Weekly Monitor.

VOL. 5 — BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1877. — NO. 36

Weekly Monitor,

PUBLISHED

Every Wednesday at Bridgetown.

SANCTON and PIPER, Proprietors.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—$1.50 per annum, in advance; if not paid within six months, $2.00.

Advertising Rates.

ONE INCH.—First insertion, 50 cents; every after insertion, 12½ cents; one month, $1.00; two months, $1.50; three months, $2.00; six months, $3.50.

ONE SQUARE, (two inches).—First insertion $1.00; each continuation, 25 cents; three months, $3.50; six months, 6.00; twelve months $10.00.

HALF COLUMN.—First insertion, $4.50; each continuation, $1.00; one month, $7.00; two months, $11,00; three months, 14.00; six months, $20.00; twelve months, $35.00.

A COLUMN.—First insertion, $8.00; each continuation, $2.00; one month, $12.00 two months, $18.00; three months, $25.00; six months $40.00; twelve months, $70.00.

Yearly advertisements changed oftener than once a month, will be charged 25 cents extra per square for each additional alteration.

CAUTION!

I HEREBY FORBID any person from trusting my wife THERESA RHODES, as she left my bed and Board, without my consent, and I will pay no bills of her contraction.

BENJAMIN RHODES.

New Germany, Lunenburg Co., Oct. 26th '77
13i t41

CONSUMPTION CURED

AN OLD PHYSICIAN, retired from active practice, having had placed in his hands by an East Indian Missionary the formula of a Vegetable Remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of

Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh,

and all Throat and Lung affections; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all nervous complaints, after having thoroughly tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases feels it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a conscientious desire to relieve human suffering, he will send FREE OF CHARGE, to all who desire it, this receipe, with full directions for preparing and successfully using. Sent by return mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper,

DR. C. STEVENS, Box 86, Brockville, Ont.

DR. SHOOLSEL TOOTH AND SOLID **SAWS** Flange Tooth, PLANER TOOTH,

ADDRESS

JOHN WELSH Agent....Amherst, N.S.
A. FISHER, " .....Truro, N.S.
W. H. OLIVE, " ....St. John, N.B.
Waterous Engine Works Co., BRANTFORD, ONT.

, State where you saw this advertisement.

DR. WILLIAM GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE.

The Great English Remedy is an unfailing cure for *Seminal Weakness, Spermatorrhœa, Impotency*, and all diseases that follow as a sequence of Self-Abuse; as *Loss of Memory, Universal Lassitude, Pains in the Back, Dimness of Vision, Premature Old Age*, and After Taking, many other diseases that lead to *Insanity* or *Consumption* and a *Premature Grave*. ☞ Price, $1 per package, or six packages for $5, by mail free of postage. Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we desire to send free by mail to every one. Address WM. GRAY & CO., Windsor, Ontario, Canada.

For sale by all Druggists. W. W. Chesley Bridgetown, and Dr. L. R. Morse, Lawrencetown, Agents.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

For Scrofula, and all scrofulous diseases, Erysipelas, Rose, or St. Anthony's Fire, Eruptions and Eruptive diseases of the skin, Ulcerations of the Liver, Stomach, Kidneys, Lungs, Pimples, Pustules, Boils, Blotches, Tumors, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Ringworm, Ulcers, Sores, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Pain in the Bones, Side and Head, Female Weakness, Sterility, Leucorrhœa, arising from internal ulceration, and Uterine disease, Syphilitic and Mercurial diseases, Dropsy, Dyspepsia, Emaciation, General Debility, and for Purifying the Blood.

This Sarsaparilla is a combination of vegetable alteratives—Stillingia, Mandrake, Yellow Dock—with the Iodides of Potassium and Iron, and is the most efficacious medicine yet known for the diseases it is intended to cure.

Its ingredients are so skilfully combined, that the full alterative effect of each is assured, and while it is so mild as to be harmless even to children, it is still so effectual as to purge out from the system those impurities and corruptions which develop into loathsome disease.

The reputation it enjoys is derived from its cures, and the confidence which prominent physicians all over the country repose in it, prove their experience of its usefulness.

