## When the Crows Come Back

I can stand it well enough in the dark of the year, When I know the earth is frost-bound and the woods are sere; Though even then I'm thinking of the sledding track—
But my heart grows sick with longing when the crows come back.

I listen, listen, listen, as I walk the streets. Oh, I know the lark's note well enough—it's rare and sweet;—And I love to hear the robins, with their saucy clack—But something grips my heartstrings when the crows come back.

And twice good luck has found me as I walked the street; Far overhead their wings went, with their steady beat.
"Unhalting and unresting," with a good ship's tack—
And I heard it like a whisper: "We've come back, come back!"

O Mother Earth, dear Mother, with your cool, soft arms, When the grass waves, and the wind sings, and the sunlight

warms, I am sick for you, I pine for you, and most I lack All your light and love and comfort when the crows come back!

—Margaret Vandergrift.

AN EASTER CAROL

By Christina Rossetti

he rain is over and gone; its work

Bud, olive, fat with fruit and oil and

Spring bursts to-day.

Flash forth thou sun

at play.

is done.

at last.

Bud, fig and vine,

Beside your dams

All berds and flocks

Blossom by blossom, bell by bell, The south winds usher Easter

On every hill beneath the skies, Where winter storms have worked

The resurrection and the life.

The Man Who Sings. Give us, oh give us, the man

equal to any of those who follow the same pursuit in silent sul-lenness. He will do more in the

same time-he will persevere longer. One is scarcely sensible of fatigue whilst he marches to music. The very stars are said

to make harmony as they re-

volve in their spheres. Won-drous is the strength of cheerful-

less, altogether past calculation

its powers of indurance. Efforts

to be permanently useful, must be uniformly joyous—a spirit all

sunshine — graceful from very gladness — beautiful because

bright.—Carlyle.

-Nancy Byrd Turner.

their strife.

lambs.

rocks.

Break forth this morn

### FOOLING MRS. **PERKINS**

It was April Fool's Day, and Buddy laughing. It was April Fool's Day, and Buddy laughing.

and Pen felt forforn. They had not fooled anyone yet. They had tied an empty pocketbook to one end of a string and left it lying on the side-walk while they hid behind the fence, and held the other end of the string, but no one had picked up the pocketbook. Everyone seemed to know it was a joke. They had iried a good many other tricks, too, but so far not a single person had they fooled.

"It is no better than the 1st of

"It is no better than the 1st of March," said Buddy. "Or the 1st of September," said

Buddy tipped his cap back and scratched his head the way his father did wher he was thinking. They must some one before the day was

For Christ is risen and all the earth's When the two playmates reached Buddy's gate they looked up and down the street hopefully. The only per-son in sight was old Mr. Perkins, who was coming up the street with a big basket in one hand and a cane in the other. Presently the old gentleman Sweet spring is come at last, is come reached the spot where they stood.

"Pretty warm for April, isn't it, children?" he said and pulled his handkerchief out and wiped his face. When he put his handkerchief back he suddenly clapped his hand on an-

other pocket.

"There!" he said. "I forgot all about that money order. I shall have to go way back to the post office and dead.

"Uplift thy head, o pure white lily through the winter dead. other pocket.

He gave such a sigh that Pen and Buddy wished they could go back for Leap and rejoice, you merry-making

"Could you watch this basket while I'm gone?" asked Mr. Perkins. "It's pretty heavy to carry back so far."

All herds and flocks

Rejoice, all beasts of thickets and of rocks. "Yes, sir, we will," the children promised, and they were glad that

there was something they could do. Angels and men, and birds, and everyoff; they could hear the click of his cane long after he had turned the

"And still there's nobody to fool!" Buddy said with a sigh almost as deep as Mr. Perkins's sigh had been.

"And now we can't even leave to look for anybody," said Pen. "We've got to stay and watch this basket."

Again the ancient miracle,

As new as though it had not been!

sight of his express wagon over by the porch. "I know what we'll do!" he cried. "We'll fool Mr. Perkins

looked shocked. "O Buddy!"

she said reproachfully.

