

**CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF THE BULLETIN Vol. 10 No. 514 (21 Dec
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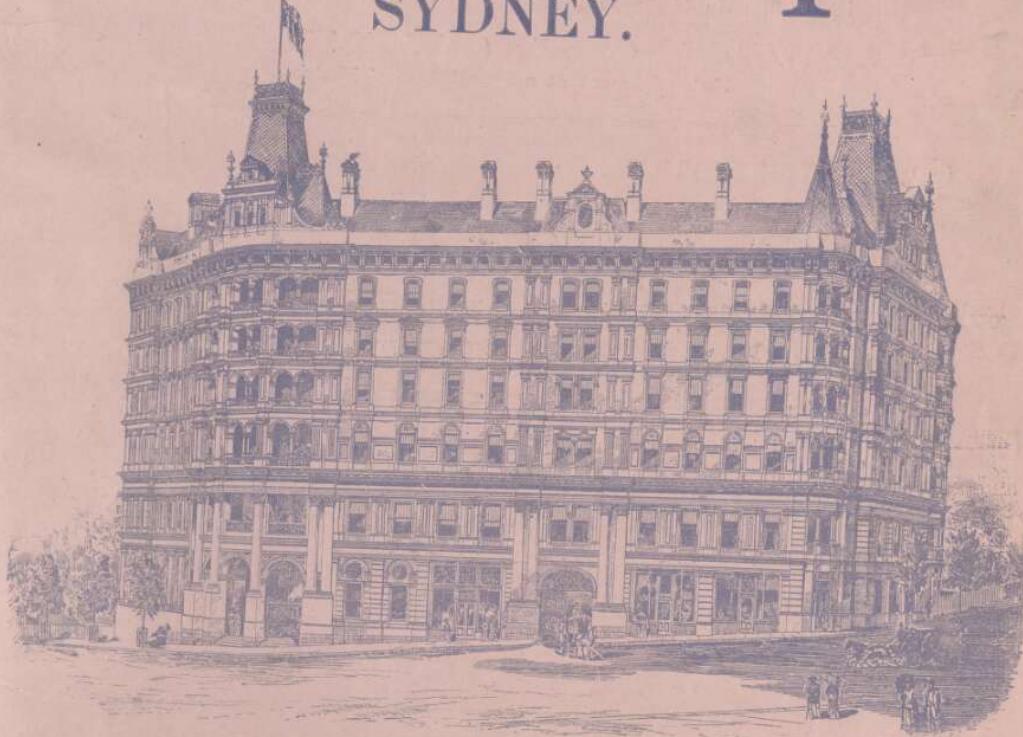
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CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF THE BULLETIN

Saturday.]

[December 21, 1889.

Hôtel Metropole SYDNEY.



This magnificent building occupies the immense frontage of 400ft. to

Bent, Phillip & Young Streets,

And will open in a few days. For opening date watch daily papers.

This Hotel is superbly furnished—every modern convenience studied. The situation is the most central in the city, being opposite the Tram Terminus, and within two minutes' walk of Circular Quay, Botanical Gardens, Parliament House, and is surrounded by the Public Offices and the various Clubs.

ELECTRIC LIGHT THROUGHOUT. OTIS ELEVATORS. PROMENADE ROOF.
Card of Tariff, etc., forwarded on application to the Manager (Léon Erckmann).

Australian Coffee Palace Company (Limited)

Proprietors.

The Bulletin.

=PARIS HOUSE=

173 PHILLIP STREET, near King Street,
SYDNEY.

Restaurant Francais.

Table D'Hotel Parisienne (Wine included) 2s. 6d.
Private Room 4s.

PRIVATE ROOMS for DINNERS and SUPPERS.

—Supper after the Theatres if ordered—

BANQUET ROOMS FOR PARTIES IF ORDERED.

SERVICE à la Carte DAILY - from 8 a.m. till 11 p.m.



O. Desneux - Proprietor.

G. AZZOPARDI,

WATCHMAKER, JEWELLER and SILVERSMITH,
319 George Street, Sydney.

The Public are invited to call and inspect G.A.'s Stock of Jewellery, Watches and Electro-plate, a shipment of which has just been opened, specially selected for

XMAS and NEW YEAR'S GIFTS!

combining Elegance of Design and Quality with Moderate Charges. I would also direct attention to the fact that my Watches are unsurpassed for Workmanship and Timekeeping. Being a Practical Watchmaker, purchasers can rely on getting a good watch, thoroughly examined, regulated and ready for wear, at moderate prices, with three years' guarantee.

ENGLISH LEVER, from	£3	3	0
LADIES' SILVER HUNTING WATCH (3 years' guarantee)					2	2	0
GOLD BROOCHES, from	0	7	6
GOLD BRACELETS and BANGLES, from	0	8	16
15-carat GOLD ALBERTS (any pattern)	£4 per Ounce		
LADIES' GOLD FOB ALBERTS	from 20s.		

All Grades of Rotherham's Watches in stock.

COUNTRY ORDERS attended to and executed same day as received (when practicable).

The bulletin.

DECEMBER 21, 1889.

The Bulletin.

— THE —

Colonial Mutual LIFE *ASSURANCE SOCIETY, LIMITED.*

Branches in all the Colonies

AND THE

UNITED KINGDOM.

 **BONUS!** 

Books will be CLOSED on 31st December, 1889,

AND THE

— QUINQUENNIAL INVESTIGATION —

at once entered upon preliminary to the

DISTRIBUTION of BONUS.

VITALITY RESTORED.

"Palmam qui meruit ferat."

CLEMENTS' TONIC

AUSTRALIA'S NATIONAL RESTORATIVE

Wellness and Society

Mr. Clements,
McHenry, October

Kangaroo Valley, N.S.W., April 14, 1909.
Dear Sir,—I have very much pleasure in laying

reach and overcome physical and mental disease. The author has had a long and varied experience as a doctor and researcher in the search for health and happiness, and his book is based on his personal knowledge and research, and the power of the medicines. He had an opportunity to meet many people who have been successful in their efforts to live longer and better lives. He has taken a great deal of time off, and traveled around the world, and has written a number of books on the subject. He is a man who has a lot to say, and he says it well. I think he is a good writer, and I believe he will be a good teacher.

Nervous Debility.

P. M. Chouteau, Esq., Western.
1st Floor, room 10.

Aramis and Sébastien.
Winter, October 21, 1888.

M. P. M. Chouteau.
Sir,—I am very pleased to inform you that I have had a long sufferer from a disease of blood and vessels, but am now well again. I am still weak, but I hope to get well again. You may take my word for it.

STEPPING COMMENTS.—*With much thanks to the
writer, I will copy his article.*

THESE TESTIMONIALS CONCLUSIVELY PROVE

To be the best and only Genuine Restorative of LOST OR IMPAIRED VIGOR & VITALITY.
It RESTORES the VIGOR, SNAP and HEALTH of YOUTH.

This Signature is on every Genuine Bottle.

NEWTOWN, SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA

Ask for CLEMENTS' TONIC, at Medicine Dealers Sell It.

regular strength, recover their members, and possess all their usual
unrivalled and for young, asthmatic, epileptic, and delicate girls, it acts like a charm, and ensures a vigorous womanhood.

LADIES will find *Clement's Tonic* the most effectual remedy in existence, for all the weaknesses peculiar to the sex it shall restrain riotous propensities, counteract the expiratory force of vital respiration, regulate disordered functions, soothe the disturbed brain, dispel the gloom of despondency and melancholy, and restore the low-spirited drivelites of our nation from nim. By its use the equilibrium between rest and spirit is restored, impulsive waste restrained, damage repaired, the enfeebled shrunken tissues are renewed and invigorated, the consciousness of ignorance, folly and error overcome, and the most abject sufferer rescued from misery and rehabilitated with many attributes, courage, energy, and strength. *Clement's Tonic* has a record of cures effected, and good done such as no other medicine could produce since the days of Adam. We will send full particulars and testimonials free anywhere in application. Patients must beware of the many substitutes on sale everywhere, and mind they get "CLEMENT'S TONIC" only as the various imitations are more injurious than alcohol. To sufferers who are unable to pay our valuable remedy in their own locality we will forward half a dozen pots (4d) bottles for P.O.G. (payable at Newtons, Sydney) for 2s., or one dozen pots (4d) bottles for 4s. Payment must be added if to be sent by steamer.

unusually propitious; upon whose firm large daring and strong mind no heavy calamities, or vital resources have been destined by sickness, worry, or the wear and tear of the struggle for existence, or who have wasted their vigor in other ways, will find *Clement's Tonic* of great benefit. In their extremity, a powerful support, an invigorating restorer, and regainer of new life and strength, and a perfect removal of all their foibles.

YOUNG MEN who would enter the race of life in full possession of all their faculties, and of all their mental and physical qualities, will find it to succeed in their ambition, who will realize the most gratifying results of a prompt and judicious education.—*With fidelity to their parents' trust.*

MIDDLE-AGED MEN whose flagging energies portray the protracted decline of manhood, who realize that they are approaching the close of their existence, and are desirous of leaving their families in a condition of comfort and happiness, will find

...and so it is with the bladder. *It is* *the* *most* *common* *disease* *of* *men*, *and* *the* *most* *troublesome* *and* *irritating* *disease* *of* *women*. *It* *is* *the* *most* *common* *disease* *of* *children*, *and* *the* *most* *troublesome* *and* *irritating* *disease* *of* *infants*. *It* *is* *the* *most* *common* *disease* *of* *old* *people*, *and* *the* *most* *troublesome* *and* *irritating* *disease* *of* *young* *people*. *It* *is* *the* *most* *common* *disease* *of* *rich* *people*, *and* *the* *most* *troublesome* *and* *irritating* *disease* *of* *poor* *people*. *It* *is* *the* *most* *common* *disease* *of* *black* *people*, *and* *the* *most* *troublesome* *and* *irritating* *disease* *of* *white* *people*. *It* *is* *the* *most* *common* *disease* *of* *men*, *women*, *children*, *infants*, *old* *people*, *rich* *people*, *poor* *people*, *black* *people*, *white* *people*, *and* *the* *most* *troublesome* *and* *irritating* *disease* *of* *all* *people*. *It* *is* *the* *most* *common* *disease* *of* *men*, *women*, *children*, *infants*, *old* *people*, *rich* *people*, *poor* *people*, *black* *people*, *white* *people*, *and* *the* *most* *troublesome* *and* *irritating* *disease* *of* *all* *people*.

have brought upon themselves a series of afflictions by ignorantly or wilfully violating natural laws, will find it difficult to extricate themselves from their certain ruin. It is generally known that all evidences of progressive physical deterioration among men are connected with the abuse of their natural functions, *whatever* be the cause of the physical or mental functions, *whatever* be the nature of the disease, *whatever* be the location of the lesion, *whatever* be the period of the disease, *whatever* be the nature of the treatment.

through the medium of acute disease, every tangible, or certain inappreciable indications; or whether the broken health is called by one name or another, so long as there is no previous exhaustion, general or local weakness—so long as duration and debility are the type of the disease, *Elements Toxicæ is the remedy*. Those who suffer from the results of external animal and physical exertions, hardships, exposure, hidden strains, injuries, or de-

CLEMENT'S TONIC is a boon to mankind in every sense of the term it is stupendous. Cumulative power manifested itself almost immediately on taking, on the point of exhaustion of those who take it, it is unique and positive, no one may say he can feel the effect of every dose doing them good. It has a permanent and invigorating tonic, imparts a strengthening restorative influence to all the organs and tissues of the body. To make but little difference whether he can

Clements' Tonic, completely, perfectly, and permanently regenerates the vital energies—increases nervous power, removes the ambition of youth and courage of manhood. Restores to enfeebled, nerve-wracked, exhausted, feverish, and overworked men and women, full constitutional aid and strength.

Nervous Debility, Physical Decay, Impaired Vitality and General Weakness, Spinal-Exhaustion, Spermatorrhœa, Locomotor Ataxia, Paresis, &c.

quæperat, totum

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National

DECEMBER 21, 1889.

The Bulletin.

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Notes on Recent Literature.

Edna Lyall's last novel, "A Hardy Nurse," in three volumes, was received by post, direct from London, at the Sydney School of Arts before any bookseller in Sydney had seen it.

Crosswell's latest, "My Lord Othello," came to hand at the School of Arts Lending Library in the same way.

A three-volume novel is published in London at 3s. 6d. Every new novel of merit is received by first mail from London, and the members of the Sydney School of Arts have the advantage of reading all of them for only 6s. per quarter.

"Robert Elstern" is still in great demand, and has been so for a long time. A large number of copies have been added to the School of Arts Library, in order that members might not keep waiting.

A box for "Popular Books Wanted" has been placed in the School of Arts Library, and has been found a great success. Any member finding a difficulty in obtaining a book simply puts the title of the work and his name in the box, and the first time a copy comes in it is held back for the applicant.

Prof. Monnier's works are in great demand. That on "Agnosticism," "Belief in God," etc., is particularly popular, thoroughly in an exceedingly broad, liberal spirit, thoroughly in keeping with the advanced thought of the age.

Country book-readers have now the privilege of using the Lending Library of the Sydney School of Arts, as books are sent wherever railway carriage is possible. Full particulars will be sent to anyone enclosing a stamped addressed envelope to the Secretary, Sydney School of Arts, 275 Pitt-street.

Over 50 English and American magazines are received every month at the School of Arts.

The Reading-room of the Sydney School of Arts is 100ft. long and 30ft. wide, and contains all the latest leading American and English magazines and newspapers, and with the intercolonial and local journals covers a large amount of reading matter.

"The Queen" costs 4s. per annum; "The Lady" costs 1s. per annum; "The Ladies' Pictorial" costs 2s. per annum; "The Woman's World" costs 1s. per annum. Ladies can see and read all these at the Sydney School of Arts for 6s. per quarter.

"Cleopatra," by Rider Haggard, is a novel full of interest, and, contrary to the experience of many, is still in demand now than when it was first published.

Many readers will not pursue a book unless they know something of the author, consequently such really good American authors as William Dean Howells, Frank R. Stockton and some others are comparatively little read. All the works issued by these two writers are in the School of Arts Library.

A very excellent biography of General Boulanger has just been received at the School of Arts, Sydney.

"Rita" has a very high place in the estimation of book-readers. Her latest novel, "Sheba," was received at the School of Arts, Sydney, within a few weeks of publication in London.

The Sydney School of Arts is not the only old-fashioned institution many people believe it to be. It has lately been renovated, and old and musty books replaced with new ones, the rooms enlarged, and every week an average of thirty new books are added to its shelves.

A very comfortable reading-room for the use of lady members is to be found at the Sydney School of Arts.

There are 40,000 books now in the Sydney School of Arts, and five shillings will entitle anyone to the use of the whole of them.

The Sydney Herald, in bound volumes, from No. 1, is to be seen at the Sydney School of Arts.

The large catalogue of 30,000 books issued by the Sydney School of Arts is a most useful encyclopaedia of literature, as it gives the titles and descriptions of a large number of volumes of each book. It is also arranged under subjects, so that any book can be easily found. It can be posted to any address for 21 penance stamps.

"Circuit Journeys—1837-1854," by the well-known Judge Cockburn, has just been received, and is highly spoken of by those who have read it.

"Marconed," by Clark Russell, although a highly-improbable story, is most interesting. A number of copies are in circulation at the School of Arts.

"Darel Blake," by Lady Colin Campbell, is so highly praised by the English literary journals that enquiries for it are rapidly increasing.

Miss Bradson's new novel, "The Day Will Come," is in circulation at the Sydney School of Arts.

The Smoking-room in the Sydney School of Arts is supplied with a large number of the latest papers and magazines; several games, such as draughts, chess, etc., are to be found on the tables.

Three farthings a day is the rate of subscription to the Sydney School of Arts, or, in other words, £s. for three months. No nomination is required, and the subscription can commence at any time. Full particulars, setting forth all advantages, can be had from the Secretary, School of Arts, 275 Pitt-street, Sydney.

Medical.

A Wonderful Remedy.

MARSHALL'S TONIC NERVINE

Is now universally acknowledged to be a wonderful Remedy for Nerves and Gonorrhœa, Rheumatism, Frustration, Torpority of the Liver, Indigestion, Palpitating Heart, Hernia, Gout, Rheumatism, Diabetes, Impaired Nutrition, Neuralgia, Headache, Loss of Energy, and Appetite. Female Complaints, Bitterness, Craving, Prostate Decline, Impotency, Brightened Sight and Menancy, Consumption in its early stages, whilst a powerful restorative, and in the later conditions of the system preceding from Deficiency of Nerve Force. A few doses speedily afford relief, whilst a continued course of the Remedy gradually and emphatically results to the truth of this statement. Thousands of testimonials invite the truth of this statement.

And thousands invite the truth of this statement.

Each Drop is Worth a Drop of Gold.

There is no remedy like Marshall's Tonic Nervine for Female Complaints. Every female should have a bottle ready at hand, because for Irregularities, etc., it is surpassing in value. It is a true tonic, the main-spring of human vigor and beautiful regularity, and when once introduced into the system it is dangerously strong. Marshall's Tonic Nervine has a permanent effect.

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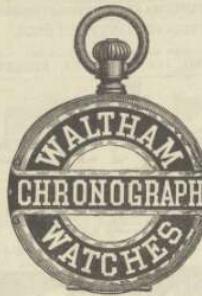
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CHRISTMAS NUMBER BULLETIN

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AN AUSTRALIAN CHRISTMAS CARD.

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"Australia for the Australians."

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The Editor will every half year and acknowledge in his "Correspondence column" all contributions submitted—whether in the form of Political, Social, or other Articles, Verse, Short Tales or Sketches (those dealing with Australian subjects, and not containing more than one column, or any part thereof, are eligible for publication).
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The 'Ouse that Hi Built!

OR HARLEQUIN FEEL-FEDERATION AND THE FAIRY BULLETIN.

A CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME IN FOUR SCENES,

(By EDMUND FIRMIN.)

CHARACTERS:
 Sir Airstephan, the Great Hi Ham of Jobberland.
 Tincan-Billy, Hi Ham's rivel—with workmates for Hees.
 The FAIRY BULLETIN, a great and wondrous Genius.
 Grovel Gnome, who has been having special designs on Jobberland.
 Yorke, Sonnet, Jorsey } Five foolish Princesses.
 Hornet and Snout } of Jobberland.
 Scuttle, a Cuckoo-to-the-Princess.
 Stella, a Mountain Nymph in love with Airyarks.
 Good Fairies, Gnomes, Reptiles, Soldiers, Insects, Aids-de-camp, etc.

SCENE I.—A sylvan valley in Jobberland. Elderly Fairies reclining upon heaps of artificial leaves, and taking deep draughts of air from goblets of purest pastebread.

SOCETANIA.—
 See the Southern Cross is blinking!
 One by one the stars appear—
 Nothing from those cups we're drinking.
 Would that they were full of beer!
 Night has drawn her sunless curtain
 Round the nests of dozing birds—
 Warols what we will, it's certain—
 No one tries to catch the words—
 (Piano) Catch the words—
 (Very fast and forte) Catch the words.
 Enter the FAIRY BULLETIN.

FAIRY B.—
 Sweet fairies all, of every size and age—
 (Aside) What shocking object did the Firm engage?
 I looks towards you. (Divina un enjpy goedit and smacks her lips.) Then ita gold! fall with tickling them.

FAIRY B.—
 I see you here again. You know this year since first I met you in this very valley.
 (Aside) All folks seem mortal save the fairy baton.
 No matter, to get on with my remarks, I much mistrust this windily Airyarks;
 Once more he rides the light, untamed steed, Great things to do in hottest haste indeed.
 Long time he snorted at the babbling dreams Of such as needed Federation schemes.
 Now, in a trice, he tries, with smile blather To jump the style of "Federation Father." His rash career is to my eye to stop.

FAIRY B.—
 Thus said for Stella from the mountain's top,*
 His bony arms around his bony entwined,
 No more he'll feel saucy in his mind;
 When Cupid's dart has pierced too Great Hi Ham.
 He'll think of nothing but his bit of jam—

* And on the Rocky Mountain heights,
 Great bony arms took shore the sea, love,
 My Stella knew it through the night,
 You darling, thou went with me, love,
 Sir Henry Purley, *and others* THORAK and

(Other Poems)

FAIRY B.—
 Well thought of! She shall mosh the ardent feller.
 P. FAIRY—
 Come, girls, I know the damsel's haunt—let's tell her.
 (They titter off as fast as their infirmities will permit.)

FAIRY BULLETIN moves to show music, then advances slowly to the footlights.

SONG.

Ald me, O Spirits of Freedom and Right,
 Never desert us from morning till night.
 Guide me, and guide me, for I am a poor care—
 On one each side of the Editor's chair.

Let my ambitions by thousands increase—
 Hasten the hour when grovel shall cease—
 Till down the date or stop of the crar,
 My standards of thought are the red-covered Rap.

Two little-nailed females are lowered from the sky by wires so invisible that a blind man could spot 'em at half-a-mile. Those spires of E. and B. kiss FAIRY BULLETIN's forehead. As they are received, the two girls are given a double bow, and then wear crown rights for her last kiss, AIRYARKS, Grand Ballet, and change to

SCENE II.—Grovel Gnome in the purrises of Steel. Traads, warms, snaks, earwigs, &c. in which the nose of the growlers have found refuge, are wriggling, twisting and fooling round a boiling candle.

Enter GROVEL GNOME.

SONG.

I love to bend me low,
 I try to kiss the toe—

Of all on earth of noble birth—

Chorus of toads, etc.—They take his fancy so.

The drizzling from abroad

I always have adored

To please a languid lord.

Chorus—To please a languid lord.

I do so blood on blood;

It's joy to say "my lad";

Who rolled me in the mud;

Chorus—Who rolled him in the mud.

My constant task has been

To gross our Gracious Queen,

And, day by day, I humbly pray.

O, daam the BULLETTIN!

Chorus—That Sydney BULLETTIN.

Good morrow, subjects—they alway themselves

I've been at rich Port's Point and through Toak.

The drains are bad up there, 'twill not be long

Before you get additons to your thron;

I'm a M. of State, and I'm a King,

We shortly see 'em go to join us here.

(Peeps into the cauldrun and swift)

Now nice it smells—a noble stow, fortho'!

Fairy Toad—Well, we've got a haron's tooth,

An archduke's hair-brush and a viscous' stow,

And ten of Hopeton's funkeys' left-on suits,

An ova' old braces—

GROVEL-GNOME—Silence, that's enough!

(Pipes in a jingling and drunks.)

