

TOO MANY IRONS IN THE FIRE.

he laid eyes upon me, for I had sold him a ~~clock~~ summer afore. (I got paid for it, though, ~~for I had~~ he had too many irons in the fire not to get ~~some~~ 'em burnt; and besides, I knew every fall ~~and~~ the wind set in for the lines, from ~~Windsor~~ strong—a regular trade wind—a sort of ~~something~~ that blows all one way, for a long time without ~~stopping~~. Well, I felt proper sorry for him, for he was a ~~very~~ clever man, and looked cut up dreadfully, and ~~was~~ down in the mouth. Why, says I, possible! ~~is that~~ you, Mr. Rigby? why, as I am alive! if that aint my old friend—why how do you do? Hearty, I thank you, said he, how be you? Reasonable well, I give you thanks, says I; but what on airth brought you here? Why, says he, Mr. Slick, I couldn't well avoid it; times are uncommon dull over the bay; there's nothin stirrin there this year, and never will I'm thinkin. No mortal soul *can* live in Nova Scotia. I do believe that our country was made of a Saturday night, arter all the rest of the Universe was finished. One half of it has got all the ballast of Noah's ark thrown out there; and the other half is eat up by Bankers, Lawyers, and other great folks. All our money goes to pay salaries, and a poor man has no chance at all. Well, says I, are you done up stock and fluke—a total wrack? No, says he, I have two hundred pounds left yet to the good, but my farm, stock and utensils, them young blood horses, and the bran new vessel I was a buildin, are all gone to pot, swept as clean as a thrashin floor, that's a fact; Shark & Co. took all. Well, says I, do you know the reason of all that misfortin? Oh, says he, any fool can tell that; bad times to be sure—every thing has turned agin the