"You just wait a minute!" Buddy replied. He ran into the yard and drew the wagon out to the sidewalk. Then he lifted the basket into it. April, that shining angel, cries

"Come along!" he said with a smile.
"You come right along with me!"
Pen did not know what to make of her playmate, but she turned and fol-

street, dragging the wagon behind "O dear!" she thought. "He's run-

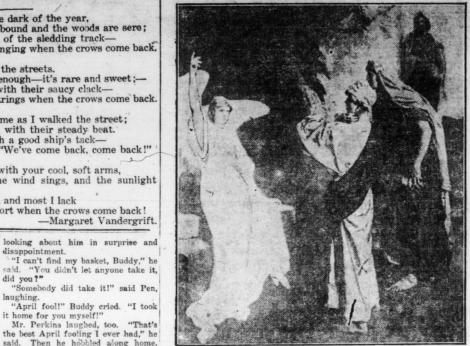
ning away with poor Mr. Perkins's groceries! What will Mrs. Perkins After a while they came to a little white house at the end of the square,

and there Buddy turned in. "Why, this is Mr. Perkins's house!" Pen said. Buddy rang the bell, and when the

old lady opened the door he handed the basket to her.
"Mr. Perkins had to go back to the

post office," he explained, "and so I brought his basket home for him." When the two children got back to Buddy's gate there stood Mr. Perkins,

"HOLY WOMEN AT THE TOMB" By Axel Ender, Norway



"WHY SEEK YE THE LIVING AMONG THE DEAD?" There was a great earthquake: for the Angel of the Lord descended from Heaven and came and rolled back the stone from the door and sat upon it. And the Angel said unto the women, "He is not here: for He is risen. Come, see the place where the Lord lay."

# Easter Day

Thou Vanquisher of Death! Thou Risen Lord! Great Conqueror of man's most dreaded foe! Come with Thy calm, deep peace and living breath, This Easter-tide, and bring us comfort so.

Lead Thou us on, with Thy most perfect love; Show us Thy hands, so marred by cruel men; Teach us to see in Thee, the Lord above,

The Man who tasted death and rose again. And if our hearts should fail, our wills should break. If, weeping, we but see Thy bruised head; Make us to hear the words the angels spake:

Jesus, your Lord, is risen from the dead!" Thou Vanquisher of Death! Thous Risen Lord! Remember us, who are but dust, we pray; Crown us with mellow joy; fulfil Thy word, Be with us, Lord of Life, on Easter Day!

April, Frail and Fair. At last young April, ever frail and Lord, now that spring is in the

Wood by her playmate with the golden hair,

Wood by her playmate with the Fixed with the wine of Thy great low Lift Thou me up.

opening buds.

In tears and blushes sighs herself
Show me that Thou art April, Lord,

flowers of May.

—Oliver Wendell Holmes. Fill all our world; this is the time of

The largest perfect bell in the world in a temple at Osaka, Japan; it is, 24 feet high and weighs 200 tons.

# An Easter Prayer.

And every tulip is a cup

floods
O'er the soft meadows starred with opening buds.
In teers and blyshes sichs herself.

And white as they.

I'll hear Thee pass!

—Charles Hanson Towne. Crabs chew their food with their

to the margin of receding Raise Thou my heart as flowers aris

away,
And hides her cheek beneath the

### To Those in Town.

The fairy piper's calling
"Come out and greet the spring."
Come leave your toil and hurrying,
Give over fret and worrying,
The elfin piper's calling
"Oh, come and welcome spring."

Loo! on the hill in mist of green Stand vestal birches, clustered, shy, And maples flaunt their flaming buds Against the soft blue of the sky.

Down in the glen the grim rocks her Waters that singing, sunward flow And shadowed snows still melt and

drop
To quicken violets below.

Come out upon the meadows, there Winds dance, so tiptoe on the grass, Only the bending flowers show Where they press lightly as they

The fairy piper's calling, "Come out and greet the spring." This is no time for pondering, Now set your feet a-wandering, Follow the piper's calling,

"Away to welcome spring."

—Anna Campbell,

### Pussy-Willows.

From their pretty woodland nook, Baby Pussy-Willows look. They are longing for the Spring, That will dress of grey silk bring. Now these babes wear silver fur. In the heart of each wee spur

So they watch from morn till night. And from night right through to

Till the first Spring day shall dawn. List! the merry song-birds sing.

Nature whispers — "Here comes Spring."

Peeping from their cosy beds, Pussy-Willows raise their heads, And the perfumed morning air Tells them sweet Springtime is here-So green petticoats they don, And their grey silk dress put on.

—Mrs. F. E. Kortright.

### EASTERTIDE

Oh, rare as the splendor of lilles, Comes the jubilant morning of Easter A triumph of life over death, For fresh from the earth's quickened

Full baskets of flowers we bring. nd scatter their satin-soft petals To carpet a path for our King.

