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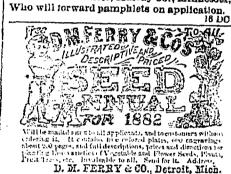
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Both Pills and Ointment are sold at Professo Holloway's Establishment, 533 Oxford street London, in boxes and prts, at 1s. 11d. 2s. 4s. 6d. 11s., 22s, and 33s each, and by all medicine vendo's throughout the civilized world.

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DEALED TENDERS, marked "For Mounted Police Provisions, Forage and Light Supplies," and addressed to the Hon the Minister of the Interior. Ottawa will be received up to noon on WEDNESDAY, ist MARCE.

Printed forms of Tender, containing full information as to the articles and quantities required, may be had on application at the Department.

quired, may be had on application active.

No Tender will be received unless made on such printed forms.

Each Tender must be accompanied by an accepted Canadian Bank Coeque for an amount equal to ten per cent of the total value of the articles tendered for, which will be forfeited if the party making the tender declines to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if be fall also complete the service contracted for if the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned. Which Bonds are issued and secured by the Government, and are redeemed in drawings

If the tender be not accepted returned.

No p-yment will be made to Newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority having been first obtained LINDSAY RUSSELL, FRED. WHITE, Deputy Minister Comptroller, of the Interior.

Ottowa. January 21st, 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 laim 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 die of disease of the heart after a few years, 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 criticise Darwins 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 ex-

istence. 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 changest paper of its class on this continent.

It was formerly two dollars per annum in the country and two dellars 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 ournal, 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 1881, and all we can do to encourage our agents and the public generally is to promise them that, if our cucrts 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, (\$150 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 WITHESS; 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 interfer-

ing 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 fulfil 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 presure 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 between 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.

EPPS'S COCOA-GRATEFUL AND COMPORTING. -" 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 cocca, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors bilts. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds the Land Question \$1.00 of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may occape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."-Civil Service Gazette. Made simply with bolling water or milk. Sold only in packets and tins (4 lb. and lb.) labelled—"James Errs & Co., Homospathic Chemists, London, England." Also makers of Errs's Chocolate

FAREWELL

Farewell to the Harp, my companion in sorrow, Whose chords did vibrate at the touch of my hand!

My song is now hush'd—for my heart cannot One throb of delight—one sentiment grand!

Farewell to the smiles, to the joys, to the glowing Of pleasure's britht sun in the sky of my past. While life's rapid stream toward the close is fact flowing.—

A shadow eternal is over it cast!

Farewell to the hopes once so gorgeously rising, Like Aurora in gold, on the dawn of my life! But one single hope to-day am I prizing— The hope for the end of this terrible strife!

Farewell to the friends whom I once sought and cherished, Did I wound them? I ask but the word "I for And when with my hopes and my harp I have perished—
The thought of their goodness shall ever-more

Farewell to the muse whom I once was ador-Ing—
ing—
ing—
The Queen of my song—no longer the same!
For tue last time I sing and while words still
are pouring—
Iask not a garland—I ask not a name!

Farewell to the Sprite whose notes I've been When I waked the bright road which together we trod—
The chord is now snapp'd—'Fis its echo that's ringing—
Farewell—may we sing by the throne of God!"

JOSEPH K. FORAN. Green Park, Aylmer, Qua., 30th January, 1862.

-:0:--By "THE DUCHESS."

---:0:---CHAPTER VII.

"Life has rising ills."-Dyer. "PAPA, paps," says Miss Peyton, Impa-

tiently, without eliciting any response. It is half-past ten, and breakfast is on the table! So are two little white pigeons, who have flown in through the open window, and are sitting one on Clarissa's shoulder, the other on the edge of the table, picking crumbs out of her plate. The sun is streaming hot-ly in, the breath of flowers floating faintly in his train. A bowl of roses, half opened and filled with the dew of early morning, lies near Clarissa's plate. Upon the window-sili, outside, another little pigeon, brown-tinged and timid stands peeping shyly in, envying his bolder brothers, and longing for the pretty coaxing voice of his mistress that shall make

him brave to enter. But to day the welcome summons does not come. Miss Peyton has an open letter in her hand, the contents of which have plainly disturbed and interested her to an unusual degree; so that the little bird, whose pretty brown plumage is being transformed by the sua into richest bronze, grows each moment more dejected. Not for him the crumbs and the "flesh pots of E ypt?"

"One two If you don't answer me before I say three, papa, I shall do something desperate," she says, again, raising her voice

But still papa takes no heed. At this moment, poor man, he is deep in Mr. Forster's Irish Distress Bill, and is deaf to all surroundings. Clariesa loses patience. Taking up a tea-

spoon, she makes a sharp "assault and battery " upon an unoffending teachp, thereby creating a din compared to which the noise of tomtems would be sweetest music. George Peyton is not proof against this tat

too. He looks up irritably, and for a mo ment withdraws his mind from Mr. Forster's " My dear Clarissa," he says, very justly inconsed, " what is is it? What on earth is the matter with you? My dear, whatever it is,

do stop that unpleasant noise; it plays the very mischief with one's nerves. "It is only a teaspoon," begins Miss Peyton, delighted with her success.

