

THE TRUE WITNESS FOR 1882.

The True Witness has within the past year made an immense stride in circulation, and if the testimony of a large number of our subscribers is not too flattering it may also claim a stride in general improvement.

This is the age of general improvement and the True Witness will advance with it. Newspapers are starting up around us on all sides with more or less pretensions to public favor, some of them die in their tender infancy, some of them flourish, while others, though the fewest in number, grow stronger as they advance in years and root themselves all the more firmly in public esteem, which in fact is their life.

However, we may criticize Darwin's theory as applied to the species there is no doubt it holds good in newspaper enterprises, it is the fittest which survives. The True Witness is now what we may term an established fact, it is over 33 years in existence.

But we want to extend its usefulness and its circulation still further, and we want its friends to assist us if they believe this journal to be worth \$1.50 a year, and we think they do. We would like to impress upon their memories that the True Witness is without exception the cheapest paper of its class on this continent.

It was formerly two dollars per annum in the country and two dollars and a half in the city, but the present proprietors having taken charge of it in the hardest of times, and knowing that to many poor people a reduction of twenty or twenty-five per cent would mean something and would not only enable the old subscribers to retain it but new ones to enroll themselves under the reduction, they have no reason to regret it. For what they lost one way they gained in another, and they assisted the introduction into Catholic families throughout Canada and the United States of a Catholic paper which would defend their religion and their rights.

The True Witness is too cheap to offer premiums or "chromos" as an inducement to subscribers, even if they believed in their efficacy. It goes simply on its merits as a journal, and it is for the people to judge whether they are right or wrong.

But as we have stated we want our circulation doubled in 1882, and all we can do to encourage our agents and the public generally is to promise them that, if our efforts are seconded by our friends, this paper will be still further enlarged and improved during the coming year.

On receipt of \$1.50, the subscriber will be entitled to receive the True Witness for one year.

Any one sending us the names of 5 new subscribers, at one time, with the cash, (\$1.50 each) will receive one copy free and \$1.00 cash; or 10 new names, with the cash, one copy free and \$2.50.

Our readers will oblige by informing their friends of the above very liberal inducements to subscribe for the True Witness; also by sending the name of a reliable person who will act as agent in their locality for the publishers, and sample copies will be sent on application.

We want active intelligent agents throughout Canada and the Northern and Western States of the Union, who can, by serving our interests, serve their own as well and add materially to their income without interfering with their legitimate business.

The True Witness will be mailed to clergymen, school teachers and postmasters at \$1.00 per annum in advance.

Parties getting up clubs are not obliged to confine themselves to any particular locality, but can work up their quota from different towns or districts; nor is it necessary to send all the names at once. They will fulfill all the conditions by forwarding the names and amounts until the club is completed. We have observed that our paper is, if possible, more popular with the ladies than with the other sex, and we appeal to the ladies, therefore, to use the gentle but irresistible pressure of which they are mistresses in our behalf on their husbands, fathers, brothers and sons, though for the matter of that we will take subscriptions from themselves and their sisters and cousins as well. Rate for clubs of five or more, \$1.00 per annum in advance.

Parties subscribing for the True Witness during this date and the 31st December, 1881, will receive the paper for the balance of the year free. We hope that our friends or agents throughout the Dominion will make an extra effort to push our circulation. Parties requiring sample copies or further information please apply to the office of The Post Printing and Publishing Company, 761 Craig Street, Montreal, Canada.

In conclusion, we thank those of our friends who have responded so promptly and so cheerfully to our call for amounts due, and request those of them who have not, to follow their example at once.

"POST" PRINTING & PUBLISHING CO. 761 CRAIG ST., MONTREAL, CANADA.

OUR DARLING.

Bounding like a football, Kicking at the door, Falling from the table-top, Sprawling on the floor, Smashing cups and saucers, Spilling dolly's head, Putting little pussey cat, Into baby's bed.

