

THE POET'S CORNER.

Teamster Jim.
I mind the day he was married, and I danced
at the wedding, too.
An' I kissed the bride, sweet Maggie, daughter
of Ben McGrew.
I mind how they set up housekeepin', two young
poor, happy folk,
When Jim's only stock was a heavy truck an'
four Kentucky mules.

Well, they lived along contented, with their
little joys and cares,
An' every year a baby come, an' twice they
come in pairs.
Till the home was full of children, with their
shoutin', an' playin', an' squalls,
An' their singin', an' laughin', an' cryin' made
Bedlam within its walls.

An' Jim seemed to like it, an' he spent all his
even's at home.
He said it was full of music an' light from pit to
dome.
He joined the church, an' he used to pray that
his heart might be kept from sin.
The stumblin' prayin', but heads an' hearts
used to bow when he'd begin.

So they lived in that way, the same from day
to day,
With plenty of time for drivin' work and a
little time for play.
An' round 'em the sweetest girls and
the liveliest, manliest boys,
Till the old gray heads of the two old folks was
crowned with the homeliest joys.

Eh! Come to my story? Well, that's all. They're
livin' just like I said,
Only two of the girls is married an' one of the
boys is dead.
An' they're honest an' decent an' happy an' the
very best Christians I know.
Though I reckon in brilliant company they'd be
voted a leetle slow.

Oh, you're pressed for time! Excuse you? Sure,
I'm sorry I kept you so long.
Good-bye! Now, he looked kind o' bored-like,
and I reckon that I was wrong
To tell such a commonplace story of two such
commonplace lives.
But we can't all git drunk an' gamble an' fight
an' run off with other men's wives,
R. J. BURDETTE.

The Clover.

Some sing of the lily, the daisy, and rose,
And the pansies and pinks that the summer-
time throws
In the green, grassy lap of the medder that
lays
Blinkin' up at the skies through the sunny
days:
But what is the lily and all of the rest
Of the flowers to a man with a heart in his
breast
That has dipped brimmin' full of the honey
and dew
Of the sweet clover blossoms his boyhood
knew?

I never set eyes on a clover-field now
Or fool round the stable or climb in a mow
But my childhood comes back, just as clear
and as plain
As the smell of the clover I'm sniffin' again;
And I wander away in a barefooted dream
Where I tangle my toes in the blossoms that
gleam
With the dew of the dawn of the morning of
love
Ere it wept o'er the graves that I'm weepin'
above.

And so I love clover—it seems like a part
Of the saddest sorrows and joys of my
heart.
And wherever it blossoms, oh, there let me
bow
And thank the good God as I'm thankin' Him
now,
And pray to Him still for the strength, when I
die,
To go out in the clover and toll it good-by,
And lovingly nestle my face in its bloom
While my soul slips away on a breath of per-
fume.

Where She Failed.

She is versed in ichthyology,
Psychology,
Biology,
And can hold her own with any Ph. D.;
She can discourse on astronomy,
Gastronomy,
Phlebotomy,
And on physics she can talk most perfectly.
She's accomplished on the banjo,
Piano,
Obo,
And can warble as the nightingale sings;
She exactly knows what are pneumatics,
Dalmatics,
Empnatics,
And numerous other dainty little things.
She has studied the latest fashion,
Poems of passion,
Arts of maschin'.
And giddy youth consider her quite a catch;
But she lacks one little quality,
Not friskily,
Neither jollily,
She merely doesn't know how to wind her
watch.

The Eoy Who Helps Mother.

As I went down the street to-day
I saw a little lad
Whose face was just the kind of face
To make a person glad.
It was so plump and rosy-checked,
So cheerful and so bright,
It made me think of apple-time,
And filled me with delight.
I saw him busily at work,
While blihe as blackbird's song
His merry, mellow whistle rang
The pleasant street along.
"O, that's the kind of lad I like!"
I thought as I passed by;
"These busy, cheery, whistling boys
Make grand men by and by."
Just then a playmate came along,
And leaned across the gate—
A plan that promised lots of fun
And frolic to relate.
"The boys are waiting for us now,
So hurry up!" he cried,
My little whistler shook his head,
And "Can't come," he replied.
"Can't come! why not, I'd like to know!"
"What hinders?" asked the other.
"Why, don't you see," came the reply,
"I'm busy helping mother.
She's lots to do, and so I like
To help her all I can;
So I've no time for fun just now,"
Said this dear little man.
"I like to hear you talk like that,"
I told the little lad;
"Help mother all you can, and make
Her kind heart light and glad."
It does me good to think of him,
And know that there are others
Who, like this manly little boy
Take hold and help their mothers.