Certificates attesting its virtues have accumulated, and are constantly being received, and as many of these cases are publicly known, they furnish convincing evidence of the superiority of this Sarsaparilla over every other alterative medicine. So generally is its superiority to any other medicine known, that we need do no more than to assure the public that the best qualities it has ever possessed are strictly maintained.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass., *Practical and Analytical Chemists.*

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

Avery, Brown & Co., Halifax

Wholesale Agents.

Sold by DR. DENNISON and W. W. CHESLEY, *Bridgetown N. S.*

Thos. R. Jones & Co.,

ST. JOHN, N. B.,

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

Staple and Fancy

DRY GOODS

Haberdashery, Small Wares,

Hats and Caps,

&c., &c., &c.

MANUFACTURERS OF

CLOTHING, SHIRTS, &c.

The best assorted stock in the Lower Provinces!!

New Goods arriving Weekly.

FOR SALE ON

LIBERAL TERMS,

to safe parties.

T. R. JONES & CO.

may9 '77

COUNTRY RESIDENCE

FOR SALE! OR TO LET!!

The well-known residence, formerly owned and occupied by the late R. D. Balcom, is now offered for sale or to let. The above mentioned residence, situated one mile east of Paradise Station, and in the vicinity of churches Schools, &c., contains Three Acres of Land in a high state of cultivation, on which are One Hundred Fruit Trees of apple, plum, pear and quince. The dwelling is tastefully built in Gothic style and is finished throughout. Stable, coach-house, and a never failing well of water are on the premises; also, a Tannery and Timber Lot with a residence if required.

TERMS—One half purchase money down, remainder on Mortgage.

For further particulars apply to

SAMUEL E. BALCOM,
B. R. BALCOM, Executors.
or to J. G. H. PARKER, Esq., Bridgetown.

Paradise, May 12th, 1877 n5 tf

FLOUR! FLOUR!

Lately received from Canada West.

100 BBLS. Flour, "Benefactor," "Major," "Dominion" "Rings." 100 bbls do. to arrive this week by Intercolonial, *Beaver, White Swan*, and *Avalanche*.

BARRELS CORN MEAL

daily expected per *Home* from Boston. Also, Bag Meal and Cracked Corn, from Portland. Always in stock, Oat Meal, Graham Flour, Cracked Wheat, Hulled Barley and Rice. Groceries of every description. Salt, coarse and fine. Pickled and Dry Fish.

Selling at lowest cash prices.

COUNTRY PRODUCE taken in exchange.

RANDALL, HIGGINS & CO., Opposite Railway Station.

Annapolis, June 25th, 1877.

ROYAL HOTEL.

(Formerly STUBBS')

146 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET,
Opposite Custom House,
St. John, N. B.

T. F. RAYMOND.....PROPRIETOR.
sept '73 y

WILLIAM HILLMAN,

Silver and Brass Plater,

ELECTOR PLATER

in gold and silver.

ALSO, MANUFACTURER OF

CARRIAGE & HARNESS TRIMMINGS

No. 60 Charlotte St.....St. John, N. B

sept30 y

MORSE & PARKER,

Barristers-at-Law,

Solicitors, Conveyancers,

REAL ESTATE AGENTS, ETC., ETC.

BRIDGETOWN, N. S.

L. S. MORSE, J. G. H. PARKER.

Bridgetown, Aug. 16th, '76. 1y

Three Trips a Week.

ST. JOHN TO HALIFAX!

STEAMER "EMPRESS,"

For Digby and Annapolis.

Connecting with the Windsor and Annapolis Railway for Kentville, Wolfville, Windsor and Halifax—with Stages for Liverpool and Yarmouth, N. S.

Until further notice, Steamer "EMPRESS" will leave her wharf, Reed's Point, every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY for Digby and Annapolis, connecting with Express Trains W. & A. Railways for and from Kentville, Windsor, Halifax, etc., and RETURN ON SAME DAYS.

FARE.—St. John to Halifax, 1st class...$5.00
do do do 2nd class... 3.50
do. do. Annapolis..... 2.00
do. do. Digby..... 1.50
Excursion Tickets to Halifax and return good for one week (1st class.)..... 7.50

Return tickets to Clergyman and delegates, (to Digby and Annapolis) issued at one fare on application at head office.

SMALL & HATHEWAY,
11 Dock street.

St. John, N. B., April 2nd '77.

