

## THE FLOOD ON THE CREEK, APRIL 1891.

Almost broken was the lyre  
 In the hands of bard McIntyre,  
 Who long had mused beside the stream,  
 Till rudely wakened from his dream.

The waters high in each dam pent,  
 Rushed furious when they found vent ;  
 Through the flood gates opened wide  
 Madly raged the foaming tide.

He heard the waters awful dash,  
 And he heard his warehouse crash,  
 And saw the waves in wild commotion  
 Bearing his stock to the ocean.

Now thanks he gives unto each friend,  
 Who a helping hand did lend ;  
 With gratitude they did inspire  
 The heart-felt thanks of McIntyre.

Old friends and new he'll gladly meet  
 On the west side of Thames street,  
 Where he has a foundation sure,  
 And a good stock of furniture.

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## BIG CROPS OF 1891.

Eighteen hundred and ninety-one  
 For good crops it leads the van ;  
 As land had blessed showers of rain,  
 Which brought abundant crops of grain.

Not scorched with heat, the air was cool,  
 And the ears were large and full ;  
 Forty bushel to the acre  
 Makes flour that delights the baker.

None ever saw such crops as these,  
 So great the yield of oats and pease ;  
 Fifty bushels to the acre  
 Makes us grateful to our maker.