

Standard Bank of Canada.
HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO.
G. P. REID, — — MANAGER
 Capital Authorized...\$2,000,000
 Paid Up.....1,000,000
 Reserve Fund.....850,000

Agencies in all principal points in Ontario, Quebec, Manitoba, United States and England.

DURHAM AGENCY.

A general banking business transacted. Drafts issued and collections made on all points. Deposits received and interest allowed at current rates.

THE SAVINGS BANK.

Interest allowed on Savings Bank deposits of \$1 and upwards. Prompt attention and every facility afforded customers living at a distance.

J. KELLY, Agent.

Furniture . . .

That is sure to please can always be purchased here.

UNDERTAKING PRICES CUT
 Also a First Class Hearse always in connection. Embalming a speciality.

JACOB KRESS, DURHAM, ONT.

Farm . . . Machinery

DEERING Binders, Mowers, Rakes and Twines, Wilkinson's Plows, Land Rollers and Diamond Smoothing Harrows, McGill Turnip Sowers, Dowell's Churns, Washers and Wringers, U. S. Cream Separators, Cameron & Dunn Hay Forks.

Wagons, Buggies, Etc.

Snowball and Chatham Wagons, Palmerston Buggies and Democrats, Also Grier Buggies, London, on hand.

PLOW POINTS a full line of general repairs constantly kept on hand here.

Also a Number of Horses for Sale.

JOHN CLARK

DURHAM, — — ONTARIO

For

Machine Oil, Harness Oil, Axle Grease and Hoof Ointment, go to

S. P. SAUNDERS
 The Harnessmaker.

Wool . . . Wanted

The highest price in Cash or Trade for any quantity.

Custom Carding and Spinning promptly attended to and satisfaction guaranteed.

A LARGE assortment of Tweeds, Yarns, Blankets and Flannels always in stock. Ready-made Clothing of the latest design kept in stock.

Fresh Groceries always in stock at the Lowest Prices.

S. SCOTT,
 DURHAM, ONT.

WHEN KNIGHTHOOD WAS IN FLOWER
 Or, The Love Story of Charles Brandon and Mary Tudor, the King's Sister, and Happening in the Reign of His August Majesty King Henry the Eighth
 Rewritten and Rendered into Modern English From Sir Edwin Caskoden's Memoir
 By **EDWIN CASKODEN [CHARLES MAJOR]**
 Copyright, 1898 and 1901, by the Bowen-Merrill Company

CHAPTER XII.
ATONEMENT.

I HAD not been long in the room when a knock at the door announced the girls. I admitted them, and Mary walked to the middle of the floor. It was just growing dark, and the room was quite dim, save at the window where Brandon sat reading. Gods, those were exciting moments! My heart beat like a woman's. Brandon saw the girls when they entered, but never so much as looked up from his book. You must remember he had a great grievance, Jane and I had remained near the door, and poor Mary was a pitiable princess, standing there so full of doubt in the middle of the room. After a moment she stepped toward the window and, with quick coming breath, stopped at the threshold of the little passage.

"Master Brandon, I have come, not to make excuses, for nothing can excuse me, but to tell you how it all happened—by trusting to another."

Brandon arose and, marking the place in his book with his finger, followed Mary, who had stepped backward into the room.

"Your highness is very gracious and kind thus to honor me, but as our ways will hereafter lie as far apart as the world is broad, I think it would have been far better had you refrained from so imprudent a visit, especially as anything one so exalted as yourself may have to say can be no affair of such as I—one just free of the hangman's noose."

"Oh, don't, I pray you! Let me tell you, and it may make a difference. It is my only hope lay in the safeguard of his constantly upheld indignation."

When he spoke he ignored all she had said.

"You did well to employ my Lord of Buckingham. It will make matters more interesting when I tell you it was he who attacked you and was caught by the leg under his wounded horse; he was lame, I am told, for some time afterward. I had watched him following you from the gate at Bridewell and at once recognized him when his mask fell off during the fight by the wall. You have done well at every step, I see."

