is Walsingham's nephew! In somewhat strange company, methinks. Or are the gentlemen perhaps not Papists after all, who were holding a pious conversation with the pretty birds in yonder cage? Fie, fie, what would your worthy uncle say to this? And our beloved Judith Cecil here, the great Burghley's fair daughter, who, if our eyes have not deceived us, gave St. Barbe the foremost place among her many adorers? Look at your faithless knight, good Judith, and look too at the fascinating Circe, who, it appears, has bewitched him." (To be continued.)

MY WISHES BEFORE THE TABERNACLE.

TRANSLATED BY SUSAN L. EMERY, FROM THE FRENCH OF A CAR MELITTE NUN.]

O little key! I envy thee, Thou who canst open, every day, The Eucharistic prison-house, Where dwells the God of Love always. And yet—oh, tender mystery!— One effort of my faith alone Unlocks the tabernacle door, And hides me there with Christ my Own.

A lamp within the holy place, Whose mystic lights forever shine! Fain would I burn with fires of love As bright, before my God and thine. Yet, miracles of wondrous bliss! Such flames are mine; and day by day, I can win souls to Jesus Christ, To burn with His pure love for aye.

O consecrated altar-stone! I envy thee with every morn. As once in Bethlehem's blessed shed The Eternal Word on thee is born. Yet, gentle Saviour! I hear my cry; Enter my heart, O Lord divine! 'Tis no cold stone I offer Thee, Thou Who dost crave this heart of mine.

O corporal that angels guard! What envy of thee fills my breast! Oa thee, as in thy swaddling bands, I see my only Treasure rests. Ah, Virgin Mother! change my heart Into a corporal pure and fair, Whereon the snow-white Host may rest, And thy meek Lamb find shelter there.

O holy paten! Jesus makes Of His sacramental throne. Ah! if He would abase Himself, To dwell awhile with me alone! Jesus fulfils my longing hope, Nor must I wait until I die;— He comes to me! He lives in me! His ostensorium am I!

The chalice, too, I fain would be, Where I adore the Blood divine! Yet, at the holy sacrifice, Each day, that Precious Blood is mine. More dear to Jesus is my soul, Than chalices of gold could be; The altar is a Calvary new, Whereon His Blood still flows for me.

Only one little bunch of grapes That gladly disappears for Thee, O Jesus, holy, heavenly Vine! Thou knowest I rejoice to be. Under the pressure of the cross, I prove my love for Thee away; And ask no other joy than this,— To immolate myself each day!

Among the grains of purest wheat, O happy lot! He chooses me. We loose our life for Him, the Christ, What raptivism of joy for me! Thy spouse am I, Thy chosen one. My Well-Beloved! come, dwell in me. Thy beauty wins my heart. Oh, come! Deign to transform me into Thee! —S. H. Review.

The reason a rich man never puts his own shoulder to the wheel is because he always finds some fool ready to do it for him.

CRAMPS, Pain in the Stomach, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Colic, Cholera, Morbus, Cholera Infantum, Seasickness, and all kinds of Summer Complaint are quickly cured by taking

Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.

It has been used by thousands for nearly sixty years—and we have yet to hear a complaint about its action. A few doses have often cured when all other remedies have failed. Its action is Pleasant, Rapid, Reliable and Effectual. Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is the original Bowel Complaint Cure. Refuse Substitutes. They're Dangerous.

MILBURN'S HEART & NERVE PILLS. Are just what every weak, nervous, run-down woman needs to make her strong and well. They cure those feelings of smothering and sinking that come on at times, make the heart beat strong and regular, give sweet, refreshing sleep and banish headaches and nervousness. They infuse new life and energy into depleted, health-shattered women who have come to think there is no cure for them.

They cure Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Nervous Prostration, Brain Fag, Faint and Dizzy Spells, Lattiness, After Effects of La Grippe and Fever, Anemia, General Debility and all troubles arising from a run-down system. Price 50c. per box or 5 for \$1.25 all druggists or mailed by THE T. MILBURN CO., LIMITED, Toronto, Ont.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Why don't the women of this country rise and strike? Most of them are working fourteen hours a day for poor board and clothing.

