

hibited from his earliest infancy.

The inhabitants of the village where he resided were so well acquainted with him and his history that he went by the name of Botts. Several times we are afraid that an exasperated villager indulged in a more forcible expression toward him.

On the 21st of June—the day we *Bluenoses* celebrate—the villagers noticed that Botts was in a thoughtful, sober mind, and they feared that he was conjuring up some diabolical plot to disturb their peaceful slumbers, but not so, our hero had just invested in a T. B. pipe, a plug of Tobacco and a few other delicacies of the season, as he intended having a good time.

The reason of Botts strange conduct was this. He had been to the city and got initiated into the mysteries of the filthy weed, and he intended having a smoke all to himself.

About 10 o'clock A. M. he started for the woods so as to be a respectable distance from the parental roof.

We will not tire the reader with too long an account, suffice it to say, that he went, and the sensation he experienced was anything but pleasant.

The weed did not agree with his stomach, the delicacies ceased to be delicious and our hero felt very uncomfortable.

He did not venture home until the shades of night had fallen, when, tired out and miserably sick he threw himself upon his crib and soon was in the Land of Nod. at any rate, he did not stay in the Land of Nod, as the sick feeling in his stomach caused him to awake, and as he lay tossing and moaning, the idea struck him—infllicting no damage—that there was a bottle of Pain Reliever on the shelf in the pantry, so up he jumps and makes a bee line for that bottle. After fumbling about ten

minutes in the dark, his search was not rewarded and with feelings of sorrow he started for bed. As he moved his hand, it came in contact with a smooth substance, and to his relief, found it to be a bottle.

Hearing the sound of an approaching footstep, he hastily took a long draught. But, O! horror! what was his intense disgust to find that he had swallowed about half a pint of Brunswick Black.

After much spitting and washing off his mouth, he managed to navigate his way to bed, and once more was in the Land of Nod.

As he sat at the Breakfast table next morning, his parents gazed upon him with astonishment, an explanation followed as also a lecture from his "dad."

Botts does not like "Baccy" now worth a cent, and he always celebrates the 21st of June.

The following portrait represents the features of Jonas Bottles, a brother to Tobias. Our space is too limited to give the readers of the *Bluenose* the biography of this worthy minister,—for he is a preacher of the Gospel,—but let his portrait suffice for the present. Hang it up in your chamber, and, surely, pleasant dreams will be the result. Here's the portrait.



This is Jonas's dog.



Jonas says he pays a yearly license of ten dollars for keeping this canine, but as Jonas was never known to give him a morsel of food, but prefers to let the poor creature starve, we rather doubt the assertion.

From the Eastern Sunbeam.

KISSING AT THE GATE.

BY RETLAW.

Let lovers think, and talk and write
Of wandering 'long the shore,
Of writing names in shifting sands
Or hark'ning to the roar.
Of pleasures gained in such a walk
I've often heard them prate.
And yet, I know there's twice the
joy,
In "kissing at the gate."

I've walked along the river bank,
And watched its rippling face,
I've sat within the shadowy dell,
Or roamed from place to place;
I've watched her truly queenlike
form
And waited till quite late,
Ere I would give a fond farewell,
By "kissing at the gate."

A Spanish proverb, quaint and old,
I never new to miss;
It says, "a man is half in Heaven
When woman yields a kiss."
The man who spoke those truthful
words,
Had sure a loving mate;
He must have oft enjoyed the sport
Of "kissing at the gate."

"Life's a dream, an idle fancy;"
True, and here is more,
There is little in this world of ours
To heal the heart that's sore.
But ah! there is a something,
If you try ere it's too late—
A beauteous, true and loving girl,
And "kissing at the gate."