

THE TRUE WITNESS FOR 1882

The True Witness has within the past year made an immense stride in circulation...

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

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...

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 subscribing for the True Witness between this date and the 31st December, 1881...

In conclusion, we thank those of our friends who have responded so promptly and cheerfully...

In cases of Chronic disease which doctors have failed to cure, BURDOCK BLOOD PURIFIERS has achieved its greatest triumph...

REST AND COMFORT TO THE SUFFERING

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

THE RECONSTRUCTION OF ST. THERESA COLLEGE.

The following letter is from Rev. Father Nantel, Superior of the St. Theresa College: ST. THERESA SEMINARY, ST. THERESA, Nov. 4, 1881.

remain open as our wants are most pressing...

ALMOST YOUNG AGAIN.

My mother was afflicted a long time with Neuralgia and a dull, heavy inactive condition of the whole system...

THE EDITOR.

By E. E. Edwards, Boston Transcript. The editor, children, is a member of that race of animals called mankind.

And let me say right here, children, that a good deal of sheer nonsense has been printed about the editor.

The editor's hardest task is to dispose of his time. He would be a monomaniac if he did not for the kindness of the few hundred people who call upon him every day.

He loves company so much, you know, and sometimes he has to sit silent and alone for a whole half a minute.

AQUATIC.

THE RACE BETWEEN THE "MISCHIEF" OF NEW YORK, AND THE CANADIAN "ATALANTA" - THE CANADIAN BOAT LOSES IN THE RACE.

New York, Nov. 9. - Sandy Hook, 12.30 p.m. - The yachts are coming down the bay with a south-westerly breeze of twenty miles...

It was now apparent that the crew of the "Atalanta" were not accustomed to handling canvas in a holly contested race.

A difference of 13 m 49 secs, showing that the "Mischief" had only gained on the "Atalanta" from the buoy at the off-shore beacon, 34 secs.

The "Gracie" also sailed over the course, and on corrected time beat the "Mischief". A consultation after the race resulted in fixing the time of the committee's steamer leaving New York for the outside race at 8 o'clock to-morrow morning.

BEAUTY'S DAUGHTERS!

By THE DUCHESS.

CHAPTER XVII. - CONTINUED.

Here the white bonnet turns slowly, very slowly, into a charming, childish, debonair face...

Blunden returns the glance willingly, and thinks he has never seen such expressive eyes before, or any so hostile.

"Who is she?" asks Blunden, hurriedly, of the perturbed Dandy.

"It is my turn next," says Mrs. Charteris, in a cautious tone, gazing after him with a sudden flash in her laughing eyes...

"Should you?" - in an impossible tone. "I confess I don't feel in the least like laughing. His manner was insolent - detestable - not to be borne."

CHAPTER XVIII.

Teach not thy lip such scorn; for it was made for kissing, lady, not for such contempt.

It is half an hour later. A few people who have been born with a desire to do something, and who are always religiously trying to do it...

The musicians hold on bravely. Just now a very young lady is enchanting the audience and is filling the room with her plaintive fresh young voice.

She is very earnest and almost pretty, and Gretchen at a distance is delighted with her large solemn eyes and thin pale face.

Kitty is pleased with her, too, but just a little supercilious; and every woman in the room is asking every other woman where on earth she got that awful gown - except, perhaps, Mrs. Charteris, who, in another room, is oblivious to all but the honeyed words of "a very foolish, fond young man" who is leaning over her chair.

The young man is Brandy Tremaine, and he is evidently very far gone indeed. His will-o'-the-wisp friend, his Damon - alias Dandy Dimmont - watching him from a distant door way, is devoured with jealousy, and, noting Mrs. Charteris' wild glances of his homage, asks himself bitterly how he could ever have felt a friendship for Tremaine.

Fancy, in a ravishing costume of pearl-gray and the white bonnet, is waving languidly from side to side a monstrous fan in her tiny pearl-grip hand, and has a charmingly absent air about her.

As a rule there is always a young man leaning over Mrs. Charteris' chair, talking to her in an earnest undertone; and not always the same young man, either; she knows better than that!

Arthur Blunden since his defeat has been somewhat gloomy and taciturn. Sir John seeing him leaning against a door way and looking decidedly bored, comes over to him and slips his arm through his.

