

POULTRY AND EGGS

Condensed advertisements will be inserted under this heading at two cents per word each insertion. Each initial counts for one word, and figures for two words. Names and addresses are counted. Cash must always accompany the order for any advertisement under this heading. Parties having good pure-bred poultry and eggs for sale will find plenty of customers by using our advertising columns. No advertisement inserted for less than 30 cents.

BUFF Orpington eggs that hatch; nine chicks guaranteed. Four special pens, \$3 setting. Splendid utility stock, extra heavy layers, \$1 setting. Illustrated catalogue free. Hugh A. Scott, Caledonia, Ont.

GREAT REDUCTION—Famous Pride of Ontario strain of Rose-comb Rhode Island Reds and White Wyandottes, are prizewinners. Record-breaking layers, large, healthy, vigorous; illustrated circular free. Eggs, special reduction price, only 75 cents per 15. We guarantee satisfaction. Robert Smith, Collingville, Ontario.

SINGLE-COMB BROWN LEGHORNS—Twenty eggs, one dollar; one hundred, four dollars. Single-comb Black Minorcas, thirteen eggs, one dollar. Isaac Reed, Ardrea, Ontario.

S. C. W. LEGHORNS—Prizewinning and great laying stock. Eggs, \$1.00 per 15. A hatch guaranteed. Geo. D. Fletcher, Binkham P.O., Ontario.

TO CLEAR AT A BARGAIN—First-prize 1906 Toronto pullet, second and third prize 1907 Toronto pullets, third-prize London pullet and two good yearling hens. The first ten dollars takes this nice bunch of six. Also, six good Orpington yearling hens; five dollars. H. Weston Parry, Princeton, Ontario.

WHITE ROCK EGGS—Good laying strain, \$1.00 per setting. Highworth Poultry-Yards, London, Ontario.

WANTED—A few private farmers to ship me Poultry, Eggs, Dairy Butter, Syrup, and all other farm produce. Will pay highest market price. W. J. Falle, Prince Albert Ave., Westmount, Montreal.

SPRING BANK FARM Offers S. C. Brown Leghorn eggs at \$1 per 15, \$4 per 100. Excellent layers from prizewinning strain. Satisfaction guaranteed. Wm. Barnet & Sons, Fergus P. O., Ont.

WANTED

Advertisements will be inserted under this heading, such as Farm Properties, Help and Situations Wanted, and Pet Stock. TERMS—Three cents per word each insertion. Each initial counts for one word and figures for two words. Names and addresses are counted. Cash must always accompany the order. No advertisement inserted for less than 60 cents.

FOR SALE—Iron, Pipe, Pulleys, Bolting, Rails, Chain, Wire Fencing, Iron Posts, etc., all sizes very cheap. Send for list, stating what you need. The Imperial Waste & Metal Co., Queen St., Montreal.

SEED CORN—\$1.00 per bushel in three varieties, LEAMING, PRIDE OF NORTH, SOUTHERN SWEET, BAGS, 25c. each. CALEDONIA MILLING CO., CALEDONIA, ONT.

VANCOUVER ISLAND offers sunshine, mild climate; good profits for ambitious men with small capital in business, professions, fruit-growing, poultry, farming, manufacturing, lands, timber, mining, railroads, navigation, fisheries, new towns; no thunder storms, no mosquitoes; no malaria. For authentic information, free booklets, write Vancouver Island Development League, Room A, 102 Broughton St., Victoria, B.C.

WANTED—Persons to grow Mushrooms for us. Waste space in cellars, gardens and outhouses can be made yield \$15 to \$25 per week. Mushroom beds bear every month in the year. Illustrated booklet free. Montreal Supply Co., Montreal.

WE HAVE FARMS

of all sizes and suitable for all kinds of farming in every county in Western Ontario. Send for our catalogue. The Western Real Estate Exchange, Ltd., 78 Dundas St., London, Ont.

MANURE

FOR SALE.

Union Stock-Yards, Toronto.

Hegan I think Miss de Blank is very nice.

Jones—What causes you to think that? I never thought her so.

Hegan I met her out for a walk this afternoon, and asked if I might see her home. She said yes, I could see it from the top of the high school building, and that it was necessary to go any farther.

