|  | THE TRUE WITNESS AND GATHOLTC CHRONICLE. |  |  |  |  |
| :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: | :---: |
| BATMAD OF A BAKER. <br> Joe Rrown ho wais baker man, <br> He baker man was Joe; And yetheknownto. for aught, yough dough. <br> And he was ragged, hearty, too, And had a long life lersed, And all because herse up with <br> And a li becaube he mose up wit His carly-rising yeast <br> To never cheat his customers, This man ras carly tivaght, And yet his lonves wercalways light, His pie-crust rather short. <br> And he was generois-hearted, too, And kind unto the needy- And neat and tasty in his uresg, Aithongh his cakes were seedy. <br> With him none dared to bandy jokes When'er he soughtithemarti, For well they know his repartecs <br> For well they knew his repartec Were sharper than his uarts. <br> And when I say his skill was great In getting up an inftin, <br> His nitutry tilled the mouths of all, - And neds no further puftin'. <br> Ths said he was $n$ temperance man, |  |  |  |  |  |
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|  |  |  | $\begin{aligned} & \text { Dork. "Are we to be rich?" } \\ & \text { She bent over his shoulder, and looked in } \\ & \text { his face. He smiled gravely. } \\ & \text { "Do you wish to be rich, Dora?" he atked. } \end{aligned}$ |  |  |
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|  |  |  |  | pat the candlestick down and sottly stole tow- |  |
|  |  |  | "I don't know," she hesitatingly replied, yet I suppose it must be pleasunt." " Plcarant!" a little indignantly remarked |  |  |
|  | perraps it was to hard. Dora, who had cheeked her tears to look at hor brother, read with the keenest pain the meaning of his free, De- |  |  |  | prove the resentif girl who brought to their peaceful realm the augry feelings of life? <br> CHAPTER VII. |
|  | $\begin{aligned} & \text { feated wis written there. Ay, Pal Courtenay } \\ & \text { felt doubly defuated, for he fult that his uncle's } \\ & \text { sentence wai just, ind Mr. Templemole's ric- } \\ & \text { tory complete. He shut the book with soms } \end{aligned}$ |  |  | 品, |  |
|  |  |  | Mrs. Coure quate But Dora did not heed them. She had re- |  |  |
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|  |  |  |  | lifu. All her hope and her desives had rested upon hint, never one upon lerselt. Through |  |
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|  |  |  |  | nerer thought. When he went, ald went with him. It might be well fur both of them that it shoud we so. He never linew the bitter- |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  | "I never liked her," resentfully cried Dors;"she was never worthy of youn.""It was not her finlt, Dora, if I was mis-taken in her ; but it was mine." |  |  |
|  | vitter tears. Slow and miserible wis the rest of this un- |  |  |  | himself on the soliz and looked deeply sulky her old friend very kindly: bat somethin! |
|  |  | and she caudidy wondered at John'r shasti-nacy in not lettins his five hundred pounds ne trebled by Mr. hyan. |  |  |  |
|  |  |  | She was not pledged to me."'True love needs no pledges," loftily re- |  |  |
|  |  |  <br>  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  | "But suppose some womun cannot feel true love," he playfuly suggested. "Are you sure of yourself, Dora?" |  |  |
|  |  |  |  | the drent disenchanter, should have shown to Pituland his sister the folly of a long-cherished |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  | "Poor Dora!" he said, kindly, "you have all the sorrow, as yon had all the tronhle. Bnt do not fiet for me. I shall do. It is all over." |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  | him so fervently, was her grief felt and notspoken. To all seeming, indeed, it was not adeep srief. She mourned, but not with such |  |
|  |  | "fool-hy, old Johnny!" she said, with " |  |  | may and Mrs. Luan was still safe. "And we were froing to stach a nice party; <br> laintively kitid Mrs. Courtenay, "I athost wish Professor Gray had kept his news till to- |
|  | Doms eyes dashed. Happy with another!meln! how could lanl say that? -how conli!he feel it? Inat he did feel it. Perhaps his | sigh. Hes, I will," he interrupted. "Good-by, my dear rirl!" | $\left\{\begin{array}{l}\text { if they did not apprecinte her merits. } \\ \text { "well, Fittle Dora," he said cheerfully, "we } \\ \text { shall lie none the more unhappy for it, if it is }\end{array}\right.$ |  |  |
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