



CLARK'S
·O.N.T.
RHYMES
FOR ALL
TIMES:

USE



ON WHITE SPOOLS!

GEORGE A. CLARK, Sole Agent.

IT IS

SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHERS

FOR

HAND AND MACHINE USE.

Garments sewed with O. N. T. FAST
BLACK will never show white on the
seams after being worn or washed.



Poor old Robinson Crusoe!
Poor old Robinson Crusoe—
He made him a coat
Of an old Nanny Goat,
I wonder how he could
do so!

You wouldn't wonder if
you had known

That Crusoe, when he
sailed from home,
Like all wise men

When they go to
sea,

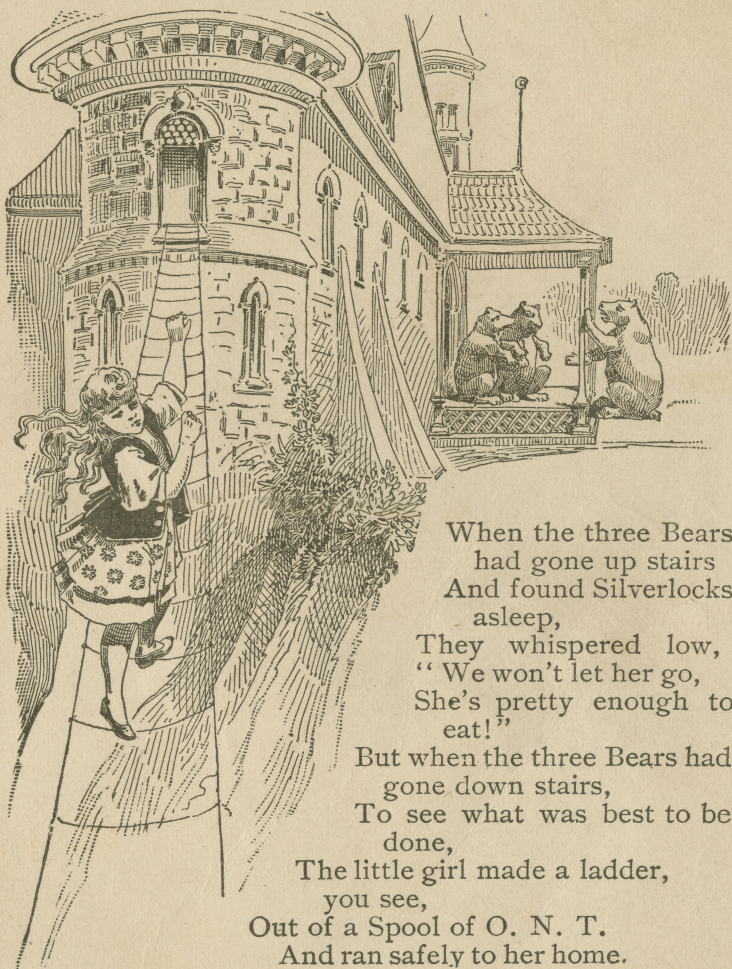
Took with him a
dozen of O.N.T.

And, in five
and twenty
years, they
say,

Not a stitch in
that old skin-
coat gave way!



Three little kittens they lost their mittens
One evening out at tea ;
“ How was that ? ” said the mother Cat,
“ Explain immediately.
Didn't I tell you to tie them on
With some of Clark's O. N. T. ?
Had you done that,” said the mother Cat,
“ They had never been lost, you see.”



When the three Bears
had gone up stairs
And found Silverlocks
asleep,

They whispered low,
"We won't let her go,
She's pretty enough to
eat!"

But when the three Bears had
gone down stairs,
To see what was best to be
done,

The little girl made a ladder,
you see,

Out of a Spool of O. N. T.
And ran safely to her home.