"Oh, God, to think of it! Had I but known! Buckingham shall pay for this with his head; but how could I know? I was but a poor, distracted girl, sure to make some fatal error. I was in such agony—your wounds—believe me, I suffered more from them than you could. Every pain you felt was a pang for me—and then that awful marriage! I was being sold like a wretched slave to that old satyr, to be gloated over and feasted upon. No man can know the horror of that thought to a woman—to any woman, good or bad. To have one's beauty turn to curse her and make her desirable only—only as well fed cattle are prized. No matter how great the manifestation of such so-called love, it all the more repels a woman and adds to her loathing day by day. Then there was something worse than all—she was almost weeping now—"I might have been able to bear the thought even of that hideous marriage—others have lived through the like—but after—that—that day—when you—it seemed that your touch was a spark dropped into a heart full of tinder, which had been lying there awaiting it all these years. In that one moment the flame grew so intense I could not withstand it. My throat ached; I could scarcely breathe, and it seemed that my heart would burst." Here the tears gushed forth as she took a step toward him with outstretched arms and said between sobs: "I wanted you, you, for my husband—for my husband, and I could not bear the torturing thought of losing you or enduring any other man. I could not give you up after that—it was all too late, too late; it had gone too far. I was lost, lost!"

He sprang to where she stood leaning toward him and caught her to his breast.

She held him from her while she said: "Now you know—now you know that I would not have left you in that terrible place had I known it. No, not if it had taken my life to buy your freedom."

"I do know; I do know. Be sure of that. I know it and shall know it always, whatever happens; nothing can change me. I will never doubt you again. It is my turn to ask forgiveness now."

"No, no. Just forgive me. That is all I ask." And her head was on his breast. "Let us step out into the passageway, Edwin," said Jane, and we did. There were times when Jane seemed to be inspired.

When we went back into the room, Mary and Brandon were sitting in the window-way on his great cloak. They rose and came to us, holding each other's hands, and Mary asked, looking up to him:

"Shall we tell them?"
 "As you like, my lady."

Mary was willing, and looked for Brandon to speak, so he said, "This lady whom I hold by the hand and myself have promised each other before the good God to be husband and wife if fortune ever so favor us that it be possible."

"No; that is not it," interrupted Ma-

to me, and I want to know that you are sure of my truthfulness, if you doubt all else. You see I speak plainly of what your love is to me, for although by remaining away you made me fear I had been too lavish with my favors—that is every woman's fear—I knew in my heart you loved me; that you could not have done and said what you did otherwise. Now you see what faith I have in you, and you a man, whom a woman's instinct prompts to doubt. How does it compare with your faith in me, a woman, whom all the instincts of a manly nature should dispose to trust? It seems to be an unwritten law that a man may lie to a woman concerning the most important thing in life to her and be proud of it, but you see even now I have all faith in your love for me, else I surely should not be here. You see I trust even your unspoken word, when it might, without much blame to you, be a spoken lie; yet you do not trust me, who have no world-given right to speak falsely about such things, and when that which I now do is full of shame for me, and what I have done full of guilt, if inspired by aught but the purest truth from my heart of hearts. Your words mean so much—so much more, I think, than you realize—and are so cruel in turning to evil the highest, purest impulse a woman can feel—the glowing pride in self surrender and the sweet, delightful privilege of giving where she loves. How can you? How can you?"

How eloquent she was! It seemed to me this would have melted the frozen sea, but I think Brandon felt that now his only hope lay in the safeguard of his constantly upheld indignation.

When he spoke he ignored all she had said.

"You did well to employ my Lord of Buckingham. It will make matters more interesting when I tell you it was he who attacked you and was caught by the leg under his wounded horse; he was lame, I am told, for some time afterward. I had watched him following you from the gate at Bridewell and at once recognized him when his mask fell off during the fight by the wall. You have done well at every step, I see."

"Oh, God, to think of it! Had I but known! Buckingham shall pay for this with his head; but how could I know? I was but a poor, distracted girl, sure to make some fatal error. I was in such agony—your wounds—believe me, I suffered more from them than you could. Every pain you felt was a pang for me—and then that awful marriage! I was being sold like a wretched slave to that old satyr, to be gloated over and feasted upon. No man can know the horror of that thought to a woman—to any woman, good or bad. To have one's beauty turn to curse her and make her desirable only—only as well fed cattle are prized. No matter how great the manifestation of such so-called love, it all the more repels a woman and adds to her loathing day by day. Then there was something worse than all—she was almost weeping now—"I might have been able to bear the thought even of that hideous marriage—others have lived through the like—but after—that—that day—when you—it seemed that your touch was a spark dropped into a heart full of tinder, which had been lying there awaiting it all these years. In that one moment the flame grew so intense I could not withstand it. My throat ached; I could scarcely breathe, and it seemed that my heart would burst." Here the tears gushed forth as she took a step toward him with outstretched arms and said between sobs: "I wanted you, you, for my husband—for my husband, and I could not bear the torturing thought of losing you or enduring any other man. I could not give you up after that—it was all too late, too late; it had gone too far. I was lost, lost!"