You milks, you milks, you milks, you milks,

But, oh, ye gods! 'twere hard to tick the liquor.

Here's to Airyarks! (takes six tragedys poors for

Fights and dancings, and a good old poet!)

Might he be dead, if he did know it?

Now in his hate to win a cheap renown,

He'd let good tricks be ellared by the Crown.

I rub my hands already at the thought

How he'll be ellared, and how he'll be ellared.

Ha! ha! come hither all yo' crowning things,

And gaily write the while your master sings—

I love to bend me low,

I try to kiss the toe—

To think of Stella I'd no space to spare;

In dreams, perchance, my longings wail gaze

Upon that vision of the many days.

I'll be a King, and I'll be a King,

And Stella was as one for ages dead;

I loved her, but 'twas better we should part;

Far better you, to tear her from my heart

And knock out all who dared "put up their

Height," immersed in trouble, toil, and care.

She lives upon a mountain yonder,

Who can it be? It can't—perhaps—I wonder?

FAIRY B.—A downcast damsel, poor, deserted thing!

FAIRY B.—Who can it be? It can't—perhaps—I wonder?

FAIRY B.—Stella rakes forward and throws herself at the handkerchief for six seconds, then soliloquizes to alone.

FAIRY B.—Ait!

After long years I look upon the girl,

Who erst did put my flowing mane in curl,

With nimble, joyous fingers, pinch my cheek,

And kiss away my protestos, was weak,

On Dunces, but a little while, I thought me grew—

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DECEMBER 21, 1889.

The Bulletin.

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AIRYPARKS—
Enough that this is mine, you needn't mind it.
GROVEL GNORE (aside)—
This must be looked to, for methinks, there's
danger.

With all his chest we strain this lovely stranger;
She likes it, too, I saw her blush and tremble;
No matter, in the meantime I'll dissemble.
(He disappears to himself.)

P. YORNEY—
I never said she wasn't yours, old chappie—
I wish you joy, and hope you both be happy,
Believe me, I would use no machinations
To strew your way—that's pure insincerity.
AIRY—

Of course not—certainly—I mean I didn't think—
P. YORNEY—

Just exactly—'twas we have a drink,

The air to day is drowsy close and tropic—
And, while we looze, you sing us something
topical.

Trumpets. Soldiers present arms while the
Princess and Aides. Soldiers blow bugles
behind NEWBURY as he leaves a lesson-speech.

TOPICAL SONG—AIRYPARKS.

I'm about to sing a song—
Don't believe it;
When I pitch it rather strong—
Don't believe it;
If they are not words and rhymes
People write pantomime;
Should punishable crimes,
Don't believe it.

When you hear a parson preach,
Don't believe it;

Your heart he wants to reach;
Don't believe it;

(For I know the ways of such
Having lived in them much)—
Tis your pocket he would touch;
Don't believe it.

Is Parson a vain old sot?
Don't believe it;

Did he never smile,
Don't believe it;

When the other day he came,
Taking up my neighbour's claim;

To this I retorted—
Don't believe it.

Shall we off hanging men?

Don't believe it.

Would the world be better then?
Don't believe it.

Without our "sickening thud,"
And the "horrid swish of blood,"

Could we get along? I had!

Does the Mayor of Melbourne snort,
Don't believe it;

When, on jewels knights import—
Don't believe it;

To adorn realms nowise,
He discovers we annex

Benny's "dunny," Dutchee cheques?

Don't believe it.

Or a scoundrel like you heard—
Don't believe it;

Which in London has occurred?

Don't believe it.

Do the "tramps" find a peer
Doing dicing things? I don't—

Let the tities sinne "clear"!—
Don't believe it.

(Enter TINCAN-BILLY, snipping his loyal brest.)

TINCAN— For these five straws I had a most absurd quest.
(Aside) To tell the truth, I stole 'em from a bird's nest.

(To Friends) Now, will your Royal Highnesses be pleased to draw?

P. YORNEY—

You'd better see Sir Airyparks first—haw!

TINCAN (to AIRY)—

I want you to agree to this, my little scheme,

For realising Timan's fondest, brightest dream.

Airy (stammering)—

What have you to doleess to Great Hi-Ham?

Before "thee" I'll get my answer—"dam."

I don't agree; I am not 't he vein;

Timan, avant! 't y threaten here in vain.

Some bits of straw your hands, I see, have stuck.

Old life go to—so much for shallow Buckingham!

Without consulting me you dare engage in

Some flimsy scheme, no wonder I'm a rascal!—

You may be right, you tread upon my bunions.

TINCAN (aside)—

I fess the sage is fairly off his "onion."

Airy—

Speak, man, before my heart I further harden.

TINCAN (grossly)—

Well, we've been thinking, in the Cabbage

Garden—

Young Yorner Sister had this inspiration—

How King would be won over to Timan.

So these five straws I hastened to obtain—

The Prince who draws the shortest is to reign;

We'll bid him as our Monarch, by the Grace,

Put you in the sun, you tread upon my bunions.

Have dukes and marquises, and earls in plenty!

If Prince Newbury (who is under twenty)

Should draw the prize, most likely, don't you see?

He'd live to have a Royal Jubilee.

Airy—

Don't believe it; on the job I'm not—

Your mind's disengaged and you are talking rot.

(General sensation. The Five Princesses "Haw" and become very limp.)

TINCAN (ploddingly)—

The Federation plan we'll say is all your own—

You take that glory—let me build a Throne.

(GROVEL GNORE and attendants absent themselves before the GREAT HI-HAM, but he merely folds his arms and smirks.)

Airy—

Of this vain folly I desire no more.

My answer's "done," as I mentioned before.

From me am I, H. Ham has ever hated you—

I hold you cheap, and, therefore, to I rated you.

P. YORNEY—

But I say, chappie, this is most unkind—

Upon my word, you mustn't change your mind.

(She removes her arms round AIRY.)

G. GNORE (aside)—

The artful strump has got him in her toils,

And when she wheezes, Grovel's game she spoils.

That "bit of goods" a dam-sif I should call—

I guess she's not a bit of good at all.

(To Grovel)

Your Highness, I am filled with consternation,

So long I've fed the thoughts of Federation—

All, all, destroyed by Airyparks' malice is—

G. GNORE—
My rod has ordered fifteen royal palaces.
SOCIETARIA—

And I so longed to be a Maid of Honour.

TINCAN (sympathetically)—

Disengaged she is since this blow fell upon her,

Airy—

Come Stella, we will to the Mountain go!

Let Jobberland preserve its status quo!

With the sacred name of Saint Mount Rennie I

Will strike 'em, and make them pay how many?

This last injunction lay thos to thy head.

And now, in peace and love, we twain depart.

(Kisses her hand.)

Adieu, Prince Yorner, we've take our leave;

I do beseech you not to grant "reprieves,"

With the sacred name of Saint Mount Rennie I

Will strike 'em, and make them pay how many?

This last injunction lay thos to thy head.

And now, in peace and love, we twain depart.

(AIRYPARKS and STELLA make an impressive

exit to slow music. SOCIETARIA tears her hair,

TINCAN, however, with each other's help,

sheaves, **Soldiers** and **Flowers** fall heavily upon

her disorder.

The Five Princesses after a very feeble

"How," fall into a further state of collapse.

The **Five Princesses** are together moaning and nodding to the

(heavy price.)

SONG—FAIRY BULLETIN AND CHORUS.

In peace and love they now depart.

Along the mountain path they stroll,

To feel the beat of their heart with

"I have" and one exalted soul;

To live in the bosom of the sky,

Far from the hum of busy crowds,

At home in the bosom of the sky,

With the stars above them above the sky,

With the stars

Quong Hing's Eloement.

(FOR THE BULLETIN.)

QUONG HING was a foreigner—a short, stout, dark, amiable gentleman of Celestial extraction—a scion of one of the oldest families in China. Having been unfortunate in an endeavour to create a corner in hoggs, he was reduced to the necessity of migrating and establishing himself in the cabbage trade, in the pursuit of which honourable calling he circulated about Clunes (Vic.) appearing as a tattered-looking and gaunt old man, with two hockeys hung on a stick, and offering his vegetables gratis from door-to-door, with an old-established smile of wonderful circumference, a wheedling, *seize-memozation*, and a grace of manner well adapted and calculated to make impressions and agitate the sympathies of compassionate housekeepers and susceptible kitchen females of every age and grade.

Quong was still young and of an affectionate, clinging temperament; he had conjugalty large, and amanities swelled and extending; his face was like a great, plain, rusty chaff in the matter of complexion and texture, and his features were very prominent about his precociousness, regardless of precedent, and constituted rule; his mouth swayed away to the west, and his nose never hung plumb; his eyes were set up endways, and his ears branched out and flopped like those of a modtationary. But Quong was not unloved. When the instincts of a chaste, he was simply irresistible when he offered his bearings, hung out his Sabbath-pants, and called upon all his resources to transform the hired maiden or the boy matron into an investment in forced vegetables.

Quong ran an irrigation farm on the bank of Birch's Creek, and lived there in rural seclusion. He had a small, striped wooden god of his own on the premises, which cheap, road-shaped divinity was the sole companion of his solitude, and who not ministering the comforts of religion to the devout Confucian, it anchored out in the garden, contentedly to hurry the vegetables up and keep its eye on Hing's interest. This plaid deity performed its honorable and responsible duties without a murmur, but sometimes the Chow found slugs in his "cabbages" and "lettuce"; and then he felt constrained to hang his god over the head with a hoe, in consequence of which display of resentment a conclusion would spring up between them and lead to a suspension of friendly intercourse for a week. During this time Quong felt the great scarcity of society keenly, and yearned for a woman's influence about his old, lop-sided, and hump—for a wife to dispel his misery by heaving bottles and bricks and thongs at his comical son.

There was one lady in Clunes upon whom the fat heathen cast his long, liquid optic with a particularly gamine-like stare of reverential adoration, and towards whom he addressed himself in tones more than ordinarily *tassimido* and *sun-dokso* (see musical handbook). Her name was Bridgetta O'Gorman, or something, and he loved her with a strange, sad passion, occasionally swelling and intensifying its pressure to tumultuous agitation; and the aggravation and wear and tear on his highly-susceptible, Mongolian temperament were harder to bear than taxes and tithes. He had a small, roundish, dimpled chin, hair to glisten upon, according to the architectural styles and the standards of beauty now in favour amongst connoisseurs—she shot too far out of her boots, and too much humanity was wasted in building her feet. She grew to a height of seventy-three inches, and was thatched with rye red hair, and had some blonde complexion in between the multiform, large, Quaker-crab freckles; her hands

had more than the allotted span, her features partook of the early Mikado style, and her gait was long to her joints like a blanket on a hat-rack. But she was genial in manner, and her smile was a fine, luminous cavity to contemplate from the other side of a fence, and she dazzled Quong Ming with it when he went hanging his head over the back gate, crying "rabibus" in melodic accents.

Bridgetta seemed to feel for the lone Chinaman, and she lent a sympathetic ear to his discourses, and Quong smiled and smiled till his head ached, and his mangled English became hoarse and monotonous, and he lost his grip and strength, and wriggled and contorted so scuttily—in anxiety to be nice that the strain threatened to crinkle his intellect; and she sent her ten-chain

his depth of chest, therefore the apportion of an average distribution did not hang with any great weight about his celestial soul, and he continued to beseech the heart of Bridgetta O'Gorman, and decorate himself to be acceptable in her sight.

When Quong had been retailing vegetables on price a rupee per centago below current rates, he determined at least to state his case and spread his pagan affections at the large feet of the emperess. So one soft summer-morning when cabbages were high he told the old, old story over the back-gate, and besought the fair Bridgetta to fly from the scene of the hamshock O'Gorman, and dwell with him in his frontier farm by Birch's Creek, where she might rest for ever in sweet solitudes and run the small, squat, wooden

her mortal gifts and charms of person partly entitler her. At this Quong rejoiced with exceeding great joy; he had expressly stipulated for Bridgetta's belongings, because his rustic home was not fitted with equivalents, and the prospect of scooping a lot of valuable fixtures as well as a wife was pleasant to his Mongolian soul.

Mike was on night shift at the mine that week, and, at the time appointed, two hours past midnight, Quong drove up through the dense gloom in a vehicle borrowed from a compatriot in the town and took a long, narrow, winding horse with spiral twists in his legs. Mrs. O'Gorman was in readiness. The house was in darkness, and she had her head bandaged in a shawl to avoid the sharp cold of the air. They mounted the two big boxes and a few other fixtures into the dray, then mounted behind and crunched down amongst the goods, and the fitting continued, the solemn, brawny horse foaling his way through the prevailing fog out of the town and over the country. Few and short were the words they said, and the trip progressed favourably until the mud humpty on the bank of Birch's Creek, where it unhooked, and the enraptured Chow left his red-headed prize illuminated with a light which homestead, whilst he unshipped the quadruped and tethered it to a tree.

Quong Hing was filled with emotions of great rapture as he turned again towards his domicile—the house was no longer cold and lone, he would be no longer forced to communicate solely with an irresponsible, uncouth party driven out of world. His boy found vent in a bairistic ditty as he returned home, and the melody died on his lips, and his pugnacious unbatched and stuck out his tongue in a man's way, when he saw that instead of the fair Bridgetta his humble house was tenanted by a strange wild man of about half-stature and complexion, and wearing his long, flowing green skirt over pair of yellow mules. Whilst Hing was leaning up against the hedge, he observed with his head wide open and his eyes standing out like bubbles on a bottle, the tall, brown-skinned mystecker, and out of each stepped a large, stern man with a malevolent eye, bound with whiteness, and there was on the lids, and fixed the countenanced heathen with the aid of his long, black eyebrows. Quong realized the delinquency of his unfortunate position in about half-a-dozen times that he stood up his face, and passed out across country. He was speedily overhauled by Mr. O'Gorman, and led back to the taproom, and was then subjected to a rigid cross-examination by the landlord, who, failing to elicit anything further from the yellow Lothario than an assurance that he didn't "savve," proceeded to disrobe him and warm up some tar, which had been introduced under a disguise into the slopes.

Despite his vociferous protestations and strenuous exertions to three strong, stern persons with whom he had eloped, began to paint and daub on the expansive surface with coal-tar, and after exhausting their artistic ingenuity in smearing the pattern of wild devices, wiped them all out in one plain, combination garment of black and white, to cover his wife waste of Chinaman. They then unrolled a package of feathers, and covered the animal hue with tufts and patches of white plumage, and finished their painting and daubing, turning Quong into a gigantic species of water-fowl, and sousing him in the coarsest, most portentous, tight cuticle and nice warty coat of feathers. The three men subsequently returned to his company, taking with them their boys and possessions.

Quong was never satisfied in his mind as to how his sweet, sad romance had terminated so painfully, but he refrained from calling on Bridgetta for an explanation—his pride would not permit it.

C. M. GRE.

BIT OF SCANDAL

Our ladies' man heard the following conversation between a man and a woman seated in a suburban train yesterday:—First Lady: "That's a sad affair about Mrs. — sleeping with her husband's coachman. What could have been the talk in the town? Her hubby refused to furnish her with a bottle of the famous St. Louis Lager Beer and the coachman offered to supply it free." A reason weighty, strong and effectual."



god in her own interest. The lady did not hop round and display any hysterical excitement at the delicate proposal of the dark, stout foreigner, her pure, county Limerick blood remained normal, and she heard him out with an affection of gentle commiseration and secured a further reduction of 10 per cent. on turnips that day. Quong Hing renewed his prayers at later dates, but it was a fortnight before his ardent solicitations won on the long, strong object of his youthful affections sufficiently to win her consent to a scheme of elopement concocted in tribulation, and then she appeared to abandon all matronly propriety and let him mount along with a draw at the time of eight o'clock, and leave her and her belongings to his stronghold out eastward, where she might spend her days in a rural seclusion and devotional calm, and enjoy the domestic peace and intense adoration to which

Clunes in the vehicle belonging to his companion, taking with them their boys and possessions.

time he promised to give up his position as soon as his capital totalled one million.

We drifted into other subjects, and I asked when I could expect to get a ship homeward bound. To my delight he said that the Japon was the company which would be off the coast in about a week from that date and would take me to Hamburg, where he intended to establish a great factory. Next day I saw him again, and he announced his arrival of himself, who did not leave us until long after the disastrous palace of Elces had disappeared in the surrounding hills. About ten o'clock on the following day we started for the shore, the band of negroes approached the part of the coast where Japon expected to find the steamer. On nearing the beach I saw two men in uniform, and as it appeared to me to run on the board of the sea. I could hardly restrain my impatience for discovery of its source, but was compelled to follow my companion who was walking along the strand, and was soon dried or emulsified in the face of the sandy cliffs. From this pointed a small cannon. Japon pulled out the plug, lit a gunmatch, and applied it to the touch-hole. A report followed, and a few seconds later a second report followed. A few minutes clapped and then the boom of a gun, whose sound seemed to come from the heart of the earth. I had no time to turn back, and ran away in amazement. Half-an-hour later a small steam-launch ran into the cove where we were standing. Japon mentioned me on board the launch, took me at once to his cabin, and then, without saying a word to me, we were running at full speed in the direction of the mysterious flame. We neared it, and then I saw that the fire was not suspended in the air, but was burning brightly on the deck of a steamer which had been passed black and yellow, and from whose forepeak a carnation flag, bearing the letter "J." in yellow, flapped idly in the wind. The name of the vessel was "The Japon." On its upper and tween decks a foundry and engineering shop was in full swing. The flames I had seen were the result of their operations.

That night preparations for clearance were made. The dock laundry fires were gradually cooled, and next morning the Japon left for Hamburg. On July 15, I landed in that German city.

I took passage in a packet for Southampton, but before leaving gave my word of honour to Alderman Doyle to my master for years in publishing this strange history. We promised to correspond with each other, and regularly did so. I have two of his letters before me now. The first was written from London in February of this year. The letter told me that the Company was extending its operations and that the foundation of a large factory had been laid in Hamburg, and that were to be extensive that nine months would be occupied in their erection. I arrived in Melbourne early in April, and at once started work on the press. In June I received a letter from New York telling that trade was increasing more than ever, that the writer's fortune was over a million, and that he intended to stand by his original truth.

All those who had known the company and he has broken his word to me. My promise of non-publication expired in July last, and I now lay the whole truth of the matter before a world that has been deluded by the false and African sources of implements of torture, the theory of a learned professor of Archaeology.

I wish to show that there are, or shortly will be, in the world, men who are willing to labour to produce engines for the prostration of human suffering. The address of the one is the "ocean," the location of the other will be Hamburg, Germany. In the course of time the Japon will commence manufacture, and cruelty and greed will be augmented and reign supreme. And knowing the call on the Christian nations of the world to suppress and extinguish vice and punish the factors, Christianity, humanity, call for it, and if the cry is answered by one country only, this work will not be fruitless or this history die.

R. BEDFORD.

Our Christmas Day.

(For THE BULLETIN.)

We entered on our Christmas sports with hearts nased of fun. For there were games and trophies on the list for ev'ry one; Whoever could run fastest would obtain a silver jug; Whoever could jump highest would bear off a golden mug; The man who danced the smartest jig would get a diamond pin, And he who sang the drollest song a silver watch would win; The man who spangled best would take an inkstand as a prize.

And he who spoke the neatest speech, a box of satin ties; Who would write the cruelest verse impromptu would acquire A scorpion-tail embellished with the figure of a lyre; In fact, on nearly ev'ry kind offeat a prize was set, And so each one believed that he some handsome thing would get; But then, unto the judges was giv'n the power to decide. Some small task to further test each winner of a prize; The task, it was resolved, should be a reasonable one, And such as most men would consider easy to be done; And he who failed to meet this test would be adjudged to pay The price he won back to the sports for the next Christmas Day.

The sun was bright, the air was fresh, the Christmas sports began; A dozen men at the word "Off!" across the open ran. Ned Thompson, long and slender, threw his feet out merrily. And Neale O'Rorke, of nugget build, was brisk and fleet as his i. Job Ambrose panted onward making footprints in the van.

And healthy rivalry lit up the face of ev'ry man; But he who caused the laughter of the lookers-on to rise Was Alderman M'Tavish pegging onward for the prize.

His measure round the waist the same was as from head to toe, His legs were short and bandy, but the way he made them go Excited mirth among the crowd till leaning back they yelled That never before had Christmas Day a race so drill beheld. But when the heat was over and the dust had settled away M'Tavish was declared to be the winner of the day.

They measured with a yardstick three-feet-six upon a stump, And drew a line across the path to make a standard-jump; And fall a dozen men again competed for this prize. They were of various ages and as various in size; And Alderman M'Tavish stood among this group and when The crowd beheld his dumpy form among the jumping men They laughed again and bet their hats and boots and other things

Then too and lo! he jigged and jigged with sand and wisdom fair, Until, perchance, all called him the best dancer in the place. And so the diamond pin passed over to him as his prize, While laughter forced the sparkling tears to ev'ry body's eyes.

But ere time was to talk of it a jolly song arose About a man whose face looked white so crimson was his nose; And when this caused another song about a wife Who made her husband speechless by the wagging of her tongue. And other songs still funnier were sung, until at last Bob Hutchinson set up a wail about a man who passed Himself off as a gentleman in foreign lands, while ho Was but a legislator in a southern colony. And ev'ryone so liked the song and laughed so heartily That he relieved the silver watch his property would be. But at that very minute, with a melancholy face, M'Tavish stepped out to the front and took the singer's place. He put a thumb in each armpit of his white waistcoat, and

And no one wondered greatly when M'Tavish came in view. The crowd had ceased to laugh now, for he seemed to know a way Of coming first at everything, both serious and gay. But still they thought that wrestling would be sure to put him down. For on the list were candidates of credit and re-

Luke Doyle was called the champion among athletes, and was known A dozen strong-limbed wrestlers in succession to have thrown; And Henry Smith, though smaller, knew the tactics of the game. And had for scientific form an undisputed fame; And others were so burly and so tough in their skin. The chances of M'Tavish looked particularly thin. The first pair took the ring, and there were shouts for him who won; The next pair wrestled manfully, and then the third. And as the series worked along till those who went below Were cleared away, and those who won went for a second grapple; And those again, and still again worked down until but two. Each victor right along his line, remained to fight it through.

Luke Doyle was one of those who all along had looked hopeful. And Alderman M'Tavish was the other bold athlete. Those now in loud laugz when these two braves stood face to face, And ev'rybody crowded in to get the nearest place. M'Tavish wore the same as Luke Doyle, but less Ugly with the fray. And for a while it seemed as if he'd surely lose the day.

