

REST AND COMFORT TO THE SUFFERING

BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA has no equal for relieving both internal and external...

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...

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.

It was formerly two dollars per annum in the country and two dollars and a half in the city, but the present proprietors have 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...

The True Witness is too cheap to offer premiums or "chromes" 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 so 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 further enlarged and improved during the coming year.

Each receipt of \$1.50, the subscriber will receive the True Witness for one year, and the names of 5 new subscribers at one time, with the cash, \$1.50. We will also give one copy free and \$1.00 for new names, with the cash, one copy free.

We will oblige by informing their above very liberal inducements for the True Witness; also by the name of a reliable person who will be responsible for the publication of the names will be sent on application.

Intelligent agents throughout the Northern and Western States, who can, by serving our agents, serve their own as well as 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 mistress in our behalf on their husbands, fathers, brothers and sons, though for the matter of that we will take descriptions from themselves and their sisters and consins as well. Rate for clubs of five or more, \$1.00 per annum in advance.

Parties subscribing for the True Witness through 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. 741 CRAIG ST., MONTREAL, CANADA.

A Cincinnati swindler made a round of the tenement houses as a physician in the employ of the Board of Health to perform free vaccination. He scolded all the arms presented, but used nothing coarser than water for virus. Then, having adroitly learned if he found it easy to sell a pretended cure...

By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which will save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist any tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal ailment by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure food, and a properly nourished system. Get Epps' Cocoa. Made simply by boiling water or milk. Sold only in packets and tins, 3d and 6d, labeled "JAMES EPPS & CO., HEMPSTEAD CHAMBERS, LONDON, ENGLAND." Also makers of Epps' Cocoa. See advertisement for after-noon use.

BEAUTY'S DAUGHTERS

By THE DUCHESS

CHAPTER XXI.—Continued.

Fancy paled perceptibly and shrank from him. For an instant she raised her eyes to his and then fell again, as though in a swoon.

"Do not turn from me," said Arthur, quickly. "Let me speak, now, here, I have so much to say; and yet—impudently—I know not how to say it. I feel tongue-tied, incapable. But why need I bore you with mere words? The whole thing lies in one short sentence; I love you."

"Oh, no," said Mrs. Charteris, slowly. "And now in her expressive eyes triumph has certainly gained the day. 'You forget; how could you have imagined it possible to love that sort of person?'"

"Her victory is complete. His color darkens, deepens. He drops her hands, nay, almost flings them from him; so that the poor pretty rose falls to the ground. 'Something in her face, in her manner, has betrayed to him the truth.'"

"You mean—" he begins huskily. "But she interrupts him with sudden haste: 'Nothing—nothing, indeed. And you—demurely—I am sure mean just as little.'"

"I am not one to care about the 'grip courtous,'" returns he, sternly. "You know as well as I do what I mean. Tell the truth now at last. Have you led me up to this point only to refuse me? Are you so paltry that the mere satisfaction of a poor revenge could tempt you to wreck another's happiness—the happiness, too, of one who trusted you?"

"She is silent. 'Speak,' says Arthur, with increasing sternness. But still she remains speechless—her hands now empty of flowers—are clasped and hang loosely before her. Her head is bent, her face is white as snow that drifts in winter. She is a little frightened for the first time in all her life, and her heart beats violently."

"Let us do it now forever, one way or the other," says Blunden, with sudden calm, "am I to understand that all your pretty looks and flattering words were lies—that from the first you calculated on this moment?"

"Yes—but—" confesses she, hurriedly, yet full of an eager anxiety to explain some thought, some feeling that rests deep down within her heart. But he will not listen. "No; no more! It is too late!" he exclaims, with a gesture that has in it something of loathing; and turning from her, he lays his arm upon the sash of the window and hides his face upon them.

A breathless silence tolls. No one enters; no living thing approaches their solitude. Even the music has ceased. The two in Laura Rededale's pet boudoir are as utterly alone as though miles—instead of two rooms—divided them from the laughing world beyond. A fear that is almost agony, (born of his last contemptuous look) chills Fancy's heart.

"Arthur—" she says at length, nervously laying her hand upon his arm. "But the overture is not received with kindness."

