

THE CLOCKMAKER.

longer whisper in her ear, you dear little critter, you, ~~nowhere~~, you have too many irons in the fire, some on ~~the fire~~ get stone cold, and tother ones will get burnt so, ~~that~~ ~~will~~ be no good in natur.

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No. XXXIII.

*Windsor and the Far West.*

The next morning the Clockmaker proposed to take a drive round the neighborhood. You hadn't ought, says he, to be in a hurry; you should see the vicinity of this location; there aint the beat of it to be found anywhere. While the servants were harnessing old Clay, we went to see a new bridge, which had recently been erected over the Avon River. That, said he, is a splendid thing. A New Yorker built it, and the folks in St. John paid for it. You mean of Halifax, said I; St. John is in the other province. I mean what I say, he replied, and it is a credit to New Brunswick. No, Sir, the Halifax folks neither know nor keer much about the country—they wouldnt take hold on it, and if they had a waited for them, it would have been one while afore they got a bridge, I tell you. They've no spirit, and plaguy little sympathy with the country, and I'll tell you the reason on it. There are a good many people there from other parts, and always have been, who come to make money and nothin else, who don't call it home, and don't feel to home, and who intend to up killoch and off, as soon as they have made their ned out of the blue noses. They have got