STEAMER EMPRESS AND THE *WINDSOR & ANNAPOLIS RAILWAY.*

FREIGHTS for Kentville, Wolfville, Windsor and Halifax and intermediate stations, taken at greatly reduced rates.

A careful agent in attendence at Warehouse, Reed's Point, between 7, a. m., and 6. p. m., daily, to receive Freight.

No freight received morning of sailing.

For Way Bill, rates etc., apply to

SMALL & HATHEWAY,
ap18 Agents, 39 Dock Street.

Corbitts' Packet Line

Through Freight between Boston and Annapolis and Stations on the W. & A. Railway

The New Schooner

"ATWOOD,"

CAPT. KENNETH ATWOOD, will ply regularly between the above places carrying Freight and Passengers.

Her Cabin being fitted up in first-class style with all the latest improvements, can accomodate both lady and Gentlemen passengers.

Freight by this line will be handled with the greatest care and forwarded immediately after the arrival of the schooner.

Passage to Boston, - - $4.00.

Invoices must accompany all Through Freight.

For further particulars apply to KIMBALL & BATES and JOHN G. HALL, & Co., Boston; P. JONES, General Manager, and the several Stations of Windsor & Annapolis Railway and

A. W. CORBITT & SON, Annapolis.

May 5th '77

Notice.

ALL persons having any legal demands against the Estate of MAJOR JOHN SAUNDERS, late of Paradise, Annapolis County, deceased, are hereby requested to render their accounts, duly attested, within twelve months from the date hereof, and all persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment to

WILLIAM S. SAUNDERS, AVARD LONGLEY, } Executors.

Paradise, September 22nd, 1877. [n23 tf

GLASS! GLASS!

1000 Boxes GLASS, in all sizes, at cheap rates.

White Lead, Oils, Brushes,

Paper Hangings of all kinds,

WHOLESALE and RETAIL,

The trade supplied on reasonable terms at

22 Germain St.....St. John, N. B.

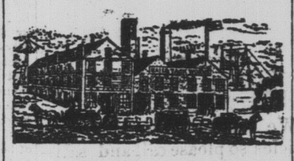
BLAKSLEE & WHITENECK.
sept30 y

S. R. FOSTER & SON'S

STANDARD

Nail, Shoe Nail & Tack Works

ST. JOHN, N. B.



ESTABLISHED 1849.

(Formerly W. H. ADAMS' CITY NAIL WORKS.)

Orders solicited, prompt attention and satisfaction guaranteed. ap10

GILBERT'S LANE

DYE WORKS,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

IT is a well-known fact that all classes of goods get soiled and faded before the material is half worn, and only require cleaning and dying to make them look as good as new. *Carpets, Feathers, Curtains, Dress Goods, Shawls, Waterproof Mantles, Silks and Satins, Gentlemens' Overcoats, Pants, and Vests, &c, &c,* dyed on reasonable terms. BLACK GOODS a specialty.

AGENTS.—Annapolis, W. J. SHANNON, Merchant; Digby, MISS WRIGHT, Millinery and Dry Goods.

may '76 A. L. LAW.

Dental Notice.

Dr. S. F. Whitman, Dentist,

WOULD respectfully informs his friends that he is now in

BRIDGETOWN,

to fill engagements previously made, persons requiring his professional services will please not delay.

Jan. 10th '77. n36

☞ The average daily circulation of the Montreal *Evening Star* is 12,154, being considerable larger than that of any other papers published in the City. The average circulation of the *Evening Star* in the City of Montreal is 10,200, exceeding by 2,000 copies a day, that of any other paper. This excess represents 2,000 families more than can be reached by any other Journal. Its Circulation is a living one, and is constantly increasing. From the way in which the *Star* has outstripped all competitors it is manifestly

"THE PAPER OF THE PEOPLE."

CATARRH

CANNOT be cured by Snuffs, Washes, or Local Applications. Thousands of cases, some of forty years standing, have been entirely cured by CONSTITUTIONAL CATARRH REMEDY. For sale by all druggists. Send stamp for Treatise on CATARRH to

T. J. B. HARDING, BROCKVILLE, ONT.

Five Years' Sickness Cured by Four Bottles of Constitutional Catarrh Remedy. Pain in Shoulders, Back and Lungs, and Dropings in Throat Disappear.