Building shops and houses, Spoiling father's hat; Hiding mother's precious keys Underneath the mat; Jumping on the fender, Poking at the fire, Dancing on his little legs— Legs that never tire; Making mother's heart leap Fifty times a day; Aying everything we do Every word we say.

Shouting, laughing, tumbling, Boasting with a will; Anywhere and everywhere, Never, never still; Present—bringing sunshine Absent—leaving night; That's our precious darling, That's our hearts' delight.

BEAUTY'S DAUGHTERS!

By THE DUCHESS.

CHAPTER XXIII.—CONTINUED.

"I think it is very greedy of you to send us away so soon," says little Elsie, glancing out from her shining hair like a small Skye terrier.

"Am I not to be obeyed? What! not a stir! You see, Arthur, I am not severe enough even yet; I do not beat them enough, or surely they would do as I bid them. I can get nothing done without bribery and corruption, as, for instance—Children," laying a gentle, loving hand on each small shoulder, "listen to me. Down in the hall, upon a chair, is a box with a lovely picture on it, filled with—guess what?"

"Choc'lets!" exclaims both the trebles at once.

"No—French bonbons of all sorts." But hardly has the word escaped her when, like a summer tempest, the two fly from the room, and down the stairs, where they are seized by the nurse, and, having secured the desired prize, are borne off captives to the nurseries.

"It is sad to see them so depressed, poor little souls, isn't it?" says Nancy, when the last scamp has been sent. "They are desperately afraid of me, are they not?"

"I have wronged you," returns he, with contrition.

"Never mind,"—giving him her hand; "I do not blame you in the matter. You have been listening to many unpleasant hints, I dare say. Had I been a stupider woman I should have been done to death by slanderous tongues long ago. And now let me explain, I certainly do not take them to drive with me in the Park, because they simply do not; and I do not tell every woman I meet how they got through the measles and the whooping-cough, because I am not a bore. And I do not have them in the drawing room when people are here, to listen to foolish gossip, because I think it bad for them. But I do love them, and they, I know, love me; and I think they are as healthy and as happy as Lady Lou Daventry's children, who are always to be seen with her in public."

"They ought to be the happiest children I know," says Arthur, earnestly.

"No,"—with a faint smile. "Don't flatter me, now. Do you know it is the one thing that annoys me, the belief that I could be neglectful of poor Alley's children? I am not so devoted as their mother might be, I suppose, but I could not do without them now. I certainly don't spend all my days in the nursery, but I see them constantly, and sometimes I take tea with them in their own rooms, and I always get a last peep at them, however late, before going to bed. They are very pretty in bed," says Nancy, in a low soft tone, half absent, as though now while speaking she can see them wrapt in slumber.

"When they lie sleeping with their faces flushed, their hair flung over their pillows, and their little arms thrown in sweet abandon above their heads, forgive me if I say I think they are the prettiest children in the world."

"She hardly knows how more than pretty she herself is looking now, as she stands before him with that tender, half-proud expression on her face. To him alone she has revealed her inner and truer nature. This he fully understands, and the knowledge moves him deeply.

"I wish I could find words to tell you all I think of you," he says, with intense earnestness.

She laughs and her new mood vanishes, and she is once more gay and debonnaire as usual; but he can never again forget what he has seen, and he altered demeanor does not check his admiration in the least.

"Perhaps, if you could," she says, lightly, "or if you dared, I should hear more than would please me, and should be at daggers drawn with you for the rest of my natural life."

CHAPTER XXIV. VAL. "How like a dream is this I see and love, lead me patience to forbear awhile." SILVIO. "O! miserable, unhappy that I am!"

"Ah!" says Kitty, in a difficult tone. Feeling her color rise, she turns her head and examines with affected interest the basket of silks beside her.

"Bore—rather," says Sir John. "Too hot a day to be energetic or conversational or that."

"Then why go, if it is unpleasant to you?"—with just the faintest suspicion of a sneer.

"When a fellow promises, you know, it looks badly dropping out of it afterwards. And when she asked me, I hadn't an answer ready."

"When—who asked you?" "Fancy Charteris."

