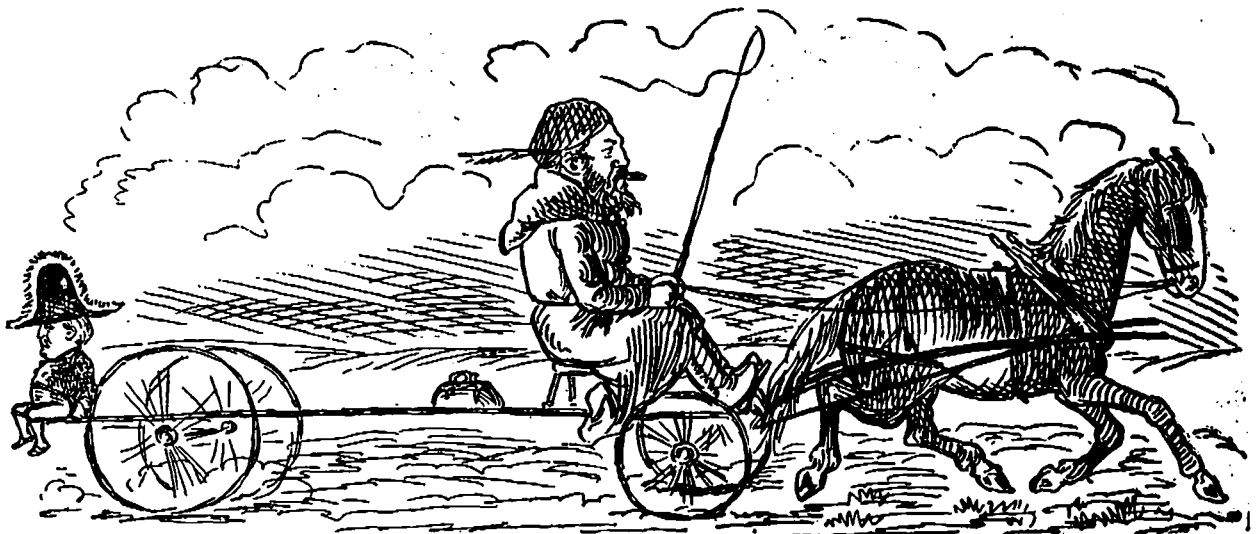


A remarkable book. Every Man and every Woman will want it. 100,000 copies have been sold in Paris and London. Address, J. S. ROBERTSON & Bros., Whitby, Ont.

WOMAN'S LOVE AND LIFE



RETURN OF THE CORRESPONDENT AND HIS BUCKBOARD.

(ALSO THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL.)

it a matter of conscience to testify our gratitude by wearing a "Tam," a whole "Tam," and nothing but a "Tam," in order to encourage the manufacture of that famous article of male and female head-gear. "Oh! Tam, oh! Tam, thou'lt get thy fairin' in—" Hold on! that ain't the revised edition.

"March! March! March in good order,
All the blue bonnets are bound for the border."

In Memoriam—Queenston Heights.

OCTOBER, 1813.

I stood on Queenston Heights;
And as I gazed from tomb to cenotaph
From cenotaph to tomb, adown and up,
I cried "O clothed with honour and with glory crowned
Tell me the meaning of those sculptured stones."
Straightway the shuddering cedars wept;
The solemn junipers indured their greyest pall;
The moaning wind crept through the trembling oaks
And shrieking fled. Strange clamour rent the air.
Around me rolled the tide of sudden battle;
The booming guns pealed forth their dreadful knell;
Musketry rattled: shouts, cries, and groans coming-
led.

The steep hill shook beneath the stamp of men.
In deadly strife contending. From side to side
The singing com'at rolled, but ever downward,
Till, the first fury spent, the curb that marks
The modest hamlet nestling in the dale
Brought up the angry foes with partial check.
Then, boding quiet fell. Upon the hill
An alien flag flew flaunting in the wind,
Mocking the silent gun. Dark forms poured o'er
The height's broad crest, and hid amid the trees,
And Canada's October day fell dark.

But hark! a ringing cheer peals up the height!
Brook to the rescue! Down goes the alien flag,
Back, back, the dark battalions fall. On, on,
The "Tigers" spring. On, York Volunteers,
Though storms of shot pour rattling from the grove.
Aha! the day is ours! See, how the hero comes
In conquering might, quick driving all before him!
O brave ensample! O beloved chief! Who follows thee
Keeps even pace with honour. Shout "Victory!"
Proud Victory is ours! Ours this dear Brock!