ST. ANDREWS, P. Q., Sept. 13, 1876.

MR. T. J. B. HARDING.

DEAR SIR,—Being desirous that others may know something of the merits of your CONSTITUTIONAL CATARRH REMEDY, I wish to inform you what it has done for me. I am 38 years old; had been out of health for about five years. I had employed three or four different doctors, and tried various medicines, without receiving any permanent benefit; but continued rather to grow worse, until last fall, when I had become so bad as to be unable to do an hour's work at a time. Had severe soreness and pain under the shoulder blades and through the shoulders, with very lame back, and a feeling in my right lung as though there was a weight bearing it down, with continual dropping in the throat and down upon the lungs. Such was my condition when I commenced to take your Catarrh Remedy, one bottle of which eased my pains and gave me an improved appetite, and after taking three bottles I was restored to health, so as to be able to endure hard and continued labor, such as chopping and clearing land, at which I have been engaged the last season. My recovery I attribute solely with thankfulness, to the use of your Catarrh Remedy, which I can truly recommend to all.

Price $1 per bottle. FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS.

ASK FOR LINKLATER'S CONSTITUTIONAL CATARRH REMEDY AND TAKE NO OTHER.

BRIDGETOWN

Marble Works.

ENCOURAGE HOME MANUFACTURE.

FALCONER & WHITMAN

are now manufacturing

Monuments & Gravestones

Of Italian and American Marble.

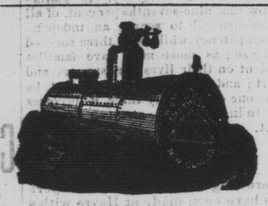
ALSO:

Granite and Freestone Monuments.

Having erected Machinery in connection with J. B. Reed's Steam Factory, we are prepared to Polish Granite equal to that done abroad

☞ Give us a call before closing with foreign agents and inspect our work.

DANIEL FALCONER. OLDHAM WHITMAN



I. MATHESON & CO.,

ENGINEERS

AND

BOILER MAKERS,

NEW GLASGOW, N. S.

Manufacturers of PORTABLE & STATIONARY

Engines and Boilers.

☞ Every description of FITTINGS for above kept in Stock, viz:—

Steam Pumps, Steam Pipe, Steam and Water Guages, Brass Cocks and Valves, Oil and Tallow Cups.

dec5'76 n34 tf

LAWYERS' BLANK EXECUTIONS.

A FRESH stock just printed and for sale at the "MONITOR OFFICE."

September 1st, 1877.

Windsor & Annapolis Raiw'y.

Time Table,

COMMENCING

Wednesday, 21st Nov., 1877.

Miles.	GOING WEST.	Steam'b't Express Wed. and Saturday.	Pass. and Freight Tues. Thurs. and Friday.	Pass. and Freight Mon.	
		A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	
0	Windsor—leave.....	9 15	11 15	5 30	
7	Hantsport.....	9 40	11 43	5 57	
			P. M.		
15	Grand Pre.....	10 06	12 12	6 24	
18	Wolfville	10 18	12 28	6 36	
20	Port Williams.....	10 25	12 38	6 44	
25	Kentville—arrive.....	10 40	1 00	7 00	
	Do—leave.....	10 55	1 20		
34	Waterville	11 20	1 56		
37	Berwick	11 30	2 10		
42	Aylesford	11 46	2 33		
		P. M.			
49	Kingston	12 08	3 00		
53	Wilmot	12 20	3 18		
56	Middleton	12 29	3 35		
62	Lawrencetown	12 47	3 58		
68	Paradise	12 56	4 10		
76	Bridgetown	1 11	4 38		
78	Round hill	1 32	5 07		
84	Annapolis—arrive	1 50	5 30		
	St. John by Steamer	8 00			