"Don't touch me," he says roughly, with a quick withdrawing of the breath, and shakes the soft delicate fingers from his arm as though they burnt him. The action, though natural, is discourteous, and, raising in Mrs. Charteris' mind faint feelings of indignation, restores her to self-control. And with self-control comes the knowledge that here is an opportunity not to be despised—one, indeed, to be seized upon by any true woman as a means of righting herself by placing her opponent in the wrong.

"Oh!" murmurs she, in an accent that is almost a sob, "how you have hurt my poor hand."

Arthur makes no sign. "It is growing quite red," goes on the little witch in a still more tearful tone—without evoking any sympathy.

"I really think it is broken," cries she, at last, with a veritable sob this time that goes to his heart. A man as a rule, can stand a good deal, but this is too much for Blunden.

"What a brute I am!" he says, wearily, rousing himself, and taking the small hand in question, examines it carefully. No bruise, no faintest mark, can be seen; nevertheless he appears stricken with remorse. Indeed, it would be impossible to feel otherwise with those lovely eyes, blue as the skies, and rich with tears gleaming up at one.

"I can't see you for some time again," he goes on, hurriedly, gazing at her in a strange manner, as though he would imprint upon his brain each line of her fair face. "Never again, I think—I hope—"

"After to-morrow," interrupts she, quickly. "You promised to bring me flowers for Lady Curdine's ball. Have you forgotten? You must not disappoint me."

"No. You shall have them." "And you will bring them to-morrow?" "Certainly I shall not," says Arthur, yet a heavy frown. "What! is your game not yet played out? Have you no compassion? Is my punishment so incomplete, then, that you desire to prolong it? No, you shall have your flowers, but I shall not bring them. I shall never—with mournful certainty—bring you flowers again!"

"Then do not send them. I refuse them. I shall not wear them—not if they were there forever," says Fancy, in a little choked voice, with a petulance that is almost childish.

She is trifling with the leaves of a dark plant near her. Scidom has she looked so lovable, so sweet as now, when full of a grief, real or feigned. How can he tell which it is?

"Do come to-morrow," she says, in a little whisper, raising her eyes to his for a moment. They were drowned in tears. Her words are tender, her manner is beseeching. Blunden, losing his head, steps forward, and, taking her in his arms, kisses her once passionately. Then he releases her, and, before she can recover her self-possession, is gone, leaving Beauty half-startled, half-angry, and with her soft cheeks wet with the common elixir of woe.

Perhaps—though she would have died rather than confess it even to herself—her greatest grief lies in the discovery that he really is gone out of reach of all wretchedness and enervating arts. She dries her eyes with passive care, and sinking into a cozy little chair, reviews the situation.

"Well, at least I have had my revenge," she says, half aloud, tapping the back of one hand lightly against the palm of the other. "Yes, a revenge. It is sweet, they say, especially to women. Why, then, I can't be half a woman, so little sweet it seems to me. Perhaps I have not had revenge enough. That may be it. And yet—Yes, I should like to make him propose to me a second time, all over again; and—and—of course—of course—should give him, just, the same answer then."

CHAPTER XXII.

"Well, that was all. He took me down to my carriage, and said he should like to call and see you to-morrow," by which I understood the reconciliation was complete. You will see, darling."

"Of course I shall. Poor old Bostwick I don't wonder he cut up rough at losing you. And you might have been Lady Danvers now had you listened to him, O most provident of women!"

"I might—and the most wretched of her sex too; O most stupid of men! Now good-night. You have been quite too long awake already, and I am only doing you an injury by remaining."

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CHAPTER XXIII.

"All things rejoice in youth and love."

At length—having thus inward told of her loves—she sits, sitting in her drawing-room; he says, abruptly: "And you, little niece, are they well?" In his tone, there is something faintly unpleasant. She notices it, and smiles a little smile so quick as to be almost imperceptible. "Quite, thanks. By the bye, you have never seen them. If I ring for them, are you sure it will not bore you? I should like you to know them."

"It will not bore me," says Arthur, who is really adores children and is adored by them. "They need only delay you a few minutes, and you can go to your own sitting-room," says Fancy, with a slight struggle of apology, and rising, rings the bell herself.

"Dyer, tell Maria Mrs. Blunden wishes to see the children," she says, as her summons is answered. "Yes, 'em." "And, Dyer, say they are to come just as they are. Nurse is not to trouble about putting on fresh ribbons, or anything that way."