But all at once, to Doyle's amaze and ev'ryone's surprise, M'Tavish threw him on his back and claimed the instant prize.

At this stage one got up and said the Alderman must be disqualified for the events to come, but sympathy. Were all on top, and morally the judge declared he'd stand To ev'ry rule laid down— and the crowd cheered on ev'ry hand. But yet it simmered in the minds of all that no man could win the day, and so they thought the speech would. Dethroned him; but again annexed months and eyes. When he was adjudged winner in the box of satin ties; And consternation fell on them when in his hands they saw The shears, and the scissors made in prompt without flaw. And now they all sat down upon the green and let him take The balance of the prizes without troubling for the rest.

And Alderman M'Tavish, without word and without smile, Put pocket-handkerchiefs until he owned the Christmas party's pile; And then he, too, sat down and asked a glass of whisky now. And having quaffed it said that the sports were now complete.

"Ab, stay," the Judge cried; "Alderman, you know I can propose A friendly game, and if you fail, why, back that body goes. About a boath constable who threw his luck away— The cook was willing to approve his passion if he'd speak. For she could see love burning in the roses on his But he, that boathful constable, would never face the task. And she, exacting woman, would not yield unless he'd ask; And so the weeks and months passed by until one night he found The luck-gate locked and learned that cook was to another bound; And filled with grief he left the Force and hired his feet to be Quartz-crushers on a roofing field without machinery— M'Tavish told the tale so well and sang it with such zest.

That one and all declared the song to be the best, And then the judge decided, and the Alderman once more Received the prize and laid it with the prizes won before.

The wrestlers now get ready, and were paired off two by two,

"A GOLDEN SHANTY: Australian Tales and Sketches in Prose and Verse by Bulletin writers," will be published at a shilling, and will be sent to any address on receipt of 10/- or postage.

E. LOWE.





The Australian Tourist.

The Ring of Invisibility.

(By V. J. DALE.)

PART I.

It was a soft, warm night in the month of December, and the streets were decked with bunting—and the festive, cynical brightness of their winter glisten on lamp-heads and lampposts—from a sky of deepest blue. The most thoughtless and unthinking of men feels on such a night (unless, indeed, he have the toothache or the goat) that it is not altogether a misfortune to be alive. The spell of the dying day is upon him. He is conscious in some way, however dimly, of that feeling, half-sad, half-sweet—sweet that such loveliness should be, sad that all things lovely it should pass away so quickly—that poets have sung of in their songs of the evening of life. At this time, he is positively happy even to know that he is living; and if he be a smoker and have tobacco, he begins to feel that if things could only continue so he would not much care if he lived for ever.

The lamps were lit in the city, marking little spots of light in the soft and pleasant dark. One might liken them, as they stretched away in rows now till the last was but a faint speck, to those luminous minds that have descended down the light of knowledge to us from age to age, or otherwise be disposed to say with Dr. Molony, of Melbourn, "a very pretty poet when he likes, though he is a doctor."

I saw the parallel of thy long strands
With lamps like angels shining all around.
(N.B.—The foregoing is all in the way of poetry that will appear in this sketch.)

Everybody, young and old, seemed to be out of doors, and everybody looked happy. Even the stolid policeman on his beat, to whom an evening stroll could be no enthralling novelty, walked along with air of placid enjoyment.

The shops were brilliantly lighted, and had all their most attractive wares arranged in more or less artistic designs in their windows. But most of the glory was carried off by the grocers and the toy-sellers. Such montaines of loaf-sugar, such rivers of raisins, such streams of jam—running through pleasant planks of lollipops, such bows of Christmas candles of every colour of the rainbow—were surely never seen before. But the toy shops—ah, they were a sight to see! There were the flags of all nations; but chiefly the "bonny blue flag of Australia" waving in the hands of dolls of every size and shape and station in life—from the peasant wooden doll with no clothes on and two slots for eyes, and a mouth made of a straight line, and ramshackle legs and arms—audacious and bold, to the well-made Chinaman—sure way that showed her future home was. Collapsing, she lay on the blinds, fluffy-haired, blue-eyed professional beauty still with the hectoring looks and the gobbin silk draped in the latest fashion, who looked at you in a way that said as plainly as possible: "My destination is Teekrake—you will please not speak to me without an introduction." And the crackers, and the prancing horses that seemed to have been fed on corn all their lives, so spirited were they, and the trains and trams that looked as if they would enjoy nothing better than to get out into the street and run over somebody. They were wonderful. And then there was, large as life, Father Christmas, with his long, grey beard, and the snow sparkling on his white hair, and the jolly-ho-ho on his shoulders. Surely the joyousness that the shops must have been Santa Claus, who had called him by a lot of other names in order to deceive people who didn't know any better. But that old man is not our Father Christmas. Our Daddy Christmas is a very different sort of personage. He is a bluff, hearty fellow with a big, brown beard, dressed in a suit of boating-flannels, and wearing a broad-brimmed straw hat. On one arm he carries a bunch of Christmas-bush, and on the other a basket of Australian rock and a small iceberg wrapped in flannel. Or he might be otherwise described as a portly, portly, portly pygmy and killing midgets with a tail. Of course sitting nude in a bath-tub, sucking foot water through a straw. Any way, in fact, but with the long, grey beard and the usher and the snow and the holly-bush. I trust the toy-sellers will bear this in mind next Christmas.

Beautiful, however, as the night was, and gay as were the shops, there was one who took no interest in them. In a small upper room in a dingy house, situated in a dingy back street in Fitzroy, sat a pale, gaunt-cheeked young man, staring moodily at a solitary candle spattering feebly in a gin-bottle. Let us first look at the room. There in one corner a tattered bed, on which are piled, in picturesque confusion, a broken plate, a cup and saucer, a tumbler with a precious few drops of the lip, a few books in different stages of ruin and coat, a frayed collar and threads, belted to the waist. The floor is covered with a rug. In the middle of the room one chair, upon which the tenant is sitting, and a wooden table with two legs in the grave and the other two torturing on the verge. On the table the aforesaid candle in the gin-bottle, some paper, a pen, ink (in egg-eggs), a wooden pipe, a plug of tobacco, and a bottle half filled with a garnet-coloured fluid, which smells exceedingly like rum. In fact, it is rum. That is the whole inventory. There is nothing more, unless you would include a hole in the floor, which leads to a nest inhabited by a poor and struggling family of rats. "Hm—hm," soliloquised the young man, "I suppose I'm a gambler, you know, at the cards. If they don't eat me out, I'll have to eat them. It will be a noble Christmas dinner for a man of letters. Bah!" with which remark he flung one of his boots savagely in the direction of

the rat-hole; and took a long swig at the rum-flask. This seemed to brighten him up, and putting the bundle of paper over to him, he took up his pen and commenced to write something. A poem, article, story? No—a schedule of his debts. This is what he wrote:

Rent of room, three weeks, at 7s 6d. per week	£1 2 6
Bacon, three weeks' bread, per day	2 0
Boiling-water, soap, and laundry costs	4 0
Mosay borrowed from M'Ginnis of Press Bureau	12 6
Washerwoman	2 0
	£2 6 8

He looked at this document with a rueful grin, and murmured, "If they would only take this into account I might just about get by in time, but—"

Here he plunged into a reverie in which he imagined that Mr. James Tysons, who is said to possess a little property in the country, had suddenly come to town, and that he did with his newly-acquired wealth was to found a Home for Distressed Literary Men, with a distillery attached. In the midst of this reverie he was rudely awakened by a knock at the door. "Young man, are you here?" he asked, and was suddenly startled by the sound of footsteps, and his heart stood still. "I am not, that awful female, the landlady!" he muttered, and his heart stood still again. "I am not, that awful female, the landlady!" he muttered, and his heart stood still again. "I am not, that awful female, the landlady!" he muttered, and his heart stood still again. "I am not, that awful female, the landlady!" he muttered, and his heart stood still again. "I am not, that awful female, the landlady!" he muttered, and his heart stood still again.

"Young man, are you here?" he asked again, and this time he did not seem to be so much surprised to say, "I dare say you will be surprised to hear me say, 'I am not, that awful female, the landlady!' I am not, that awful female, the landlady!" he muttered, and his heart stood still again.

"Young man, are you here?" he asked again.

"Young man,

Branded.

(FOR THE BULLETIN.)



SWOONING hot mid summer day,
We wretched in our sweat
From dawn until the sun
Reluctantly had set;
He glared upon us as he sank
As tho' against his will;
He went to bed, as tho' he'd like
To stay and watch us still.
All day we worked and cursed the snake
Well, Bill and I were nearing home
Quite pleased w'd hit the market well
With stock we'd taken down;
Bill had been talking of the past—
"The only thing I did,"
Says he, "of which I feel ashamed
Was branding that poor kid.
It's strange we never found it.
Of him for all we tried—
Often he awoke at night
And barked like a dog;
I'd like to know what name of him—
I'd give a hundred quid
To know I had not spoilt his life.
Poor, lonely, friendless kid."
Well, talking thus we rode along,
And, when not far from home,
Met Yellow Bob on Bill's best horse
And I, a man of no account,
The new-chum jockeys.
And Johnny Hardwick (quite a kid)
A crazy Vernon boy—
These were the shape that Bill, the boss,
Had then in his employ.

Since early dawn we all had worked
Like niggers in the yard,
With heat a hundred Fahrenheit;
The "graft" was pretty hard.
I grieve to say our work was not
According to the law,
But well we knew that for that lot
Bill did not care a straw.
I'm sure if we essayed it now
It would be called a crime,
But it was common in what some
Still call "the good old time;"
Young cattle that were not our own
Were often sold to us—
It was a thing that made us us
Had often done before—
But Little Jack, the Vernon boy
(A trifler off his dot?)
When told to brand the stolen calves
Says bluntly, "No, I'll not!"
Says he, "I will not be a thief—
God says, 'Thou shalt not steal.'"
Says Bill, "You booby, do your work,
Or, by the Lord, you'll feel it!"
(I guess we were a bit surprised
To hear the youngster speak,
And tho' we did not like his jaw
We all admired his cheek.)
Says Bill, "Get on and do your work,
Or I will tan your skin!"
Says Hardwick, "I will brand no more,
For it would be a sin."
"You won't?" says Bill, "I'll not!" says Jack,
Ere could stay Bill's hand
He pinned Jack's face against the fence
And on it pressed the brand!
Jack, you know, did just what he wrote—
Would never swear or tell
The awful pain that Jack expressed
By that one piercing yell.
Bill, laughing like a demon, held
The brand upon his cheek—
The blood gushed out and turned to steam.
Lord! how poor Jack did shriek!
We pulled Bill off while Hardwick snarled
With choking, gurgling hiss,
"You murdring dog! you fiend of hell!
I'll have your blood for this!"
Bill laughed, a rasping kind of laugh,
But turned a trifles red—
"Go home and get your mug tied up,
You blooming flat," he said;
"And if you wish to save your skin
You'll be as you are, bid—
Or you may out your coffin-wood,
My fine, religious kid."
Jack, vanishing, on Bill bestowed
A passing look of hate;
We watched you in silence then
And got home pretty late.
Jack was not home, and tho' we searched
The house for miles by night
For many days, the deuce a sign
Of Jack we ever found—
We found no trace of little Jack
On swamp or flat or hill,
And some there were who scrupled not
To blame his death on Bill.
But Bill said often: "I feel sure
I'll meet that kid some day,
And know him, too, because he'll wear
My cattle-brand 33.
From what I know of branding calves
The pains they have to stand,
I don't think, of his own free will,
That boy will fake the brand."

Well, year went quickly floating by
(Time somehow won't stand still)

And changes come to all mankind,
So changes came to Bill.
He owned a station further back,
He took to him a wife,
And, like the singer in the song,
He'd led a different life—"—
Was not that reckless, careless chap,
He was not half so wild
(It seems to tame a fellow down
To own a wife and child).
He disdained himself a bit,
He very seldom swore—
In fact, was quite a different man
From what he was before.
And all the hands who worked with us
On that remembered day
Went back to Bill, or disappeared,
Or somehow were accounted
Save Yellow Bill, the jockey-boy.
(Bill sometimes trained a horse)
And I, who was jackeroo,
Promoted now to horse.
Well, Bill and I were nearing home
Quite pleased w'd hit the market well
With stock we'd taken down;
Bill had been talking of the past—
"The only thing I did,"
Says he, "of which I feel ashamed
Was branding that poor kid.
It's strange we never found it.
Of him for all we tried—
Often he awoke at night
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I'd like to know what name of him—
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And, when not far from home,
Met Yellow Bob on Bill's best horse
And I, a man of no account,
The new-chum jockeys.
And Johnny Hardwick (quite a kid)
A crazy Vernon boy—
These were the shape that Bill, the boss,
Had then in his employ.

Full speed and white with foam
Had news was Bob's—a tribe of blacks,
By some armed white men led,
Had struck the station homestead up.
And shot the station homestead up.
And shot the station homestead up.
And shot the station homestead up.
Through sabre foal Bob, the jock,
Somehow contrived to hold,
And, with a spear-wound in his back,
Escaped on Bill's best colt.
Bill gasped, thro' parched and bloodless lips:
"Oh, God preserve my wife!"
Then off, at break-neck-pace, he went,
As if for very life.
I need not tell of deep suspense
That gnawed us as we rode—
Our horses only seemed to crawl
Tho' tip-top pace they showed,
Arrived at home—the place was dark—
We passed the shattered door,
And stumbled over a silent heap:
Bill's wife upon the floor;
Alive, but, O God! she soon revived,
But wild and frantic—she soon—
"My child, my child, they've killed my child,"
In piazzas tons about.
Twas Hardwick—who we all supposed
Was numbered with the dead—
That, thirsting for revenge on Bill,
The numerous niggers led
We sought him, armed, in killing mood,
But sought him all in vain.
For what had happened years before
Now happened once again.
Bill would have skinned him, so he swore,
But he had disappeared;
We found him not, he hid as well
As if from earth he cleared.
We found (which almost sent Bill wild,
Good Lord, what oath he swore!)
His child marked with the brand he used
On Hardwick long before.
Her infant cheek, with blistered marks,
Was horrible to view;
The dainty skin all seared and burnt
The blood stains showing through.

Twas thus that Hardwick fed, at last,
His wild, unholy hate—
Revenge comes round to every man
Who has the strength to wait.

JACKARANDALO

Ulmarra.



The Priest's Dinner.

One of the best-known Irish R.C. priests of the early days of Victoria was the late Father Courtney. He had seen a lot of life on the diggings, and was clock full of queer old yarns. As a "spread" given to him on one occasion, up-country, where he had to speak of the unbounded generosity of his flock, he mentioned that he had never been mislead in his estimate of their liberality on one memorable occasion. It was this: "He first took possession of the Presbytery at Murchison Gulf on a Sunday night. The next morning a twelve-year-old 'priest' presented himself at the priest's house and handed in a fore-quarter of mutton in a tin-dish. 'Well,' said I to myself, 'that's a beginning ready.' Shortly afterwards a six-year-old turned up with a 'pig' most nobly supported by peeled potatoes. 'There mean I shall have plenty of visitors, anyhow,' said I to my servant man." He had made the remark when a woman who spoke vehemently in Irish

An Idyll of Dandaloo.*

(FOR THE BULLETIN.)

On Western plains, where shade is not,
'Neath summer skies of cloudless blue,
Where all is dry and all is hot,
There stands the town of Dandaloo—
A township where life's total sum
Is sleep, diversified with rum.

Its grass-grown streets with dust are deep,
There vain endeavour to express
The dreary silence of its sleep,
Its wide, expansive darkness.
The yearly races mostly drew
A lively crowd to Dandaloo.

There came a sportman from the East,
The Eastern land where sportsmen blow,
And brought with him a speedy beast—
A speedy beast as goes go.
He came afar in hope to "do"

The little town of Dandaloo.

Now this was weak of him, I wot—

Exceeding weak, it seemed to me—

For we in Dandaloo were not

The Jugginnes we "pered" to be;

In fact, we rather thought we knew

Our book by heart in Dandaloo,

We held a meeting at the bar,
And met the question fair and square—
"We've stumped the country now and far
To raise the cash for races here;
We've got a hundred pounds or two—
Not half so bad for Dandaloo —

"And now, it seems, we have to be
Cleanned out by this here Sydney bloke,
With his imported horse; and he
Will scoop the pool and leave us brak.
Shall we sit still, and make no fuss
While this chap climbs all over us?"

The race came to Dandaloo,
And all the currocks from the West
On ev'ry kind of mope and screw,
Came forth in all their glory drast.
The stronger horse, as hard as nails,
Look'd fit to run for New South Wales.

He won the race by half a length—
Quite half a length, it seemed to me—
But Dandaloo, with all its strength,
Roared out "Dead-beat!" most fervently;
And, after hesitation meet,
The judge's verdict was "Dead-beat!"

And many men there were could tell
What gave the verdict extra force:
The stewards, and the judges as well—
They all had backed the second horse.
For things like this they sometimes do
In larger towns than Dandaloo.

They ran it off; the stranger won,
Hands-down, by near a hundred yards.
He smiled to think his troubles done;
But Dandaloo held all the cards;
They went to seain—and cruel fate!—
His jockey turned out under-weight.

Perhaps they tampered with the scale?
I cannot tell. I only know
I weighed him out all right. I fail
To paint that Sydney sportman's woes.
He said the stewards were a crew
Of low-lived thieves in Dandaloo.

He lifted up his voice, frate,
And swor till all the air was blue;
So then we rose to vindicta
The dignity of Dandaloo.
"My word, you fellows, you must not poke
Such oaths at us poor country folk.
We redo him softly on a rail.
We shred at him in a thousand gles,
Some large tomatoes, rusk and stale,
And eggs of great antiquity.
Their wild, unholly fragrance flew
About the town of Dandaloo.

He left the town at break of day,
He led his racehorse through the streets,
And now he tells the tale, they say,
To every jockey, and to every boy.
And Sydney sportmen all eschew
The atmosphere of Dandaloo.

THE BASIO.

* Which the name of the place was not Dandaloo, but Dandaloo is melodious and rhymey.

Here is a very pathetic incident, which has been known to move strong men. It transpired at Goldsbrough, near Dunolly (Vic.) in '86. The White Horse Company was sinking on the Birthplace Hill. One day, just before the last blast, a beauteous and dreamy individual of suspicious habits—dropped his spade down the shaft, greatly to the detriment of Philip O'Dale, who was industriously digging the hole. Philip O'Dale was badly damaged about the head, and when brought to the surface was quite unconscious. Whilst the boys were carrying the injured miner across the paddock to the little house on the bankers of the company, they stopped to have a look at the poor fellow. Now, although Mr. and Mrs. O'Dale agreed pretty well in general, there were times when Philip and his spouse were considerably at variance. Mr. O'Dale was drinking an enormous quantity of beer in a humble way, and when his victuals were not up to expectations he impressed his convictions on Mary's mind with much variegated profanity and a "skrip" or two. This was the case on this particular occasion. The poor man lay on the floor of the little house, his head bandaged, and his eyes closed. "What's wrong?" queried the household. "Philip O'Dale off drinking?" "Worse than that," replied the boy. "He has been hurt at the mine, and is being carried to hospital now." "Oh, dear!" exclaimed Mrs. O'Dale, dropping the spoon and having a profound sigh of relief. "Unconscious, is he? Och, then! Mither Burns is wrought av hin wunner. Th' shite's shmeked!"

DECEMBER 21, 1879.

The Bulletin.

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The Scapegoat.

(For THE BULLETIN.)

We have all of us read how the Israelites fled
From Egypt with Pharaoh in eager pursuit of 'em,
And Pharaoh's fierce troop were all put "in the
soup."



"The Israelite hordes went roaming abroad."

When the waters rolled softly o'er every galoot of
The Jews were so glad when old Pharaoh was
"had"
That they sounded their timbrels and capered
like mad.
You see he was hated from Jordan to Cairo—
Whence comes the expression "to back against
faro."



For forty long years, midst perils and fears
In deserts with never a tramline to follow by,
The Israelite hordes went roaming abroad
Like so many sunflowers "cut on the wabby."
When Moses, who led 'em, and taught 'em, and
fed 'em,
Was dying, he murmured "A rotty old loss you
are:
I give you command of the whole of the band"—
And handed the Government over to Joshua.



"The day it has come, with trumpet and drum."

But Moses told 'em before he died,
"Wherever you are, whatever beids,
E'ery year as the time draws near
By fit or by rote choose you a goat;
And let the high priest confess on the beast
The sins of the people worst and the least,
Lay your sins on the goat! Sure the plan ought
to suit ye,"
Because all your sins are "his troubles" in future
Then lead him away to the wilderness black
To die with the weight of your sins on his back!



"Quite floored the Rabbi."

Of thirst let him perish alone and unshiven,
For then shall your sins be absolved and for-
given!"

Tis needless to say, though it reeked of barbarity
This scapegoat arrangement gained great pop-
ularity.

"By this means a Jew, what'er he might do,
Though he burgled, or murdered, or cheated at
lot,

Or meat on Good Friday (a sin most terrible) ate,
Could get his discharge like a bankrupt's certifi-
cate.

Just here let us note—Did they choose their best
goat?

It's food for conjecture, to judge from the picture
By Hunt in the Gallery close to our door, a
Man well might suppose that the scapegoat they
chose

Was a long way from
being their choicest
Angora.

In fact I should think
he was one of their
weekest:

'Tis a rule that obtains,
no matter who reigns,
When making a sacrifice
offer the seedliest;
Which accounts for a
theory known to my
teachers

Who live in the wild by
the wattle begot,
That a "stag" makes
quite good enough
mutton for shearers.

Be that as it may, as each
year passed away,

A scapegoat was led to the desert and freighted
With sin (the poor brute must have been over-
weighted)

And left them—to die as his fancy dictated.

The day it has come, with trumpet and drum.
With pomp and solemnity fit for the tomb

They lead the old billy-goat off to his doom:
On every hand a reverend band,

Prophets and preachers and elders stand
And the oldest rabbi, with a tear in his eye,

Delivers a sermon to all standing by.

(We haven't his name, whether Cohen or Harris,
he.

No doubt was the "poisonous" kind of a Pharisee.)
The sermon was marked by a dash of humility
And pointed the fact, with no end of ability,
That being a Gentile's no mark of penitence,
And, according to Samuel, would certainly d—
you well.

Then, shedding his coat, he approaches the goat
And, while a red tassel he carefully pins on him,
Confesses the whole of the Israelites' sins on him.