The Grave of a Little Child.

There's a spot on the hillside far away,
Where in summer the grass grows green;
Where, beneath a rustling elm-tree's shade,
A moss-covered stone is seen.
'Tis a quiet and unfrequented spot,
A solitude long and wild;
Yet somebody's hopes are buried there—
'Tis the grave of a little child.
In winter, alas! that mossy stone
Is hid 'neath a shroud of snow,
But around it in springtime, fresh and sweet
The daisies and violets grow,
And o'er it the summer breezes waft
With a fresh and mild,
And the autumn's dead leaves quickly strew
That grave of a little child.

The Success of this Remedy is wonderful.

Its record is unparalleled. It has cured
thousands of cases of female weakness,
irregularities, and all diseases peculiar to
the sex. It can always be depended on to
do exactly what is claimed for it. All the
proprietors ask is a trial. That will con-
vince the most skeptical of its wonderful
virtues. Price (\$1.00) refunded if it fails to
give satisfaction. Guarantee printed on
every bottle-wrapper.
No man pleases God who prays only for
himself.
Athletes all over the world chew Adams'
Tutti Frutti Gum. Healthful and beneficial
and aids digestion. Sold by all Druggists
and Confectioners, 5 cents.
Sometimes a good well has a very poor
pump.

With her melody sweet by the hour she thrills
As if by the scene beguiled;
Perhaps, who knows? 'tis an angel comes
To the grave of that little child.
Yes, somebody's hopes lie buried there;
Some mother is weeping in vain.
For, though years may come and years may go,
'Twill never come back again.
Yes, blessed are those who die in youth,
The pure and the undefiled;
Some roads to heaven perhaps run through
That grave of a little child.

THE GREATEST YET.

The Cream of the Continent to be Exhibited at Toronto.—What May be Expected at the Toronto Exhibition in a Few Weeks.

From all quarters applications for space at the forthcoming great Industrial Fair to be held at Toronto from the 7th to the 19th of September are being sent in by every mail. It is now an assured fact that Canada's Great Fair will this fall out rival any of its predecessors. Never before were there so many entries from the United States, and on no former occasion has such widespread interest been manifested in its success. Notwithstanding the fact that new buildings have been erected and old ones entries have been received to almost fill them. Even Great Britain is beginning to realize that it pays to bring its manufactures before the people of Canada, as at no place can they be seen by so many, and several of the leading manufactures of England have applied for space during the past couple or three weeks at this Exhibition. The railway and steam-boat companies have this year notified the Association of their intention to give extremely low rates during its progress. A new line of railway into the grounds will enable exhibitors of live stock on both the great railways to unload within a few yards of the stock sheds. It is wonderful the success that has attended this really great enterprise since its inception fourteen years ago, but it may readily be accounted for by anyone who will take the trouble to examine the prize list.

No less than four-fifths of the many thousands of dollars distributed annually go to the farmer and stock raiser, and while no other industry is slighted, this greatest one receives the lion's share, and justly so. The farming community appreciate this and by their presence at Canada's great gathering every year endorse the action of the Association. While the farmer visiting the Exhibition cannot turn in any direction without seeing something to instruct him, he finds more than that. No pains have been spared to interest and amuse visitors every minute of the day. Manager Thayer of Boston, a man whose reputation in his particular line is continental, has this year added his vast experience in assisting to make the amusements eclipse anything that has ever preceded them. Then again the scientist, the mechanic and the artist will find in the various departments something of special value to them. When it is remembered that over a quarter of a million people from all parts of Canada and the adjoining States visited the Toronto Fair last year, one can readily form an opinion of its gigantic proportions and its importance and value to the country at large.

The Crop Prospects.

