

Poetry.

BOB FLETCHER.

I ONCE knew a plowman, Bob Fletcher his name,
Who was old and was ugly, and so was his dame;
Yet they lived quite contented and free from all strife,
Bob Fletcher the plowman, and Judy his wife.

As the morn streaked the east, and the night fled away
They would rise up for labor, refreshed for the day;
The song of the lark, as it rose on the gale,
Found Bob at the plow, and his wife at the pail.

A neat little cottage, in front of a grove,
Where in youth they first gave their hearts up to love,
Was the solace of age, and to them doubly dear,
As it called up the past with a smile or a tear.

Each tree had its thought, and the vine could impart,
That mingled in youth the warm wish of the heart
Tho' the thorn was still there, and the blossom it bore,
And the song from its top seemed the same as before.

When the curtain of night over Nature was spread,
And Bob had returned from the plow to his shed,
Like the dove on her nest she reposed from all care,
If his wife and his youngsters contented were there.

I have passed by his door when the evening was gray,
And the hill and the landscape was fading away,
And have heard from the cottage with grateful surprise,
The voice of thanksgiving, like incense arise.

And I thought on the proud, who would look down with
scorn,

On the neat little cottage, the grove and the thorn,
And I felt that the riches and follies of life,
Were dross to contentment like Bob and his wife.

A CONNUBIAL SERMON.

A CONNUBIAL little sermon, from the text, "Be happy as you are," is thus preached by a contemporary print:—"Wife and mother, are you tired, and out of patience with your husband's and your children's demands upon your time and attention? Are you tempted to speak out feelings to that faithful, but, perhaps, sometimes heedless or exacting husband of yours? or to scold and fret at these sweet and beautiful ones? Do you groan and say, 'What a fool I was to marry and leave my father's house, where I lived in ease and in quiet?' Are you, by reason of the care and weariness of the body which wifehood and motherhood must bring, forgetful of, and unmindful for, their comforts and their joys? O, wife and mother! what if a stroke should smite your husband and lay him low? What if your children should be snatched from your arms, and from your bosom? What if there were no true, strong heart for you to lean upon? What if there were no soft, little innocents to nestle in your arms, and to love you, or receive your love? How would it be with you then? Be patient and kind, dear wife; be unwearying and long-suffering, dear mother; for you know not how long you may have with you your best and dearest treasures—you know not how long you may tarry with them. Let there be nothing for you to remember which will wring your heart with remorse if they leave you alone; let there be nothing for them to remember but sweetness and love unutterable, if you are called to leave them by the way. Be patient, be pitiful, be tender of them all; for death will step sooner or later between them and you. And O! what would you do, if you should be doomed to sit solitary and forsaken through years and years? Be happy as you are, even with all your trials; for believe it, thou wife of a true and loving husband, there is no lot in life so blessed as thine own. The present is all you can enjoy; use it well.

HAND-MADE boots and shoes may be found in great variety at CROSBY'S boot and shoe establishment, Centre Town.

TO LUMBERMEN AND OTHERS.

THE GREAT RUSH

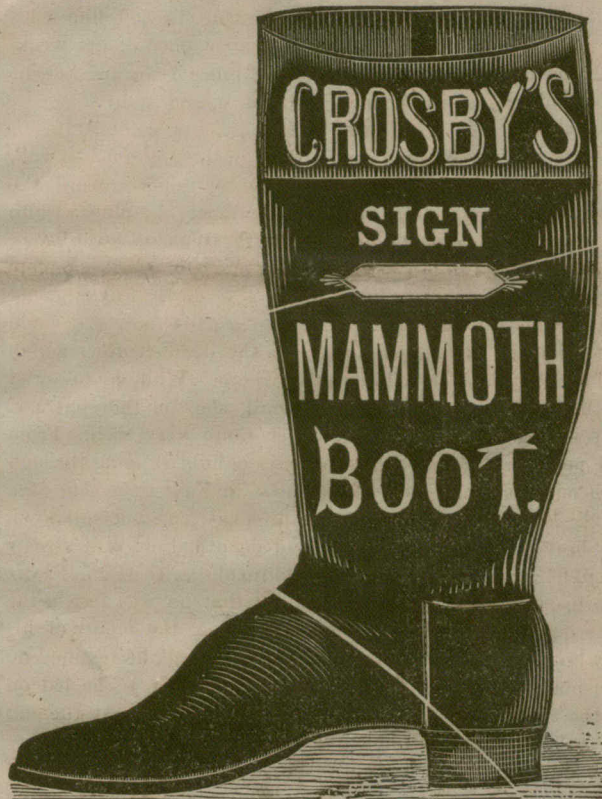
TO OUR ESTABLISHMENT,
51, SPARKS STREET,
(SIGN OF THE MAMMOTH BOOT.)

has obliged us to increase our force, by which means we hope to be able, as heretofore, to accommodate customers with

The best Hand-made
BOOTS & SHOES,
In Central Canada.

We now supply many of the principal
Lumbermen on the Ottawa and
Gatineau,
and would respectfully invite others
to CALL AND INSPECT THE WORK.

Encourage Home Manufacture, and
get good value for your money.

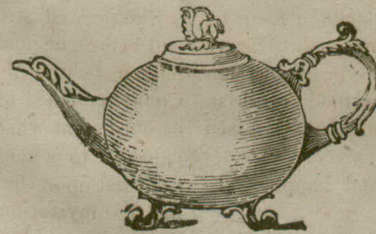


VERDICT IN FAVOR OF

THE TEA POT.

ESTABLISHMENTS:

Union Block,
SUSSEX STREET,



AND
Rideau Street.

Some dealers in Tea, Sugar, Coffee and Spices, From various causes were vying in prices, Till rivalry into fierce quarrel was veering, Which timely was checked by a stranger appearing "Fie! Fie!" he exclaimed, "let this quarrelling [cease, Your passions restrain, and disturb not the peace; Low PRICES 'tis folly to quarrel about, 'Tis QUALITY, only, that's worth finding out— Let's fairly and calmly put that to the test, And we shall find out the cheapest and best; And when 'tis decided, proclaimed, let it be, Who sells the best Coffee and who the best Tea."

The plan was approved of, and judges elected, Whose honest opinions had ne'er been suspected; When this Tea, and that Tea, they tasted in turn, And then tried the Coffees from out a new urn, And in a few seconds returned to decide. "Unbiassed, and void of all prejudice, we Unite in asserting that ROBINSON'S TEA We've put in each possible way to the test, And find it really the CHEAPEST and BEST; And as for their COFFEES, we also declare, Such Coffee is not to be met elsewhere." Thus was ended a noisy affray, And Robinson's Teas are the theme of the day.

ROBINSON & Co.,

THE TEA POT, OTTAWA.

DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING TEA.

- FIRST—See that the water boils before you attempt to brew the Tea.
- SECOND.—Never use hard water—it will spoil the best of Tea. If you cannot obtain soft water, put a small piece of Baking Soda, about the size of a pea into the Tea Pot, and you will find your Tea better and stronger.
- THIRD.—Attend to these directions, get your tea from THE TEA POT in Ottawa, and you will always have

A CUPOF GOOD TEA.