With this eloquent burst he exhorts the assembly—

"Go forth in the desert and perish in war!"
Then comes to his pal "for to let the heute go."
(That "pal" as I've heard, is an elegant word,
Derived from the Persian "Palaykhor" or
"Pallaghur".)

As the scape-goat strains and tugs at the reins
The Rabbi yells rapidly "Let her go, Gallagher!"

The animal, freed from all restraint!
Lowered his head, made a kind of a feint,

And charged straight at that elderly saint.

So fierce his attack and so very severe, it
Quite floored the Rabbi, who, ere he could fly,
Was rammed to the—no, not the buck—but just
near it.

The scape-goat he smote, and wildly snorted,
A light-hearted antelope "out on the range."

Then stopped, looked around, got the "lay of the

ground,"

And made a bee-line back again to the camp.
The elderly priest, as he noticed the beast,
So gallantly making his way to the East,

Says he: "From the tents my I never more roam

again

If that there old billy-goat ain't going home
again.

He's hurrying, too! This never will do.
Can somebody stop him? I'm all of a show.

After all our confessions, so openly granted,

He's taking our sins back to where they're not
wanted,

We've come all this distance salvation to win
ago,

If he takes home our sins—it'll burst up the

Synagogue!"

He turned to an Acolyte who was making his
bacon light,

A fleet-footed youth who could run like a crack o'

light.

"Run, Abraham, run! Hunt him over the plain,

And drive back the brute to the desert again.

The Sphinx is a-watching, the Pyramids frown on

you,

From those granite tops forty cent'ries look down

on you—

Ran, Abraham, ran! I'll bet half-a-crown on
you."

So Abraham ran, like a man did go for him,
But the great made it clear each time he drew

near

That head what the racing men call "too much

toe" for him.

The crowd with great eagerness studied the race—
"Great Scott! isn't Abraham forcing the pace—

And don't the goat splid? It is hard to keep sight

on him,

The sin of the Israelites ride mighty light on
him.

With downcast head, and sorrowful tread,

The people came back from the desert in dread.

"The goat—was he back there? Had anyone

heard of him?"

In very short order they got plenty word of him.

In fact as they wandered by street, lane and hall,

One shriek from him burst—"You creature

across!"

And he ran from the spot like one fearing the

worst.

His language was chaotic, as he fled in his haste,

But the goat stayed behind him—and "scuffed

up" the pants.

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The Warrior's Dream.

A FRAGMENT OF AUSTRALIAN HISTORY.

[For THE BULLETIN.]



His name was Brown. That was his father's fault. He was harsh-kneed, and Nature must be blamed with that. He dwelt in a Phillips-street boarding-house and as he never paid we may fairly debt Brown with that achievement. But he joined the Volunteers and hung his red coat and the hacked sabre of his sire (his father is a saw-sharpening) and known how to nick a blade right at the entry of the hall. Come in when you would—whether from a meeting of the Quakers or from a solemn discussion with Under-taker Kirby as to the material condition of horses—horses—come in when you would, and in what humour you would, before you had hung up your hat on the peg, there before you was the pomp and circumstance of glorious war. The very mosquitoes turned scowls in the great atmosphere. It was time well to thoughts of blustering, rippling waves, tempestuous gales, and honest industry. You were at once where

Furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulphurous canopy."

Brown loved Priscilla, who had money. All the Browns love Priscilla with money; and he turned his warlike prowess to her infatuation. Many a night as we wandered around the shores of the Beautiful Harbour, trying to work off some valentine, or sell a time-payment distress warrant, have our reflections on the nebulous hypothesis been turned in the direction of advocating cannibalism when the base notes of the uniformed and warlike Brown's voice floated near. "And in the matter of Khartoum, dear Prissy, this is displayed by the Imperial authorities an unexampled ignorance of the simplest principles of strategy. Colonel Richardson or Colonel Roberts could not show crasser inexperience. But strategy apart, had I the least of that reflecting faculty never mind." His Wellington boots would whisk us across bluffs from the feasible waist he was supporting; drop down on one knee and fix himself in the attitude of preparing to receive cavalry. And Prissy would blush and mistake his warlike glare for a proposal of marriage, and say "Wait awhile, dear, wait till you get the rise of five shillings. We may be happy then. Two pounds with economy is ample."

We follow victims of the stony chop and the clammy potato had different views concerning the valour of Brown. On Friday morning, February 13, 1885, we were ranged around the steaming board. Five tradesmen, two commercial, and a pressman—ourselves—that makes eight appetites, all told—grimly grappled with three chaps from some animal or animals of an unknown fauna. For the rest, one pot of mustard with a bone spoon gone green half way up the handle, and unlimited new, spangy bread and tea made the festive board and the boudoirs groan. Brown was expositing on the cowardice of Britain. "I could wish for no other path to glory," he said, "than to lead a band of my countrymen through blood and slaughter and thunder to the very gates of Khartoum."

"Hullo, what's this?" said the largest bagman of the pair, opening the morning paper and reading aloud: "Mr. Dalley, Acting Colonial Secretary, has telegraphed to the Imperial Government offering to send 20,000 men, 300 men, 200 horses, and two or three batteries of artillery. He is of opinion that our men and horses being accustomed to a hot climate (and the natives value the hottest in the world), will render valuable services at this juncture"—and then the malicious reader, perceiving the kick round, manufactured his tale as went, while every eye was fixed on Brown. "This offer, it is certain, will be accepted." In the meantime all volunteers were held themselves in readiness for immediate service. Mr. Dalley is determined that at this critical period of the Empire's history, every man who has had the advantage of volunteer training at the expense of the State, shall forthwith settle his private affairs and be prepared to die for his country. The Arabs are a blood-thirsty race, and the fighting will be keen. The desert march will

also tax our men to the utmost; and care must be taken that ample food may be provided to enable our brave fellows to sustain their parts in the bloody fray. There is sure to be deadly hand-to-hand fighting—the gory bayonet against the blood-dripping lance of the fanatical savages. Mr. Dalley has the name of every volunteer before him, so today every man has to report himself to the Commandant." Brown had a piece of poison in his knife half-way to his mouth, but it never reached that orifice. A deadly pallor spread over his face, and "Water!"—a doctor!—was the cry as Brown dropped senseless on the floor.

Three days elapsed. The lodgers came and went noiselessly. The landlady and the nurse moved softly around the sick room driving out the mouspites with a broom and an iron throwing open the balcony windows to let in fresh air to Brown's fevered brow, and to whisper down to the barker or the butcher that the man was not dead yet; he'd have to wait till next week. Brown was still delirious, and he muttered softly to himself in tones of awe and terror: "What did I do? I was with sir Evreux. Never saw his hand. Then I was dying of thirst, and when I reached the water I fell down and broke my leg before I could crawl near. I was chased by buffaloes, and trampled on by elephants, and at last when I reached Khartoum, Gordon ordered me to be flogged as a deserter, and then handed me over to the Mahdi to be hanged as a spy. In short, concluded Brown, "I suffered the torments of Tartarus."

"No more war for me!"



AS SOON AS IT WAS DARK I POITED UP MY HEAD, AND NEVER SAW A MOORISH SCENE!

with one leg and an eye jabbed out! "Oh, mother, mother dear, make me a child again, just for tonight!" But at last the crisis passed and Brown got better. As soon as he was able to face it, he called for the paper and saw the hoax. And then to a fellow warrior who had arranged to clear to Fiji as a stowaway, he poured forth his fever dream.

"My first dart," said this intrepid man, "was to roll up a swag and go rail-splitting, but I remembered that it meant dampier and hard work. My next was to get up a few hours' sleep and logroll. I had a good idea, namely, at night to search ovens and dig roots and soot around the hot-roasts of the home station. Then I fixed on painting myself black, and getting into the Aboriginal station to sing Sandy's hymns and study the origin of the half-tastes. I thought of joining in with a decent tame-woman, or working into a rabbit burrow until the clock rolled over—I would even take responsibility for the Native. But all was in vain.

We were mustered at Circular Quay. The Orient steamers were in waiting. Prissy was there in tears. Hundreds of us with our teeth chattering, and knees knocking together for war is awful, you know. We stood, and had bacon, bare foot, sleeping out, and walking in hot sand, when a fellow has been used to regular meals and a clean shirt. Off we went, bands playing and people cheering, but I could distinguish nothing.

On the voyage the biscuits were mouldy, and the frozen beef got hot in the tropics. We landed at Suez and were at once surrounded by 10,000 frantic Arabs. Most of us found time to burrow down two feet in the sand on the beach, but all the others met a fearful death

on the field of battle, and the Arabs started to lunch on the mortal remains. As soon as it was night I popped up my head, and never shall I forget the horrible scene! Large fires were kindled, and around them, with their faces lit up by the glare, sat groups of bearded demons feasting on the rusted bodies of our comrades.

We heard the commandant give orders to roast all others but the commanding officer in order to keep all others hot and ready for transit, they being of finer fibre than the rest. The horrid saturnals lasted a week. In the meantime we under the sand subsisted on crabs and shrimps. By the end of the week the Arabs had grown enormously fat, and for a farewell gorging epicurean suggested that as they were tired of roast, they should vary the menu with baked Christian. Without a thought those sturdy

savages began to dig holes in the sand, and pitchin' in the bodies to cover them with sand. At last a shooting through the camp said "Ho, ho, look here—a poor Australian from me!" and I knew that all was over. One of us was dug up with the point of a bayonet. The whole country ministered to the spot. One after another my comrades were discovered and roasted where they were. I only was left. I dug down three feet, but I knew my turn was coming.

The Arabs had now grown so corpulent that they were unable to move. I crawled out one night, robb'd a sleeping sentinel of what change he had, and with no guide but Providence, started for Khartoum in hopes of finding a benevolent asylum or retreat for old worn-out military men. My dream here gets mixed. I was chased by alligators, speared by Kaffirs, had my ear eaten off by ants, and had snakes crawling up inside the legs of my trousers. I was beaten and delirious, for I thought I was serving with sir Evreux. Never saw his hand. Then I was dying of thirst, and when I reached the water I fell down and broke my leg before I could crawl near. I was chased by buffaloes, and trampled on by elephants, and at last when I reached Khartoum, Gordon ordered me to be flogged as a deserter, and then handed me over to the Mahdi to be hanged as a spy. In short, concluded Brown, "I suffered the torments of Tartarus."

"No more war for me!"

Feb. 19th. Moonlight. Lady Macquarie's Chair. Military band. I am in full uniform with lady leaning on my arm: "And all through my illness Prissy—through dreams of carnage, but one vision was before me—glory! But my chance will come. I long to join the blood-red fray, and return to my countrymen ringed in my ears." "And do you think you will go, Waddington?" asked Prissy, softly. "I go where glory waits," replied the ferocious Brown.

Then he got back at his lodgings, and hung up his sword and uniform in the hall. "Wonder how the dunces can resign? Another shock like this and the house of Brown will be extinct."

Only one man voted during a recent Local Option poll in Dunedin, and he is believed to have been too drunk to know what he was about, as he voted on the temperance ticket.

D. L. Beer is the name of the editor of the BOWEL (N.S.W.) FREE PRESS. These are times when a D. L. (long) Beer seems to have a deal of influence on the Press in other parts as well.



I SUFFERED THE TORMENTS OF THE DAMNED. NO MORE WAR FOR ME!

AGE advertisement:—"Will Mr. P., who exchanges soap for fat, advertise address?" What man who is possessed of (or by) a stout mother-in-law will misunderstand it?

Only imagine! Three persons convicted of a capital offence, and the law says they must be hanged if they don't confess. But he's earned if he'll carry the halibut.

A well-known Melbourne barrister has been ordered by his client to go to a warmer climate for his health. He has been advised to take this opportunity to go and see his father. Of course you all know who the Father of Lavatory is,

The Miner's Right.

A TALE OF DESERTED DIGGINGS.

[For THE BULLETIN.]

When I visited this year, 1889, the town of Bundilla, a town with a fair front street, counterfeited by roofless bark shanties, my particular publican, in answer to a query, advised me to have my washing done by the "Miner's Right." Thinking this was a new system of payment, or a steam laundry, I asked him how that was managed. "Oh! there's an old woman at the back we call the Miner's Right, and she takes in washing. You should see her. She'll tell you how she got the name." After lunch, armed with a tally of she-oak and a plug of tobacco, I fossicked out the old lady in question. The woman's own words are just as short as mine, so listen:—

"I've been on every diggings. I've had a chance to get along, I've struck in a awful hole. I've had five husbands, one supposed husband, all diggers, and I believe one is still alive. Yet can guess I come from Tasmania—I'm an old lag—a Red Rover. I cooked for gentlemen and men who were not gentlemen in Tasmania long after I got my ticket and my freedom, and when Ballarat broke out I saw my chance and went to the diggings. I worked hard. I dug and drank, I took in washing and drank. He was killed in a fight. Then I took up with another, and came to Sydney, and I always worked for rights and looked after them for my customers. I've got hundreds of them, and I always did well till I came to this fraud of a place where there's no work, only piddling. I've seen the man of Miner's Right because I've no colour in my face, and a young swell from home said: 'Good Lord! her skin is made of emerald rights, and so is, and my work is to live up to that.' I earn about seven shillings a week. The fiddler next door only earns about ten. The publicans are all insolent, and waiting for a stray catch like you and the miners, and the miners are as bad as ever and won't prospect. I don't know what they live on. The young native are all sharpers with nobrains. A man comes back to you and gives me the permission to examine all my arms and rights. He picked out one and offered a pound for it. If it's worth a note, it's worth more, so I sold it with a smile. The fiddler next door only knows the man on Lambing Flat, whose right it is. He was a young swell. There's money there. At any rate I'd chance keeping it. Trust the miners, and the fiddlers, and all the rest of us, and I'm safe. We yes, I'd rather have the shilling, and your things will be ready to-morrow and cost you £1. Good-day and good luck to you!"

So I left the parchment woman, but if I settled in or near Bundilla I'd have many a pitch with the Miner's Right.

SCOTTIE THE WHISKER.

The Veteran.

He was grey-bearded, and sixty, and dry as Wilkamian, and had to sit down on a bench in the corner and give reminiscences of the days of King George the Fourth. Until he was eighty and mad. And all the while the perspiring human came in and planked his three-pence and squared his elbows to the founder beaker, and the old Scotchman took the stirrup leather and smacked their lips, and the pressman came in

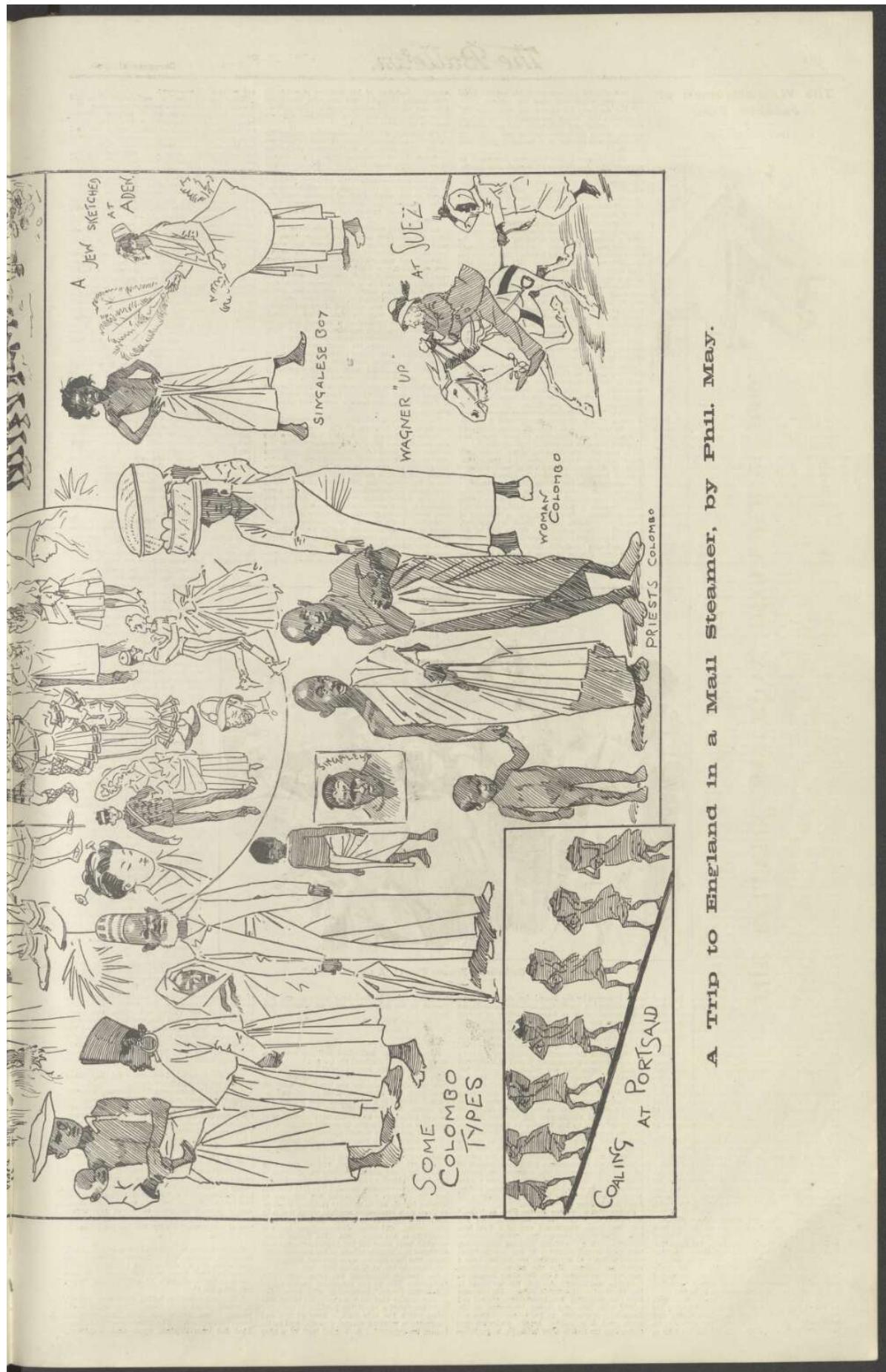
just to borrow a match and get shelter from the sharp wind, and the old man, eyes the man of ink and thinking he might "hold it"—"Yes, many talk about it, but how can it happen that all the coasts of England and Ireland and France where the North Wind comes down, are more fertile than lots of places where there's good soil? Why, it's only a few years ago in CHAMBERS INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE, that, in KERRY, where there's no more rain, there is on the palm of that hand (unfortunate illustration), the grass has been known to grow two inches in a night."

"But," said the landlord, filling out a pint for a blacksmith and not having time to waste on astronomy," said the old man, walking up and taking a mattock, "you know as much about geography and astronomy as you do about beer, you would be more sensible. Perhaps you mean the Gulf Stream—a warm current," said the landlord.

"Don't mean n' thing of the kind," he replied, sitting over well appealing to the pressman. "Now, you see, this is the point. This is your beer?—no, thank you, I'll join you directly; but I want to finish this argument. What I say is this: The poorer the soil of a place, the greater the yield. That's plain enough; and you can see it any day you like in CHAMBERS INFORMATION." "Did you ever see mushrooms growing on a dead tree?" "Yes, I have, and it's a fact." "Hold on a bit," he resumed, "you see this gentleman's pint of beer? Well (taking it up) suppose I had, for the sake of illustration—'Give him one, and call him a fool,'—he'll be chuckling his head. Now here, for example," he continued, blowing off the froth and settling down to a profound consideration of it.—"Oh, last year who's use all the coal and oil and gas?" "None," said CHAMBERS. "CHAMBERS, I'm afraid," said the landlord.

THE BULLETIN, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1889.





A trip to England in a Mail Steamer, by Phil. May.

**The Washerwoman of
Jacker's Flat.**

(For THE BULLETIN.)



The extreme disparity in the number of male and female denizens of Jacker's Flat was a source of dire discontent to the former. That refining influence which fair women are said to exert over rude mankind was a long-felt want on Jacker's Flat, as, out of a population of twelve hundred and odd, only nine were of the feminine gender. Four of the ladies were married—evergreen regard for beautiful truth forbids us saying married—and one of these gratified the gloriating womanly attribute to a man's ear by a scolding in a corner of infamy, and rarely appearing when not cowering under the stimulus of rum. Distracted from the five of the softer sex who romanced unaided, as to speak, thus, under the age of six, and that the malcontent of the men was a rational grievance becomes patent to the meanest understanding. It has been said that where women and children are few, men of affection are few; and that can be unkept and fearful, and much disposed to abandon civilization for the joys of a wild, free life on Mount Kosciusko, but there are other reasons than cards or dice-boxes on that flat that did not bear unmistakable traces of good handling and long attention. Mr. William Monk, the local publican, had no just cause to complain that the worshippers at the shrines of rum grew up in his neighborhood. "The Pick and Barrow," were wanting in numbers on in religious seal. However, these joys are gain and increase to the men, and the companionship of lovely woman and small wonder that the sign-board hung out before the now tent down the hill, which was once the residence of the most notorious of the inmates of the shanty-bachelors of Jacker's Flat. The sign itself, apart from its original significance, was a dignified orthography, was not an object of the deepest interest, for it was merely the bottom of a candle-box of which were inscribed in tall, bold, large, irregular capitals that staggered across the board at independent angles two words, "WASHING DAY." Not the least curious incident which this laconic advertisement was intended to convey endeavored to carry any great amount of satisfaction to the mind of Jacker's Flat, for, if truth

savest prevail, the negligent diggers seldom had any washing to be "did," as many of them, residing in the pride of big yields, utterly abandoned a "rig-out" when once its appearance became very necessary for soap-suds. Others acknowledged but one limit to the time an article might be retained in wear, without washing, and that was required by the stimulate of the garment in question. Fowling recommended this latter usage, and it was most popular. No, the sign had a deeper, a more sacred import to the local diggers: it announced a woman, a woman of the world, a woman of Jacker's Flat and signed—"A WOMAN." What style and condition of woman was the subject of earnest speculation in Monk's Hill's canvas of the coming following the first appearance of the board?

"I hope I goodness she ain't hitched?" merrily remarked a long, angular man with a pronounced grumble in his voice. "I was a regular boy in the luxury of twist tobacco and raw beandy—a combination which seemed to suit his taste, as the "quid" was never removed to make way for the long, each pull at the pants he had been wearing, however, made me and numerous exasperation. The observation was greeted with derisive laughter.