"And a cup, I think," says Mr. Peyton. Separately they are unoffending, together they can annoy. If you will put that spoon out of your hand, my dear, you will make me

much happier." "It was only when I was actually hoarse, from trying to attract your attention that I resorted to violent measures," says Clarissa,

severely. "I beg your pardon," returns he, submissively.

"Now listen to my letter," says Clarissa. "I want your advice. It is such a dear letter, must be done at once.

"I quite agree with you," murmurs her father, dreamily. Once again his mind is losing itself in the folds of the fragrant Times.

" MANNERTON.

"Tuesday, September 24 MY DEAR CLARISSA,-

"So long a time has elapsed since last 1 saw or heard of you that I half fear, as you read this, it will puzzle you to remember the writer. Am I quite forgotten? I hope not; as I want you to do me a great service. This reason for wishing myself still in your memory sounds selfish,—almost rude; but what can I do? Must I not speak the truth? And indeed I am in sore trouble. I am friendless, all but homelers, and utterly alone in the world. But, as I am quite determined to sy, to get somebody to try me, somebody who would not be too hard upon me, just at first, until I had accustomed myself to the life and to the children's ways. You may say I can paint very well, and, though not a brilliant pianist, I have a good voice. (Do you recollect how, at school, you used to say you liked to hear me sing when the day was dying?) I can speak French and German, but I know nothing of Italian or Latin, and I was never very much at arithmetic, or that. I think I could get on, after a little training; and at all events I know I must try, as life here is

not endurable. "Ob, Cissy, if time has changed you, if you have grown cold and careless, as all the rest of this cruel world, what shall I do? But I will not believe that even a bundred years could make you unkind or unfeeling. Do you think you will be very long answering this? Every bour I shall be listening for the post; write to me, then, as soon as you can I am very unhappy here with Aunt Elizabeth, who does not care for me.

" I am, dear Clarissa, "Your attectionate friend, "GEORGIE BROUGHTON.

"P. .- If you could got me pretty children, I should be so glad; but of course it must not make any difference, and I dare say ugly ones are just as nice, when one gets used to them. I am dreadfully afraid of boys; but perhaps there may be a few found somewhere amenable to reason, and at least one ar two who do not object to knees in their knickerbockers. Do you remember the gardener's bables at Brussels, and how fond they were of me? Dear Olssy, write soon."

confidences, its "do you remembers?" and vicarage by storm.

"have you forgottene 2 and its tone-

proud and half beseeching—that has touched Miss Peyton so deeply. Her mouth trembles, there are tears in he voice and eyes, as she finishes the last word and turns her face to her father. Something she sees in that vague but kindly man checks her enthusiasm for the moment; a thought but half defined, a suspicion, disgrace ul if true crosses her brain and fills her with indigna-

" Papa! Have you been listening?" she asks, in her sternest tones.

"Listening, my dear? Of course I have. Yes, certainly, with all my might," returns he, with unusual and, therefore, doubtful alscrity. As a matter of tact, I don't think much would be said about his "distinguished answering were he to be examined in the letter just read: but all the more for this reason does he assume an air of surprise at Clarissa's question, and covers himself with an expression of injured innocence. Unfortunately for him, however, Miss Peyton is a person not to be

"No, you have not," she says, severely but "You have not heard a single sylcalm. Your mind was full of that miserable lable. paper all the time, and I am positive you were putting together some silly speech that you imagine would electrify those absurd men in the House of Commons."

"I don't think it was a very silly speech, my dear Clarissa," remonstrates Mr. Peyton, feebly.

"Oh, then you do acknowledoe you were miles away in thought," says Clarissa, triumphant, if disgusted. "My dear girl, how you do misjudge me!" profests poor Mr. Peyton, at his wits' end. " 1

cellent letter from beginning to end." "Were you?" returns she sweetly. "Then, of course, you can tell me what was the last

assure you, I was all attention to that very ex-

word. She has placed her elbows on the table, and has let her presty face sink into the palms of her hands, and is now regarding her father with a smile, half mocking, half malicious.

"The last word! Oh, nonsense, my dear Cis! who ever remembered the last word of anything, unless it happened to be 'The Burial of Sir John Moore,' or 'Beautiful Star,' or something that way? But I know your letter was all about a young woman who has got herself into a mess and wants to come to you now as maid or laundress. But there is always danger in that sort of thing, you know, and you mightn't like it afterward; and----

"Oh, what an engrossing speech that imag-inary one of yours must have been!" says Clarissa, with a little distracted shake of her head. "I knew you were in the room, didn't I? No, no, no, you are altogether wrong; this is no letter from maid or laundress, but from Georgie Broughton, (You must remember her name, I have so often mentioned it to you.) She is the dearest little thing in the world,—quite that, and more. And she writes to tell me she is miserably poor, and wants to go out as a governess."

