

Musical Instruments.

THE "WEBER."

"All Artists give them the Preference."

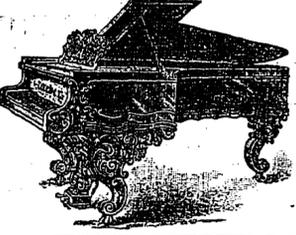
New York Herald.

"THE FINEST PIANOS IN THE WORLD."

Centennial Judges.

Used in all the Leading Convents of the United States.

There is an extraordinary richness and purity of tone...



"The tone of the Weber Piano is so pure, prolonged and of such inexhaustible depth..."

GENERAL AGENCY FOR CANADA,

NEW YORK PIANO CO.,

226 & 228 St. James Street. Montreal.

Medical.



Cathartic Pills

Combine the choicest cathartic principles in medicine...

As a Dinner Pill they have no equal.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Wholesale Agents, LYMAN SONS & CO., MONTREAL.

The Parent and Best Medicine ever Made. A combination of Hops, Buchu, Mandragora, and other herbs...

HOPE FOR THE DEAF

Dr. Peck's Artificial Ear Drums. These are the best in the world...

Miscellaneous.

\$60 a week in your own town. Term and \$5 outfit free.

NOTICE-The Canada Advertising Agency, No. 20 King St. West, Toronto.

GUILTY OF WRONG.

Some people have a fashion of confusing excellent remedies with the large mass of "patent medicines..."

THE TRUE WITNESS FOR 1882.

The TRUE WITNESS has within the past year made an immense stride in circulation...

This is the age of general improvement and the TRUE WITNESS will advance with it.

But we want to extend its usefulness and its circulation still further...

It was formerly two dollars per annum in the country and two dollars and a half in the city...

But as we have stated we want our circulation doubled in 1881...

Our readers will oblige by informing their friends of the above very liberal inducements...

We want active intelligent agents throughout Canada and the Northern and Western States...

Parties getting up clubs are not obliged to confine themselves to any particular locality...

Parties subscribing for the TRUE WITNESS between this date and the 31st December, 1881...

Parties requiring sample copies or further information please apply to the office of The Post Printing and Publishing Company...

Parties who have responded so promptly and so cheerfully to our call for amounts due...

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BEAUTY'S DAUGHTERS!

By THE DUCHESS.

CHAPTER XXXIX.—CONTINUED.

She looks at him triumphantly, as one might who had paid him—and was glad to pay it—the highest compliment that heart could conceive.

"Oh, is he?" says Blunden, weakly, trying hard to appear overjoyed.

"I don't," says Blunden, ruefully.

"Well, perhaps not exactly just yet; but it will be quite yours when it develops."

"Oh, when it develops!"

"And his hair is the very color of yours."

"I congratulate him," says Sir John.

"Don't overlook my nephew," she says, gayly.

"Remember, you have not sole claim to him; he is quite as much my son as yours."

"You will notice what success Gretchen has been studying and borrowing from Nurse's vocabulary."

"You knew of Jack's coming," she says, with a would-be reproachful smile.

"I knew nothing of it until this morning."

"No?"—in amazement.

"Let me tell you," he says.

"No, let me," interrupts Gretchen, hastily, feeling strangely nervous.

"I don't believe she is a day older than he is; she is quite young," says Kitty.

"I thought you were going to marry him," ventures Sir John, rashly.

"Well, so perhaps I may some day," returns that young lady, with perfect clearness.

"I know you would agree with me on that point, dearest," says Gretchen.

"Did you ever doubt it?"—reproachfully.

"Well, there were moments when I did," confesses she slowly.

"I have just received a telegram, cries she, with flushed cheeks and trembling hands."

"It is from Kenneth. He will really be home on Thursday, as he told me in his last letter."

"Then we shall all be together again soon," says Kitty, joyfully.

"Oh! so you have come back!" she says, severely, advancing to give him her cheek as a salute in a calm but reproving fashion.

"Well, I must say you didn't hurry yourself. But I suppose babies, however lovely, are not exactly novelties nowadays."

"Oh, dear, no. I shouldn't dream of it," retorts Miss Flora.

"All over the shop," says Jack, absentmindedly.

"That's slang," says Miss Tremaine.

"No," then you have been nowhere," says Flora.

"Much better," says Jack, giving Kitty's hand a surreptitious squeeze.

"I'm sure I don't know what's going to become of me," says Flora, turning to Gretchen.

"That tiresome boy Dandy has written to say he will be with us on Saturday."

"Why, Brandy is coming here on that day. How much pleasanter it would be for them if they were both together!"

"But, my dear child, they are at daggers drawn. They won't speak to each other."

"I don't know," says Blunden, weakly, trying hard to appear overjoyed.

"I don't," says Blunden, ruefully.

"Well, perhaps not exactly just yet; but it will be quite yours when it develops."

"Oh, when it develops!"

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themselves like vells of silver gossamer from branch to branch.

"The sky is blue as the summer sea. The depths are cloudless overhead."

"The air is calm as it can be. There is no sigh of wind or of dread."

"But for the twittering of a few brown birds, that sit preening their feathers beneath the strong dark leaves of the evergreens..."

"The world outside may breathe, and love, and die, what is it to her at this supreme instant, when she is filled with the glad certainty that in an hour or two her lover, her husband, will be clasped in her fond arms."

"I think the fragrance of joy is one of its greatest charms. It is so delicious that one forgets for even a brief instant every one and everything, and all the worries and turmoils of life, and loses one's self utterly in the crowning gladness that has made us for the time being (alas! how short a time!) as gods on Mount Olympus."

Going in-doors, she makes her way to his room, and looks around it. Yes, all is in order; it is just as he left it; no faintest flaw can be discovered.

She smiles instinctively, almost unconsciously, as, standing on the terrace and looking towards the slumbering ocean, she again assures herself of this fact.

There is an awkward pause. The three other occupants of the room look faintly uncomfortable, and begin to feel small.

"I saw her once, and I can't conceive any one being jealous of her," goes on this awful child. "Can you, Kitty?"

"I don't know. No, of course not. At least I am not, replies she, incoherently, with a swift eye glance at Sir John."

"I should think not, indeed. How literal you are, Kitty! I think jealousy the most degrading and detestable and demoralizing of all sentiments."

"This is too much for Blunden. Catching Gretchen's eye, he gives way to wild mirth, and laughs so heartily that presently she and Kitty taking the infection, laugh too, and awkwardness dies a timely death."

"Of course one can't account for Brandy," goes on Flora, utterly unmoved.

"That's slang," interrupts Sir John, austere. "You should recollect yourself, it grates. It is wretched form. Bad style. Low—worse than low. I wonder why you, Flora. And I believe you such a nice child!"

"Child indeed!" says Miss Tremaine, indignantly. "I'm taller than Gretchen, and I'm going to London in two years to be presented. You shouldn't talk about things you don't understand. But to return to what I was saying. Fancy Dandy wanting to marry a woman old enough to be his mother. I shouldn't wonder!"

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CHAPTER XL. "Pack clouds away, and welcome day; With night we banish sorrow; Sweet air blow soft, mount larks aloft, To give my love good-morrow."