Cecilia Bacon, known on the Flat as "Cin," "the only girl you can stand a show," Bender; "I'll bet a calabash-trap she's as mean from Hanoi;" observed Dick Fresh, with refreshing candour. "You don't forget the time when you smelt at Artie's pants, and thought he was born to be spliced."

"I don't, I don't Dick," said Bender, as easily as if he had been paid a flattery compliment. "I ain't built to please horses and asses; but ladies won't let me get away with that."

And the speaker resumed his meditation with an air of supreme complacency, and passed his hand feelingly over his nose, which began had been badly battered by a blow from a shovelf in an encounter with a "jumper" at Deadman's Flat in

'92, and afforded no contrast to his natural facial deformities, which were many and various.

"For my part, I rather like her," remarked "Oleander" a rather handsome, young fellow, who was sitting on a bush-table, and was rendered conspicuous by his immaculate rig-out. "Young, you know, and married to a beautiful youth like Bender."

"Well, supposin' her base done happen t' be anythin' like Joe Bender?" replied the other's sneer. "Supposin' she's ever been married?" The usual brilliant assemblage was gathered together in the "bar" of that elegant establishment engaged in the usual convivial pursuits when unicameral legislation was suddenly withdrawn from cards, dice, and brandy by the entrance of a stranger.

The speaker John laughed lightly, and turning his back on the group, entered into conversation with a digger who was drinking alone in the shadowy part of the tent. In common with every other member of the community, it was considered advisable to go too far with Mr. Bender, who (like every other man with a broken nose) had quite a reputation as a digger, and was known to have lost his nose in a skirmish with a native. The extended battle of 27 rounds at Specimen Hill one Sunday afternoon; and although he was rather proud of his unique ugliness, he was especially proud of his remarkable dexterousness, especially if it emanated from the horse of the Honorable John, whose well-groomed Wellingtons, coarse slacks, and neatly arranged curls, deserved the contempt of four-fifths of the miners on the Flat.

John Blake could not have been more scrupulous about the set of his Crimson shirt, or the arrangement of his silk sash and tie, or the curl of his mustache, than the digger who had just emerged from a sort of fair maid instead of being limited to so meagre a female population. With the few women to hand, however, he was on the very best of terms, and found a congenial mate in a certain, by G—d, it was his stock boxer. Jacker's Flat accepted the statement in good faith, and dignified him with the title of "Honorable."

The honoree was seated alone in the dark corner with Mr. Stephen Bacon. It was a peculiarity of Mr. Bacon's that when he was drinking—in which agreeable occupation he passed most of his spare time in two hours—when he would sit alone, as far out of sight as the shanty would permit, and drink alone—a particularly detectable characteristic in the eyes of an earnest digger. Mr. Bacon was a man of average height, standing, and he drank, it was stated, to drown the grief occasioned by the loss of his wife. What terrible woes plagued him, and gave rise to an imitation of that lamented lady was never known, but that it was intense and irreverent.

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had been outraged. To think that Brummey Peters, who had overreached them with her muscle and brains, had been snatched away by a side-pocket and a 'bullocky' hat, was as frail as the frailest of her sex—a weak, wayward woman after all! It was a violation of all their finest traditions. An old, half-worn, Queensland and Durham style, best three out of five, had mured a brawny George, in a bated whisper, only now feeling the full force of his degradation. Mr. Bender, who blushed like a schoolboy under converted gaze, and toyed uneasily with his dislocated nose.

Gradually the look of consternation on the face of the members of Jackie's Flat gave place to a broad grin, which presently extended to a wild guffaw, and thirty accusing fingers were pointed at the now furious Bender.

"Here, look here, you fellow!" he roared, dashing across the floor and drawing his sleeves back from his great, knotted fist. "This is too thunderin' stiff, you know! The first man says I've got my girl here; the next says I've got my girl here."

Nobody spoke, but everybody laughed, and the accusing fingers still pointed. Mr. Bender lingered for a moment on the point of running amok, but dismissed his vengeance as all in fun, but thought better of it, and pulled his coat over him and strode out, his soul a prey to angry passions and injured innocence.

Mrs. Peters fed the child by artificial means, since Peters had carelessly turned both hands and fingers, and went regularly to the station dormitory at the foot of Miss-mia-for-milk. The diggers regarded this conduct with an unfavourable eye; especially the two or three boys, who, in feminine sentiment, and nothing else, Brummey might do now could make them forget that she was a woman—she had forfeited all her rights as a woman by her sins—but they were fond of the shabby occasionally, and endeavoured to maintain her old fastidiousness, but the men preserved a studied coquishness, and Curley Hunt even went to the extent of calling her "Miss-mia-for-milk"; but that perky little individual was brought to sudden repentance by being knocked over a bunch and thrown headlong through the ceiling window by the ruffian.

Mrs. Peters attempted to be very fond of the child, but Bender was frequently accused of displaying a certain lack of parental affection. Since the arrival of the little strange—the de'mour of the gentlewoman—had been undergoing a painful change. He had grown moody and furtive; the biter of his tongue had become his furrows; to be regarded as the father of Brummey's child was often gall. Given to fits of sullenness, and he might have accepted the imputation with some complaisance, were it not that Mrs. Peters, with her side-pockets ready fast, and strong—merchandise—it was a good day for the diggers to determine to vindicate his character and clear his name of the tender invader of their home. With this object in view he developed amateur detective propensities, and became a zealous spy on the Jackie's Flat gang.

The baby was just a month old whenever night the home of Mr. Bender, and could not yet discern his face and the emanation of the ancient philosopher on his lips. "Enough! You struck it, boy!" he cried, triumphantly.

"What? The roof?" exclaimed the rest, with voices that had been seen prospecting for a reef on the high ground. "Reckon he's dead? No; reckon that you fellows

a lot of blamed asses as 've been burkin' up th' swivin' tree?" The representation of a lot of asses barking up a tree was certainly not a striking felicitous illustration, but Mr. Bender was too dim-witted to be precise in small matters. He continued:

"See here, with all you infernal law an' cheek that kid ain't Brummey's, an' he's a dead man."

Bender grunted contentedly.

"No taint. It's—" here Bender lowered his voice and jerked his thumb towards the dark corner. "It's his daughter."

Bacon had heard, and he advanced into the light,

the big tears streaming down his cheeks and his favourite look of unutterable woes overspreading his face.

"Whose child did you say, Mr. Bender, sir?" he queried in tones of deep bathos.

"Nobodys'! Go to blazes, mifnefus! This ain't no business of yours!"

Strong Bacon returned again to his shades to indulge his lachrymose propensities and sorrow over his gross and Bender related in a low voice how, by keeping an eye on Brummey, and putting this and that together, he had arrived at the conclusion that was to prove him innocent of the delusion peculiarly instilled against him.

Brummey had been ejected that night, and he was subsequently ejected amidst a shower of tears, dolefully calling upon his late lamented wife to come back and comfort his declining years, but he had returned to a man, and a large remittance of the weight of his sin and the force of his fail, failed to respond.

Next morning being Sunday, an off-day, quite a number of the gentlemen of Jackie's Flat, and others indulging in games of quarts, and others who were sunning themselves and smoking on the grass, indolent and uninterested spectators, down by the creek, were disturbed by a few words of execrable language from Mr. Peters, and as the public interest of the Flat centred for the time in that dominie, the gentlemen who were sunning themselves leisurely minded, the constabulary approached and quietly strolled towards the tent. Mr. Peters was standing with his back to the entrance, her lips were tightly compressed, and there was an awed, sorrowful expression in her face that the men had

never seen there before. She held the baby in her arms in quite a matronly fashion and calmly faced the stout Steve Bacon, who was bordering on so-bribe-and-will-be-paid, and was substituted for the time to unconscious rage.

"You've got my girl here!" he yelled, graciously turning the sentence with several emphatic exclamations, holding the pick-handle as held in his hand.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Peters, quietly; "she's in that tent."

"Well, I want her. D—n you! I want her. I've caught your little girl. I'll have all up! She got away from me last night, but I'll get her now!"

"She got further away than you think, Steve Bacon, but you can have her."

"You don't want to see the girl with that in yer hand? Come on, then, and see the girl with that in yer hand, and we'll have a talk about it."

"And you want to earn, y' know, 'cause if yer hurt yer girl when I'm near, I'll spread y' out."

"He can't hurt her," added Brummey. "Come on, come up, boys, she'd like to see y' all. One hundred and fifty strong, brass band, big rimmons, lots of old salts in the ranks and a high standard of discipline."

Well, on one occasion there was a big review at Auckland, and it fell to Tim's lot to lead the fully-equipped plinnes. Away she went with her big white lung shimmering like a snowbank in the sun, her band playing "Sicilian Mariners" and "Close the Shutters, Willie-Doo," with Tim, gold-laced to the eyes, and proud as a Viking in the sternsheets.

H.M.S. Blanche lay lazily at anchor in the opaline sea that borders the fair city of Auckland. The plump Hay, on gun, Lieutenant Bennett, approached from mighty warship with a wet sheet and Tim, emanating every intricacy of naval etiquette, directed his dandy little ensign.

A sleek-looking marine, doing sentry at the gangway, grinned broadly to himself, but made no way.

Arabella, the tall, tawny-complexioned gentlewoman with hollow eyes, who is watching the race through a field-glass.

De Vermifuge: "Awabella!"

Arabella: "Yes, Mr. De Vermifuge."

De Vermifuge (reproachfully): "Mistah De Vermifuge! Ah, why so cold and fawnful? Why now Wupert? Have you so soon forgotten old times—the dead old times when—?"

Arabella (shaking hands with him): "No, Mr. De Vermifuge, it is wretched. But who would have dreamt of seeing you hash? You quite took my breath away. When did you arrive?"

De Vermifuge: "Aw! about a month ago. And you?"

Arabella: "By last steamer."

De Vermifuge: "Beautifull place, isn't it?"

Arabella: "The people, too."

De Vermifuge: "Oh, diversel!" They don't seem to appreciate in the least the hommeh we do them in visiting them."

De Vermifuge: "Faw things! But what can you expect?"

Arabella: "Twoo! They have no opportunities of culshaw. Would you credit it—they hardly understand me when I speak?"

De Vermifuge (with disgust): "Bahbahians!"

A pause, during which De Vermifuge gazes tenaciously at Arabella, and she glances nervously in the direction of a tall, tawny-complexioned gentleman with hollow eyes, who is watching the race through a field-glass.

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De Vermifuge: "Aw! about a month ago. And you?"

Arabella: "By last steamer."

De Vermifuge: "Beautifull place, isn't it?"

Arabella: "The people, too."

De Vermifuge: "Oh, diversel!" They don't seem to appreciate in the least the hommeh we do them in visiting them."

De Vermifuge: "Faw things! But what can you expect?"

Arabella: "Twoo! They have no opportunities of culshaw. Would you credit it—they hardly understand me when I speak?"

De Vermifuge (with disgust): "Bahbahians!"

A pause, during which De Vermifuge gazes tenaciously at Arabella, and she glances nervously in the direction of a tall, tawny-complexioned gentleman with hollow eyes, who is watching the race through a field-glass.

De Vermifuge: "Awabella!"

Arabella: "Yes, Mr. De Vermifuge."

De Vermifuge (reproachfully): "Mistah De Vermifuge! Ah, why so cold and fawnful? Why now Wupert? Have you so soon forgotten old times—the dead old times when—?"

Arabella (shaking hands with him): "No, Mr. De Vermifuge, it is wretched. But who would have dreamt of seeing you hash? You quite took my breath away. When did you arrive?"

De Vermifuge: "Aw! about a month ago. And you?"

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Arabella: "Twoo! They have no opportunities of culshaw. Would you credit it—they hardly understand me when I speak?"

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DECEMBER 21, 1889.

A Myall Friendship.

Dear BULLETIN.—If there is one thing that I can admire in a man it is a capacity for a great friendship. I have just found one—in the wrinkled bosom of a blackfellow, a myall.

Jimmy the Myall and Blucher, two blackfellows of the Leichhardt district, Rockhampton, Queensland, were friends. They slept together under the same sheet of bark. Together they hunted the rapid iguanas, and pursued the hurried opossum, and soled the picturesque native-boar in his leafy home. But, alas! Jimmy the Myall, who had been a lion, after one blow from Blucher, fell into a state of semi-paralysis, failing him; and what he took to be his friends came to the hunting grounds standing up on end and looking directly in front of him. What was to be done? Overhead an eaglehawk was disporting itself in the noonday sun. In front of them, not 30 feet away, a kangaroo-rat was taking their measure, with something like contempt half hidden in the light of its cunning little eyes. But both Jimmy and Blucher were miles below contemplating the heavens at any time, and the kangaroo-rat was as void of affording the discovery of the elixir of life as an infant is of the use of indulging in advertising; or a monkey up a stick of the chisel is perfectly safe. It was at this supreme moment, when the soul of Blucher went out in undying pity and friendlessness, that his old comrade, and while a hash, as of the brush of a dead universe, was on all around, that the light of inspiration suddenly broke in upon his sceptical mind. Why should Jimmy suffer? Better, far better for both of them, that since they could not be together, they should be divided. Better, far better that Jimmy should be put out of pain; and since he was not permitted to hang on any longer to life in this world, with decency and decorum, he should be despatched to the next, to take a fresh lease of life there. Besides, if he lived, what could he have been but a wretched burden on Blucher? No! No! What! Blucher like Jimmy to be a burden on him? Not exactly. What was their friendship worth if either of these alternatives were to be its consummation?

The grave mind of Blucher was made up. Jimmy must die. Having come to this happy conclusion, Blucher, overflowing with the milk of human kindness, hastened to put his project into immediate execution. A grave was made, and almost before Jimmy was aware of the fond and delicate intentions of his friend he was being deposited in his last resting-place. At this point, however, the first differences arose which had ever existed between them. Jimmy objected to the expiation of his identity from this world, and finding remonstrances unavailing there and then spent his little remaining strength in physically contesting Blucher's rights to take his dissolution into his own hands. In vain Blucher extorted the words "I'm dying to live no more," as against the unwillingness of living the ague. Jimmy couldn't see it. But, oh! I have seen it. Blucher's mind was quite made up; and, finding form was necessary, he exerted himself to persuade his mate into acquiescence by sundry physical arguments, with the result that he cut the ground from Jimmy's feet, as it were, and very soon commenced affectionately distributing it over his collapsed length as it lay in its narrow bed, apparently resigned to the inevitable. Already to Blucher's eye, tear-suffused with the memory of a friendship too sweet to last, the grass was already growing in luxuriant dalliance over the grave, when to it a young earthquake seemed to be spreading itself under his feet, and presently a black form almost white with fright and with an excitement of hasty accountable only on the supposition that it must have had a moment's glimpse of Sheol, and that that glimpse was simply h—l, burst through the heap of rubbish which had been piled upon it with a strength which seemed to be more than myall. Jimmy would not die (could not die, in fact); and Blucher, in sheer desperation, gave up the argument.

Some few hours after the enactment of this little comedy in my life, I reached — Station, from no master where. Here I found Blucher, who greeted me with the words, "Jimmy close up doong longa scrub. I been put him longa hole. Close up cubber im up. That pheller been got out then. You come help on me. You hold im longa hole, me cubber im up again?" On my declining to comply with his request he seemed considerably astonished and hurt, and I saw that in his opinion my everyday humanity was not up to the myall standard by a long chalk. It did not, however, prevent him from asking me for some tobacco. The following day the two passed the station in each other's company, when Blucher again asked me for some tobacco. On learning that this was the price Jimmy demanded from Blucher for the restoration of the old friendship, I supplied the want. And from that day to this I have been in great doubt, which to admire most, viz., the comprehensiveness of Blucher's affection for Jimmy, or Jimmy's appreciation of it, as demonstrated by its only requiring a piece of tobacco to efface its asperities from his recollection.

BACKBLOCKER.

To taste tobacco to best advantage put it in your eye.

A man who is his own lawyer saves a lot of six-and-eightpence.

Agriculture cannot flourish side by side with mining. Plough-shares and silver sharses do not belong to the same family.



"All that a yawn!" said old Tom Hugh,
"What rot! I'll lay my h—t
I'll sing a yarn worth more nor two.
Such pumped-up yarns as that."
And therewop old Tommy "slew"
A yawn of Lambing Flat.

"And, scarcely p'raps a thing to love,
The 'Beauty' 'shumbered sound,
With bought not Heaven's blue above
And Lambing Flat around,
Until in sight some diggers hove—
Some diggers out and bound,

"They set as twelve o'clock was nigh—
We'll say for sakes ev'n—
When Johnnie oped his right-hand eye
And looked straight up to Heav'n:
I reckon he got more surprises
Than struck the falted Sevn."

"Then Lambing Flat broke out," he said,

"'Monot others think I know—
A lanky, awkward, Luminous breed—

"Yome chap named Johnnie Drew,
And nicknamed for his love of bad,
The 'Sleeping Beauty' too.

"He sunk a duffer on the flat

In compny with three more,

And makin' room for this and that.

"They was a tidy four,
Save when the eldest, 'Dublin Pat,'
Got drunk and raved for gore.

"This Jack at yarning' licked a book,

And half the night he spent,

But when he once turned in, it took

Old Nick to get him out.

"And that is how they came to cook
The joke I tell about.

"A duffer rash broke out one day,

I quite forgot where at—
(It doesn't matter, anyway,

"It didn't feed a cat)—

And Johnnie's party said they'd say

"Good-bye" to Lambing Flat.

"Next morn rose Johnnie's mates to pack

And make an early shunt,

But all they could get out of Jack

"Was 'All right,' or a grunt,

By pourin' water down his back

And—when he turned—his front.

"The billy biled, the tea was made,

They sat and ate their fill,

But Jack, up in his broad buck laid,

Sat red like a foghorn still;

"We'll save some tea to send him," said

The peaceful "Corney Bill."

"Then in a fury on he sprung—

A pretty sight, you bold—

And laid on him with his tongue

Advising us to 'get'

And prayin' we might all be hung—

I think I hear him yet.

"Then, on a sudden, down he bent,

And grabbed a chunk of rock,

And into Grimsshaw's stomach sent

The foal, with a shock;

And Grimsshaw doubled up and went

To pieces with the knock.

"In the sun that day Jack stood

Clad only in his shirt,

And fired with stones and bits of wood,

And with his tongue dirt;

He fought as long as e'er he could—

But very few were hurt.

"He stooped to tear a lump

Out of the clinging soil.

By thunder you should hear

him jist,

And seen the way he'd coil

Up on the ground, and hug his

fist,

And scratch and dig and tol!

"As they their beef and damper ate

And swilled their pints of tea.

A billy notion all at worst

Dawned on that rowdy thirth,

And 'Dublin Pat,' in fractur' mirth,

Said, "Now we'll have a spouse!"

"Well, arter that, I'm safe to swear,

The beggars didn't lag,

But packed their toggs with haste and care,

And got out our maddie's swing

With Johnnie's 'mudskins,' or ry paie,

Inside-out in the bag.

"'Twas very plain he'd struck it fat,

The dufferrin' Lemon moff;

The scoff and bott of Lambing Flat

Who always got it rough,

Could strike his fortune where he sat;

The joker held the stuff.

"Well, that's the yarn, it ain't so poor:

Them golden days is o'er,

And Dublin Pat was drowned, and sure

It quenched his thirst for gore;
Old "Cockney Bill" and "D—ve the Curse"
I never heard on more.

"The 'Sleepin' Beauty's' wealthy, too,
And wears a shiny hat,
But often comes to old Tom Pugh
To have a quiet chat;
I lent him pants to get him through
His fix on Lambing Flat."



THE NIGGER'S COLLECTION.



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Some years ago a fiery Methodist clergyman used to hold forth in a little gospel-hall at Alfredton, a single-handed hand, name Baldwin. One Sabbath morning just as he had been fairly drafted on a text, and was pronouncing, "Sister, I am fitly head of stampers, a long, lean aboriginal hung his great, angular cranium in at the doorway, and surveyed the room. After satisfying himself that it was not a pub, he turned to quit, but changing his mind, he tossed the slack of his blanket over his shoulder, and stalked up the aisle with the dominant bearing of a Roman master. He was followed by a skinny, old avariced gin, who was industriously munching a qid as big as a fist. She bore a consumptive, a wrinkled countenance upon her back, and wore an old, half-patched coat, commended with holes and 'sown' gravy. The loathly nigger took a seat in a unoccupied pew, his giddy gait propelling directly behind him, and there sat, slumped over a glass o' old rum and aboriginal, manifesting little concern—although the worshippers gaped and giggled as if they (the nigs.) were a minstrel-show—till a dear brother paddled round with a tray, to take up the offerings of the faithful. The congregation responded freely, and the silver trickled into the unempt vase brightened visibly. Presently the deacon came to inquire his name and bring a facsimile of the old man's hands, and the giddy crone, with a smile of joyous surprise illumining the church's face, and her eagerly clasped the right hand of the god man's hands, and drained its contents into the folds of his toga, and whilst people, parson, and deacon gazed in amazement, he rose from where he sat, returned thanks qualitatively: "Budgery you! Good, good!" beamed to his gin, and stalked out as solemnly as he had entered. The dear brother soon recovered the shock, and pranced out to recover the lucrum—in time to see the guileless innocent trip into a local hotel. He went and waited an hour, and claimed an account, and through creating a disturbance won licensed grog, and the day of rest, but he never saw that collection any more; in forty hours by a fast clock it was sunk in rum.

Our Card.

"Christmas Cards are becoming an intolerable nuisance."

—Homer Bissell.

Why strive each year to stave wail and sigh?

Baldly sentiment or wit will building childish with a cynic's head

Demonstrate spurs must, therefore, downward

Tend?

If happiness increased, grief turned aside

By twaddle-dums-and-deas of "Christmas-tide!"

Let's have good-will and peace, and solid dinners!

And harbour-picnics, as become poor sinners!

But this gulf the season brings about

Christmas cards, a piffling's piffling out.

Come twanging twaddles, neither grave nor funny,

But no mere cards—and ante-as the money!

Then shall the Christmas of our discontent

Be better kept by being better spent.

What is done can't be undone.

A billy in the hand generally squeaks.

Respect old age, for it may remember you in its will.

The sins of the fathers are never mentioned to the children.

When the wine is in you can afford to despise colonial ale."

Walk in the way of the Righteous, and you will have no companions on your journey.

A girl's "don't" conveys a larger assortment of meanings than any other word in the language.

And why so many people cannot h—d their heads down in water is that they mix too much whisky with it.

Speaking of a revival meeting in Launceston,

Tas., a local paper says "there was a splendid assembly but a poor collection."