"You'll evaporate if you keep on looking so gloomy," he says. "Come with me, and I'll introduce you to one of the prettiest women in town - amusing, too, and that's everything in this dull age. She'll suit you tremendously."

"You excite my curiosity," says Arthur, in a dreary tone that betrays his word. "Where is your rare avis? I should like to see her. He accompanies Sir John in an indolent, listless fashion across the room, until brought to a full stop before a doorway when looking up, he finds himself face to face with Mrs. Charteris.

"It is quite a dream of fair women," says Blunden gallantly. "Brave women and fair men; I call them nowadays," says Fancy, disdainfully.

"You excite my curiosity," says Arthur, in a dreary tone that betrays his word. "Where is your rare avis? I should like to see her. He accompanies Sir John in an indolent, listless fashion across the room, until brought to a full stop before a doorway when looking up, he finds himself face to face with Mrs. Charteris.

This is said so naively, with such an air of innocent meaning, that Blunden is almost alone. And then she laughs too, and together they both appear so amused and so pleased with each other, so gayly that Dandy Dimmont, who in the distance is watching them, is consumed with envy and jealousy.

Presently Sir John, moving away, takes Brandy with him, leaving Arthur and Mrs. Charteris alone. When Greek meets Greek then comes the tug of war.

"You have only just returned to England, I think?" begins Fancy, politely. "Yes, I have been some time abroad - idling in the East, mostly. Coming home I spent a few days at Cyprus."

"Ah! then you can tell me all about it," says Mrs. Charteris, with suspicious geniality. "Is it a very charming place, or quite the reverse? There is no believing the newspaper reports. What principally strikes one on first landing?"

"Soldiers, and fever and dirt," returns he, gloomily, feeling distrustful of the brilliant reception accorded him. "How disappointing! I really couldn't discuss soldiers, and fever, and - and all the rest of it; so let us change the conversation. That is Lady Fanny Falkiner over there. Do you admire her?"

"Mean and palpable flattery! It shouldn't save him," says Mrs. Charteris to her own heart. "Yes! she would not suit you in other ways either, perhaps. You are a stranger in London just now, so you must let me tell you some of the home gossip. I like Lady Fanny myself intensely - quite altogether, you know. But they do say odd things of her. They call her fast, and you, I fancy, (though why I scarcely know), would not admire that sort of person."

Blunden draws his mustache slowly through his fingers and his breath somewhat hardly. Beauty insulted is no joke; and he tells himself, with an inward groan, that now indeed he is in for it!

"It would entirely depend upon circumstances," he replies calmly - if without knowing in the very least what he means - and with such an amount of successful indifference as should have raised feelings of admiration in her breast.

"What a politic answer," she says, with a short but amused smile. "I like politic people myself, they are so safe, so unlikely to form conclusions in a hurry or without sufficient knowledge. I dare say I shall like you immensely after a bit."

"Little hypocrite!" says Blunden, under his breath. "But to return to Lady Fanny," goes on Mrs. Charteris; "she has her enemies. But that is hardly to be wondered at in this mischievous world. Do you know - with an aggrieved glance - 'I have mine'?"

"You can't expect me to believe that," says Blunden, feebly. "I have indeed, - shaking her blonde head sorrowfully. 'You know what Hamlet said: 'Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny.' I have not only enemies among my friends, but - would you credit it? - I have actually heard people who have never exchanged one word with me, condemn me heartily behind my back! Yes! - maliciously - literally behind my back! Is not that shameful? You see, it gives one no chance of defending one's self. I think it a little mean; don't you?"

Blunden is silent. His eyes are on the ground. His face is rather red. He is still aimlessly and unconsciously caressing his mustache.

"No wonder you are silent," goes on Mrs. Charteris mercilessly, always with the plaintive ring in her voice; "you find a difficulty in understanding it. You would not condemn me on one hearsay, would you?"

"She was a great friend of yours once, Jack, wasn't she?" - very earnestly. "She is a great friend of mine still, I hope," replies she carelessly.

"But not so great as she was then - before her marriage?" pursues Kitty, a feeling of suffocation at her foolish heart. "How can I answer that?" says Sir John, who is the kindest-hearted and the most unobservant of men. "Nothing lasts, you know - not even friendship - not even love, they say."

"Doesn't it?" says Kitty, wistfully. "That seems sad. I can't believe that." "Oh, I dare say it's all talk, you know - poetry and rubbish," returns he, absently. He has an evening paper in his hand, and is engrossed with its contents.