He sprang to where she stood leaning toward him and caught her to his breast.

She held him from her while she said: "Now you know—now you know that I would not have left you in that terrible place had I known it. No, not if it had taken my life to buy your freedom."

"I do know; I do know. Be sure of that. I know it and shall know it always, whatever happens; nothing can change me. I will never doubt you again. It is my turn to ask forgiveness now."

"No, no. Just forgive me. That is all I ask." And her head was on his breast. "Let us step out into the passageway, Edwin," said Jane, and we did. There were times when Jane seemed to be inspired.

When we went back into the room, Mary and Brandon were sitting in the window-way on his great cloak. They rose and came to us, holding each other's hands, and Mary asked, looking up to him:

"Shall we tell them?"
 "As you like, my lady."

Mary was willing, and looked for Brandon to speak, so he said, "This lady whom I hold by the hand and myself have promised each other before the good God to be husband and wife if fortune ever so favor us that it be possible."

"No; that is not it," interrupted Ma-

ry. "There is no 'if' in it. If shall be whether it is possible or not. Nothing shall prevent." At this she kissed Jane and told her how she loved her, and gave me her hand, for her love was so great within her that it overflowed upon every one. She, however, always had a plenitude of love for Jane, and though she might scold her and apparently misuse her, Jane was as dear as a sister and was always sure of her steadfast, tried and lasting affection.

After Harry had said there should be no "if" Brandon replied:
 "Very well, Mm. Destiny." Then, turning to us, "What ought I to do for one who is willing to stoop from so high an estate to honor me and be my wife?"

"Love her and her alone with your whole heart as long as you live. That is all she wants, I am sure," volunteered Jane sentimentally.

"Jane, you are a Mm. Solomona," said Mary, with a tone of her old time laugh. "Is the course you advise as you



"Now you know—"

would wish to be done by?" And she glanced mischievously from Jane to me as the laugh bubbled up from her heart, merry and soft, as if it had not come from what was but now the home of grief and pain.

"I know nothing about how I should like to be done by," said Jane, with a pout, "but if you have such respect for my wisdom I will offer a little more. I think it is time we should be going."

"Now, Jane, you are growing foolish again; I will not go yet," and Mary made manifest her intention by sitting down. She could not bring herself to forego the pleasure of staying, dangerous as she knew it to be, and could not bear the pain of parting, even for a short time, now that she had Brandon once more. The time was soon coming—
 "I am too fast again."

After a time Brandon said: "I think Jane's wisdom remains with her, Mary. It is better that you do not stay, much as I wish to have you."

She was ready to obey him at once. When she arose to go she took both his hands in hers and whispered: "Mary, I like the name on your lips," and then, glancing hurriedly over her shoulder to see if Jane and I were looking, lifted her face to him and ran after us.

We were a little in advance of the princess, and as we walked along Jane said under her breath: "Now look out for trouble; it will come quickly, and I fear for Master Brandon more than any one. He has made a noble fight against her and against himself, and it is no wonder she loves him."

"This made me feel a little jealous. 'Jane, you could not love him, could you?' I asked.

"No matter what I could do, Edwin; I do not, and that should satisfy you." Her voice and manner said more than her words. The hall was almost dark, and I have always considered that occasion one of my lost opportunities, but they are not many.

The next evening Brandon and I, upon Lady Mary's invitation, went up to her apartments, but did not stay long, fearing some one might find us there and cause trouble. We would not have gone at all had not the whole court been absent in London, for discovery would have been a serious matter to one of us at least.

As I told you once before, Henry did not care how much Brandon might love his sister, but Buckingham had whispered suspicions of the state of Mary's heart, and his own observations, together with the intercepted note, had given these suspicions a stronger coloring, so that a very small matter might turn them into certainties.

The king had pardoned Brandon for the killing of the two men in Billingsgate, as he was forced to do under the circumstances, but there his kindness stopped. After a short time he deprived him of his place at court, and all that was left for him of royal favor was permission to remain with me and live at the palace until such time as he should sail for New Spain.

CHAPTER XIII.
A GIRL'S CONSENT.

THE treaty had been agreed upon, and as to the international arrangement, at least, the marriage of Louis de Valois and Mary Tudor was a settled fact. All it needed was the consent of an eighteen-year-old girl—a small matter, of course, as marriageable women are but commodities in statecraft, and theoretically, at least, acquiesce in everything their liege lords ordain.