A North Queensland tailor advertises

"Separation suits." The pants separate at the Nether part when an extra strain comes from the South.

The ornaments surmounting the façade

of the Supreme Court, Wellington (N.Z.), represent empty shells—thefulness wherof has gone to the Devil's Brigade within.

The safest burglar committed in Melbourne and Sydney, and when the Hungarian policeman is in a bar after having taken to the landlord about affairs in the cold country.

The Rev. J. Chalmers told the Sydney

priests that a New Guinea bridge-room sat on one

side of a dish, and the inside on the other, out of

which the natives were compelled to eat ceremony.

Civilisation will teach them better forms than that. The dusky bride will be on one side

of a bottle and her black beau on the other.

Miss Jackson.

(For THE BULLETIN.)

He stopped suddenly and stared in front of him. Then he turned to me and said: "Do you see that girl?"

We were in King-street, Sydney; it was about four o'clock on a lovely autumn afternoon, and Murdoch and I were taking a stroll. Murdoch is a very old friend of mine. We were at Shrewsbury together and again at University College, London, when he was a student there. He has had a good education in general and nothing in particular. I had just left him in Sydney, just married, and a flourishing young suburban medical man, and we were full of reminiscence and narrative. We had had lunch at Campagnie and were sauntering along when, turning round one of the corners of Pitt and King streets, he stopped suddenly, stared in front of him, turned to me, and said—

"Do you see that girl?"

I glanced in the direction indicated by his eyes, and the wave of the crowd, the jangling cabs, and the bustle in front of a jeweller's window looking carelessly in, with the air of a person who was whiling away the moments of a pent-up remembrance, told me that it was Mrs. Medwin. It was Mrs. Medwin. Mrs. Medwin is the wife—the young second wife—of one of our best-known Victorian squatters. Perhaps she was here because she was in Sydney. It was six or seven months ago that Medwin married her, and the two went off at once for a trip to England, purposing to return to New York on Jan. 1st. We were in Pitt-street, and Murdoch had just been still looking in at the window, it seemed improbable that she would see us. A small group of pedestrians, coming from the opposite direction, passed us without notice, and so did Murdoch. At that very moment I saw, by the glance I cast over my left shoulder, as I advanced, that she turned rather suddenly. She almost ran into him. He had stopped, and she had stopped also. Their eyes had met; her amorous expression had flashed over her beautiful face; he had raised his hat, but had bowed her head slightly, and then they had moved slowly, side by side, together again and away from her. That impression of her face as their eyes met is as vivid to me at this moment as it was then.

"It has been a long time since I write," she never had much colour, but he could not call her pale. I have seen Italian women at Naples with just her warm, moulded features like olive-hued marble. Her eyes had a certain something in them, the hundred-enclosed eyes in certain statuary. Whenever I saw her, the prevalent colour of her dress was always something metallic—golden or silver—and I always thought it was because she knew it suited her peculiar style of beauty. I saw her married, and the orange and glittering white of her toilette were like solid bronze and silver. I never thought of her as being a woman of the upper classes in a calm and deep slumber, but I confess that such sudden glimpses of her face as we saw Murdoch, and the subtle heightened colour of her skin, or even a slight smile, it was so faint and evenly distributed—made her, for the first time, strike me as not only beautiful statue but a lovely woman.

He did not repeat his question, and I did not answer it for a minute. We walked on side by side. Then I said—

"Girl? You would scarcely call her a girl. She is every inch of her a woman. She is Mrs. Medwin."

"Mrs. Medwin? Mrs. Medwin?" he repeated, vaguely. "I know the name, somehow."

"Medwin is one of the richest men in Victoria or Australia. His wife is a second person, the best-known personage in Melbourne's 'society.'

She ruled it like an empire. Imagine the look of that great, hulking creature to have such a

small, delicate person as Miss Jackson!" I added mildly, after having eased him off with this.

But he still refused to be communicative.

"I don't know," he said. "It seems amazing. I said, 'to light on a face or form like her's.' She is the sort of feminine one meets in the drawing-rooms of old superb medieval Florence or Venice, at the court of a Heart Quattro, or, perchance, at some Viennese embassy. What has found splendid like this to do with the glories of the stage? I suppose it is the same sort of personification of cows here in Australia. The music to which such a woman walks is that of a Galuppi or a Cherubini; and, lo, Australian social life thrills to the vivacious music of the time-payment system!"

She seemed quite unconscious of us all, thank Heaven! Everyone was looking at her, and she paid no heed to them. She was clear and bright, with a smile, incidentally wondering to myself what sort of "girl" was the "girl" who presided over the domineering arrangement of the theatre, and the Roman mob united with the Roman "society" in encouraging their children.

"The music is right," he said, a little irritably. "I should have thought five years of Australia would have toned down your exuberant fancy a bit more, old man. You were born in the wrong street, and, following some imperious impulse, passed over into Hyde Park. We entered a shady alley and paced on side by side, smoking in silence."

"How do you do?" he said reflectively.

"And yet not changed. She is just the same, exactly the same. It is only that she is richer, riper. She has finer clothes now, and has been living in Europe. She came out in the clear Marcus Aurelius in the Imperial box at the amphitheatre, and the Roman mob united with the Roman "society" in encouraging their children."

"I am not changed. She is the same, exactly the same."

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DECEMBER 21, 1889.

—ON A—
SUBJECT OF IMPORTANCE

Respecting the virtues of the **Dandelion Root** in cases of **Liver Complaint**, and the many diseases following in its train, we read in that standard work of Bentley's ("Medicinal Plants") that Dandelion "is regarded as slightly Tonic, Aperient and Diuretic. It appears to have an almost specific action on the Liver, by modifying and increasing its secretion. Hence it is extensively employed in Chronic Diseases of the Digestive Organs, or Enlargement of the Liver, Dropsies from Hepatic Obstruction, and Dyspepsia, attended with deficient Biliary Secretion."

By the foregoing, it is evident that in the **Dandelion Root** we find the best remedy known to the Medical World for all forms of

Liver Complaint,
Kidney Disease,
IMPOVERTISHMENT OF THE BLOOD,
AND THE MANY OTHER ILLS ARISING THEREFROM.

—**DUNSTONE'S**
Compound Essence of Dandelion,

Is the best preparation of the Root to be obtained.

IT IS NO SHAM NOSTRUM, BUT A HEALING MEDICINE.

Read Testimonials which accompany each Bottle.

—**DUNSTONE'S**
LIVER PILLS,

As a Family Medicine and a Remedy for the Milder Forms of Liver Complaint,

—Are of Great Value!—

MANY THOUSAND BOXES ARE SOLD EVERY YEAR.

Dunstone's Essence of Dandelion
—AND—
DUNSTONE'S LIVER PILLS

Can be obtained of all Chemists at Five Shillings and One Shilling respectively.

.... **WILLIAMS'S**
Australian
YEAST POWDER

Will make Your
BREAD, TEA CAKES, & PASTRY
Light, Wholesome, and Digestible.

Protected by Royal Letters Patent,
AND
Guaranteed Absolutely Pure.

Beware of Worthless Imitations,
And be careful to secure

WILLIAMS'S.

In tins at Sixpence the Half Pound.

Kruse's Insecticide

THE GREAT INSECT DESTROYER OF THE AGE.

For the House,
Conservatory,
and Garden.

Harmless to Animal Life,

And can be applied to

DOMESTIC PETS

With best results.

Preserves Furs From the Moth.

A LADY WRITES:—"Life in the bush would be unendurable but for **Kruse's Insecticide**."

KRUSE'S IS THE ORIGINAL!

KRUSE'S IS THE ONLY GENUINE!

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

Kruse's Insecticide in Tins at 1s. and upwards.

DECEMBER 21, 1889.

The Bulletin.

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This page is devoted to the description of the business of E. Rowlands, the famous manufacturer of Soda water and a variety of other non-alcoholic beverages, which has long been recognised as the leading colonial industry. This phenomenally successful business was started in the year 1854, at Ballarat, soon after labour is no complete, as also the from the Katoomba spring water, and the discovery of gold in that neighbourhood. Mr. Rowlands and his late partner, Mr. Lewis, under the name and title of Rowlands and Lewis, took the tide at its rise when they began manufacturing Aerated Waters by manual labour in a tent on the edge of Youl's Swamp, now known as Lake Wendouree, Ballarat. In the year 1858, the firm could foresee the success of the business, and during that year they built a substantial Factory on the corner of Sturt and Dawson Streets, and introduced what

is known as Taylor's No. 1 Machine—the first ever used in Australia—and at once took the lead as Aerated Water Manufacturers.

By 1870 the Sturt-street factory proved inadequate to the increased demand, so the firm erected a model factory, occupying about an acre of ground on the corner of Dame and Doveton streets, and fitted it up with the most complete and perfect set of machinery. When this was completed the fame of the Ballarat soda and other waters spread over the whole colony of Victoria, and to some extent in the other colonies.

As the business developed and the reputation of the firm for the best quality of water extended, it was deemed advisable to open a branch in Melbourne. So in 1873 a factory was opened at 116 Collins-street W., the Ballarat factory supplying the Melbourne Branch with soda and all other mineral waters. This was very soon found to be a step in the right direction, for not only did the excellence of the waters soon find favour both among private customers and the best hotels in and about the Victorian metropolis, but it opened out a much wider field as the fame of the Ballarat Soda, Vigorine, &c., seemed to spread with the most wonderful rapidity to the other colonies, and even to India, Fiji, San Francisco, &c. In 1878, Mr. Robert Lewis retired from the partnership, and

of the best and latest manufacture—that the various operations are performed with the regularity of clockwork. From what may be gathered it is improbable that any one takes greater care to get clean and thoroughly wholesome water than Mr. Rowlands does. The water is first turned on to a large filter on the top floor which has three compartments, each being a filter, through which the water passes and empties itself into a large tank capable of storing 1250 gallons. From this the water is run into four solid marble tanks capable of storing 250 gallons each. Here again the water is once more filtered before being run into the rack to be aerated and bottled for use. Still with all the expense, labour, and care in clearing and purifying the town water, the proprietor was not satisfied, and has been searching for a spring of pure water for the last two years. Finally, a spring was discovered at Katoomba of the clearest and purest water that can possibly be procured, which was analysed by Prof. W. A. Dixon, at the Sydney School of Arts, with the following results:

ANALYSIS OF KATOOMBA WATER.

The water from the spring at Katoomba gives an analysis:—

Oxide of Iron	...	0.7
Carbonate of Lime	...	4.6
Carbonate of Magnesia	...	0.5
Chloride of Sodium	...	2.6

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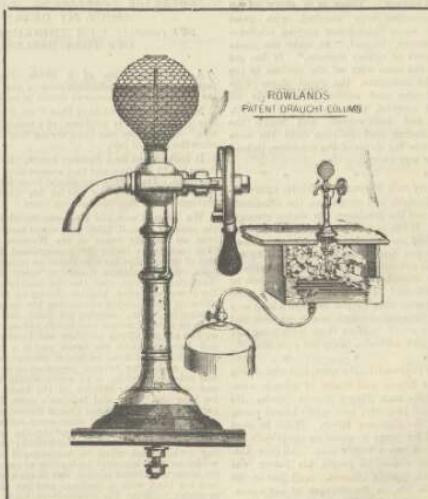
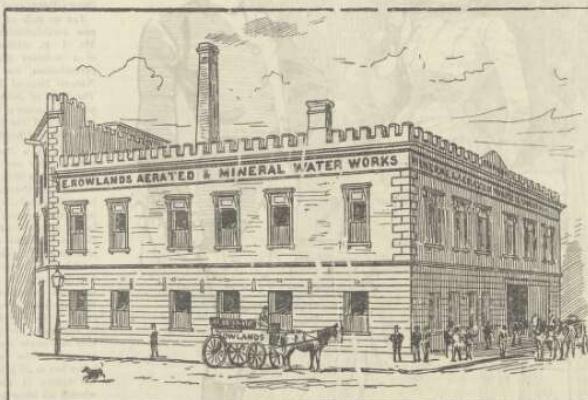
Inorganic ammonia—Traces.
Organic ammonia—0.01 pts. per million.

This is a very excellent spring water, wonderfully free from organic matter.

W. A. DIXON, F.I.C., F.C.S.

duce an article that cannot be excelled in the world is highly deserving of success. The "Vigorine" may be confidently recommended as one of the most pleasant and refreshing beverages that we have ever tasted, it contains some very valuable medicinal properties and should be kept in every private house, especially for the use of or where there are children. It contains Hypo-phosphate of Lime, which has a tendency to produce bone in the young, also to sustain the tissues of brain and body. This fact should be borne in mind by parents or those in charge of children growing up, especially those residing in Sydney and the suburbs, as the water supply contains but a very small proportion of lime.

The illustration shows an ingenious invention called Rowlands' Patent Draught Column, invented by the proprietor and which is patented in all the Australian Colonies, New Zealand, Great Britain and most of the European Countries. The Soda Water is manufactured in Steel Fonts or Cylinders, lined inside with block tin. These fonts will contain 10 gallons of pure sparkling Soda Water, manufactured from the Katoomba Spring Water, charged at a much higher pressure than in the strongest bottles. The fonts are connected with the Draught Column by a long length of block tin piping which passes through an Ice Cooler so that the customers are served with a cool and refreshing glass of the best Soda Water that can possibly be procured. This should be welcome news to all the best hotels in the Metropolis and country as well—for the great advantage of this system is obvious as it means a better article than any produced—at a cheaper rate—and a barmaid or barman can attend to the wants of a far greater number of customers than if they had to open any kind of bottled waters. A large portion of the second floor is devoted to the manufacture of Cordials, Liqueurs, Bitters, &c., all of which are manufactured from the purest ingredients, and is fitted with the most approved appliances. The Lime Juice Syrup is manufactured from the crude Montserrat Lime Juice—Mr. R. having so arranged with the proprietors of this famous article that he has the sole right of purchase of their Lime Juice in bulk in the colonies. All visitors calling at the Factory express themselves much pleased with the excellent quality of the Curacao, Maraschino, Ginger Wine, Lime Juice, Milk Punch, &c., &c., and are generally surprised that these articles can be so successfully manufactured in the colony. These Cordials, Liqueurs, &c., obtained the Gold Medal at the last Calcutta Exhibition.



DECEMBER 21, 1889.

FEDERATION

Is no doubt the great question of the day,

SO ALSO

WARNER'S SAFE REMEDIES

Are the Medicines for the Times.

Read the following proofs among many hundreds lately received that they do exactly as represented:—

Queenston, Charters Towers, Queensland,
Sept. 13th, 1889.

I am 33 years of age, and for the past 23 years, I have been a great sufferer from disease of the kidneys, often so severe in its nature as to cause me to drop my work, and even to stop my work entirely. I had what the doctors called "the gout and rheumatism," attended by gravel or sand-like sediment and scalding excretions, and suffered terrible pains in the left side, the loins, and down the thighs, which caused me countless sleepless nights, and any exertion when seized with these severe fits of gravel, would prostrate me entirely. I consulted the most renowned doctors in England, but their combined efforts were useless in giving me any relief.

When I came to Yarrawonga, my doctor informed me I could not recover, and that the presence of stones in the kidneys and bladder would seriously endanger my life. I arrived three years ago, with my husband (who from his youth followed the vocation of a miner) in Charters Towers. At that time I suffered excruciating pains from the stones lodged in the kidneys and bladder. My nervous system was so weak, and I was in such a debilitated condition, that I could not stand upright, and suffered day and night. The doctor had everything in his power, but like my kidney affliction, he could do nothing to relieve me. Hearing so much about "Warner's Safe Cure," my husband purchased a number of bottles. While using a third bottle I experienced a lessening of the pains, and a return of health when taking the 14th bottle of "Warner's Safe Cure." A stone passed and, after great agony, was expelled. The stones measured 12-inch in diameter, and were so firmly imbedded, as pointed at both ends. I continued the use of "Warner's Safe Cure" regularly, which somewhat relieved my pains. Eight days afterwards I again had a great pain, I again consulted the doctor, who said nothing could be done about the stones, and I thought at both ends, I continued with the "Safe" Cure, which healed the inflammation of the urethra, the skin, and the mucous membranes of the stomach, and stood amazed, hardly realising the fact of my recovery. These stones passed by me, judging from the doctor's remarks, are some of the largest ever removed. After a few days afterwards I still eliminated a lot of gritty matter, when my suffering was ended. Since then my recovery has been rapid and complete, and I have now gained greatly in strength and weight. I took in all 30 bottles of "Warner's Safe Cure," and I feel as if I could not express sufficiently my gratitude for my recovery. Every part of my body is now in full health, and I thank God it is her to. I feel as if the first days of my childhood had returned.

Mrs. THOMAS WATSON,
Wife of Thomas Watson, Miner.Bowen, Queensland,
Sept. 27th, 1889.

For twelve months or so I have been a great sufferer from sciatica. There were constant sharp pains in the right side, so that I had to drop exercise of every kind. I tried various medicines, but the intense aching remained as before. I could not sit up, lie down, or sleep, I deprived me of rest and sleep, and I was at a loss to know what would rid me of my complaint. Finally I gave "Warner's Safe Remedy" a trial, and was directed to take 30 drops of the first bottle, and when I had consumed six bottles of the medicine with a few pills, I was in possession of my former robust health.

D. RAY WATSON,
Accountant Bank of New South Wales.

Mount Morgan, Queensland,

August 20th, 1889.

It is now twelve months since I experienced a lessening of the nervous system, with a sense of intense fatigue after ordinary exertion. My joints were stiff and sore in the morning, as far as I could sit at night. Suffering in this manner for some time, when I heard of "Warner's Safe Nervine" so well introduced by your "Safe Cure," I purchased a small bottle of "Warner's Safe Nervine," which bated up my system and benefited my health thoroughly.

JOS. McLAUGHLIN,
Proprietor Mountain View Hotel, also
a butcher in a large way. The principal
citizen on Mount Morgan.

Hermit Park, Townsville, Queensland,

September 3, 1889.

Fourteen years ago, I had a severe attack of rheumatic fever, accompanied by inflammation of the joints. This dreadful complaint left me in a debilitated condition, and for the last twelve months I have been more or less prone to attacks of acute rheumatism, especially when exposed to wet weather.

Last summer I had a severe attack, as usual ushered in with febrile disturbances, followed by inflammation of the fibrous structures, the shoulder and hip. The affected joint became extremely painful, and I could not move it at all. My skin was hot and covered with a sour, offensive sweat. My urine on cooling left deep-coloured sediments of urate, resembling red sand, and metatarsal bone was severely affected, causing intense distressing pains. My eyesight in time grew dim, and my eyelids were as though they were glued together. I was then under the awful suspicion of losing my sight. I was ordered to the seaside, but returned from that

supposed shrine of health worse than ever. I could not keep my food within me, and my meals were followed by eructations. Hot flannels were applied to relieve my pains, but to no purpose. Indigestion with its host of distressing symptoms appeared in a more aggravated form. I consulted one of the doctors for a month, in March last, my chemists, Messrs. Bow & Co., seeing the condition I was in, advised me to take "Warner's Safe Cure." But I did take it.

JAMES TUPPIN,
Carrier and Contractor.Extract from CHRONICLE of Yarrawonga (Vic.),
October 10th, 1889.

Mr. Winder, who some time ago left Yarrawonga in very precarious health, suffering from acute asthma, paid a visit to the district last week looking quite robust and apparently completely restored to health. Mr. Winder left here to reside with his people, and as he fully expected, to die. On reaching his destination he grew rapidly worse and became almost paralysed. He could neither sleep nor eat his meals, and his condition became so bad that eating was an utter impossibility. At this desperate stage he was advised to try "Warner's Safe Asthmatic Cure." He did so, and soon found that the medicine was doing it felt better, with the ultimate result that he reappears amongst us the picture of health. It is not our desire to crack up "Warner's Safe Cure," but to introduce a medicine that can bring about such a remarkable change as this deserves to be made known, while it is as efficacious as this introduction is likely to contribute to our knowledge.

Mr. H. H. Warner describes all the proofs that can be given him. When a doctor accomplishes a great result, we invariably sing his praises, and why not do likewise in the case of a maker and vendor of marvellous patent medicines?

Rockhampton, Queensland,

October 8th, 1889.

Six years ago I was first subjected to a painful disease of the kidneys. I felt agonising pains in the left side, as if a knife was drawn in that part of the body, while pains of an extremely severe nature extended around the loins and down the thighs. The urine regularly contained quite a mass of urate, resembling red sand, and metatarsal bone was severely affected, causing intense distressing pains. My eyesight in time grew dim, and my eyelids were as though they were glued together. I was then under the awful suspicion of losing my sight. I was ordered to the seaside, but returned from that

supposed shrine of health worse than ever. I could not keep my food within me, and my meals were followed by eructations. Hot flannels were applied to relieve my pains, but to no purpose. Indigestion with its host of distressing symptoms appeared in a more aggravated form. I consulted one of the doctors for a month, in March last, my chemists, Messrs. Bow & Co., seeing the condition I was in, advised me to take "Warner's Safe Cure." But I did take it.

"Safe" Cure I was afflicted with pains as before mentioned at intervals of every half hour.

After consuming the first dose of the "Safe" Cure I was 20 hours suffering from recurring, and with the use of the first bottle no pains were present. I have taken in all six bottles of "Safe Cure," and there is not even a trace of kidney disease, and my health is restored. This I may say is the first winter I have passed painless since the last six years.

RINGAN MCULLAGHAN,
Cordial Manufacturer.

Myrtle Terrace, Leichhardt Street,

Macdonaldtown, Sydney, N.S.W.,

November 26th, 1889.

It is perhaps 15 years since I first suffered from nervous weakness and spasmodic closing of the chest, so that I could not bear my clothing on. My bosom used to swell, and evidently presaged more serious constitutional disturbances, for some three or four years ago I was first afflicted with asthma. The misery I endured is patent only to those who are subjected to this distressing complaint. During the first year of my affliction there was hardly a day when I was free from pain, and when the attacks came on I sat in bed panting for breath like one struggling for life, and at night the agony was intense, so that I often slept with my clothes off. There was also great weakness and palpitation of the heart, and general ill-health. The doctor admitted he was unable to cure me of my asthmatic affection.

On inquiry of the merits of "Warner's Safe Asthma Cure" I was induced to take it, and took it with wonderful success for three months. To be brief, it has thoroughly cured my asthma, and I have used five or six times of the medicine and have not experienced a return of the complaint since. At the same time I have also used and directed 20 bottles of "Warner's Safe Pill," which gave strength to the relaxed air vessels and improved my health to an extent I never anticipated, as I was able to walk and go about without difficulty. This I was in full health, and with feeling of gratitude that I testify to the efficacy of "Warner's Safe Asthma Cure," which I consider the only known cure for asthmatic patients.