"Wait one moment; I shall be back directly," says Kitty somewhat huskily, escaping from the room. His avoidance of the subject of Mrs. Charteris (as it seems to her) compels her to put credence in the foolish words dropped by Dandy in the afternoon.

"You art a queen, fair Lesley; Thy subjects we before thee; Thou art divine, fair Lesley; The hearts of men adore thee." R. Burns.

has given it to be understood she and Lady Jane will expect two seats to be kept for them in the front row as being principal promoters of this admirable scheme.

"The old friendliness is forgotten. They stand aloof, and barely recognize each other when they meet. Not that they are openly uncivil when untoward circumstances fling them in the same path; on the contrary, they are scrupulously - nay, painfully - polite, and would not for the world say or do anything not in keeping with the strictest rules of etiquette.

"I suppose Blunden is the latest victim," says Dandy, bitterly, addressing - of all people - Kitty, who happens to be near him. "I hardly think so. Arthur is so different from other men, so self-contained, and so discerning," replies Kitty, unsmilingly.

"There are in his eyes qualities superior to mere beauty." "But her beauty is not her only charm; she is full of 'em," says Mr. Dimmont, dismally, yet unable to resist throwing a lance in defence of his cruel divinity.

"Very pretty indeed," - calmly. A wise woman never abuses another woman to a man, whatever she may do when she is alone with her own sex. Kitty is a wise woman.

"What has that to do with her infatuation?" asks she, forcing a pale smile. "Oh, nothing - nothing to signify. Sir John was rather epris with her before her marriage. But of course that is all over. A fellow must be spoony on some one, you know, until he gets a wife himself."

"And was she too - Did she like Sir John?" "Don't know, I'm sure," - gloomily. "I don't suppose she could like any one honestly; I don't believe she has a heart at all," says Mr. Dimmont, with increasing bitterness.

"So much the better for her," returns Kitty, strangely. And then Launceston comes up to her, and she smiles upon him with sudden and unusual kindness, and allows him to escort her to her carriage.

After dinner, when she and her husband are alone, she says, gently: "How many people one meets and visits without actually knowing anything about them! Who is Mrs. Charteris, Jack?"

"One of the Lisles of Surrey, and the second prettiest woman in town," replies Jack, concisely. "And who is the first?" "You are," - promptly. "Nonsense," with a smile. "How absurd you are! You have known her a long time, Jack? He is not looking at his wife at the moment, or he might have noticed something peculiar about the expression of the eyes."

"Fancy Charteris? Yes. Some time." To Kitty's excited imagination there seems a reservation in his way of answering. "I don't think I quite like her," she says, quietly. "From all I hear she seems rather - rather -"

"Does she?" says Jack. "Can't say, I'm sure." "I mean, rather indifferent to the world's opinion," - choosing her words carefully. "Fast, you would say! Don't believe half you hear, Kitty; it is all spite and envy on the part of the other women. She is pretty, you know, and clever, and very much admired - three unpardonable crimes. She rather cuts the rest of them out, that's the fact. You are too pretty yourself, darling, to be illiberal on that score."

"She was a great friend of yours once, Jack, wasn't she?" - very earnestly. "She is a great friend of mine still, I hope," replies she carelessly. "But not so great as she was then - before her marriage?" pursues Kitty, a feeling of suffocation at her foolish heart.

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"You art a queen, fair Lesley; Thy subjects we before thee; Thou art divine, fair Lesley; The hearts of men adore thee." R. Burns.

The concert for the conversion of the Zulus comes off to-night, and promises to be fashionably attended. It is such a delightful thing to know that, by spending a sovereign or two and listening to the best music the season can afford, one is behaving in a highly religious and moral manner.

Scrope, the eldest son of the house of Shropshire, whose manner has been even unusually expressive during the past week - so much so as almost to drive his mother to the verge of despair - instantly joins her, and, unconscious of coming storms, takes possession of the second seat.

"The foe - they come, they come," the duchess, followed by Lady Jane, sweeps slowly up the room, but, seeing one of the covered seats occupied by her bete noir, comes to a full stop just before her, and looks inquiringly, nay, expectantly, at the chair. But for dignity's sake, Fancy could have laughed aloud.

"This is my seat, I think," says the duchess, in an awful tone, disdaining to notice her son, who shows signs of unmistakable fear. "I believe there are no reserved seats here to-night."