"So I imagined. You are almost necessary to her, it seems to me. Are you to be her special property this evening?"

"No such luck," says Sir John, whose want of observation is quite unique. "I'm safe to be given over to the tender mercies of that other woman, who will, no doubt, expect me to converse straight through dinner. What a jolly sell shall I get?"

"Is Arthur to be one of the party?" "No. I thought you knew he was out of town; went some days ago to see about that place of young Norcott's. Something has gone wrong with something, and Arthur, being a trustee, must look it up. He does a good deal of looking up for some people. I really think he likes it."

"Why was not I asked?" says Kitty at this moment, raising her eyes, and speaking very slowly.

"My dear child, you seem to forget it is barely a fortnight ago since you refused with scorn to dine at Richmond."

"Not to dine at Richmond. With Mrs. Charteris."

"Quite the same thing, only worse, as it seems to me. If you are going to refuse to dine at every place where Mrs. Charteris is invited, you will shun half the houses in town. Be sensible, Kitty. Let us suppose an extreme case. If their Royal Highnesses were to honor us with an invitation to dinner, Mrs. Charteris being one of the guests, would you refuse it?"

"It is indeed an extreme case. The Prince would not dine with Mrs. Charteris,"—scornfully.

"No. He might perhaps dine with worse,"—with an amused laugh that jars on Kitty.

"He might certainly dine with better," she says, bitterly.

"He certainly might,"—with undiminished good humor—"with you for example. Well, I must be off. I must see Danvers at the club; and afterwards—"

"And you knew of all this for a whole day, and never told me until now?" says Kitty, with lowered head and fingers that tingle nervously with a paper-knife lying on the gypvotable near her.

"I knew it for two days," says the irrepressible Sir John, "and never thought of it until this morning. I should probably have forgotten it altogether had not I met Mrs. Charteris in the Park."

"You met her to-day?" "Twice. Once in the Park, in the morning; by the bye, what a pretty chestnut that is she rides! I must get one like it for you, and later on driving. She pulled up, and took me as far as Tattersall's."

should not know. When jealousy, which is the meanest and most demoralizing of all sentiments enters the brain, it ejects every other godlike feeling, and engendering madness in those it holds in bondage, eventually compels them to servitude and villainous of many kinds.

So Kitty suffers, the more cruelly that she endures in secret; while Sir John goes down to Richmond and enjoys his evening straight through without blemish from start to finish. He also enjoys a mild, a very mild, flirtation with Mrs. Charteris, that in no wise undermines the real and lasting admiration he entertains for his wife. He eats an uncommonly good dinner, finds pleasure in his dry champagne and joy in several very excellent cigars, and tells himself lazily later on that he has "been having a real good time."

And Kitty, in her own room—having refused dinner under plea of headache—is crying her lovely eyes almost blind, and wearing out her bedroom carpet in a vain endeavor to walk down the passionate doubt and suspicion that are consuming her. Where is he now? What doing? Sitting beside her, perhaps with a slight clenching of the small white hand, looking into her eyes, returning with interest her coquetish glances—designing rather than coquetish—holding her hand; it may be. Oh, no, no! Jack would not, could not do that! It is too much. It is impossible. He cannot altogether forget how he once loved the poor girl who truly loved him—his own wife! How late it is! Eleven!—! Anything should have happened to him! He is such a reckless fellow. With a wild pang of anguish she remembers how she refused him that last career she asked for when parting—she closed the door upon his entreaty. How could she have been so uncalm, so unloving? No wonder he has flown to others for solace.

Step upon the stairs, "Nancy Lee" whistled very shrilly and vigorously in a voice sweet and true, and Kitty, oblivious of her feet, a moment since, freezes again.

"I say, Kitty, are you awake?" says Jack, knocking gently at her door as a clock in the distance chimes twelve, then, emboldened by the light that comes to him through the chink of the door, he goes on louder; "It was no end of fun. Let me in, and I'll tell you all the news. You would have enjoyed it tremendously, in spite of your prejudice."