Wolsey, whose manner was smooth as an otter's coat, had been sent to fetch the needed "yes," but he failed.

Jane told me about it.
 Wolsey had gone privately to see the princess and had thrown out a sort of skirmish line by flattery her beauty,

but had found her not in the best humor.

"Yes, yes, my lord of Lincoln, I know how beautiful I am. No one knows better. I know all about my hair, eyes, teeth, eyebrows and skin. I tell you I am sick of them. Don't talk to me about them. It won't help you to get my consent to marry that vile old creature. That is what you have come for, of course. I have been expecting you. Why did not my brother come?"

"I think he was afraid, and, to tell you the truth, I was afraid myself," answered Wolsey, with a smile. This made Mary smile, too, in spite of herself and went a long way toward putting her in a good humor. Wolsey continued: "His majesty could not have given me a more disagreeable task. You doubtless think I am in favor of this marriage, but I am not."

"It is as great a lie as ever fell whole out of a bishop's mouth. 'I have been obliged to fall in with the king's views on the matter, for he has had his mind set on it from the first mention by De Longueville.'"

"Was it that bead-eyed little mummy who suggested it?"

"Yes, and if you marry the king of France you can repay him with usury."

"'Tis an inducement, by my troth."

"I do not mind saying to you in confidence that I think it an outrage to force a girl like you to marry a man like Louis of France, but how are we to avoid it?"

By the "we" Wolsey put himself in alliance with Mary, and the move was certainly adroit.

"How are we to avoid it? Have no fear of that, my lord; I will show you."

"Oh, but my dear princess; permit me. You do not seem to know your brother. You cannot in any way avoid this marriage. I believe he will imprison you and put you on bread and water to force your consent. I am sure you had better do willingly that which you will eventually be compelled to do anyway; and, besides, there is another thought that has come to me. Shall I speak plainly before Lady Jane Bolingbroke?"

"I have no secrets from her."

"Very well. It is this: Louis is old and very feeble. He cannot live long, and it may be that you can by a ready consent now exact a promise from your brother to allow you your own choice in the event of a second marriage. You might in that way purchase what you could not bring about in any other way."

"How do you know that I want to purchase aught in any way, Master Wolsey? I most certainly do not intend to do so by marrying France."

"I do not know that you wish to purchase anything, but a woman's heart is not always under her full control, and it sometimes goes out to one very far beneath her in station, but the equal of any man on earth in grandeur of soul and nobleness of nature. It might be that there is such a man whom any woman would be amply justified in purchasing at any sacrifice—doubly so if it were buying happiness for two."

His meaning was too plain even to pretend to misunderstand, and Mary's eyes flashed at him as her face broke into a dimpling smile in spite of her.

Wolsey thought he had won, and to clinch the victory said, in his forceful manner: "Louis XII. will not live a year; let me carry to the king your consent, and I guarantee you his promise as to a second marriage."

In an instant Mary's eyes shot fire, and her face was like the blackest stormcloud.

"Carry this to the king: That I will see him and the whole kingdom sunk in hell before I will marry Louis of France. That is my answer one and for all. Good even, Master Wolsey." And she swept out of the room with head up and dilating nostrils, the very picture of defiance.

After Wolsey had gone Jane said to Mary: "Don't you think it would have been better had you sent a softer answer to your brother? I believe you could reach his heart even now if you were to make the effort. You have not tried in this matter as you did in the others."

"Perhaps you are right, Jane. I will go to Henry."

Mary waited until she knew the king was alone, and then went to him.

On entering the room she said: "Brother, I sent a hasty message to you by the bishop of Lincoln this morning, and have come to ask your forgiveness."

"Ah, little sister, I thought you would change your mind. Now you are a good girl."

"Oh, do not misunderstand me. I asked your forgiveness for the message. As to the marriage, I came to tell you that it would kill me and that I could not bear it. Oh, brother, you are not a woman. You cannot know."

Henry flew into a passion and, with oaths and curses, ordered her to leave him unless she was ready to give her consent. She had but two courses to take, so she left with her heart full of hatred for the most brutal wretch who ever sat upon a throne, and that is making an extreme case. As she was going she turned upon him like a fury and exclaimed:

"Never, never! Do you hear? Never!"

Preparations went on for the marriage just as if Mary had given her solemn consent. The important work of providing the trousseau began at once. When the queen went to her with silks and taffetas and fine cloths to consult about the trousseau, although the theme was one which would interest almost any woman, she would have none of it, and when Catherine insisted upon her trying on a certain gown she called her a blackamoor, tore the garment to pieces and ordered her to leave the room.