"You must not expect the children to be everything of the most desirable," says Fancy to Blunden as Dyer retires. "She speaks with some hesitation, and lowers her eyes, to hide the gleam, half-mocking, half-malicious, that lurks within them. From beneath so much confined to their nursery, and seeing so little of me, they are naturally reserved—shy. I cannot account for the constraint that seems to overpower them when in my presence."

"Perhaps associating with them more frequently might have the desired effect of melting their reserve," suggests Arthur, gently. "Do you think so? Perhaps you are right. At all events, I have prepared you, so you will not be surprised at any eccentricities in their behavior, that in other more pampered children might—"

"At this moment a sound of pattering footsteps, the quick sweet treble of children's voices, a merry laugh, rings upon the ear. The door is flung wide, and three young ones, and two children, almost angelic in their beauty, dressed in rich black velvet frocks and plain but snowy pinafores, rush into the room.

"Panning for a short moment to contemplate with grave eyes the stranger, they again continue their rush, and fling themselves bodily upon their aunt."

"Little vandals," cries she, laughing, "have you so proper sense of the fitness of things? Elsie, Blanche, let me introduce you to Mr. Blunden."

"The children, advancing slowly, with all the calm trust of babyhood, present each (with a certain amount of condescension) a small hand to Arthur. Both, I regret to say, on this occasion, and in many others, give him the left hand—Elsie, because her right one is tightly clasped over some invisible but doubtless valuable object, Blanche, because she evidently considers one hand equal in value to the other.

Blunden lifts Elsie upon his knee, whilst the elder, Blanche, goes back to cross-examine Mrs. Charteris.

"What did you bring us, Lally?" asked she, in a distinct tone. "Myself; is not that sufficient." "But you said you would bring us sweet-ies,—in an aggravated tone."

"How can I always talk of my sweeties? And you know how sugar almonds yesterday, and you know how nurse scolded poor Lally when she brings you bonbons."

"But the almonds are all gone. Nurse had some—though she says they are poison—and Elsie and I saved a few for us to see if the would do, and she didn't," says Miss Blanche, who plainly considers she has been done out of good things.

"That was very rude of nurse," says Mrs. Charteris, while Arthur laughs. "But surely that great box of almonds is not quite finished? If so, I shall feel it my duty to send for the doctor."

"Well, Mitchell had some besides nurse, and so had Dolly and Crinkle" (the long-suffering cat), and there is still"—with a serene smile—"one up-stairs keeping for you—under my pillow! I slept on it, lest the fairies should steal it away."

"Sweetest! She never forgets her Lally," says Fancy, fondly kissing first the blue-veined lids that hide the azure earnest eyes, and then the top of the golden head.

Mentime Blunden has succeeded in unfastening Elsie's plain little flax, in which lies a tiny china doll, in a most shameless state of nakedness. Elsie gives it to be understood that she is proud of this immodest doll, as she holds it up and flourishes it aloft with an unmistakable air of triumph.

"What is it?" demands Blunden, vaguely, feeling unequal to any cleverer remark, and adjusting his eyes carefully, as though preparing for another and closer examination of the treasure in question, walls Mrs. Charteris looks on amused.

"My dolly! I have two more big ones, but this is my nicest. Nurse says she is a naughty dolly, and ought to have clothes on her, but I like her best. She says, because I can wash her, in my bath, in the morning. Do you have a doll in the morning?"

"I do," says Arthur, who is sitting on the sofa, and is looking at the child, calm and collected. "And you see, I have a dolly, just as you see, I have a dolly."

"I will give you one," says Blanche, who has craned her neck, and is evidently growing interested, and in a degree sad, as she notices the stranger's apparent regret at not being the proud possessor of a "dolly." I have three, and you shall have one of them. Mine are very pretty—prettier than Elsie's—and one of them is called 'Dolly.' Did you ever see a 'dolly' one?"

Blunden confesses his ignorance. "No? Then I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll lend you my 'dolly' one, if you'll promise to bring her back again to-morrow."

"It's awfully kind of you," says Arthur, overpowered by this generous offer. "But don't you know, of course, you never speak of her. But one can see. One isn't blind."

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"Don't go yet. I told them to bring up some wine and some sandwiches for you, and I knew you would want something before going to bed. Do have a glass of wine here, and wait a few minutes. I am not in the least tired," entreats Kenneth, with all the eager-ness of a boy. Wrenson Gretchen, who can endure him for another cup of tea—lets go."

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