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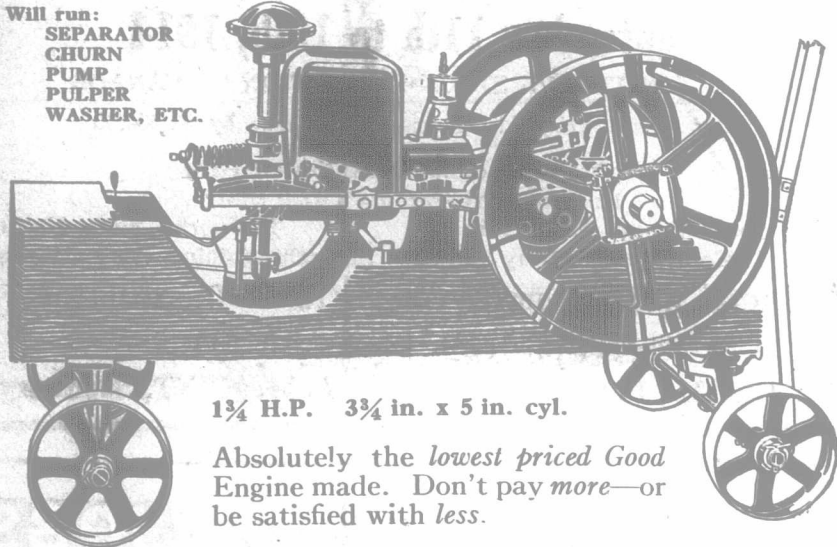
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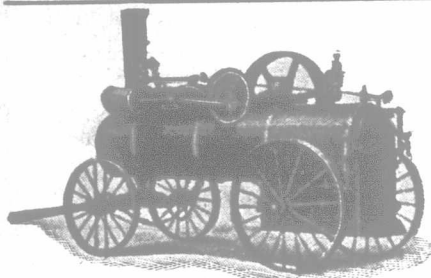
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Condensed advertisements will be inserted under this heading at three cents per word each insertion. Each initial counts for one word and figures for two words. Names and addresses are counted. Cash must always accompany the order for any advertisement under this heading. Parties having good pure-bred poultry and eggs for sale will find plenty of customers by using our advertising columns. No advertisements inserted for less than 50 cents.

DUCKS—Records exist where Indian Runner ducks have produced 300 to 320 eggs in 365 days. True Indian Runner ducks, trios \$10, baby ducks 75 cts. each. Fertile eggs, \$2, \$3 and \$5 per setting. Mrs. E. C. Cattley, Weston, Ont.

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S. C. White Leghorns—Great laying and prize winning strains, eggs \$1 per 15, a hatch guaranteed, \$4 per 100. GEO. D. FLETCHER, R. R. No. 2, Erin, Ontario Phone Erin.

Louise had made loud and repeated calls for more turkey at the Christmas dinner. After she had disposed of a liberal quantity she was told that too much turkey would make her sick. Looking wistfully at the fowl for a moment she said:

"Well, give me anuzzer piece an' send for the doctor."

How a Bricklayer Wrote a Great Book.

He didn't write it! He never saw nor heard of it. I can't tell you his name—nobody knows it. He was just a bricklayer, for whom nobody cared enough to ask his name. Yet if it hadn't been for him the great book might never have been printed. Some day you will hear of Carlyle's "French Revolution." That is the book I mean. The bricklayer never could have written it; he didn't know enough. Nobody could have written it but Thomas Carlyle, who was a great man. Let me tell you the story of that book. When Mr. Carlyle had finished the second volume he lent it to another great man to read; and that man lent it to a friend of his, who left it lying on his table. It had not been printed; the pages were only in writing. The housemaid, looking for something with which to start a fire, saw the loose papers and used them for kindling! It was the only copy.

When Mr. Carlyle learned of it he was in despair. He was so discouraged that he sat idle for many days. And Mr. Carlyle knew how to grumble. But one morning, sitting by his open window, he saw the bricklayer building a wall, brick by brick, and singing as he worked. He said to himself: "What a fool I am! That humble workman puts me to shame!" So with fresh courage he began his task again; and after many, many days the great book was written once more and given to the world.