"I dare say,"—slowly. "But I am tired now. I cannot be disturbed. You can tell me all about it to-morrow."

"All right," says Jack, somewhat affronted at her tone, and going into his dressing-room, tells himself some people are cold and don't care for other people who care for them as they ought to care.

Which speech, though hardly graceful, satisfies him, which is, of course, everything.

CHAPTER XXV.

"And to be wroth with one we love, Doth work like madness in the brain."—COLLIERIDGE.

Just two hours before this, in Richmond, the storm so long expected has broken forth in all its fury. Great flashes of blinding lightning, mingled with the grand roar of the thunder from on high; while ever and anon the passionate bursts of rain flung themselves against the window-panes of the hotel, almost drowning the gay laughter and merry voices of those within, where Blunden and Nancy Charteris and Laura Redesdale, having been persuaded thereto by Nancy and all the others) were holding high revelry.

But when the hour for departure came and the storm still raged, and the gentle members of the party declined to brave the elements; and indeed driving was found to be utterly out of the question; so Sir John and Nancy and Laura Redesdale started together to catch the train, while Lady Inman and her husband, and two or three others, threw in their lot together and remained at the hotel until the following day.

Now, as it so happened, Arthur Blunden came up to town that night by the same train, being unwilling to spend another hour outside the place that held his heart's idol; and as he stepped from his carriage on his arrival at the station, he saw, walking just below him, two figures, both so familiar, and one so bound up with every fondest thought of his heart, that he stopped short to contemplate them more at his leisure.

As he stared, unwilling to believe his own eyes, a merry, sweet, infectious laugh rang upon the air—a laugh he knew well—alas! too well—one that he had often echoed through very sympathy with its mirth, but that now falling on his ears made him shrink and pale, and brought his teeth down sharply on his underlip.

The possessor of the gay laugh is Nancy; her companion is Sir John Blunden. Laura Redesdale, who has run on before to her carriage (having telegraphed for it), is out of sight; so that Arthur, knowing nothing of that dinner at Richmond, sees only the woman he loves alone at eleven o'clock at night with the man he has long deemed his rival, and with a train on fire and a heart doleful, tells himself with a desperate sense of certainty, but surely she is false to him, and innocent beyond belief.

He makes a step forward, as though suddenly filled with a mad desire to reach her, to take her from his cousin, and declare aloud his engagement to her, her perjury, and his own infatuation in believing in one so treacherous, so lost to all sense of truth and honor. Then the sickening knowledge that all the interference and all the loud talking in the world cannot alter facts checks him, and, turning abruptly aside, he strides away in a contrary direction, deaf to the snave expostulations of longing cabbies, neither knowing nor caring whether his feet may take him.

Fortunately they take him home, an hour or so after Sir John has knocked and been refused admission by Kitty, and long after the fair little cause of all his grief has laid her yellow head upon her pillow and sunk sweetly into blissful slumbers, innocent of warning dreams.

Flinging himself undressed upon his bed, he fights with his grief and desperate disappointment until morning breaks and the "sun begins to gild the eastern sky."

The early day passes slowly; but with the afternoon comes a resolution to seek Nancy, to upbraid her to her face, to accuse her of her sin, and, baying thrown up his engagement with her, quit England forever.

Arriving at her door he is, perhaps, a trifle embarrassed at hearing she is within; but, following the man up-stairs, with grim determination on his brow, he is ushered into the cozy boudoir, so dear to him in happier hours, where Nancy reigns queen.

Her majesty is quite alone at this inauspicious moment, clad in a ravishing gown that makes her look, if possible more desirable than usual. Rising gladly as he enters, she comes forward to greet him, with a lovely smile upon her lips, that somehow fades and dies as her eyes meet his.

"No. It will take a woman to do that later on." "What a tone! Something has gone wrong, of course. You look as if you had seen a ghost. Have you?"—with a little nervous laugh.

"I wish I could believe I had," he says, with sudden passion, pushing her hand off his arm. "No, it was you I saw last night— you—alone with John Blunden at eleven o'clock."