"I desired two seats should be kept for me and my daughter. These are they. I specially marked them out. You have usurped them, I think." The ancient dame, as is her wont, is growing more and more unbearable.

"You forgot to whom you are speaking," says Fancy mildly, who is beginning to enjoy herself tremendously. "Forget! No. I wish I could. Your conduct is at all times such as it offends me to witness. But for your poor dead mother's sake, madam, I would know nothing of you."

"Your memory is failing," said Mrs. Charteris, gravely, not to say reprovingly. "A moment since you forgot me; now (how much worse), you are forgetting yourself." "You are insolent," murmurs the duchess, intemperately, preparing to march off with her "ugly duckling."

"And very comfortable," replies Fancy, softly, stirring with cozy languor in the disputed chair. She shrugs her shoulders and smiles a little; and the old lady, enraged and thoroughly discomfited, retires. Fancy, turning her head, looks with curiosity, and some faint interest at the terrified Scrope.

"Has your mother frightened you?" she asks contemptuously. "If so, go and appease her wrath, and tell Mr. Tremaine or Mr. Dimmont I should like to see one of them. Don't send both at once. They always amuse me. Say there is a vacant seat near me. Yes, there is a vacant seat, because I desire you to go. I hate people who are afraid of people."

"And the spoiled beauty, leaning back, with a slight wave of her fan, dismisses him. Scrope, not daring to disobey, quits the desired seat, and even so far carries out her instructions as to send Brandy Tremaine to fill his place. Mrs. Charteris welcomes him with a maddening smile as sweet as "golden Hippocrene."

"You sing?" she asks, presently, during a pause in the entertainment. "Oh, no, never," says Brandy. "What, never?" "Well, hardly ever," says Mr. Tremaine, making his little quotation with a seraphic smile. He is quite happy, blissfully content. Mrs. Charteris has singled him out to be the hero of the hour, and his dearest friend Dandy is scowling at the good fortune from an opposite wall. What is left to be desired?

"I'm awfully fond of music, don't you know?" says Brandy; "always know the right moment to applaud, and that, and on rare occasions have been known to break forth in song. But I can't say my efforts were ever received with enthusiasm; and, indeed, to tell you the truth," confesses Mr. Tremaine candidly. "I don't think my best friend could mistake me for a second-rate singer."

"I quite understand," - kindly. "For my own part, I much prefer a moderate voice to a loud one, if it be sweet." She accompanies this speech with a charming smile, that plainly expresses her belief in Mr. Tremaine's voice being of the "dainty sweet" - in insignificant - order. Then she goes on, "I know your friend Mr. Dimmont can sing, because he has been told so."

"Have you?" says Brandy, ominously mild. "That is, of course, an all-sufficient reason. People talk the truth, don't they? He may; though I can't say I have ever heard him."

"No? Not heard him? And he you fidus Achates. Why, how is that?" "Oh," - maliciously - "I've seen him stand up beside a piano, and I've seen a girl play his accompaniment, and I've seen him turn the leaves of the music before him, and I've seen his lips move, but I've certainly never heard him. His is indeed a 'still small voice,' it might be, with a grimace - please you. You say you like moderate voices."

"I am surprised. Some one told me only yesterday he was very musical." "I dare say. Gretchen says he sings. You know my sister, Mrs. Dugdale?" "Yes. I think her the very charmingest woman I ever met."

"Well, do you know, Gretchen is nice," says Brandy, then gracefully, if with all the reluctance of a near relation, admitting his sister's good points. "She likes Dimmont. She - unpleasantly - 'likes every one.'"

"I really think it was Mr. Dugdale told me of your friend's good tenor voice." She lays careful stress upon the word "friend." "Brandy laughs; but his merriment is slightly sardonic. "You make me remember a line from Gray's," he says. "I never hear Dimmont's voice spoken of without thinking of it."

"Along the cool sequestered vale of life He keeps the noiseless tenor of his way." "What a wickedly severe little speech! You make me quite afraid of you," says Mrs. Charteris, reprovingly; but she lets her eyes meet his, and she says it, and laughs a low, amused laugh that contains not a shadow of disapproval. "Was it not King James or King Somebody who said, 'Save me from my friends? I hope you deal fairly by me, Mr. Tremaine, when I am out of your sight.'"

["Continued on Third Page"]