

For the True Witness

THE DEAD CHILD.

Written at the Request of the Parents of a Young and Beautiful Girl, who died at Quebec, 1879.

It was as if I strayed towards the home of the lowly. Where the fair and the good have gone to their rest. Like the halo that gleams on the brow of the holy. The day-gold in splendor was low in the West; Through the shades of the twilight his last ray was streaming; On the blue mountain-side his last light was gleaming; Like the radiance of glory that over is gleaming; Through the dark shrouds of death, on the boat.

Laval University, Quebec, 1879.

REDMOND O'DONNELL; OR, LE CHASSEUR D'AFRIQUE. CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED.

"You are sure of this, Katherine?" "Certain, Gaston; your poverty will be no obstacle to me."

CHAPTER V. BEFORE BREAKFAST.

In the bleak, raw dawn of the wet October morning, Sir John Dangerfield's guests went home. While the lamps still gleamed among the flowers on the landing and stairways, Mrs. Vavasor, trailing the yellow glimmer of her silk robe behind her, went up to her own room with the bag end of a tune between her lips, a feverish lustre in her eyes, a feverish flush, not all rouge, on her cheeks, looking, as a hopeless adorer at the foot of the stairs quoted:

any morning light struggling feebly in the stormy gray sky. The elms and beeches rocked in the October gale, the swaying of the giant trees was like the dull roar of the sea. She dropped the silken curtain with a shiver and turned away. "It gives me the horrors," she muttered; "it makes me think of old age, and death, and the grave. Will I live to become old, I wonder? and will I have money enough left to pay hirelings to smooth the last journey? This visit to Sussex will surely make my fortune, as well as give me my revenge. And when—all is over—I will go back to Paris—oh, my beautiful Paris! and live the rest of my life there. Whether that life be long or short I shall at least have enjoyed every hour of it. And, my lady, I'll be even with you to the last, and carry my secret to the grave."

point, and I tell you coolly and deliberately, and determinedly, that I won't stir one step from Scarwood Park until I see fit." "She folded her hands one over the other, and looked up in his set, stern face, with an aggravating smile on her own."

new danger threatened? If you keep silence there is nothing to fear. In Heaven's name, Harriet, mention any sum you like, however exorbitant, and leave this house at once and forever!" "She sat and listened, without one touch of pity for the love she could not fathom; she sat and watched him without one softening glance of the hard eyes. There was an unpleasant tightness about the thin lips, an almost diabolical malice in her furtive gaze."

thought himself unworthy the heiress of Scarwood—he who was worthy the heiress of a throne! "I am glad I am an heiress for his sake," she thought; "I only wish my thousands were millions! Oh, Gaston! to think that your poverty would be any obstacle to me. I am glad you are poor—yes, glad that I may give you all; that I may be in every way the good angel of your life!"

so," with little gasps. "Oh, papa, please! You never were cruel to your little Kathie; all your life—please don't begin now!" "He stood very still, listening to this outburst with a face that grew every moment graver."

LOVE.

It is the most potent energy That sways the human soul. It thrills it over with pure joy, Whence the agonies of a whole life—its joys that of God, Its hope is unselfish, high, Its charms serene and heavenly, Its songs a jewelled sigh.

Hamilton, Ont., October, 1880.

THE HON. R. W. SCOTT AND THE BREACH OF THE PEACE AT OTTAWA.

To the Editor of the True Witness: Dear Sir,—In the notice of the above which appears in the last issue of your widely circulated paper, I regret that you have, unknowingly, given the mutilated publication of my short letter which appeared in the Ottawa Free Press of the 22nd ult., the effect of which (from motives best known to himself, and in derogation of the principles of fair play) not only mutilated my letter, but tacitly refused to publish the statement I intended to make.

Ottawa, 2nd November, 1880.

CURED OF DRINKING.

A young friend of mine was cured of an insatiable thirst for liquor, that had so prostrated his system that he was unable to do any business. He was entirely cured by the use of Hop Bitters. It allayed all that burning thirst; took away the appetite for liquor; made his nerves steady, and he has remained a sober and steady man for more than two years, and has no desire to return to his cups and I know of a number of others who have been cured of drinking by it.—From a Leader B.R. Official, Chicago, Ill.

MUCH SICKNESS, UNDOUBTEDLY,

with children, attributed to other causes, is occasioned by worms. BROWN'S VERMIFUGE COMBITS or Worm Lozenges, although effectual in destroying worms, can do no possible injury to the most delicate child. This valuable combination has been successfully used by physicians, and found to be absolutely sure in eradicating worms, so salutary to children. Sold by all druggists; 25 cents a box.

Holloway's Pills.

The chiefest wonder of modern times.—This incomparable medicine increases the appetite, strengthens the stomach, cleanses the liver, corrects biliousness, prevents flatulency, purifies the system, invigorates the nerves, and re-institutes sound health. The enormous demand for these Pills throughout the globe attests their efficacy, and a single trial convinces the most sceptical that no medicine equals Holloway's Pills in its ability to remove all complaints incidental to the human race. They are a blessing to the afflicted, and a boon to all that labour under internal or external disease. The purification of the blood, re-ensues. The purification of the blood, removal of all restraint from the secretory organs, and gentle aperitive action are the prolific sources of the extensive curative range of Holloway's Pills.

As a remedy to purify the blood, nothing can be found equal to Dr. Baxter's Mandrake Bitters. Price, 25c per bottle.