She changes color, and an indescribable expression comes into her eyes. She moves away from him, and in her withdrawal from his side there is a suspicion of scorn, and surprise, and indignation.

"Oh! is that all?" she says, coldly. "You quite frightened me. I feared some misfortune had befallen you."

"You feared what is the truth. What greater misfortune can befall a man than to find the woman he loves untrue?"

"You will, perhaps, explain yourself," she says, pale but calm.

"At least you do not attempt to deny the fact of your being there," he goes on, not heeding her.

"I see no reason why I should deny anything; and even if I did, at least I should not lie about it, as you seem to politely hint might be possible to me."

"Denial in this case would be useless," goes on he, recklessly, hardly knowing what he says, but stung to madness by her seeming indifference. He is very pale and much distressed. Perhaps a silly hope that she might be able to prove an alibi has sustained him; but now such hope is over—she has not attempted a defence—and the sight of his pretty chateau, lying in utter and unregretted ruins at his feet crushes him. "Had I heard it of you," he says, slowly, "I should have scorned to believe it; but I saw you and him with my own eyes."

"No doubt," returns she, with a disdainful shrug, "I should think we were quite visible to the naked eye."

"What were you doing at that hour?" "I decline to answer you when you address me in that tone."

"No, because you are ashamed to answer." "What a base thought!"—with a curl of her lip.

"Base!" "Well, not treble, certainly; it is quite too low for that," returns she, flippantly, though in reality her heart is beating almost to suffocation and she is passionately angry.

"I insist upon an answer to my question," exclaims he vehemently, stung by her apparent frivolity at a moment so fraught with anguish for him.

"By what right do you insist?" "By the right of our engagement." "Then your right no longer exists. Our engagement is ended—over. I will not be bound to any man who could distrust me as you do."

"You are indeed in a hurry to break your chains," says he, in a low tone.

"I am. Why should I subject myself to this kind of thing? I am not accustomed to it."

"Have I accused you of anything but the truth? Were you not alone with Sir John at an hour when, when— And now you decline to say where you were, or why you were with him. And when you knew I had so often objected to your intimacy with him?"

"Pray do not let us pursue the subject," says Mrs. Charteris, laughingly. "Too much has been said already."

Square. Why is he not going? He may be going later on, certainly; but unlike the careful Dimmont to be late on the field. "You said nothing of it."

"No?"—innocently, but maliciously. "I don't care about those Stanley's, so I shan't go to the Square; and, besides, yesterday Mrs. Charteris made rather a point of seeing me at the opera to-night—has a commission or something for me to execute, and asked me to come to her box some time during the evening, that she might tell me about it."

"Ah!" says Brandy. For an instant he suffers defeat—only for an instant; then he rallies and comes to the front boldly.

Going up to Gretchen, he leans over her chair, and pushes back tenderly a little bit of her pretty hair behind her ears.

"Though I have behaved badly to you, Meg," he says, coarsely, "will you do something for me?"

"It depends upon what it is," replies Meg, with a sweet smile.

"Will you forget what I said just now, and let me take you to the opera?"

"But Dandy has promised to take care of me; and, besides, I thought you said you had a pressing engagement that prevented your escorting your poor little sister. How is that, Master Brandy?"

"It is the simplest thing in the world," says Mr. Tremaine, unabashed; "I have changed my mind. The fact is, Mrs. Charteris gave me a fan to get mended for her, and, as I believe she would be at the Stanley's to night, I meant to go there to return it to her; but (as Dimmont has kindly informed me) she is going to the opera. I should like to go there to."

"How flattering!" says Gretchen, laughing. "It seems to be all Mrs. Charteris. I wonder in what part of the play I make my appearance? However, I am not greedy, nor do I bear malice. You shall both escort me, if you will." "There is safety in a multitude," says Kenneth.

"It depends upon the kind of a raffle," says Kitty. "I think it rather rash your trusting yourself alone to two such incompetent people. Why, they can't even take care of themselves,"—giving Brandy's ear a little pinch.