Ours! Death's. Death wins. Death winged that
leaden bullet,
And he fell—the hero—Brock.
Ah, shudder still ye darkling cedars;
Chant yet your doleful monotone, ye winds;
Indue each year your grey funeral pall
Ye solemn junipers, for there he fell.
And here he lies, dust, ashes, nothing.
Such tale the spirit told me and I wept.
Nay, wept I not! 'Twas hot, indignant thoughts
That fired my breast burned up the willing tears
Ere they had chance to flow; and forward Hate
Spoke rashly; but cool Reflection
Laid her calm hand upon my beating heart
And whispered "As crept the hardy Norseman

Up the misty stream, ye saw white banners wave
Kindly salutes from you opposing shore.
And as ye peered the dusky vista through
To catch first glimpse of yonder glorious pile,
It towered so high above the common plane
Ye saw it not, till I your glance directed.
So—towering over Time—shall Brock e'er stand.
So—from those banks—shall white-robed Peace e'er
plead.

Oct. 12, 1881.

S. S. C.

Love impresses its tender image on all its environments. Even the scattered peanut shells at the front gate on Monday morning are silent witnesses of its all-embracing sway.

When an Ohio man told his wife that he had just traded for a new spring waggon, she replied, "You dunce, you! why did you get a spring waggon in the fall of the year?"

The editor of a Virginia paper was asked by a stranger if it was possible that little town kept up four newspapers, and the reply was: "No, it takes four newspapers to keep up the town."

"Do you reside in this city?" asked a masked man of a masked lady at a masked party the other evening. He felt sick when she said to him, in a low voice: "Don't be a fool, John, I know you by the wart on your thumb." It was his wife.

Turks at a French Banquet.—Toward the conclusion of the feast a Frenchman selected a toothpick from a tray lying near him, and politely passed the receptacle to his neighbor, who declined his offer, exclaiming, "No thank you; I have already eaten two of those things, and I want no more."

If You Don't Believe It, Ask Any German,

And he will convince you that St. Jacob's Oil is the most wonderful remedy that has ever been brought before the public. Rheumatism of many years standing has yielded immediately to its almost magical influence. As many have expressed it, its action is electrical, seeming to drive the pain before it, until all discomfort leaves the body, and the warm glow of health and comfort remains. It is a certain cure for neuralgia, giving immediate relief upon the first application, and curing, in a short time, the most inveterate cases.

"Two Hours at Home."

SHAFTESBURY HALL.

FIVE NIGHTS ONLY, COMMENCING

MONDAY, 17TH OCTOBER,

MR. KENNEDY,

The Scottish vocalist, will give his Entertainments on the SONGS of SCOTLAND, assisted by the following Members of his Family.

- Miss Helen Kennedy - Soprano.
- Miss Marjory Kennedy - Soprano.
- Miss Maggie Kennedy - Pianoforte.
- Mr. Robert Kennedy - Tenor.
- Master John Kennedy - Violin.

COMMENCE AT 8.

ADMISSION 25 & 50 CTS.



DEPARTMENT OF CROWN LANDS.
Toronto, 6th October, 1881.

Notice is hereby given that, under an Order in Council, Timber Berths in the undermentioned townships in the Muskoka and Parry Sound Districts will be offered for sale by Public Auction at the Department of Crown Lands at twelve o'clock noon, on

TUESDAY, the 6th Day of December, Next, viz:—Townships of Mowat, Blair, McConkey, Hardy, Patterson, Mills, Sinclair, Bethune, Proudfoot, Gurd, Machar, Strong, Joly, Laurier, Pringle, Lount, Nipissing and Hlmsworth.

The area to be disposed of in the above townships as timber berths is upwards of 1,400 square miles, and to suit all classes of purchasers each township will, as nearly as practicable, be divided into four berths.

Sheets containing conditions and terms of sale, with information as to area and lots and concessions comprised in each berth, will be furnished on application personally or by letter, to the Woods and Forest Branch of the Department, or to the Crown Timber Offices at Ottawa, Belleville and Quebec, and the office of T. E. Joluson, Esq., Parry Sound.

T. B. PARDEE,
Commissioner.

N. B.—No advertisement will be paid for unless previously ordered by the Department.