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.

The best that the average young man of this town does for his parents is to be a real cheap boarder demanding high priced service.

There is no form of kidney trouble, from a backache down to Bright's disease, that Doan's Kidney Pills will not relieve or cure. If you are troubled with any kind of kidney complaint, use Doan's Kidney Pills.

Most of the fires now a days are caused by friction. That is by rubbing a three thousand-dollar policy on a two thousand-dollar building.

To make money it is necessary to have a clear, bright brain, a cool head free from pain, and strong, vigorous nerves. Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills invigorate and brighten the brain, strengthen the nerves, and remove all heart, nerve and brain troubles.

If women would always wear that happy expression they do when they are having their photographs taken they would all be angels on earth.

Minard's Liniment the best Hair Restorer.

The season is now at hand when the bicyclist may be seen with his nose on the handle-bar and his back curved like the spine of a tom cat on the war path.

Burdock Blood Bitters is a purely vegetable combination, that in a safe and natural manner acts directly upon the Bowels, Liver, Kidneys and Blood, cleansing the entire system of all impurities, foul humors and obstructions that poison the blood and create disease.

If young men would start out with the intention of earning their bread instead of seeking their fortunes they would be better prepared to meet what follows

LIFE. The poet's exclamation: "O Life! I feel thee bounding in my veins," is a joyous one. Persons that can rarely or never make it, in honesty to themselves, are among the most unfortunate. They do not live, but exist; for to live implies more than to be. To live is to be well and strong-to rise feeling equal to the ordinary duties of the day, and to retire not overcome by them-to feel life bounding in the veins. A medicine that has made thousands of people, men and women, well and strong, has accomplished a great work, bestowing the richest blessings, and that medicine is Hood's Sarsaparilla. The weak, run down, or debilitated, from any cause, should not fail to take it. It builds up the whole system, changes existence into life, and makes life more abundant. We are glad to say these words in its favor to the readers of our columns.

Minard's Liniment cures Burns, etc.

Why don't you remove that weight at the pit of the Stomach? Why don't you regulate that variable appetite, and condition the digestive organs so that it will not be necessary to starve the stomach to avoid distress after eating? The first step is to regulate the bowels. For this purpose

Burdock Blood Bitters Has No Equal. It acts promptly and effectually and permanently cures all derangements of digestion.

Suits. WE KEEP

Right to the Front — IN THE — Tailoring Trade;

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.

Who is Going to Tailor you this spring

We would like to. Our tailors are Practical Workmen, And do good, honest work.

Our Cutter and his men are expert mechanics, and the work they turn out is the handwork of skilled workmen. They know that a fit means a fit that will always satisfy the customer.

There is no better tailoring done in the city. Our Spring Fabrics are just handsome. We have almost everything that's new and good. Suits to order from \$14.00 to \$25.00.

If we fail to fit or please you, the clothes are ours. We certainly WOULD like to get your order this spring.

D. A. BRUCE, Clothing, Hats, Furnishings, Morris Block, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

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. BEER & GOFF, GROCERS.

Carter's

Bookstore

HEADQUARTERS FOR Books, Magazines, Newspapers

(Home and Foreign) STATIONERY,

WALL PAPER, FANCY GOODS,

TOYS

The latest Works of Fiction and all the leading Magazines and Newspapers promptly received. Ample supplies in all lines at all times.

Geo. Carter & Co. Booksellers & Stationers,

! SAY!

If you want to buy a SATISFACTORY pair of

BOOTS or SHOES

or anything else in the FOOTWEAR

line, at the greatest saving price to yourself, try— A. E. McEACHEN,

THE SHOR MAN, QUEEN STREET.

ALL KINDS OF

JOB WORK

Executed with Neatness and Despatch at the HERALD Office.

Charlottetown, P. E. Island. Tickets Posters

Dodgers Note Heads

Letter Heads Check Books

Receipt Books

Note of Hand Books