"Better accept me as a guard of honor," says Danvers. "Never court danger if you can decently avoid it."

"No,—thanks! I shall keep to my bargain, I am sure; our boys' will behave very prettily to me," returns Gretchen, smiling.

"I accept of that," says Danvers, falling back again upon Kenneth; and, Gretchen crossing the room to a distant davenport to show Kitty some important missive received from their mother that morning, Brandy and Dandy find themselves virtually alone.

Brandy hastens to break the dismal silence consequent on Gretchen's retreat.

"What was that you said just now," he asks, with unconcealed scorn and a tendency towards gibing in his tone, "about Mrs. Charteris and her making a point of seeing you to-night? I like that."

"I'm glad you do. It speaks well for you. Truth is so seldom palatable," returns Mr. Dimmont, with a maddening smile.

"At times, as it seems to me, your absurd infatuation for Mrs. Charteris rather leads you astray,—makes your intellect totter on its throne. 'Faint things as a rule do totter,' says Tremaine, with a short laugh. 'I'd propose to her if I were you.'"

"So I shall, the first available opportunity,"—with immovable calm.

"Then I shall make one for myself,"—stoutly.

"Then so shall I," declares Brandy, in a furious though suppressed tone, now thoroughly incensed. "Yes, I suppose I have as good a chance as you have. You never knew her until I introduced you; and as I" (heavily accented) "am not the one to do things in an underhand fashion, I tell you I too shall propose to her as soon as occasion offers, and so I warn you."

"Warn me, sir! What do you mean? Do you imagine I fear you as a rival? I beg you will try to master the fact that I fear no man,—you least of all,"—with withering contempt.

"You can propose to her, or to the Princess Beatrice, or to any one else your madness suggests, with, I should say, quite the same result in all cases."

"You mean Mrs. Charteris will refuse me,—struck by your superior charms, no doubt? I flatter myself I'm better looking than you, anyway."

"You may be,"—with imperturbable nonchalance,—and better bred your manners prove you! But, according to Byron.

"The Tremaine property is as good as the Dimmont's any day"—with intense disgust.

"You can do as you like, however. A refusal will be good for you, and take you down a bit."

"I shall thank you not to address me again on any subject," says Dandy, with sudden wrath.

Brandy laughs sardonically.

"It isn't a friendly act," he says, "to sit silent and watch a fellow make an ass of himself without uttering a word of expostulation."

At this Dandy exhibits his best sneer.

"Your affecting concern for my welfare touches me deeply," he is beginning when a movement among the other occupants of the room checks him. Indeed, it is impossible to imagine where this charming discussion might not have led the belligerents did not Kitty, coming up at this point, say good-bye to Dimmont and carry Brandy away with her.

One by one the others too depart, and evening falls very silently, and the lamps are lit in the square outside, and the cries of the vendors grow less, and the music of the wheels grows louder, and people hurry madly to and fro, as though the last moment for action has indeed come.

Not a breeze rustles. The air is full of a languid stillness. It is indeed an ideal summer's evening, so mild, so calm, that instinctively one's thoughts wander and travel from the gaudy sinful city to the vast sweet country, where tender winds are blowing, and blossoms sleeping, and young buds breaking forth, and there, later on, fair

"Phoebe will behold Her silver visage in the watery glass." Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass."

Gretchen, standing at the window, looking down upon the pavements and the flickering jets of gas, and humming softly to herself, marks a little child standing half bare and wholly lonely against a lamp-post. Hunger sits upon his brow; and want, and worse than want, have made hollows in the cheeks that should be rounded and flushed with childish grace and beauty.

"How absorbed you are!" says Kenneth, from his sofa.

"Yes. I am watching a little boy—such a pretty child, but so thin and miserable, poor little fellow. I wonder whose mother he is? See! he is looking up. Oh! I must give him something"—turning impulsively to the door, as though bent on embracing the picturesque gamine then and there.

"Tell Jacobs to give him something darling, and don't worry yourself," says Kenneth.

"I don't think servants give things nicely." (Continued on Third Page.)