"Poor girl! Of all unhappy resources, the last.' "Yes : isn't it wretched? But, you see, she

one's heart in a dingy school-room seems to be the only course left open to a pretty girl like Georgie. "Try Mrs. Redmond, then. She is looking out for a governess for the children; and your

friend might drop in there without further trouble." "O, papa, but all those children! and Mrs. Redmond herself, too, so fretful and so irritable-so utterly impossible in every way.

Her very 'How d'ye do?' would frighten Georgie to death." "People don't die of chilis of that description; and your poor little friend can scarcely expect to find everything couleur do rose. Besider, 'all those children' you speak of just resolve themselves into two, as the boys are at school, and Clasy calls herself grown up. I should think Clasy would be in fact a great would be in fact a great comfort to her, and would be amenable to her,

and gentle-and that." At this, Miss Peyton laughs a little, and bites her lip.

"Amenable" she says, slowly. "Do you know, I am afraid my Georgie is even younger than Cissy ?"

" Younger ?' "Well, she will certainly lock younger; she has such a little, fresh, babyish rose-bud of a face. Do you think "-anxiously-" that would matter much?"

"It doesn't sound promising; but, if she is a good girl, one might forgive the great crime of being fresh and young. Dear me, it and such a sad one; and-and something is very awkward. If she had been a nice sensible, ugly, middle-aged person, now, all would have gone well; but, after all, poor child, of course she can't help her appear-

ance "No, she certainly cannot," says Clarissa, with a sigh, heart-felt pity in her tone. "And her eyes the very color of forget-me notsquite the prettiest I ever saw. It is really

too bad." "Redmond, himself, would make no difficulty about it. He prefers to have young people about him, and was always you know. fall, like mild blessings, into its parched furrather-rather melancholy when in Miss rows. The roadside flowers, drooping and Prood's society .who was really a most estim. languid, fling their rich perfume, with lavish able wemen, and one whose moral character generosity, upon the motionless air Some one could not fail to admire, when one forgot sheep, in a far-off meadow, bleat mournfully, her nose, and her--"

" Tomper ?" "Well, yes, she was rather excitable. But, as I was saying, Redmond and your friend fight my own way, I have decided on going would probably pull very well; and then out as a governess, and I want you, dear Cisthere's the curate. Why "-brilliantly-' she might marry the curate!" "Mr. Hastings?" says Clarissa, with anim-

ation, brightening visibly. "Why, really, so she might. Such a good-looking man, too, and clever. It is only a day or two ago since somebody said to me, 'He has the very sort of face they make bishops of nowadays." "What a very disinterested girl you are!" says her father, with a smile, faint but amused; "without a moment's he itation you surrender every hope of making this embryo bishop your own. Can devotion further go?

Well, take my advice; and as your heart is

set upon this thing, go down to the vicarage

to-day; tell Mrs. Redmond you have secured a governess for her, do not discuss the subject -simply state the fact; and I think you will find hendeeply grateful, in that you have put an end to her difficulties, without compelling her brain to bear upon the matter." "Machiavolli was a poor creature, when compared with you," says Miss Peyton, sancily. What plots and plans swell out your busy brain! I shall go to the vicarage today, as you advise, and be as sweet as honey

that rests upon her shoulder-"little home irlends must be fed." The bird as though comprehending her words, flies through the open window to the balcony outside, to nestle among its more timid companions; whilst Ciarissa, a creainre scarcely less fair than they, follows him, to fling them breadcrumbs for their morning

to Mrs. Redmond, and win my cause against

all obstacles. But first "-turning with a

soft movement to caress the snowy pigeon

meal. A little later, having dressed herself she This is the letter, with all its pathetic little starts upon her errand, ready to take the CHIAPTER VIII.

"Tis love, love, love, that makes the world go round."
The hot September gun beats fiercely on her as she walks along; the day is full of langor and sweet peace. The summer is al. most done, and is dying, rich in beauty, and warm with the ripeness of strength perfected. From out the thickets, little birds that three months agone scarce knew the power of breath, now warble soft melodies that thrill the air with joy. Olarissa, glad, and full of purpose, feels her heart at one with these tiny, heaven-taught musicians, as she follows the path beneath the leafy trees that lead to the vicarage.

As she deserts the tinted wood, and gains the road that runs by the old mill, she finds herself face to face with Horace Branscombe, coming toward her in a somewhat haggard fashion. His brow is darkened by a frown; his whole expression is moody and oppressed with discontent.