When Old Age Comes.

By Burges Johnson.

If God grant me old age
I would see some things finished, some
outworn;
Some stone prepared for builders yet
unborn.

Nor would I be the sated, weary sage
Who sees no strange new wonder in
each morn.

And with me there on what men call the
shelf
Crowd memories from which I cull the
best,—

And live old strifes, old kisses, some
old jest;
For if I be no burden to myself
I shall be less a burden to the rest.

If God grant you old age,
I'll love the record writ in whitened
hair,
I'll read each wrinkle wrought by
patient care,

As oft as one would scan a treasured
page,
Knowing by heart each sentence graven
there.

I'd have you know life's evil and life's
good,
And gaze out calmly, sweetly on it all—
Serene with hope, whatever may befall;

As tho' a love-strong spirit ever stood
With arm about you, waiting any call.

If God grant us old age,
I'd have us very lenient toward our
kind,
Letting our waning senses first grow
blind

Toward sins that youthful zealots can
engage,
While we hug closer all the good we
find.

I'd have us worldly foolish, heaven wise,
Each lending each frail succor to with-
stand,
Ungrudging, ev'ry mortal day's demand;

While fear-fed lovers gaze in our old eyes,
And go forth bold and glad and hand
in hand.

—Harper's Magazine.

More Than Once.

If at first you do succeed,
Try again!
Life is more than just one deed;
Try again!

Never stop with what you've done;
More remains than you have won;
Full content's vouchsafed to none;
Try again!

If you've won on lower plane,
Try again!
Life is more than one campaign;
Try again!

Send your guidons to the fore;
Strive to seize one standard more;
Still ungained are palms galore;
Try again!

If at first you do succeed,
Try again!
For future harvest sow the seed;
Try again!

Rise with sacred discontent
Realize that life is lent
On highest searches to be spent;
Try again!

—Our Young Folks.

The Roundabout Club

Biographical Sketches.

Robert Southey.

Robert Southey was born at Bristol, England, on the 19th of August, 1774. His father was a small linen-draper of straitened circumstances, but, by the generosity of rich relatives, young Robert was given a chance to obtain an education. He was first taken in charge by an aunt, a Miss Tyler, with whom he lived for some years, at Bath. Here the life was lonely for a boy of his years, but there were two circumstances which were destined to exercise an important influence on his future life. In the first place, Miss Tyler was fond of literature, and had an ex-

tensive library, which the lad might use at will; in the second, she was passionately fond of the theatre, and took him to see many plays. As a consequence, his poetical temperament was encouraged, and it is not surprising to find that, at a very early age, he had decided to become a writer of dramas.

In 1788 he was sent to the Westminster school, whence, after four years, he was expelled for having written an article against flogging for the school paper. During this period he does not appear to have greatly distinguished himself as a student; he had, however, spent much time on old books of romance and legends, and had been greatly impressed by Spencer, Tasso, and Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." The age, too, was one for the breeding of poets. It was the time of Washington, of the fall of the Bastille, of the great revolutionary spirit which had sent the cry, "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity!" to the hearts of many a young Englishman, as well as to those of the surging masses of France, and which in England, removed from the scenes of actual conflict, found expression through the burning pens of those who might wield no stronger weapon.

After leaving Westminster, Southey was enabled, through the generosity of an uncle, to go to Oxford, which he never liked, the only event of his stay there which seems to have made any impression on him being his acquaintance with the works of the old philosopher, Epictetus. "I carried Epictetus in my pocket," he wrote, "till my very heart was engrained with it." During this period, however, he wrote some of his shorter poems, and, with Coleridge, formed a wonderful plan to go to America, the land of freedom, to found there an Utopian colony on the banks of the Susquehanna. The two were to be joined by another young friend, Lovell, and were to marry sisters of Lovell's wife, Martha and Edith Fricker.

Events, however, followed more quickly than the young poets had calculated. Miss Tyler found out about Miss Fricker, and ordered Southey from her house. In desperation for want of money, he published his "Joan of Arc," and the proceeds from this proving inadequate, was glad enough to accept the invitation of an uncle to spend six months with him at Lisbon. Before going he secretly married his Edith, and, on his return, attempted to make some provision for establishing a home by taking up the study of law, continuing, meanwhile, to write articles for the magazines and to elaborate his plans for "Thalaba" and "The History of Brazil."