Henry sent Wolsey to tell her that the 18th day of August had been fixed upon as the day of the marriage, De Longueville to act as the French king's proxy, and Wolsey was glad to come off with his life.

Matters were getting into a pretty tangle at the palace. Mary would not speak to the king, and poor Catherine was afraid to come within arm's length of her. Wolsey was glad to keep out of her way, and she flew at Buckingham with talons and beak upon first sight. As to the battle with Buckingham, it was short, but decisive, and this was the way it came about: There had been a passage between the duke and Brandon, in which the latter had tried to coax the former into a duel, the only way of course to settle the weighty matters between them. Buckingham, however, had had a taste of Brandon's nimble sword play and, bearing in mind Judson's fate, did not care for any more. They had met by accident, and Brandon, full of smiles and as polite as a Frenchman, greeted him.

"Doubtless my lord, having crossed swords twice with me, will do me the great honor to grant that privilege the third time and will kindly tell me where my friend can wait upon a friend of his grace."

"There is no need for us to meet over that little affair. You had the best of it, and if I am satisfied you should be. I was really in the wrong, but I did not know the princess had invited you to her ball."

"Your lordship is pleased to evade," returned Brandon. "It is not the ball-room matter that I have to complain of. As you have rightly said, if you are satisfied I certainly should be, but it is that your lordship, in the name of the king, instructed the keeper of Newgate prison to confine me in an underground cell and prohibited communication with any of my friends. You so arranged it that my trial should be secret both as to the day thereof and the event, in order that it should not be known to those who might be interested in my release. You promised the Lady Mary that you would procure my liberty, and thereby prevented her going to the king for that purpose, and afterward told her that it had all been done, as promised, and that I had escaped to New Spain. It is because of this, my Lord Buckingham, that I now denounce you as a liar, a coward and a perjured knight, and demand of you such satisfaction as one man can give to another for mortal injury. If you refuse, I will kill you as I would a cut-throat the next time I meet you."

"I care nothing for your rant, fellow, but out of consideration for the feelings which your fancied injuries have put into your heart, I tell you that I did what I could to liberate you and received from the keeper a promise that you should be allowed to escape. After that a certain letter addressed to you was discovered and fell into the hands of the king, a matter in which I had no part. As to your confinement and noncommunication with your friends, that was at his majesty's command after he had seen the letter, as he will most certainly confirm to you. I say this for my own sake, not that I care what you may say or think."

This offer of confirmation by the king made it all sound like the truth, so much will even a little truth leaven a great lie, and part of Brandon's sails came down against the mast. The whole statement surprised him, and most of all the intercepted letter. What letter could it have been? It was puzzling, and yet he dared not ask.

As the duke was about to walk away Brandon stopped him: "One moment, your grace; I am willing to admit what you have said, for I am not now prepared to contradict it, but there is yet another matter we have to settle. You attacked me on horseback and tried to murder me in order to abduct two ladies that night over in Billingsgate. That you cannot deny. I watched you follow the ladies from Bridewell to Grouche's, and saw your face when your mask fell off during the melee as plainly as I see it now. If other proof is wanting, there is that sprained knee upon which your horse fell, causing you to limp even yet. I am sure now that my lord will meet me like a man, or would he prefer that I should go to the king and tell him and the world the whole shameful story? I have concealed it heretofore thinking it my personal right and privilege to settle with you."

Buckingham turned a shade paler as he replied, "I do not meet such as you on the field of honor, and have no fear of your slander injuring me."

He felt secure in the thought that the girls did not know who had attacked them, and could not corroborate Brandon in his accusations, or Mary, surely, never would have appealed to him for help.

I was with Brandon—at a little distance, that is—when this occurred, and after Buckingham had left we went to find the girls in the forest. We knew they would be looking for us, although they would pretend surprise when they saw us. We soon met them, and the very leaves of the trees gave a soft, contented rustle in response to Mary's low, mellow laugh of joy.

After perhaps half an hour we encountered Buckingham with his lawyer-knight, Johnson. They had evi-

We like best to call
SCOTT'S EMULSION
 a food because it stands so emphatically for perfect nutrition. And yet in the matter of restoring appetite, of giving new strength to the tissues, especially to the nerves, its action is that of a medicine.
 Send for free sample.
 SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists,
 Toronto, Ontario.
 See ad. on p. 20; all druggists.