(Miss.) LOUIE CUMMING.

**Warner's Safe Cure, Safe Diabetes Cure, Safe Asthma Cure,
Safe Rheumatic Cure, Safe Nervine, Safe Pills, and Safe Plasters,**

are to be had of all Druggists and Medicine Vendors throughout the Australasian Colonies and New Zealand. They are prepared at the Laboratory, 147 Little Lonsdale Street West, in the City of Melbourne, where they are sold wholesale only.

WARNER'S SAFE PLASTERS,

Pain Relieving and Strength Giving, are an old-fashioned combination of remedies, acting on truly scientific principles. The ingredients, being freely taken up by the glands of the skin, produce IMMEDIATE RESULTS. The effect produced is secured by means of a continuous absorption, and act more powerfully than when the remedy is taken internally in large quantities.

THE USE OF THE SAFE PLASTER.

It is convenient, because there is not that repeated dosing with unpleasant and many times sickening drugs, and it **does not disturb the Stomach or Digestive Organs**, or the course of nature in any respect. It is the best means of relief, as the remedy is carried directly to the diseased parts.

The Bard That Is To Be.
[FOR THE BULLETIN.]

"Tis strange that in a land so strong,
So strong and bold in mighty youth,
We have no bard to sing our song,
To sing for us a wondrous song.

Our chiefest singer yet has sung
A wild, sweet notes a passing strain,
All carelessly and merrily sung,
To think dull world he thought so vain.

"Leave for nothing, good nor bad,
My hopes are gone, my pleasures fled,
I am but sitting sand," I said,
What wonder that the songs were sad!

And yet, not alone did I sit here sad;
In the dark and light of heart
He told the tale of Britomart,
And wrote the Rhyme of Jocelyn Guard.

And some said that Nature's face
To us is always sad; but these
Never felt the smiling grace
Of waving grass and forest trees.

"There is a land where dull Despair is king
Our scented flowers and songless birds sing
But we have heard the bell-birds ring
Their silver bells at eventide.

Like fairies on the mountain side,
The sweet note man ever heard.

The wild thrush lifts a note of mirth,
The bower bird sings a call and coo
Beside their nests the long day through;

The magpie warbles clear and strong

A joyous, glad, thanksgiving song,

For all God's creatures upon earth.

And many voices such as these,
Are joyful voices to tell,
With the Bush and love it well,
With all its hidden mysteries.

We cannot love the restless sea,
That rolls and roars in and fro
Like some fierce creature in its glee;
For human woe or human woe
It has no touch of sympathy.

For us the bush is never sad,
It mystic voice whispers low,
In tones of such deep know,
Its sympathy and welcome glad.

For us the covetous breeze bring
From many a blossom-tufted tree—
Where wild bees murmur dreamily
The honey-laden breath of Spring.

We have no tales of other days,
No bygone heroes to tell,
Or the old folk who camp fires blaze

At midnight, when the solemn bush
Of that vast wonderland, the Bush,
Hath laid on every heart its spell.

Although we have no songs of strife,
Of bloodshed reddening the land,
We yet may find achievement grand
With the bush in its quiet life.

Lift ye your faces to the sky
Ye far flung mountains of the West,
Who lie so peacefully at rest
Enshrouded in a haze of blue;

The hard to feel that yearnment by
Before the sun has shone through
Your rocky heights and walls of stone,
And made your secrets all their own.

For years the fertile Western plains
Were hid behind your sultry walls,
Your cliffs and crags and waterfalls
All weatherworn with tropic rains.

Between the mountains and the sea,
Like lions with their staff in hand,
They looked towards the mountain old
And saw the sunsets come and go.

With gorgonian palms afterlow,
That deck the Western land,
And marvelled what that West might be
Of which such wondrous tales were told.

For tales were told of inland seas
Like sullen oceans, salt and dead,
And sandy deserts, white and wan,
With gaudy flowers, like the sun,

Nor bird went winging overhead,
Nor ever stirred a granosa breeze

To wake the silence with its breath—
A land of loneliness and death.

At length the hardy pioneers
By rock and crag found out the way,
And made the bush a land of men,
A home kept for years and years.

Upon the Western slopes they stood
And saw the wide expanse of plain
As far as eye could stretch or see
Go rolling westward endlessly.

The native grasses, tall as men,
Were like the golden hair of the breeze
From heights of blossom-laden trees
The prays answered back again.

They saw the land that was good,
A land of failure, a land of woe,

And gave their silent thanks to God.

"The leading Packets Tea in New South Wales
in the Famous Billy Tea. Its consumption is
at least double that of any other brand in the
market."

PACKED ONLY BY
James Inglis & Co.,
4 & 6 DEAN'S PLACE, SYDNEY.

The way is won! The way is won!
And straightway from the barren coast
There came a swarthy, hardy host,
That had an ever onward press
With eager faces to the West,
Along the pathway of the sun.

The mountains saw them marching by:
They faced the all-consuming drought,
They would not rest in scorching land;
In heat they lay down, but not to sleep,
Their faces over westward bent,
Beyond the farthest settlement.

Responding to the challenge cry
Of "better-country further out."

And to a land of the wild
They journeyed well unknown,
The wild man's bowering where none thought;
In south there was not much of blood
When war was fought between the seas.

It was not much, you say, that these
Should win their way where none thought;
In south there was not much of blood
When war was fought between the seas.

It was not much, but we know
The strange expeditions they tried—
At times with scorching sand,
At times with raging floods—but

Through which they found their lonely way,

Are quite content that you should say
It was not much, but we know
That nothing in the ages old,
In song or story written yet,

On Grecian urn or Roman arch,

That man's history of search of steel,
Could never histories unfold—

Then this bush shire, yet undisturbed—
The story of their westward march.

But times are changed, and changes rung
From old to new—the olden ways
The old bush life and all its ways
Are passing from us all a-mazing.

The friends and the hopeful sense
Of all the bright disengagement,
Of room for all, has passed away,
And lies forgotten with the dead.

Within our streets men cry for bread
In cities built out by toil,
About us stretches wealth of virgin soil,
As yet unused and untiled.

Our willing workmen, strong and skilled
Within our cities idle stand,
And cry about for bread to till.

The stunted children come and go
In soiled laces and alleys black;
We have no time for pleasure, train
Of other nations, and we grow

In wealth for some—for many woe.

And it may be that we who live
In this new land, beyond
The hard old world grown friend and fond
And all the world by us, the food,
May read the rustic right and give
New hope to those who dimly see
That all things may be for good,
And that the world is bound to be
One vast united brotherhood.

So may it be, and who sings
In accents hopeful, clear, and strong,
The glories which that future brings,
Shall sing, indeed, a wondrous song.

J.W.

A literary treat for Australians abroad
and for absent friends of Australian readers of THE BULLETIN: "A Golden Shanty—Australian stories and sketches in prose and verse by BULLETIN writers." The brightest, best and most original shilling book ever published in this country. Send to your English friends whom Sladen's Anthology has disgusted. One shilling postage in Australia 3d. extra.

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Everybody wants what every body says must be true—
Use Batho's Snow White Patent Roller Flour at the
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The Bulletin.

DECEMBER 21, 1888.

Special Advertisements.

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The following are the Rates of Interest allowed
for FIXED DEPOSITS:—

3 years	6 per cent.
12 months	8 per cent.
6 Months	7 per cent.
3 Months	6 per cent.

5 per cent., allowed on daily balance of current account.

For the past Four Years a Bonus of ONE PER CENT. has been paid in addition to the above rates.

It is the first Bank in the Colony which divides its profits with its depositors.

Communications from the country will be promptly attended to.

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GENERAL MANAGER.

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MELBOURNE—309 Collins Street.
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3 years	88 per cent.
12 months	8 per cent.
6 months	7 per cent.
3 months	6 per cent.

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THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK.

FOUNDED IN 1843.

Richard A. McCurdy, President.

BUSINESS OF 1888.		
Policies in force	£ 10,913 to £ 15,309
Surplus on 4 per cent. basis	increased from £ 11,121 to £ 14,110
Paid Premiums	increased from £ 2,834,254 to £ 3,068,229
New Policies issued during the year	increased from 4,816,659 to 5,461,652
Assurances	increased from 14,479,306 to 21,565,971
Assurance in force	increased from £ 89,089,361 to £ 106,442,740

The total CASH standing to the Credit of the Policy-holders' Accumulated Life Assurance Fund on December 31, 1888, was

£26,267,115 Gs. 6d.

An increase on 1887 of £1,515,687 11s.

Head Office for Australia: - 131 Pitt Street, SYDNEY, N.S.W.

Z. C. RENNIE, General Manager.

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SOLE AGENT IN NEW SOUTH WALES FOR THE

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Three Gold Medal Awards Centennial Exhibition, Melbourne, 1888-89.

DECEMBER 21, 1889.

The Bulletin.

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FOR CHARMING PARACHUTES! FOR LOVELY GLOVES!

For all kinds of Holiday Attire (Fashionable and Reasonable)

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WISH their former Patrons and the Public Generally to know that their Saloons have been ENTIRELY REORGANISED, and shall be glad if they will give their new cuisine a trial.

JAMES C. MARQUAND, Manager.



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This magnificent Hotel, containing 50 Double and Single Rooms, is splendidly furnished and perfectly ventilated.

Hot and Cold Plunge and Shower Baths.

Electric Bell. TELEPHONE 1217. Billiards, &c.

Terms Strictly Moderate.

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Sydney: Corner of Market & York Streets.

Melbourne Branch: 288 Collins-street East.

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Perth Branch: 27 Hunter Street.

The Company grant immediate advances upon Deeds of Land, Bills of Lading, Merchandise, Stores and Bond Certificates, and all kinds of documents, and approved securities, for East Indian and by instalments.

A. MILLER, Acting Manager.

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EMPIRE PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERIES

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A Selection from the brightest of the original literary matter which has made THE BULLETIN world-famous. Price, Is.; if posted, 5d. extra.

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DECEMBER 21, 1889.

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Types and best appliances. Prices quoted that
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**BOOK of NATURE and Illustrated
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Certificates, and other documents, and accept personal
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For lighting Country Residences, Churches,

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Harvey Safety Kerosene Lamp,

The greatest Burner yet invented for all lighting

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An article which should be used by all

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DECEMBER 21, 1889.

The Bulletin.

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Admission—2s. 6d. and 1s.

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Lesue and Manager Mr. Geo. Rignold, Doors open at 7; commencing 7.30. Carriages at 10.45.

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A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.
Box Office at Theatre from 10 to 5. Prices as usual.

J. F. MAGONIAC, Acting-Manager.

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BROUARD'S Powerful Comedy.

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NOVELTIES ALWAYS ENGAGED.

HAROLD ASHTON, Manager.

BONDIA AQUARIUM.

The Most Complete

PUNIC AND PLEASURE GROUNDS OF AUSTRALIA.

The Famous Switchback Railway, conveying

Passengers from Cliff to Cliff daily.

Splendid Amphitheatre Masking Free to Visitors.

Open Daily from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m.

Admission, 1s.; Children, 6d.; Train to Gate, Fare, 1d.

CYCLORAMA!

The greatest battle in the world's most

momentous civil war is fought to its dead slow daily at the Cycorama.

Where is it? Opposite Reformer Terminus.

Open 10 to 10. Sunday Next (Half price), 3 to 10.

Have you seen it?

TOWN HALL, YOUNG

(late Mechanics Institute).

The extensive Alterations and Improvements
thereabouts completed, the Hall (which is capable
of seating about 700 persons) is now available for
the use of Dramatic Companies.The Stage is large, and fitted with many Changes
of Scenery with all necessary appliances, the whole
brilliantly illuminated with 100 16-c.p. Electric
Lights, which can be instantaneously switched on
or off at will.

Terms on application to

W. M. BARKER,
Town Clerk.

Business Announcements.

JOHN BUCKHAM,

449 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne.

Tents, Tarpaulins, Wires, Dray and Waggon Covers
fitted or unfitted, Canvas Water Bottles, Coolies, White
Buckets, Horse Rugs, Nose-Bags, Old Linen Cloth, Send
to or call at

449 ELIZABETH STREET, MELBOURNE

(Oldest Established House in the Trade).

SURVEYORS' TENTS A SPECIALITY.

THOMAS MCREEERY,

MEDICAL HERBALIST,

83 Oxford Street, 2 doors above Riley Street.

Private Diseases of Both Sexes a Specialty,
Consultations gratis. Charge very Moderate,
A Trial Sought.A SPEEDY CURE GUARANTEED,
68 Hunter Street, and 8 Bligh Street,
SYDNEY.F. SHIRORDER
LIVERY, BAUT, LET-OUT AND COMMISSION STABLES.Horses and Vehicles of every description for
Sale or Hire; also, good reliable Ladies or Gentle-
men's Hacks.

ROYAL EDINBURGH CASTLE WHISKY.

Special Reserve. * * * Square Bottles.

THIS Whisky was selected by our General Manager, Mr. JAMES CULLEN, during his recent visit to Scotland, and through its purity, age and magnificent bouquet has already secured the premier position in the market.

In Cases, Quarters and Octaves.

WILLIAM CAMPBELL & CO. (LIMITED),

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE COLONIES,

58 CLARENCE STREET, SYDNEY, N.S.W.

PRINCE OF WALES HOTEL,

St. Kilda, Victoria.

Within Five Minutes from STATION, and One Minute from ESPLANADE and BATHS.

MRS. KONG MENG Proprietress.

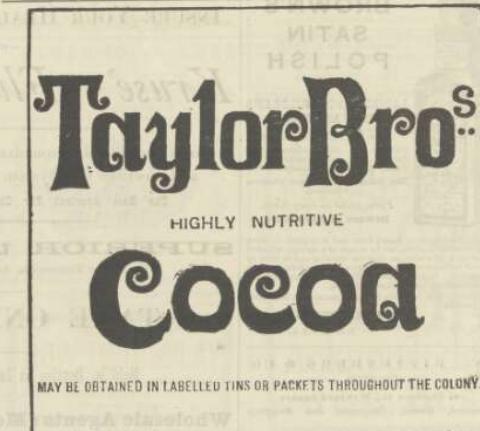


Wolseley Sheep-Shearing Machine.

PASTORALISTS are notified that, to avoid disappointment, no time should be lost in Booking Orders for next Season.

Agents: J. H. GEDDES & CO.,

19 Phillip Street, Sydney.



THE LONDON & SYDNEY TEA COMPANY,

IMPORTERS OF HIGH-CLASS TEAS.

408 KENT STREET, SYDNEY.



"No, John: no more Tea from you. I buy now from the LONDON AND SYDNEY TEA COMPANY."

The Cabman Who Had to Buy His Wife a New Frock.

From the WOLVERHAMPTON CHRONICLE.

We have just learned of the thrilling experience of the well-known cabman, Charles Green, who for many years has been employed by the Wilson Cab Company. His experience, as related below, is as interesting as it is extraordinary. It appears that Mr. Green had come home late to town, perhaps at midnight, and was obliged to sleep in a damp bed, and thereby contracted rheumatism in the most severe form. It seemed to settle all over him; he was brought home, put to bed, and for more than eight weeks could not move hand or foot. His agony was such that he would scream if anyone came into the room for fear they would touch him. His knees were swollen to three times their natural size. He was as near crazy as man could be, but at the same time retained his faculties. Everything was tried without benefit. In despair he was taken to the Wolverhampton Hospital, where he remained for two weeks, at the end of which time he was even worse than when admitted, and the medical gentleman who attended him at the hospital told him that they could do nothing more for him, that his case was hopeless, and he was discharged as incurable. He was taken home, where his wife persuaded him, as a last resort, to try St. Jacob's oil, which was procured from Weaver, chemist, 42 Dudley-road. Green remarked at the time, in a joking way, to his wife, "that if St. Jacob's oil cured him he would buy her a new frock." His health improved rapidly, and he soon recovered his full strength. His wife then had a double interest in curing her husband. She applied half the contents of one bottle to his knees, rubbing the part vigorously for half-an-hour, when she left the room for a few minutes. On returning she was surprised to hear Green say, "I shall have to buy you a new frock, for I can turn myself and move my legs." Continuing to use this famous oil, Green commenced to improve, and after using the contents of four bottles, he was out and on his cab at work in all weathers, and well and hearty as ever he was in his life. He was laid up for over six months, although really he had not suffered so much. This was such an extraordinary and almost unheard-of case, we determined to ascertain, if possible, what sort of thing this St. Jacob's oil really was. We therefore called upon Mr. Weaver, the chemist above referred to, who stated at once that he knew of Green's case, and personally vouched for the above statement, and stated further that, while Green's cure was perhaps the most remarkable, he knew of numerous other extraordinary cases which had come under his immediate attention where St. Jacob's oil had cured people of rheumatism and meningitis after every other remedy had failed to effect a cure. Mr. Weaver said the sales of St. Jacob's oil were enormous; people invariably speak in the highest terms of its power to conquer pain.

ESSENTIALS TO SUCCESS.

Successful men are often quoted as instances of rare good luck. Those laggards in life's race who point them out have markedly failed to consider their real essentials. Shrewdly observant thought, keen ability, and force of character are the essentials, combining in the individual, and above all else, success. This is not an age of sham. It is unimpeachably practical. To win popular appreciation an article must possess intrinsic worth. Thus it has been with the Waterbury Watch. It has won its way to public esteem because it is a good timekeeper. But that alone would not have accomplished its widespread popularity so quickly. It has been judiciously and continuously put before the public, and the public in turn desire and will have it. The success of the past demonstrates the reliability and general appreciation.

WELL PLEASED.

Under date November 4, 1889, Mr. G. Ambrose writes from Great Shambles, Newcastle, as follows: "I am well pleased with my Waterbury Watch. It certainly keeps excellent time."

AN AUSTRALIAN BUSHMAN'S OPINION.

"Gentlemen,—I have had one of your watches three years now, and I would warrant it to keep time with the best watch in the country. I have travelled the country with it, journeys of 400 miles and more, and have never once found it to fail me.—I am, &c., yours respectfully,

JOHN McCARTHY.

"To the Waterbury Watch Co., Sydney, 24th April, 1889."



Is made with the utmost care from materials
which are
Selected with the greatest regard for Purity,

and for the
SOOTHING and BENEFICIAL EFFECT
which they impart to the Skin and Complexion.

Sold by all Chemists and Dealers in
Toilet Requisites.

SHEVILL & CO.,
Corner Queen Street and Flinders Lane,
MELBOURNE.

MERCANTILE AUCTIONEERS,
House, Land, and Estate Agents,



Advances made against shipments of Merchandise
and Colonial Produce.

Daily Sales held at their Commodious
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IMPORTER OF
WINES, X SPIRITS, X BEERS, X ETC.
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SPECIALTIES:

JOHN JAMESON'S Dublin Whisky (6 to 10 years old); W. JAMESON'S, DUNVILLE'S Royal and Worcester (old Cork) Whiskies.
Hannay's, Macmillan's, Macintosh's, Macleod's Blended (5, 10, 15 and 20 years old).
The Chivas and Old Scotch WHISKIES, Imported and Bottled by P.R.L.
The Best Port and Sherry Wines and Champagnes. 5000 All Brands of Colonial Wines. The leading brands
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Prince of Wales Hotel, 778 & 780 George Street.
Wholesale and Single Bottle Departments, 783 and 784 George St., Sydney.
SEND FOR A PRICE LIST.

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Produce Stores, Gipps St., and Darlinghurst Road.
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NEW
FURNITURE
WAREHOUSES,



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Now supply the General Public as well as the Trade.

10,000 Bedsteads,
From 10s. 6d. to £35.



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GENERAL AUCTIONEERS AND ESTATE AGENTS,
325 Collins Street, Melbourne, and 11 Chapel
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Free Prescriptions

Are to be found in the "Light of Life,"
for the Daily Cure of Numerous Diseases and
Kindred Disorders. A copy of this book will
be sent Free, sealed, for Six Penny Stamps.

Address—

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Use FRY'S MALTLED COCOA.

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SIR ROGER



DIXSON'S

**Dr. RIDGE'S
FOOD**

FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS

Has an enormous sale in England
and is now being introduced into the
Colonies.

Every Storekeeper should get a supply
as every Wise mother will certainly
use it.

DR. RIDGE'S ROYAL FOOD MILLS,
LONDON, ENGLAND.

**BROWN'S
SATIN
POLISH**

—FOR—
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S
BOOTS AND SHOES.

Awarded Highest Honors of
Paris, Berlin, 1878; Melbourne, 1880;
Frankfort, 1877; Amsterdam, 1880;
New Orleans, 1884, and whenever
exhibited. It is the best after being applied,
and will not soil the most delicate clothing.

Sold largely in Australia through Commission Merchants
and Dealers.

B. F. BROWN & CO.,
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B. RITTENBERG & CO.
IMPORTERS,

81 Clarence St., Wynyard Square.

Furniture, Mirrors, Oceographs, and Moldings.

ATKINSON'S
ENGLISH PERFUMERY
surpasses all others for its natural
fragrance.

ATKINSON'S
Eau de Toilette de Londres.
Unquestioned for refreshing and softening
the skin, and an exceedingly choice
Perfume for the Handkerchief. An ex-
clusively new perfume, and particularly
by its Inventor.

At all Druggists and the Manufacture—
J. & E. ATKINSON,
24, OLD BOND STREET, LONDON
Trade Mark.—"White Rose on Golden
Lyre," with Address in full.

T. LAWLESS, JUNR.,

37 MARKET STREET,

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Fruit Merchant.

INSURE YOUR HEALTH AGAINST ALL RISKS

—BY TAKING—

Kruse's Fluid Magnesia.

It Cools the Blood, Promotes a Healthy Flow of the Secretions
and Fortifies the System against the shafts of Disease.

The Best Aperient for Children. Numerous Gold Medals.

SUPERIOR to all OTHERS!

(Vide Medical Testimonials, Analysis, &c., accompanying each Bottle.)

—TAKE ONLY KRUSE'S—

Sold in Bottles at 1s. 3d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d. Each.

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LEA & PERRINS SAUCE

In consequence of Imitations of THE WORCESTERSHIRE
SAUCE which are calculated to deceive the Public, Lea and Perrins
have to request that Purchasers make that the Label always bears
their Signature thus—

Lea & Perrins

Without which no bottle of the original WORCESTERSHIRE
SAUCE is genuine.