Minnesota and the Dakotas will yield 115,000,000 bushels of spring wheat from the very best estimates, worth in the home market over \$90,000,000. The harvest is in progress and the quality so far grades up to No. 1 hard. The Red River Valley will produce 46,000,000 bushels of this vast supply of the world's best food grain. The Great Northern Railway, well known as the largest carrier of wheat in America from original points, will beat all former records from present outlook.

A Solid Knock-down Blow.

The whale blows water while at play;
Trees blow in every clime;
The sweetest flowers blow in May,
But wind blows all the time.

There's lots of blowing in this world.
Sufferers from Catarrh blow their noses, and quacks blow about their "cures." Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy is the only infallible one. Its proprietors back up this claim by offering \$500 for every case they fail to cure permanently. This is an unanswerable blow at humbuggery, coming from men of sterling reputation and ample capital. Nasal Catarrh cannot resist the potency of this Remedy. It stops discharges, leaving the senses acute, the head clear, and the breath normal. Of all druggists, 50 cents.

The Fools are not all Dead.

A lazy man, whose horses and cart were stuck in the mud, prayed to Jupiter for help. Jupiter answered: "Fool! get up and put your shoulder to the wheel, and do not call on me when you can help yourself." Foolish people buy medicines haphazard, blindly trusting to promise made without a guarantee. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is guaranteed to cure colds, coughs, all lung affections, and even Consumption, in its early stages. It puts to rout all stomach troubles, purifies the blood, gives healthful action to the sluggish liver, and drives blemishes from the skin. It is an honest medicine, and an invaluable health insurance policy which should never be allowed to lapse. All druggists keep it.

Man could not love a God who could not suffer for him.

Ho! my sisters, see the banner
Waving in the sky,
Are you broken-down discouraged?
Courage! help is nigh.

On that banner read this legend:
"Suffering women hail!
Pierce's Favorite Prescription
Ne'er was known to fail!"

GARFIELD Tea cures

Constipation and sick-headache. Get free sample at Toronto Fair, or GARFIELD TEA AGENCY, 317 Church St., Toronto.

THE BEST—Business Education to prepare young men and young women for responsible positions is given at the GALT BUSINESS COLLEGE, Galt, Ont. Re-opens Sept. 1st. Circulars free.

HAMILTON LADIES' COLLEGE and CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

Will re-open on Sept. 7, 1891

The 31st year. Over 300 graduates. Courses in literature, music, art, elocution, bookkeeping, shorthand, typewriting, etc. Music pupils prepared for the Mus. Bac. degree. For terms and Free Catalogue address the Principal, A. BURNS, S. T., D., L. L. D.

No. 236
Hamilton, Ont., Nov 17 1890
Bank of Montreal, Hamilton
4924
John Marshall
the sum of One Thousand Dollars
BENEFICIARY FUND
for total disability
\$1000
John Marshall
DOMINION SECRETARY

THE HAMILTON MIRACLE.

The Case Investigated by a Globe Reporter.

THE FACTS FULLY VERIFIED.

One of the Most Remarkable Cases on Record.

A Man Pronounced by Eminent Physicians Permanently Disabled Fully Recovers—Facsimile of the Cheque for \$1,000 Paid by Royal Templars of Temperance for Total Disability—Hundreds of Visitors.

A few weeks ago a marvellous and almost miraculous cure was made known to Canadians through the medium of the Hamilton newspapers. It was stated that Mr. John Marshall, a well-known resident of Hamilton, by the aid of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, had been snatched from the very jaws of death, placed upon his feet and enabled to mingle with his fellow citizens with more than renewed health and strength and even brighter spirits than he had experienced for years before. This remarkable statement naturally excited the wonder of almost a continent. Some believed, most people doubted although the facts were placed so clearly as to ward off the slightest suspicion of fraud. To investigate the very extraordinary cure and place before the people of Canada and the United States verification or otherwise of it was the special mission of a *Globe* reporter a few days ago.

The *Globe* representative paid a visit to the house of the man thus rescued from a living death. Mr. Marshall's home, cosy, comfortable, with climbing flowers covering its front, was reached only to find him out, taking a few miles constitutional up town. Mrs. Marshall, with smile-wreathed face, and looking as happy and light-hearted as upon her wedding day, welcomed her visitor and appeared delighted to have the opportunity of telling frankly and fully—while awaiting Mr. Marshall's return—what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had done for her husband.

