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"We must have Bread,"
So say Ireland's poor, and so say we.

B. & E. NICKLIN
BAKERS & CONFECTIONERS.
CORNER MAIN & MILL STREETS, ACTON,
Ont.

Very Best Of Bread,
BUNS, CAKES, PASTRY AND
CONFECTIONERY.

BREAD DELIVERED.
While thanking those who have favored us with their patronage in the past, we solicit a continuance of the same, and will welcome new customers.

ICE CREAM PARLOR.
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Sole Proprietor.

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POETRY.

Going Through the Heather.
"Which way are you going, Jenny?"
"Going through the heather."
"Don't you think then, Jennie, lassie,
We could go together?"
"Through the heather, by the burn,
Along the plumes of lady fern,
Over the strath, among the grass,
Shall we go together, lass?"
"Deed, it's kind of lovely, Jamie."
"Then we'll go together."
And the lassie's cheeks were pinker
Than the bells of heather.
"For the lonely by the heather,
And I have a tale to tell;
If you'll listen, Jenny, lass,
Every word shall come to pass."
Then she gave her hand to Jamie,
And they went together
Up the sunny, silent hillside,
Through the heather.
Oh! the happy, happy feeling—
Oh! the whippersnaw and sweet—
Oh! the tale the lover tells,
By our sweet betrothal knot—
Will might Jenny answer softly,
Coming through the heather:
"Here's my hand and heart, dear Jamie;
We'll walk together."
Through the heather, up the hill,
Though the road be good or ill,
Though the skies be dark or clear,
We will walk together, dear.

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ill. I've nigh lived on beer, if living it can be called, and my wife and children have had to shift how they could for bread.

"That's nothing to me," said the landlord.

"Let me have one pint."

"Have you the impudence to ask for it with that shameful lot of chalks staring you in the face?"

Jerry did not reply, but he took a long and earnest look at the recording files, and drawing his hand across his forehead, hurried out of the Oram Arms.

"Who was that you've been talking to, Richard?" inquired Mr. Rewitt, entering the bar from a room behind.

"Jerry Mudder," was the reply. "I've stopped his drink till he pays up."

"Then he will go to the Green Goose and get us drink there," said Mr. Rewitt.

"They won't trust him a penny," returned her husband with a grin. "He's tried it on and failed, and so I've got him. If he doesn't pay up I'll make him."

"There's nothing to be got out of that house," said Mr. Rewitt, shaking her head. "I've heard that there's not a chair for them to sit down upon, and Jerry's wife—clean and tidy as she manages to keep herself—looks more like a skeleton than a woman; and as for the children, I've seen 'em look quite ravenous at the dinner coming from the bake-house."

"That's Jerry's lookout," replied Mr. Rewitt, coolly. "If he can't afford it, he shouldn't drink."

The subject was dismissed, and Jerry forgot in the noise and bustle of the usual evening business. About nine o'clock Jerry's wife, to the astonishment of both Mr. Rewitt and his wife, appeared in the bar, but not as they supposed, for drink.

"My husband tells me," she said, "that he has a heavy score here. How much is it?"

"I'm almost too busy to tell you," replied the landlord, "but if it's pressing, and I shall be very thankful if you will let me know at once what it is," returned the poor woman, who was indeed sad and pale, and almost justified the title of "skeleton," which Mrs. Rewitt had given her.

The landlord went through the chalks twice, and finally announced that Jerry was indebted to him to the amount of two pounds, seventeen shillings and fourpence halfpenny. Jerry's wife received the announcement with a look of quiet dismay, thanked the landlord, and left the house.

"I suppose she is thinking of making an effort to pay it off," said Mr. Rewitt, addressing his better half, "and I hope she will, but I fancy it will be a little too much for her."

For a whole week nothing was seen or heard of Jerry, but at the end of that time his wife appeared and put down five shillings on the counter.

"Will you please take that off the account, sir," she said, and gave me a receipt."

This was done with a gracious smile, and Jerry's wife departed.

Mr. Rewitt announced his having hit the right nail on the head. The wife of the cobbler was making an effort to clear off her husband's debt.

At the end of another week a second five shillings was paid, and then harvest came on—truly a harvest to the agricultural laborer, as at that time he gathers in sheaves, and whatever harvest he procures. All the little tradesmen in the village were busy, and even Jerry was reported to be full handed. But he did not come near the Oram Arms for drink.