Jack, the Champion
Giant Killer,
Made a trap of twigs and
cotton,
And Giant Grumbow, step-
ping on it,
Was sent headlong to
the bottom:
'Twas a wise thing in the
Champion,
He used not the O. N. T.
Or, possibly, until this day,
Old Grumbow had gone
free —
It takes more than a giant's
weight,
The matchless O. N. T. to
break,

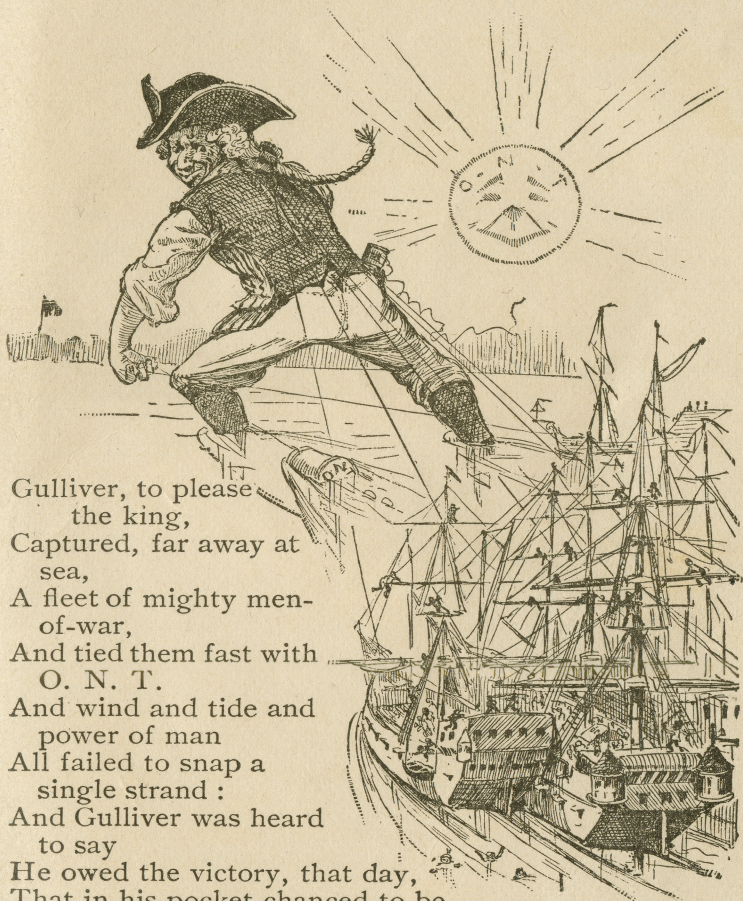


When little Cinderella
Went to meet the
Prince,
A handsomer pair there
was not there,
Nor ever has been
since ;
And Cinderella's Cloth-
ing
Was as fine as fine
could be,
All made in a night, by
a fairy sprite,
With the marvelous
O. N. T.
Which goes to show,
If you didn't know,
This Cotton's Pedi-
gree.



Little Bo-Peep she lost her sheep
And didn't know where to find them,
She left them alone, and when they came
home,

They had no tails behind them.
Now little Bo-Peep she takes her sheep,
Ah, smart little maiden she !
And though each tail is long
She sews it on strong
With some of her O. N. T.



Gulliver, to please
the king,
Captured, far away at
sea,
A fleet of mighty men-
of-war,
And tied them fast with
O. N. T.
And wind and tide and
power of man
All failed to snap a
single strand :
And Gulliver was heard
to say
He owed the victory, that day,
That in his pocket chanced to be
Several spools of O. N. T.



In the Days of King Arthur
A baby boy came
To a cottager's wife,
Tom Thumb was his
name;

A prettier child you never
did see,

The size of a
Spool of Clark's O. N. T.

Was he fat? Was he thin?
Was he dark? Was he fair?

I am sure I don't know,
And I'm sure you don't care.

USE

MARSHALL'S

LINEN THREAD

—ON—

200-YARD SPOOLS.

GUARANTEED FULL LENGTH.

MADE FROM THE BEST FLAX

—AND—

MILWARD'S

HELIx NEEDLES

IN PATENT WRAPPERS.

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