"It was a happy day for me," she said "when Mr. Marshall tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Many's the weary day I had before that. Look at all these things we bought, hoping they would cure him," and the good lady turned with an armful of straps and tacklings of all kinds. There was a combination of harness and attachments of leather used for the "suspensory treatment" by which the crippled man was hung in the barn by his body with his feet but a few inches from the floor. There were enough belts, bandages, supporters and soles to set up a good-sized store.

Nature provides a remedy for all diseases, and in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, women have a remedy for all those ills peculiar to their sex. Suppressions, bearing-down pains, nervous headaches, etc., speedily yield to their treatment and restore the sufferer to perfect health. Try them. Sold by all dealers or sent on receipt of price (50c. a box) by addressing Dr. Williams' Med. Co., Brockville, Ont.

The bird that flutters least is the longest on the wing.

Pure Cod Liver Oil and Emulsions properly made from it are undoubtedly the best remedies for pulmonary complaints. Many emulsions have been placed on the market but none seem to have met with the success accorded to SLOCUM'S OXYGENIZED EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL. Their Laboratory at 186 West Adelaide St., Toronto, Ont., is kept constantly going and every druggist in the country is supplied with the famous remedy.

Sincerity and pure truth in every age still pass current.

Charlatans and Quacks

Have long plied their vocation on the suffering pedals of the people. The knife has pared to the quick; caustic applications have tormented the victim of corns until the conviction shaped itself—there's no cure. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor proves on what slender basis public opinion often rests. If you suffer from corns get the Extractor and you will be satisfied. Sold everywhere. Sin, like another Frankenstein, dogs the life of its creator.

GIBBONS' TOOTHACHE GUM.
For sale by Druggists. Price 15c.
A. P. 568.

From all Stations in Ontario Return Rates to
METHVEN HARTNEY DELORAIN MCOSOMIN BINSARTH \$28.00

REGINA MOOSEJAW YORKTON \$30.00

CALGARY PRINCE ALBERT \$35.00

To leave all points in the Province of Ontario on
SEPTEMBER 1ST, Return until October 10, 1891

Parties ticketing from other points should arrange to arrive at Toronto in time to connect with the 11 p.m. train leaving August 11th, 18th, September 1st, 1891.

For full information apply to any Ticket agent of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Then Mrs. Marshall showed a collection of crutches and sticks which her husband had used. The whole collection was a large and remarkable one.

Mrs. Marshall showed a letter received that day from New York State, in which was a query similar to many that had previously been received by Mr. Marshall, "Write me if it is a fact or only an advertisement."

"Here's a bundle of letters," said Mrs. Marshall, showing about a hundred letters tied together, "that my husband has received during the past two weeks, and I can tell you he is only too glad to answer all the letters cheerfully and readily, for he is anxious to give all the information he can to others suffering as he did." A firm step here was heard at the gate and in a moment a sturdy healthy-looking man of middle age with gleaming black side whiskers and ruddy, pleasant features stepped into the room. It was Mr. Marshall, who gave no indication of ever having been a sick man, suffering from ataxy. When the reporter's mission was explained, Mr. Marshall's face lighted up with a smile, which caused a responsive one to rise upon the features of his wife, and he expressed his perfect willingness to tell all that was asked of him.

"Why, I feel a better man now than I did ten years ago," said he, cheerfully. "It's four years next August since I did a day's work but I guess I can soon make a start again. About my illness? It was all caused through falling and hurting my back. I kept getting worse until I couldn't get off a chair without a stick or crutches. The lower part of my body and legs were useless. I tried every doctor and every patent medicine, spending hundreds of dollars. Everything that was likely to help me I got, but I might as well have thrown it in the bay. I suppose my wife has shown you the apparatus I used at one time or another. A dozen city doctors gave me up. I got enough electric shocks for half a dozen men, but they did me no good. I lost control of my bowels and water and couldn't sleep without morphine. During the day my legs were cold and I had to sit by the stove wrapped in a blanket, suffering intense agony from nervous pains in the legs, neck and head. Yes, I received from the Royal Templars a \$1,000 cheque, being declared totally unable to follow my employment. One day in April I took a notion to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, carefully following the directions accompanying each box. Why, in three days I got relief and kept on mending. I threw away the morphine pills and the crutches. I recovered my appetite and regained control of my bowels and water and I went on getting better and stronger and now you see me stronger and more healthy than I was for years before I was taken ill. I tell you I am feeling first-class," and Mr. Marshall slapped his legs vigorously and gave the lower part of his back a good

thumping, afterwards going up and down the room at a lively gait.