Miles.	GOING EAST.	Pass. and Freight Tues. & Friday.	Pass. and Freight Mon. Tues. Thurs. and Friday.	Steam'b't Express Tues. and Saturday.
		A. M.	A. M.	A. M.
0	St. John—leave.....	.....	.....	8 00
				P. M.
0	Annapolis—leave	.....	7 30	2 20
6	Round Hill.....	.....	7 53	2 38
14	Bridgetown	.....	8 17	2 57
19	Paradise	.....	8 35	3 12
22	Lawrencetown	.....	8 48	3 21
28	Middleton	.....	9 12	3 39
31	Wilmot	.....	9 24	3 48
35	Kingston	.....	9 40	3 50
42	Aylesford	.....	10 05	4 11
47	Berwick	.....	10 28	4 28
50	Waterville	.....	10 40	4 34
59	Kentville—arrive	.....	11 20	5 00
	Do—leave.....	7 15	11 50	5 10
			P. M.	
64	Port Williams.....	7 38	12 10	5 25
66	Wolfville.....	7 41	12 25	5 32
69	Grand Pre	7 53	12 40	5 43
77	Hantsport	8 19	1 15	6 08
84	Windsor—arrive	8 45	1 45	6 30

N. B.—Express Trains leave Windsor at 9.15 a.m. every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, connecting at Annapolis with Steamer for St. John. These trains offer special facilities for the conveyance of Passengers, Freight and Live Stock, enabling the same to be landed in St. John the same evening.

International Steamers leave St. John every MONDAY and THURSDAY at 8. a. m. for Eastport, Portland and Boston.

European and North American Railway Trains leave St. John at 8.00 a. m., daily for Bangor, Portland, Boston, and all parts of United States and Canada.

Through tickets may be obtained at the principal Stations.

P. IONES, Manager.

Kentville, Nov. 15th, '77.

Poetry.

A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS.

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar plums danced in their heads;
And Mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap;
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter,
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash:
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow,
Gave the lustre of mid-day to objects below,
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny rein-deer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name;
"Now, *Dasher!* now, *Dancer!* now, *Prancer!* and *Vixen!*
On, *Comet!* on, *Cupid!* on, *Donder!* and *Blitzen!*
To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!
Now dash away! dash away! dash away all"
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky;
So up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys, and St. Nicholas too.
And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof,
The drancing and pawing of each little hoof—
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound,
He was dressed all in fur from his head to his feet,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a pedler just opening his pack,
His eyes—how they twinkled; his dimples how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard of his chin was as white as the snow;
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath;
He had a broad face and a little round belly,
That shook, when he laughed, like a bowlful of jelly.
He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself;
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread;
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work.
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod up the chimney he rose;
He sprang to his sleigh, to the team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of the thistle.
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!"

Select Literature.

Christmas on the Australian Gold-fields.

BY B. H. HORNE, AUTHOR OF "ORION," ETC.

"Art thou not the same questor, quidnunc, and quiddity all over the globe? Ay—but here and there, with a difference."—*Old Play.*

Although personal consciousness remains the same, how keenly are we reminded at certain times and seasons that we are at the greatest possible distance from the home of our early days, and that our outward circumstances and habits have undergone a marked change!

The scene of the following story opens in a gold miner's settlement, in Australia. The day Christmas. The merrymaking that has had its jocund hour inside, has terminated in an adjournment of the men to the outside of the tents and huts, there to smoke and doze, and listen to one of the party, who is singing, 'Home, sweet home!'

But where are the women and the girls? They are all inside of the huts, and will sally forth when it suits them. Two of the native blacks have presented themselves, having 'smelt the feast afar;' and one of the aborigines has inhaled, for the first time, the wondrous odour of a Christmas Plum Pudding.

'Home, sweet home,' being ended, 'Shall we ever again see the old folk at home, I wonder?' says one of the men.

'I hope I shall see my married sister and her little ones some day,' says another. 'So glad I am,' says a third, 'that I brought my wife out here. Don't know what I should have done without her that bad time I fell down the shaft and broke my left arm.'

'Me wife and kids, with their auld aunt in Cork, want to come out,' said Pat Murphy! 'but it's meself that wants to go back!'

'That'll all depend upon'——begins another.

'The next washing day!' cries a female voice from within. This technical joke upon the next 'yield' from a certain quantity of auriferous 'wash-dirt,' accumulated by the last speaker, is highly appreciated by all the party.