Ask for LEA and PERRINS SAUCE, and see Name on Wrapper, Label, Bottle and
Stopper. Wholesale and for Export by the Proprietors, Worcester Cross, and
Blackwell, London, &c., &c.; and by Grocers and Chemists throughout the World.

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Photographic Stock Importer,

26 MARKET STREET, SYDNEY

DECEMBER 21, 1889.

The Bulletin.

WOOL. WOOL.

THE NEW ZEALAND
Loan & Mercantile Agency
COMPANY, LIMITED.
BRIDGE STREET, SYDNEY.

CAPITAL, £4,500,000 ... RESERVE, £270,000

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Regular Sales of Wool Held Throughout the
Season.

THE greatest care is bestowed on the VALUATION and the
Delivering and Parting all Wools entrusted to
the Company for sale, whether from large or small shippers.

Every Grazier Advertised and Consulted with before Sales
of their Clips are made.

LEISURE TIME, AGRICULTURAL, when engaged, on Wool has
of Flaxing Clip, and on Wool and other Produce, whether
for sale in Sydney or shipment to London.

ACTION SALES OF SHEEP SKINS, MAMMALIAN
SKINS, HIDES, TALLOW, &c., HELD REGULARLY.

Every Information Supplied on Application.

G. S. CAMPBELL, MANAGER.

SYDNEY WOOL & GRAIN WAREHOUSES
BRIDGE AND LOFTUS STREETS.



FRESH FOOD & ICE Co.,
LIMITED,
HARBOUR STREET,
SYDNEY,

Are evidently determined to go ahead. They are
now supplying Customers who take a QUART OF
MILK and OVER PER DAY at

THREEPENCE PER QUART!

This appears very wonderful, but it is
quite true.

• Weekly Accounts.

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Matrimonial Guide.—A full and explicit ex-

planation of the organs of life and generation in man
and woman, intended especially for the married, or those
intending to marry, and serving as a guide to the
maternal functions upon the intent and nature
of marriage and its duties, to which is added a COMPLETE
MEDICAL TREATISE ON INFECTIVE or sexual diseases
and aches, with much other valuable and highly important
information, with copious illustrations, and a complete
caricature of the female body, by M. Lekatay Byrn, M.D. Price 2s. 6d. Post 3s. 6d.

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"The Matron's Manual of Midwifery," the book every
married woman needs; price 2s., post 2s. 6d. "The Male Generative Organ," their use and abuse
with many illustrations and colored plates; price 7s.

The Arts of Boxing, Swimming and Gymnastic made
easy, enabling any one to become an expert Boxer and
Athlete; also, "How to Win a Wife," by Dr. J. H. Clark,
Agents for London, BIRMINGHAM, BEXFORD, DUNFERMLINE,
DUBLIN, EDINBURGH, GLASGOW, MAN., Advanced, and Republican
Literature on sale.

Sir Robert Bear,
RACIAL BOOK STORES,
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Confectioners & Pastrycooks,
CITY BUILDINGS:

738 George Street, 736
HAY MARKET.

STEAM WORKS:

617, 619, 621, 629, 641 HARRIS STREET.

Wedding Cakes, &c., Made to Order.

LONG'S IMPERIAL HOTEL,
TOOWOOMBA, QUEENSLAND.

Acknowledged the Best Hotel on the Darling
Downs. First-class Accommodation.

PRIVATE SUITES. FIRST CLASS SAMPLE ROOMS.

Conveyance Meets Every Train.

JOHN LONG - Late of New Zealand.

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ROYAL HOTEL,
Esplanade,
ST. KILDA, VICTORIA,
Facing Beach, close to Pier and Baths. Ten
minutes from Station.

H. MOONEY - Proprietor.
LIVERY LETTING STABLES ATTACHED.

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First-class Accommodation for Visitors

SMOKE NOTHING BUT

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THE REST IN THE WORLD.

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 231 Clarence Street.

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J. LUDOWICI & SONS,

Manufacturers and Importers of

Superior Oak-Tanned Leather Belting.

And every description of

Leather goods for Machine and Engineering Purposes.

Hydraulic
Leather.

PIONEER'S
ESTABLISHED 1852

Tung's Pump
Leathers.

All goods bearing the above Trade Mark are warranted to
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Office and Factory: 121 Clarence-St., Sydney,
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HOW TO DISPLAY
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TOILETTE REQUISITES,
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The Public Verdict.—A long-felt want filled,

An Establishment that Sydney can be proud of.
No Expense has been spared in fitting up this
Establishment for the convenience and comfort of its
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A large staff of the very best Gentlemen Work-

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Cigars, Cigarettes, Tobacco, &c.,
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that it is not equalled in the Southern Hemisphere.

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A Skin Without Blemish

Everywhere a network of warts, cuts, veins,
and pores, the skin constantly renew itself, and
not only with its ceaseless desquamation, but with
its natural functional action, eliminates all waste,
accumulation and disease. Hence, a skin without
blemishes is a skin in a healthy condition.

CUTICURA, the great skin cure, and CUTICURA
SOAP, an exquisite skin balsam, prepared from
externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new
blood purifier, internally, cure every species of tor-
turing, disfiguring, itching, scaly and pimply
diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss
of hair, from pimples to scrofula.

Mrs. FANNIE STEWART, Stanton, Ind.

I have suffered all my life with skin diseases of
different kinds, and have never found permanent
relief, until, by the advice of a lady friend, I used
your valuable CUTICURA. I took a jar of it
and, after a thorough trial, made up a bottle of the CUTICURA
SOAP, and the result was just what I had been told it would be—a complete cure.

BELLE WADE, Richmond, Va.

Reference, G.W. Latimer, Druggist, Richmond, Va.

Has just used your CUTICURA RESOLVENT on
one of my girls, and found it to be just what it is
recommended to be. My daughter has all broken
bones in her hands, and the skin commences to
come out. Now she is as smooth as ever she
was, and has only used one box of CUTICURA,
one cake of CUTICURA SOAP, and one bottle of
CUTICURA RESOLVENT. I doctored with quite a
number of doctors, but to no avail. I am willing
to make affidavit to the truth of the statement.

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For the last year I have had a species of itching,
soay and pimply humours on my face to which I
have applied a great many methods of treatment
without success, and which was speedily and
entirely cured by the CUTICURA RESOLVENT.

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PIMPLES, blackheads, red, rough, chapped and
oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

BABY'S skin, soap and bath preserved and
healed by the use of CUTICURA SOAP.

Address: R. TOWNS & CO., SYDNEY, N.S.W.

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Gold Medal
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Acknowledged Milk.
The Best



Guinness' Extra Stout,
FIRST QUALITY.

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FIRST QUALITY.

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"BUGLE" BRAND ALE AND STOUT.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

It having come to our knowledge that ALE and STOUT of very inferior quality, in bottles with
skirted labels have lately been palm'd off on the public.

We desire to warn our friends of the fact, and to state that all corks as well as capsules of the
bottles shipped by Messrs. M. B. FOSTER & SONS to this colony bear their name and address.

Any information respecting Bottled Beer purporting to be "FOSTER'S BUGLE BRAND" offered
for sale in Sydney, and any such beer will be deemed by the undersigned, who have instruc-
tions to bring to justice the perpetrators of the frauds.

A liberal reward will be given for information leading to conviction of the offenders.

BALCHIN, JOHNSTON & CO., Sydney,

AGENTS FOR MESSRS. M. B. FOSTER & SONS.

Ask for Kupper's Elberfeld Lager Beer

(Specially Brewed for Australia). Absolutely Free from Sediment.

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The MUTUAL STORE, having its own delivery, some of the most experienced Buyers and competent Managers, and its arrangements being the most complete of its kind, offers every facility, convenience, and economy to its constituents, and SELLS only the BEST GOODS, at the LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES.

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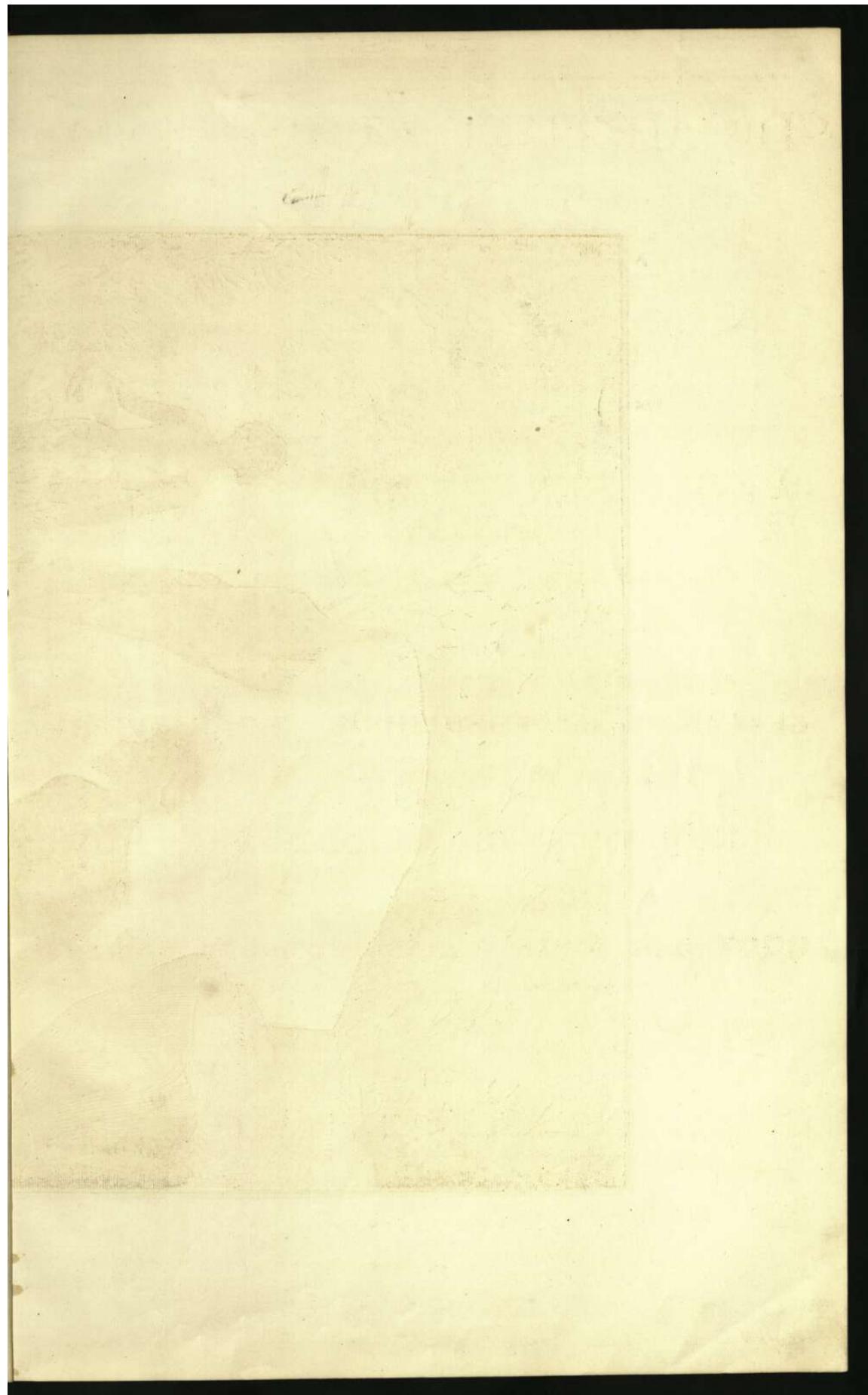
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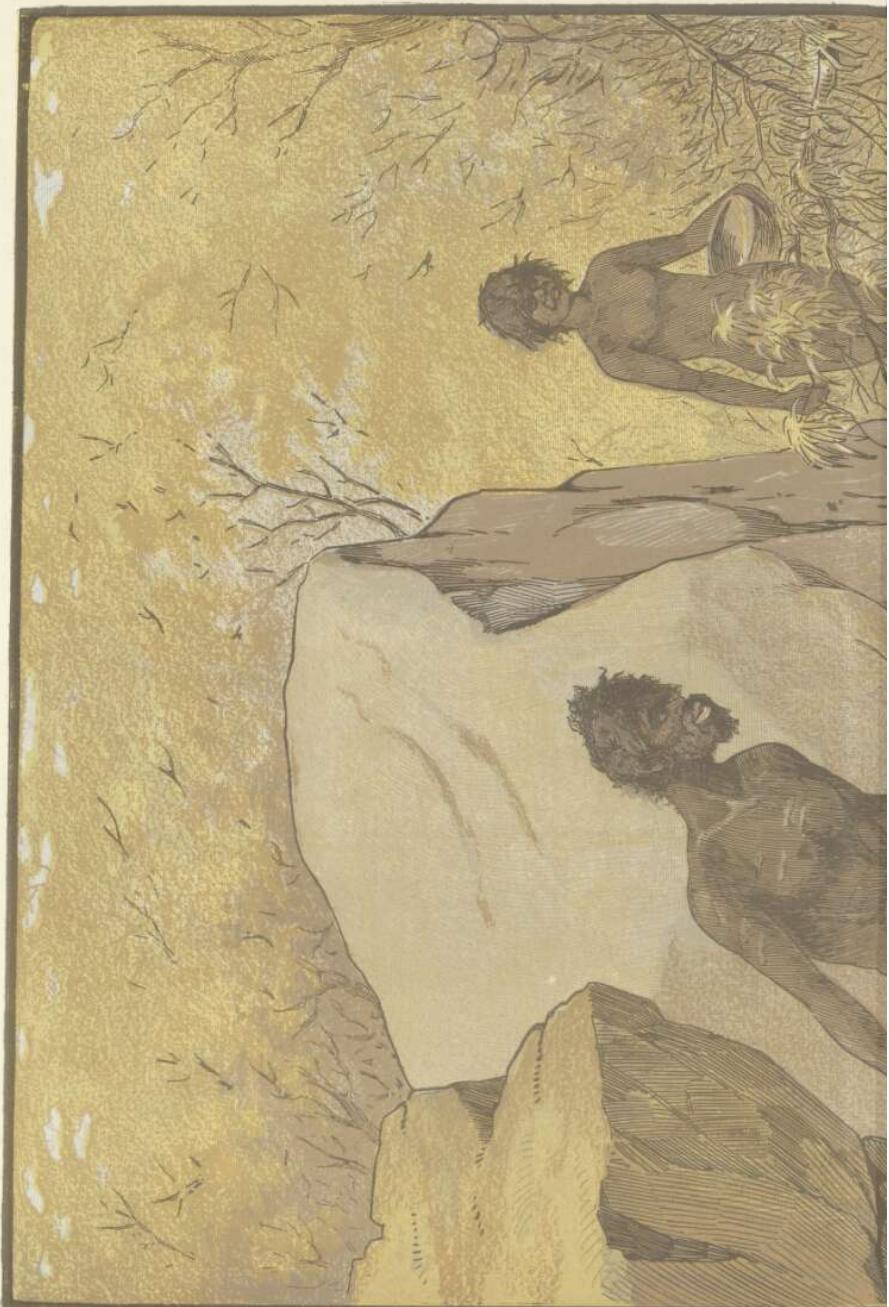
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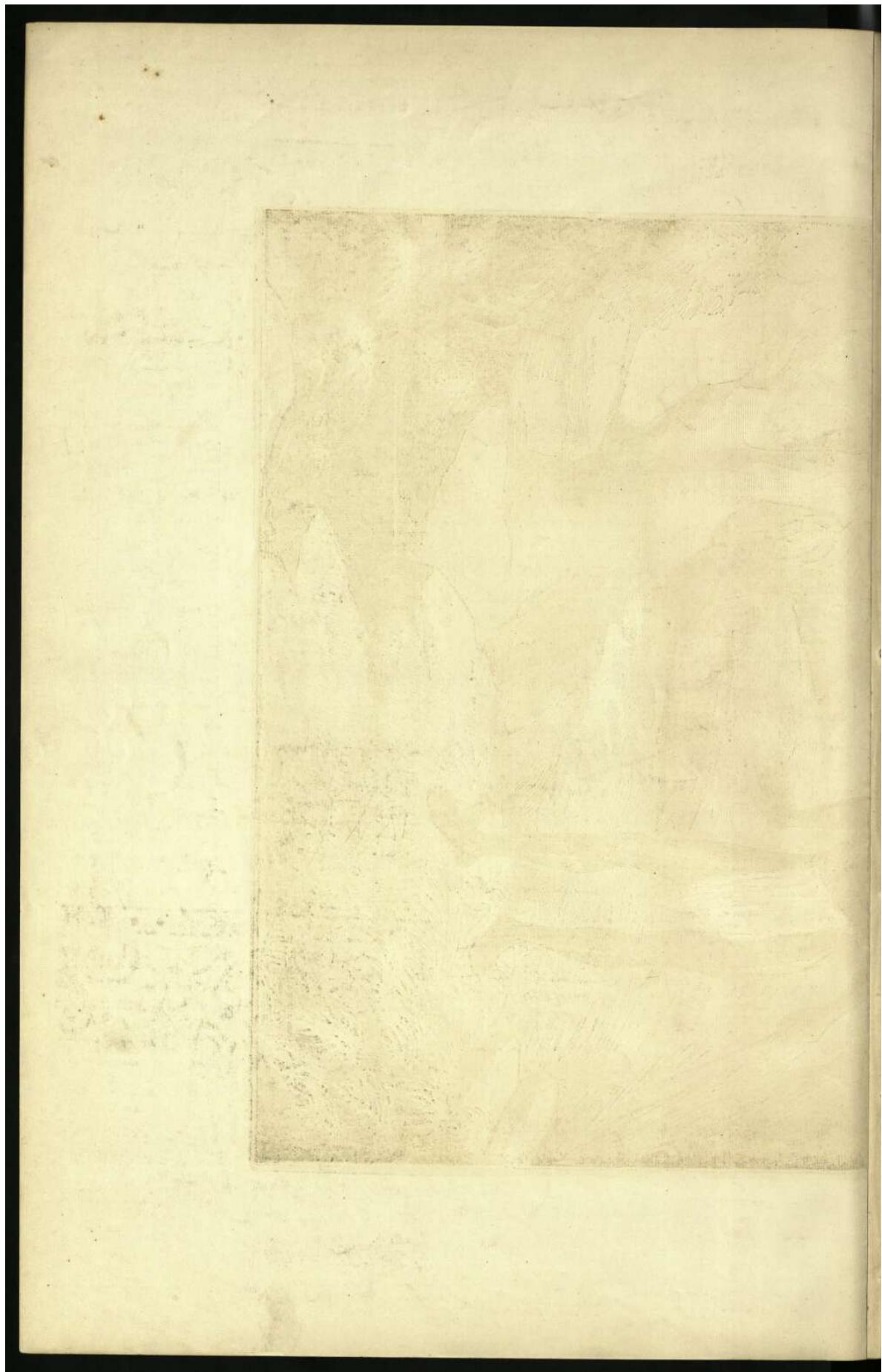




"BULLETTA" SYDNEY, DECEMBER 21, 1888.

"ON THE MASH : OR, WAITING FOR A WIFE."

(AN AUSTRALIAN TALE.)





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OFFICE CHAIRS AND TABLES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

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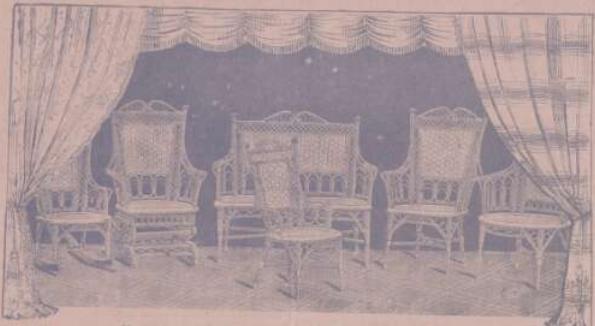
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THE LEADING
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IN THE AUSTRALIAN COLONIES,
YORK STREET, WYNYARD SQUARE,
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"The Princess Wicker Suite."
A Large Stock of RATTAN, REED and WICKER SUITES, tastefully Upholstered in SILKS and PLUSHES,
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BEDSTEADS, COTS, BEDDING, AND SPRING MATTRESSES.

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OCASIONAL CHAIRS IN GREAT VARIETY.





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YORK STREET,
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Are now SUPPLYING the Public as well
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OIL PAINTINGS
AND BRONZES.

MASON BROTHERS,

263 to 289 KENT STREET,
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Have along in their Sale to the
Public and Wholesale Druggists Only.

DRUGGISTS, APOTHECARY, AND
GENERAL HARDWARE
Glass, China and
CANTHARWARE.

WINE, BEER & SPIRITS,
AND GENERAL
BULK MERCHANDISE.

Agents for
JOHN WALKER AND SONS
Old Highland Whisky.

J. MORRIS AND CO. LTD.
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Silkworks and General
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A. REILLY AND SONS
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DR. SMITH, U.S.A.
—MEDICAL EXPERT—
In PRIVATE CONSULTATION OF BOTH SEXES.
A Prompt and Safe Cure Guaranteed.

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No. 7 & 8 First Floor, 422 GEORGE STREET,
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HOURS From 11 a.m. till 4 p.m.

IMPERIAL HOTEL,
TOWNSVILLE.

THOMAS WALLACE,
Furniture.

Used for 100 years. PROFOUND and ABSOLUTE BALIOLINE,
strengthens the Hair and produces a luxuriant and glossy
growth; also prepared in a Golden Colour.

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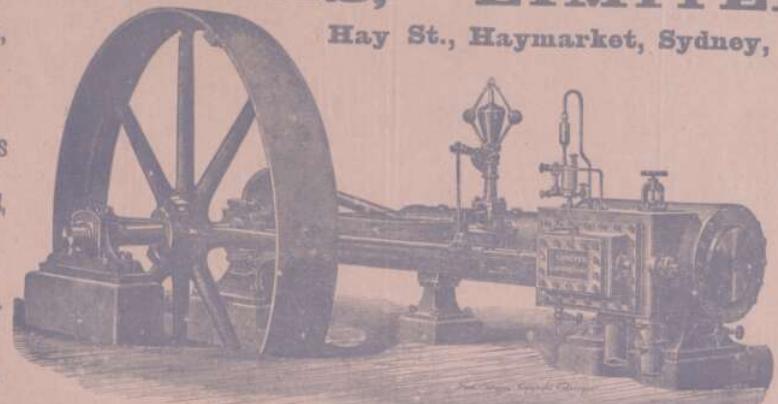
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