On the third week Jerry's wife brought in ten shillings, and on the fourth week fifteen, to the great joy and satisfaction of Mr. Rewitt, whose joy, however, was alloyed by the fear that he had lost a good customer.

He resolved to look up Jerry as soon as another installment of his account was paid.

Nothing was brought for a fortnight, and the landlord congratulated himself upon not having hastily sought out his absent customer, who still owed him over a pound, but the appearance of Jerry's wife with the balance had the effect of making him think otherwise. There was no display in putting down the money—it was quietly done—and she took the receipt, spoke more than mere words and actions.

"I have been busy with Jerry," said Mr. Rewitt, when another whole month had elapsed without Jerry's appearing; "he promised to pay me at harvest time and he did it, but I have offended him, and the Green Goose has caught his custom."

"Go and see him," suggested his wife.

"I intend to do so. Here, give me our Tom's boots; they want a patch on the side, and it will be an excuse for my dropping in upon him."

promised, but Jerry keeps the things for weeks together.

"That's true; but I have got a pair of boots that want new fronts, and I can wait a week or two; take them."

"I'll take both," said Richard Rewitt, "nothing like baiting your book well while you are about it."

Aimed for the reacquaintance of Jerry the landlord set forth in the morning, that being a slack time when he could easily be spared from home.

Outside were a couple of loafers, with no money and no credit, who loitered their hats to him. Mr. Rewitt favored them with a nod of lofty indifference.

Jerry's cottage was in the middle of the village, standing back about fifty feet from the road; and although its inside porch had been well known, the outside, thanks to his wife, looked quite as well as its neighbors. Therefore Mr. Rewitt was not in the least surprised to see it look bright and gay on that beautiful autumn morning.

As he approached the door he heard the sound of Jerry's hammer upon the lathe, and, to his utter amazement, the voice of Jerry carolling a cheerful ditty, as unlike the cracked efforts he used occasionally to come out with in the taproom as the song of the thrush in to the house note of the raven. Raising the latch, the landlord of the Oram Arms peeped in.

"Good morning, Jerry," he said.

"Ah, is that you, Mr. Rewitt?" replied Jerry, looking up. "Come in."

Jerry looked wondrous clean, and had been shaved that very morning. His blue shirt looked clean, too, and he actually had a collar on. Mr. Rewitt was so overcome by the change that he stood still with the boots under his arm, forgetting that they formed part of his mission.

"You look very well, Jerry," he said at last.

"Never felt better in all my life," replied Jerry. "I wish, sir, I could say the same of you. You look whitish."

"I've—I've got a bit of a cold," replied the landlord, "and I've been shut up with business lately. Trade's been brisk; but how is it we have not seen you?"

"Well—the fact is, sir," said Jerry, thoughtfully, rubbing his chin, "I've been busy working off your score."

"But it is done, man," said Mr. Rewitt, cheerfully, "the door is quite clean as far as you are concerned."

"I'm glad of that."

"Others have got their share," said the other facetiously, "but I think we could make room for you if you look us up."

"No, thank you, sir," returned Jerry. "I've had enough of chalking on other people's doors, and now I chalk on my own."

"Chalks on your own?"

"Yes, sir; have the goodness to turn round and look behind you. There's my door half full."

"It's a wise thing to keep accounts yourself," said the landlord, who hardly knew what to think of it, "for mis takes will happen, but—"

"No mistakes can happen, sir," interrupted Jerry, "for I am the only party that keeps that account."

"But who trusts you to do that?"

"Nobody—I trust myself," replied Jerry. "The marks that were on your door showed what I did drink, and them marks on mine show what I don't drink."

A little light had got into the landlord's brain, and he had a pretty good idea of what was coming, but he said nothing.

"About the chalks on the door being a standing disgrace to me, was the night of my making," continued Jerry. "No man could have lectured me better than you did, and I thank you for it from the bottom of my heart. As I left your house I vowed to touch drink no more, and I came home and sold my wife and me both joined in earnest prayer that I might have strength to keep my vow. The next morning I went over to George Stevens and asked him how I could go about signing the pledge. He helped me like a man—and it was done."

With his eyes wandering to and fro between Jerry and the chalks upon the door, the amazed landlord remained silent.

There is not much standing disgrace about that lot—credit if anything.

"Oh, yes, yes," returned the landlord, "but—dear me—this cold in my head is quite distressing. You must have a large box for all your two pence."