"I weigh 160 pounds to-day," he continued, "and I've gained 30 pounds since I first took Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I haven't such a thing as a pain or ache about me, and another thing, I can walk as easily in the dark as in the light."

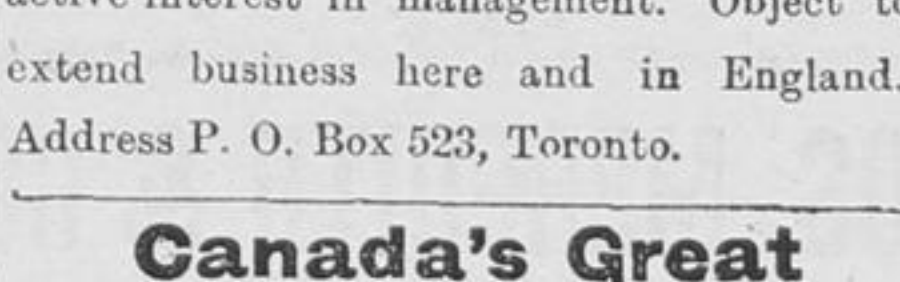
Mr. Marshall offered to make an affidavit to the truth of the above story, but the reporter considered that wholly unnecessary. He carried conviction to the inquirer's mind by every word and action, and there was no gainsaying the fact that the cure was one of the most marvellous in the nineteenth century. All the neighbors bore testimony to the genuineness of the cure. None of them ever expected to see Mr. Marshall on his feet again and regarded his restoration to health as nothing short of marvellous.

Inquiries among the city druggists disclosed the fact that an extraordinary demand had arisen for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and that the claims made for them by the proprietors are borne out by numerous cures. It may here be remarked that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are offered by the proprietors as a certain blood tonic and nerve builder for all diseases arising from an over-taxed or weakened condition of the nervous system, or from an impoverished or vitiated condition of the blood—such as the complaints peculiar to female weakness, loss of appetite, inability to sleep, dizziness, pale and sallow complexions, loss of memory, that tired feeling which affects so many, and disease resulting from over work, mental worry, abuse or loss of vital forces, etc.

John A. Barr, a well known and popular dispenser of drugs here, told the reporter that he knew of no patent medicine that had such a demand upon it, or one that had done all that was promised for it. On that day he had sold no less than forty boxes of the pills, and since he received the first instalment he had sold nearly three hundred boxes. He told of several cases of great relief and cure that had come under his notice. Mr. Wm. Webster, MacNab street, after suffering from ataxy for years, from the first had found certain relief from taking the pills, and he is now a new man. Mr. George Lees, corner of Park and Main Sts., after years of illness of a similar nature, had taken three boxes of the pills, and was able to walk out greatly improved in health. Another case Mr. Barr vouched for was a city patient, who had been cured by the pills of the effects of la grippe, after having been given up by the doctors. Many others had spoken highly of the Pink Pills as a fine remedy for nervous and blood disorders. Other druggists told the same story.

One thing worthy of note in connection with the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the light expense attending the treatment. These pills are sold in boxes (never in bulk or by the 100) at fifty cents a box and may be had of all dealers or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Morristown, N. Y.

Fortify Yourself Against the Hot Weather
BY STRENGTHENING UP.
THE REGULAR USE OF



Has a wonderful effect in keeping the system well Nourished.
The best safeguard against disease is to keep strong.

PARTNER WANTED.

Wanted a Person with Capital to join an Established House and take an active interest in management. Object to extend business here and in England. Address P. O. Box 523, Toronto.

Canada's Great INDUSTRIAL FAIR

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SCIENCE, ART AND INDUSTRY COMBINED WITH INSTRUCTION AND AMUSEMENT
NEW IDEAS
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CHEAP EXCURSIONS ON ALL RAILWAYS
J. J. WITHEROW H. J. HILL
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