We have groped through the twilight of sorrow,

Have tasted the Marah of tears,

But lo! in the gray of the dawning Breaks the hope of our long-silent years.

And the loved and the lost we thought

perished,
Who vanished afar in the night,
Will return in the beauty of spring-

time, To beam on our rapturous sight.

In the countless green blades of the meadow,

The sheen of the daffodil's gold,
in the tremulous blue on the mo

tains, The opaline mist on the wold. In the tinkle of brooks through the

pasture, The river's strong sweep to the sea, Are signs of the day that is hasting In gladness to you and to me.

So dawn in thy splendor of lilies, Thy fluttering violet breath, Oh, jubilant morning of Easter, Thou triumph of life over death! For fresh from the earth's quickened

And scatter their satin-soft petals, To carpet a path for our King. -Margaret E. Sangster

### Spiral Blades

Spiral blades on the bottom of a new metal fence post enable it to be screw-ed into hard ground, plates holding it motionless afterward.

# Weekly Market Report

1.25.
Manitoba oats—Nominal.
Manitoba barley—Nominal.
All the above, track, Bay ports.
American corn—No. 2 yellow, 92c;

No. 3, 90c.

Barley—Malting, 59 to 61c, according to freights outside.

Buckwheat—No. 2, 75 to 77c.

Rye—No. 2, 79 to 81c.

Peas—No. 2, \$1.45 to \$1.50.

Millfeed—Del., Montreal freights, bags included: Bran, per ton, \$26; shorts, per ton, \$26; shorts, per ton, \$26; good feed flour, \$2.

Ontario wheat—No. 2 white, \$1.14 to \$1.16, according to freights outside.

Ontario No. 2 white oats—49 to 51c.

Ontario corn—Nominal.



# **BRITISH BRANCH** PLANTS IN CANADA

MANUFACTURER MUST REALIZE CHANGE IN SITUATION.

### Establishing Branch Plants is Britisher's Only Hope of Meeting U.S. Competition.

Some excellent advice is tendered British manufacturers by G. T. Milne, retiring British Senior Trade Commis-sioner in Canada and Newfoundland, in his last report to the British Government on financial, idustrial and commercial conditions in Canada. Throughout the report stress is laid on the importance of Canada as a field for British branch plants. One paragraph reads:

"The present position of Britain's export trade to the Dominion suggests that this question of branch factories is one of the most important confronting British manufacturers interested in the Canadian market. When it is found that the British product is being ousted owing to competition from foreign as well as local manufacturers and this notwithstanding the preferential treatment accorded to the goods of the United Kingdom by the Canadian tariff, it behooves the home firm which is losing ground to investigate on the spot the cause of the decline in its trade. Having done this, the firm should give careful consideration to the question of establishing a branch works in the Dominion in conjunction with an adequate selling organization.'

In the brightening of economic conditions in the British Isles and the re-solve to enter again more aggressively into the lists of world trade, there is a gratifying desire exhibited to ex-pand trade relations with the Domini-ons of the Empire which is based not alone on sentiment but on sound com percial expediency. In certain direc-tions the impression seems to exist that it is only a matter of going out to secure this trade. This is far from the case as far as Canada, at least, is concerned, and indicates a crass inor-

of success for the Canadian trade, do-mestic and export, the British manufacturer must realize the drastic changes which have been effected in Canada within the past eight years. There is a strong rival which previous ly did not figure so prominently in the lists. He must make himself an ac-tive competitor and efficient opponent by the employment of methods calculated to be attended with success. The most powerful trade weapon the United States has wielded for some time in Canada has been the branch factory, and this is becoming increas-ingly efficacious in the securing of Canadian trade. Competition can only be effected with any degree of equality by the use of equally efficient weap-ons, and the British manufacturer must realize he must employ the same neans of trade aggression.

For many reasons, sentimental and otherwise, Canada would like to see the greater establishment of British branch plants in the Dominion. It is for this reason that the Dominion has never ceased to point out to British manufacturers the one and only possible means of meeting the competition they are to expect with hopes of a successful issue.

Uncle Jack asked little Celia if she didn't want him to play with her. "Oh, no," she said, "we're playing Indian and you're no use, 'cause you're scalp-











PRINCESS MARY AND HER SON

The first picture to reach Canada of Princess Mary, Viscountess Las-

with her son, who was christened on Palm Sunday at St. Mary's