Finding that he could make a living by his pen, he took his wife, in 1803, to Keswick, in the Lake Country, where, with Coleridge, he entered upon the career of literary work which he pursued for the rest of his life.

Success came to him partly, perhaps, by reason of his indefatigable industry, for his talents were not, in poetry, at least, of the most brilliant order. In 1813 he was appointed Poet Laureate; in 1820 he was given the degree of LL.D. by Oxford University; in 1826 he was elected to Parliament, although he never sat in the House; in 1835 he was offered, and declined, knighthood, and was given, instead, by Sir Robert Peel, an annual pension of £300.

During his later years, bitter troubles came to him. His favorite son and a daughter died, and when, in 1835, his wife also passed away, he received a shock from which he never recovered, although two years later, for the mere sake of companionship, he married an old friend, Caroline Bowles, then fifty-two years of age. Finally his mind gave way altogether, and for the last three or four years of his life he rambled aimlessly about the gardens and in his beloved library, in which he had collected 11,000 volumes. "I left him," says Wordsworth, describing a pen-

ful visit, "patting with both hands his books, affectionately, like a child."

He died in 1843, leaving behind him the record of a life of unusual purity, sympathy and charity, for he had lived, as far as man could, the ideal he taught in his books. Out of the fifty books and innumerable magazine articles which he wrote, he is, perhaps, best remembered by a few of his shorter poems, "The Battle of Blenheim," "The Holly Tree," and others, and by his fine biography, "The Life of Nelson," which holds its place among the masterpieces of English literature. The most important of his other works are, beside those already mentioned, "Madoc," "The Curse of Kehama," "Lives of Wesley and Bunyan," "History of the Peninsular War," and a "Naval History."

John Stuart Mill.

John Stuart Mill was born in London, May 20th, 1806, the eldest son of James Mill, Head Examiner of the East India House, philosopher, author of the "History of British India" and other works. "A remarkable son of a remarkable father," it has been said of him; yet the younger Mill was ostensibly the more lovable character of the two, less the stoic, more filled with the "milk of human kindness," and this, in spite of the fact that he was the victim of as strange a system of education as was ever experimented upon a human being.

Until he was almost grown, John Stuart Mill was, in fact, the pupil of his most brilliantly-educated father. At three years of age he was set to learn the Greek alphabet; at eight he began Latin, and was able to read a number of Greek prose authors before his twelfth year, he was familiar with Virgil, Horace, Livy, Sallust, Homer, Demosthenes and Aristotle's Rhetoric, in addition to volumes of history; Hume and Gibbon, and, for lighter literature, Arabian Nights and Don Quixote. In addition, he was expected to teach his younger brothers and sisters, and to spend his time for exercise in walking with his father, learning, by conversation, all the way.

At twelve he began Logic and Political Economy, became enamoured of treatises on chemistry, and was given constant exercise in "dissecting bad arguments and finding in what part the fallacy lay." Indeed, in all things he was thrown upon his own powers of judgment. "Anything which could be found out by thinking," he says, "I never was told until I had exhausted my efforts to find it out for myself."

But he had no childhood. He was kept away from other boys, and knew nothing of the physical education which comes of spontaneous play. "I never was a boy," he said, many years afterwards, giving us a brief glimpse into that pitifully solitary, stillhood time of early youth. "I never played at cricket; it is better to let Nature have her own way."

Stranger than all, he was taught less of religion than the veriest pagan. "I grew up in a negative state with regard to religious belief," he says. And, indeed, during his whole life, Mill passed for a free-thinker, although, as time went on, there were evidences that he did not wholly repudiate religion, but only what seemed to him the popular but mistaken conception of it, as exemplified in the teachings of the time. "Think," he used to say, "of a being who would make a Hell—who would create the human race with the infallible fore knowledge, and therefore with the intention that the great majority of them were to be consigned to horrible and everlasting torment. The time, I believe, is drawing near when this dreadful conception of an object of worship will be no longer identified with Christianity."

Upon reaching the age of fourteen, Mill spent a profitable year with the family of Sir Samuel Bentham, in France, where he became deeply im-