'Well, as to wives,' mutters a man lying down in front, with his faithful dog at his elbow—viz, Sailor Bob—'as to wives, I think a fellows' better as he is—much better in the bush, without one. 'Cept she's a werry good one indeed. Then it's all right enough. But, if she's a bad 'un, he'd as well have the deuce an' all at his side. Now here's this dog—my 'Bean-Blossom,' as I call her——

The dog suddenly turned her head inquiringly.

'No, I don't want nothing, old gal;' and Sailor Bob passed his left arm affectionately round his dog's neck, who at once resumed her previous quiescence. 'She would never desert me, especially if I were in trouble. But my wife did.' And Bob gave a dig with his finger into the bowl of his pipe.

'How was that?' inquired one of the younger men of the party. 'Used to come home tight, Bob, now and then, and give her a tanning when she scolded you?'

'Nothing o' the sort. I never once lifted my hand to her. But she once lifted her hand to me—and worse—there was a fire-shovel in it. But I forgiv her that, because, you see, I believe I was a little bit groggy and ridiculous like—calling her names, sich as the 'tongs and the bones,' cas she was so very thin and nobby about the joints; besides her temper.'

'That was enough to make her a bit angry,' said a laughing voice, the rest joining in the laugh.

'Well, p'raps it was; and, as I said, I forguv all that; but I can't forgiv her for deserting a' me when I got into trouble about this dog, and because I was poor and had to go into the hospital with rheumatics, and then running off to California with a lucky digger—a German doctor he was—who said he would some day make her a baronet when he took her to his own——Well, you needn't laugh at a fellow!—baroness or countess, or some other rank—when they returned to his own castle on the Rhino.'

'Ha! ha! ha!' laughed all the listeners.

'I don't see anything to laugh at,' muttered the speaker, yet with a look of dry humour. 'Why shouldn't a lucky digger have a castle on the banks of the water?'

'Or a castle in the air!' and the merriment was renewed.

'But why did you call her Bean-Blossom?—and the speaker pointed to the dog, by way of indicating that he was making no flowery allusions to Bob's wife.

'Because of her white skin, and these here black blotches in her old face, one on 'em all over the left eye. Now, I call that reg'lar handsome.'

'And so it is, for a dog. But how did you get into trouble about her, Bob? Let's have the yarn.'

Here several voices muttered over the pipes. 'Yes, give us the yarn. Sailor Bob's the chap for a yarn!'

'You understand,' said Bob, acquiescently, and settling himself afresh, as he lay upon the ground; 'you understand, when I first come out to Australia, I was a sailor; only I runned away from the ship. A good bit of wages was due to me; but I didn't care for that. Bent upon the diggings you know. I had a few pounds in my pocket, which I hadn't had time to get rid of at Falmouth afore we sailed; so I took a lodging for a week in Melbourne. Had to leave, hows'ever, the second day, as all my tin went, somehow. So I started for Bendigo—very rich place for gold at time—in company with a fellow-lodger named Flatman—Peter Flatman—who had also been cleared out of everything; and we agreed to be mates. We did a little work by the way—sawing wood for settlers, helping bogged drays, beating out bush-fires with gum-tree boughs, grubbing up stumps, driving bullocks—though we often druv'em into a fix—all just to boil the pot, you know, till we got upon the diggings. At last we fetched 'em—Bendigo, I mean. There were no deep sinkings of regular mines at that time, you remember, where a fellow could show his addication by running up and down the rope—all surfacings and shallow work;—and we were deuced unlucky. Couldn't get at the gold at all, worth speaking off. In the first three weeks we only made about £75 between us—nothing in comparison with other chaps—so we broke partners. We saw the luck was agin us. Afore we parted, Flatman says to me, 'Bob,' say he, 'you've been a true mate to me. Here's a keepsake; something I picked up unbeknown to you, Bob.' It was a nugget worth ten pounds—twenty maybe, for I lost it out of my pocket; rough and heavy, and it tore a hole as I went through the bush. And besides the nugget, Peter guv me his dog—this werry one here, my old Bean-Blossom (and Bob gave her a hug)—as he said she seemed to take to me, like, more than to him—cos he stole her. And then Peter began to cry, and said he hadn't led a partickl'er good life afore he left the old country; and now on parting with me—though he saw 'twas best, as we'd no luck together—he felt what a bad sort of fellow he'd been. But, besides the dog, he offered to put me upon something more valiuble. Women were partick'ler scarce at this time upon the gold-fields—indeed all over the col'ny—and Flatman said he could put me upon a rare women for a wife. She wasn't, he said, quite a new one, but as good as new. Her previous husband had just hung his-self, through drink, by reason of not finding gold. He was cut down from the lower bough of a peppermint tree. He had fired the tree afore he turned himself off, but it hadn't burnt well, only smoked a good deal; and the un-fort-nate gentleman was as black as the devil. So his widow was now in the werry deepest of mourning, Peter Flatman said; but still, he said, I should be able to see what a handsome woman she must have been before she put on the infernal black and white crumples about the head and jaws, what spoiled her. Soon afterwards he introduced me, as a likely man, to the widow of Mr.——of Mr.——