"When I gets six together I takes them off to the postoffice," replied Jerry; "there is a bank there better than any till. Tills give nothing out, but banks like that returns you more than you puts in. Usif I began to keep my own chalks I had no idea how much your till swallowed up. You would not trust me for a pint, but I can have my money out of the bank whenever I want it."

"That is something," said Mr. Rewitt, sarcastically.

"It is everything to a man who has a wife and children to keep," replied Jerry. "The best of us have sickness and trouble and rainy days, and then it is a great thing to have something to fall back upon. It is better to keep yourself than to go to the parish. There is another thing, too, about these chalks of mine—yours went down before my wife and children were fed, mine go down after that is done, and I think my chalks are the better of the two. So I says to all, Chalk your own door."

Mr. Rewitt had nothing to say; he could not deny and he would not admit it, but took refuge like other beaten men—in flight. With the boots under his arm he hastened home and presented himself before his wife in a rather excited condition.

"What is the matter, Richard?" she asked.

"Nothing particular," he replied, "except that Jerry Mudder has joined the temperance lot, and he seems so firm in it that I don't believe he will ever touch a drop again."

Mr. Richard Rewitt, of the Oram Arms was right. And Jerry, who bears the name of Mudder no longer, but is called by that to which he is entitled, viz., that of Marden, has not touched a drop of strong drink from the day of his reformation to this.

His door has been filled again and again with the score which he records in his own favor, and the beer he has not drunk is everywhere around him in a comfortable home, a respectable amount in the savings bank, and a goodly investment in a building society. *Verbum sat sapientis*, which being freely interpreted means, A word to you my reader is sufficient—Chalk your own door.

"ROSES"

"Roses, indeed?" said Mr. Merritt, with a dark frown on his countenance—"a dollar's worth of roses! I never heard of such nonsense in my life. What in the name of common sense do you want of roses, I'd like to know! Ain't there lots of wild ones down in the swamp?"

Mary Merritt stood crimson and confused beneath the lash of her father's sneering words. She was a slight, pretty girl of eighteen, with bright brown eyes, hair smooth and glossy as a chestnut rind, and a complexion of the purest pink and white.

"I thought I'd like a few flowers in the doorway," hesitated Mary, scarcely venturing to lift her eyes from the floor.

"Flowers?" sarcastically echoed the father. "Wouldn't you like a set of diamonds, or a black-velvet gown? Or a carriage and four? If I'd known you was such a fine lady, I'd have had the house newly furnished with red velvet cushions and a Brussels carpet. You must have a deal of money to spare, to go about ordering dollars' worth of roses?"

"It's my own money, father," cried poor Mary, faintly stung to desperation. "I earned it with my own hands, binding shoes at night, after the days work was done."

"And you're mine, ain't you—and all that belongs to you?" said Josiah Merritt, grimly. "And if you're able to earn any extra money, it ought to be handed over to me. Give me that letter with the dollar bill in it."

"Can't I have any roses, father?" said Mary, with a sinking heart.

"Not on this here farm," said Mr. Merritt. "All the spare money we can raise goes to payin' interest on the old mortgage and keeping up buildings and fences. A dollar ain't much, eying poor Mary's precious bill, 'but a dollar will help along. Now go back to your milk skimming, or your bread-making, or whatever you're about. And if you want any roses or posies go out into the fields after 'em."

He went out as he spoke, banging the kitchen-door after him, and Mary sat down and cried.

She was so tired of the plantain weeds and running white clover in the doocyard; she had so longed for a few bright spots of color there. And she had worked so hard to earn the money that her father had so coolly confiscated. Josiah Merritt kept up servant, and she was the patient house-maid drudge. So Mary washed and ironed, baked and cleaned, made cheese and butter, raised a whole colony of young turkeys, geese, and chickens, and washed her father's shirts and stockings between times.

For poor Mrs. Merritt had been

worked out of the world years before and nothing remained of her but a tender memory in Harry's heart, and a crooked tombstone, half buried in weeds and brambles, in the village churchyard. Nor did she venture to plead that one of the confiscated roses had been for her mother's grave!

"It's too bad," said Joel Harvey, who from the back shed, where he had been sharpening his tacks, had heard the whole altercation. "Why didn't you let the poor girl have her roses, Mr. Merritt?"

"Because I don't believe in encouraging no such high-blown notions," returned the farmer, stiffly.

"Yes, but—"

"It's