As he sees Clarissa, his features—as though compelled by a powerful will-undergo a complete change, and he smiles, and comes forward with outstretched hand to greet her.

" Horace! you here again, and so soon ?" she soys, quickly. Surprise lends busto to her tongue. She has believed him in London; and now to see him thus unexpectedly, and without the usual friendly warning conveyed by letter, causes her not only ploasure. but a vague uneasiness.

"Does it seem 'so soon' to you?" replies he, in a carefully inspired tone. "To mi the last two months have appeared almost a year, so heavily have dragged the days spent away 'rom Pullingham." It is a very stereotyped little sentence, old

and world-worn, and smacking faintly of insincerity; but when a woman loves a man she rarely measures his words.
"I seem rude," says Clarissa, with a soft smile. "But you will understand me. And

you know you told me you did not intend to return before Christmas." "Yes, I know." He is silent for a little

while, and then, rousing himself, as though by an effort, says, slowly,-"Did you miss me?" "I always miss you," returns she, simply; you know that." She flushes warmly, and lets her long lashes fall leisurely, until at length they hide from view the sweet confession of her eyes. There is a pause that embraces a full minute, and then she speaks again. "You have not yet told me the rea-

son of your return," she says, gently. "I wearied of town," replies he. "A strange acknowledgment for one like me, but true. For once, I honestly pined for the country-insipid as I have always deemed it -and craved unceasingly for something fresh, new, innocent, something unused to gas, and the glare and unboly glitter of a city."

He speaks bitterly-almost passionatelyand as though for the moment be has altogether forgotten the existence of his companion. An instant later, however, he recovers himself.

"I felt I should be happier, more fitted to cope with my work, if I could get oven one glimpse of you!" is bound to do something, and wearing out tly, her heart beating fast, her color growing

and lessening rapidly. "Happy? No. Can a man be happy while a perpetual doubt distracts him? Can he know even the meaning of the word Peace whilst devoured with a fear that he shall never possess the one great good he desires?"

Again, his thoughts appear to wander; and some passion, not born of the present moment, but borrowed from some other hour, fills his tono. "Yes," says Clarissa, nervously, question-

ingly, feeling poor in words, now that the great crisis of her life has come. "So I am here," he goes on, softly, " to solve my doubt, to gain at least a rest from the gnawing suspense that so long I have oudured. Need I tell you that I love you?-that" (he pauses, and a faint contraction of the features, that die almost as as it is born, distigures bis face for a second)---- "that you are

the one woman in all the world upon whom l have set my heart?" There is silence. For Clarissa, an intense joy holds her mute; the very intensity of her happiness checks the flow of speech. He too, seems lost in thought. Presently, however, he breaks the silence, and this time a faint anxiety may be discernible in his voice, though his face is calm and composed, as

"You do not speak, Clarissa. I have told you of my love, and you are silent. I now ask if you can love me? At least, give, me an answer. Dearest"-glancing at her averted face, and seeing the shy blush that adds another charm to its beauty-"tell me the trutb."

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"I can; I do love you!" says Clarissa, sweetly, and with perfect trust. She slips her hand into his. Raising his hat he lifts the slender fingers to his lips, and kisses them; and, then, together-still hand in hand -they walk along, speechless, yet seemingly content. The road is dusty; and a few drops of min

and answer back the echo that mocks their "You have made me happier than I ever hoped to be; but you have not yet said you will marry me." The words come from Horace, but sound curiously far away, the very stillness and sadness of the evening rendering them more distant. Clarisen, glancing at him, can see he is white as Death.

makes horself happy in the belief that he is terribly in earnest about this matter, and that his love for her is infinite-"Yes, I shall marry you," she says, with tender seriousness. To her, this promise is a

"How pale he is" she thinks, and then

solemn bond, that nothing but death or falsehood can cancel. "When?" "Oh, Horace, I cannot answer that question so readily, there are so many things. Papa must be told; and James Scrope; and you must tell Dorian and your uncle."

"All that would hardly take half an hour." "Perhaps; but there are other reasons for delay; more than I can tell you just now. And, besides, it is all so new, so strange." She smiles, as though she would willingly have added the words, "so sweet," and a little buppy, far-away look creeps into and illumines her eyes. "Why are you so impatient?"

"Impatient!" returns he, a touch of vehemence in his tone. "Of course I am impatient. The sooner it is all got over the better." He checks himself, draws his breath somewhat quickly, and goes on in a calmer fashion. "What sort of a lover should I be, it I showed no anxiety to claim you as soon as possible? You should be the last to blame me for undue haste in this matter. When shall it be, then?—In one month? two? three?" He speaks again, almost excitedly.

"Oh, no, no," gently, but shrinking from him a little. "That would be impossible. Why, think?—it is only this moment you (Continued on Third Page.)

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