

Medical.



Sarsaparilla. A compound of the virtues of sarsaparilla, stillingia, mannikin, yellow dock, with the iodide of potash and iron, all powerful blood-purifying, blood-cleansing, and life-sustaining elements.

It is fully to experiment with the numerous low-priced mixtures, of cheap materials, and without medicinal virtues, offered as blood-purifiers, while disease becomes more firmly seated.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Wholesale Agents, LYMAN BROS. & CO., MONTREAL.

HOPE FOR THE DEAF. Dr. Peck's Artificial Ear Drums. PERFECTLY RESTORE THE HEARING.

STAMMERING. Over 80 stammerers have been cured by us during the past three years.

CARPENTER'S HOP BITTERS. Is compounded of the best Remedies, proven by an experience of years.

CARPENTER'S HOP BITTERS. Is put up in half-pint bottles, and sold for 25c PER BOTTLE.

FITS EPILEPSY OR FALLING SICKNESS. Permanently Cured—no humbug—by one month's usage of DR. CULLUM'S Celebrated Epileptic Powder.

CONSUMPTION. Positively Cured. All sufferers from this disease that are anxious to be cured should try DR. KISSNER'S Celebrated Consumptive Powder.

ASH & ROBBINS, 360 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

How Advertisements

WITH FIVE DOLLARS YOU CAN BUY A WHOLE Imperial Austrian 1000. Government Bond

ISSUED IN 1864. Which Bonds are issued and secured by the Government, and are redeemed in drawings

Four Times Annually, THE THREE HIGHEST PRIZES AMOUNT TO 200,000 Florins, 20,000 Florins, 15,000 Florins.

Any bonds not drawing one of the above prizes must draw a Premium of not less than 200 Florins. The next drawing takes place on the 1st of March, and every Bond bought of us on or before the 1st of March is entitled to the whole premium that may be drawn thereon on that date.

INTERNATIONAL BANKING CO. No. 160 Broadway, New York City. ESTABLISHED IN 1874.

IRISH AMERICAN COLONIZATION COMPANY (LIMITED). Farms of all sizes for sale in South Western Minnesota, on time contracts or for cash.

HOUSES BUILT. Farms Implements and Goods at Wholesale prices. Apply to RIGHT REV. BISHOP IRELAND, St. Paul, Minnesota.

W. FERRY & CO'S PATENT. REGISTERED TRADE MARK. 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.

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 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.

COOK'S FRIEND BAKING POWDER. It is a preparation of pure and healthy ingredients, used for the purpose of raising and shortening, calculated to do the best work at least possible cost.

HEALTH FOR ALL! HOLLOWAY'S PILLS. This Great Household Medicine cures all the Leading Necessities of Life.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT. Its Scouring and Healing Properties are Known Throughout the World.

POST PRINTING & PUBLISHING CO. 741 ORAIG ST., MONTREAL, CANADA.

THE CASE OF IRELAND STATED. Being a Thorough History of the Land Question. \$1.00

LANE & CO., 361 HURLEY ST., Montreal

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

SEALED TENDERS, marked "For Mounted Police Provisions, Forage and Light Supplies," and the receipt of the Hon. Secy of the Interior, Ottawa will be received up to noon on WEDNESDAY, 1st MARCH.

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FAITH AND UNFAITH. CHAPTER VII. "Life has rising hills."—DYN.

"PAPA, papa," says Miss Peyton, impatiently, without eliciting any response. It is half-past ten, and breakfast is on the table.

"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.

"My dear Clarissa," he says, very justly indeed, "what is it? What are you saying to me? My dear, whatever it is, do stop that unpleasant noise; it plays the very mischief with one's nerves."

"It is only a teacup," 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 head, 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, and such a sad one; and—and something 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.

"MY DEAR CLARISSA,"— "So long a time has elapsed since last I 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.

"I am, dear Clarissa, your affectionate friend, GEORGE BROUGHTON."

"P. — If you could get me pretty children, I should be so glad; but of course it must not make any difference, and I dare say you 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 or two who do not object to knees in their knickerbockers.

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FAREWELL

Farewell to the Harp, my companion in sorrow. Who's chords did vibrate at the touch of my hand! My song is now hush'd—for my heart cannot One thro' of delight—one sentiment grand!

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

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

Farewell to the Sprite whose notes I've been singing. When I waded the bright road which together we trod— The chord is now snapped—'Tis his echo that's flung— "Farewell—may we sing by the throne of God!"

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CHAPTER VIII.

"The love, love, love, that makes the world go round." This hot September sun beats fiercely on her as she walks along; the day is full of languor and sweet peace.

"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 alacrity.

"No, you have not," she says, severely but calm. "You have not heard a single syllable. Your mind was full of that miserable 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 acknowledge you were miles away in thought," says Clarissa, triumphant, if disgraced.

"My dear girl, how you do misjudge me!" protests poor Mr. Peyton, at his wife's end. "I assure you, I was all attention to that very excellent letter from beginning to end."

"Were you?" returns she sweetly. "Then, of course, you can tell me what was the last word."

"She has placed her elbows on the table, and has let her pretty 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 Ciss! I never 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 herself as maid or landress. But there is always danger in that sort of thing; you know, and you might like it afterwards; and—"

"Oh, what an engrossing speech that imaginary 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 landress, but from George 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 is bound to do something, and wearing out one's heart in a dingy school-room seems to be the only course left open to a pretty girl like George."

"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 at all those children! and Mrs. Redmond herself, too, so fearful and so irritable—so utterly impossible in every way. Her very 'How do you do?' would frighten George to death."

"People don't die of chills of that description; and your poor little friend can scarcely expect to find everything couleur de rose. Besides, all those children! you speak of just resolve themselves into two, as the boys are at school, and Cissy calls herself grown up. I should think Cissy 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 George is even younger than Cissy?"

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

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