'Hang his name!' said a voice.

'Yes, werry good; this widow of Mr. Hang-his-name, certainly did loom rather queer about the bows in her mournful-some ring of white crimpings. She looked like a tall sweep on a snowy day. This dog here barked at her—which was odd as she herself holds out the same colours. I had a great mind not to make her an offer at first sight. Shy, like; and, besides, she was so frightful ugly. But Flatman whispered me that she was sitch a fine woman underneath!'

'And you really married her, Bob?'

'Yes, I believe so. They all told me next day that I was a reg'lar connubialated man.'

'*What!* Didn't you know, Bob, without telling?'

'I sartainly did not; for, afore the parson came—or his clerk I think it was—in course I ordered into Mrs. Hang-his-name's tent three bottles of brandy, six bottles of beer, two bottles o' rum, and a case o' gin—as there were several on us, besides fellows looking in, and coming round us, and a-shaking hands, and laughing, and winking, and all that; and I do believe they carried me off that sublunarious scene, dead beat. Next day I found I was married!'

Not a little laughter greeted this account of Sailor Bob's wedding; and then one of the elder men remarked that he saw no signs of Bob's yarn about 'the dog' ever coming to an end.

'The end's the worst part of it,' resumed Bob. 'It's just the end what I don't like coming to. However, my wife soon guv me to understand that I couldn't expect to have the honor of marry a woman like she for nothing. I must go to work; work hard, hot sun or no sun; baking my varticle, or up to my starn-sheets in water. In return for this she would cook my dinner, she said, keep the hut clean, and take charge of the money. I think she lent Flatman £40 afore he went away; but I never know'd the rights of it. She swore she didn't. But that says nothing. Well, the hole where I was working had half a fathom or more water in it, which was difficult to keep down though we worked there with three shifts at the pump day and night. So one morning, at daybreak, when I comed off the night shift, werry wet and tired like, and Bean-Blossom with me, who always waited for me at the top of the claim, all weathers, we both wanted breakfast quick, in course; and it wasn't ready. So we got close to the fire, and I pulls off my water boots, and Bean-Blossom sticks her poor cold, dripping nose out toward the fire. When all on a sudden Mrs. Hang——my wife, I mean, ups with the frying pan and gives the dog a flat bang on the top of the skull, just as you see the Clown give th' old Pantaloon in a Christmas pantomime, only the dog's head didn't go through! So away she sprang, howling, and bolted out the door.

'What's that for?' said I. Why do you hit the dog like that? What harm did she do a warming her nose?'

'Harm!' squealed the incarnate critter, like a weasel shot in the wind pipe—'Harm! Am I obliged to give you reason for everything?'

'You'll give me a reason for that,' says I, 'or I'll put you out at the door, and fry the bacon myself!'

General applause—in fact, great applause—followed this bold declaration for independence.

'Whereupon she flings down the frying pan upon my toes, as I was a warming them at the fire—edgeways it comed down—and then out at the door she whizzes, like a badly-aimed rocket, and off she flames and flounces across the gully to some neighbourhood hut. I didn't follow her. Too disgusted like—besides the cut across my toes, without boots;—and beside that I wanted my breakfast. But first I pulls on my boots again, and hobbles out to look for Bean-Blossom. Nowhere could the poor dog be seen. A heavy mist had risen and I wandered about the diggings, calling 'Bean-Blossom! Bean-Blossom, old gal!' (Down gal, down!) But no signs of her. I met a miner, who was alsp coming off the night shift, and he said he

Continued on fourth page.