The workman never knew what a day's work he had done. He was just faithful in the little things of his task, laying bricks, one by one, all day long and singing his happy thoughts. If you are faithful in your daily work, no matter how small it is, you never can tell what use God will make of you.—Frank T. Bayley, in The Congregationalist and Christian World.

Breakfast Looks.

The finest compliment I have ever heard paid to a woman, said a woman recently, was by her husband, and he said in speaking of her, "We always think of her as a morning glory because she looks so bright and cheery and pretty at the breakfast table."

How many breakfast tables are presided over by women who make no effort to be dainty! And there are a great number who are at once untidy and even uncleanly to look at.

The claim that household duties keep women from looking well in the morning is easily disproved, for in many a household where the lady gives a helping hand in the kitchen a big apron will thoroughly protect her dress, and then, too, cooking, unless one makes it so, is never dirty work.

That woman commits an error who looks uncared for and badly dressed in the morning.

The other woman who wears any old thing to the breakfast table is also making a mistake, for that is the time when the men of the household ought to see a woman at her best and not specially rely on her appearance in the evening, when the soft and charitable light of the gas will hide many defects.—Ex.

Flower Superstitions.

By Ina Lord McDavitt.

The works of the old English dramatists abound in quaint superstitions concerning plants and their properties, many of which would have entirely disappeared were it not for these faithful chroniclers.

The root of the mandrake was supposed to be in the form of the human figure, and to cause insanity and sometimes death, as evidenced by this, the oldest witch-song in existence:

I lay last night all alone
On the ground to hear the mandrake groan,
And plucked him up, though he grew full low,
And as I did the cock did crow!

Shakespeare, in "Romeo and Juliet" (Act IV, Scene 3), has Juliet exclaim: And shrieks like mandrakes torn out of the earth,
That living mortals hearing them run mad.

"The shrieks of the mandrake were so horrible," says one writer, "that it was customary in gathering the plant, not only to employ a dog but to stuff tow in the ears."

Where the sad mandrake grows,
Whose groans are dreadful.

Says Ben Jonson in "The Sad Shepherd": The eating of the roots of hemlock caused the victim to see visions.

"You gazed against the sun, and so blemished your sight; or else you have eaten of the roots of hemlock, that makes men's eyes conceive strange objects," says Green, in "Never Too Late to Mend" (1615); and Banquo, after the witches have hailed Macbeth as king, exclaims:

Were such things here as we do speak about?

Or have we eaten on the insane root That takes the reason prisoner?

"The stupefying hemlock," says Ben Jonson, in "The Sad Shepherd."

There was a superstition that knot-grass prevented the growth of a child or animal.

Get you gone, you dwarf;
You minions, of hindering knot-grass made.

"Midsummer Night's Dream," Act III, Sec. 2.

Gerard, in his Herbal, says: "Darnel nurteth the eyes and maketh them dim, if it happens either in corn for bread or drink."

Good-morning, gallants! want ye corn for bread?

I think the Duke of Burgandy will fast Before he'll buy again of such a rate:

'Twas full of darnel.
I Henry VI, Act III, Sec. 2

"Laurel for a garland and elder for disgrace," says an old play; probably founded upon the legend that Judas was hanged on an elder.

Well followed; Judas was hanged on an elder.

"Love's Labor Lost."

"He shall be our Judas, and you shall be his elder tree to hang on," says Ben Jonson.

"Our gardens will prosper the better when we have in them not one of those elders whereupon so many covetous Judases hang themselves," says Nixon, in "Strange Footsteps," and Marlowe, that brilliant precursor of Shakespeare, has:

The hat he wears Judas left under the elder when he hanged himself.

"Jew of Malta."

Eating of fern-seed was supposed to render the eater invisible.

The herb that gives invisibility.
Beaumont and Fletcher.

We have the receipt of fern-seed—we walk invisible.

I Henry IV, Act II, Sec. 1.
—Suburban Life.