

## When the Crossby Heir Came Home

BY BEATRICE McDONALD

The town of Hillsboro was agog over the coming of Wilbur Crossby's nephew. Wilbur had died suddenly and now Dean, his nephew, heir to his fortune, was coming to settle his uncle's affairs. Crossby's lawyer had given out no statement as to the extent of his wealth, but intimations had been sufficient to send every mother with eligible daughters scurrying to make their pretty before the nephew's arrival.

"Going to make yourself smart for the Crossby heir?" asked Mrs. Gates of Amy Phelps, the pretty school mistress who lived with her. "You could give the others hereabouts all kinds of handiaps when it comes to looks. Why don't you do up and go after him?"

Amy's silvery laugh was a tonic for all who came within earshot of it. Mrs. Gates said it always made her feel a few months younger every time she heard it. "Doll up!" laughed the girl. "How silly! It's my idea of no way to win a husband. Think of what you lay out for yourself. Why—h'd expect to see you looking like a fashion plate every time he came down to dinner, and we know, don't we, Auntie Gates, that it can't be done."

"Maybe not," answered Mrs. Gates with a twinkle in her eye; "but there's a right smart of mothers in Hillsboro's going to start their daughters out trying hard anyway. Mrs. Prentiss says she's counting on the heir for Easter dinner. What do you say to cutting in ahead of her and inviting him?"

"Not on my account," Amy laughed again. "If he isn't here there'll be that much more chicken for me." "Mrs. Prentiss ain't calculating to have chicken. She says she's got what newspapers call a scoop. She remembers when the nephew was little and visited his uncle and how he loved baked rabbit, so she's counting on having that, if she can find one."

With no particular reason, Mrs. Phelps' thoughts reverted to Bobby Raine, one of her pupils, and his pet rabbit. How he did love it! She recalled helping him remove its foot from a trap one day and the look of tenderness upon his face. That brought her to a much mooted question in her own mind—some way to remove Bobby from the unpleasant environment in which he lived, with a woman who called herself his aunt, but whom the majority of the natives believed was no relation to him whatever.

After supper that evening, as Amy was passing a vacant lot on her way to the regular Monday night teachers' meeting, Bobby Raine, jumping out from behind a clump of bushes, clutched at her skirt and whispered, "Walk down this street with me, Miss Phelps—I want to talk to you."

Had it not been for her bump of humor, Amy Phelps would have been at the look of tragedy in the upturned, tear-wet eyes when Bobby looked at her under the street lamp. As it was, she laughed and said, "Walk down this street with me, Miss Phelps—I want to talk to you."

It's about Bunny," he told her when they had reached a spot a little more aloof from the heart of things. "Mrs. Prentiss says to me this morning that she wants to buy him for a little Easter dinner, and I says he's not for sale, and she says she'll see my aunt. Aunt Sophy'll do anything for money you know, Miss Phelps, and rabbits is scarce now and Bunny's all I got to love since Aunt Sophy shot Shep 'cause he ate too much."

The child blinked and choked, his pinched face trembling so pathetically that Amy Phelps would have helped him even if she hadn't known the conditions. "I—I thought maybe you'd keep him for me over to Miss Gates for till Easter's over—ain't I think he's run off," the boy went on.

## The Easter Rabbit

BY EMMA HUGBEE.

"She's right here," she whispered, drawing aside a tuft of dead grasses. Mrs. Peter looked, and sure enough, sitting on a nest of curly pine crepe paper was the most beautiful rabbit that ever was. She was pure white, and much larger than Peter or Mrs. Peter, and she wore an extremely handsome straw bonnet trimmed with pink feathers. But what surprised Mrs. Peter was not the bonnet, though no one in the Green Forest had ever worn anything like that, but the fact that the white stranger was sitting on a nest of eggs. They were such strange eggs, too, all striped with pink and green. Some were covered with flowers, and there was a big one with a glass window in one end, and through it Mrs. Peter could see pictures of flowers and rabbits, all sparkling like ice.

"What are those?" she asked. "Those are Easter eggs, of course," answered the stranger. "They hatch out Easter bunnies."

"But I never saw any bunnies come out of eggs," said Mrs. Peter. "And I've raised a good many fine, healthy families, too. Who are you, anyway?"

The stranger pulled a little powder puff out of her apron pocket, and before Mrs. Peter's scandalized eyes she powdered her nose.

"Of course I'll help you, Bobby. Run back now and when you come to school to-morrow I'll have a plan."

Wilbur Crossby's nephew was due to make his triumphant entry into Hillsboro on Thursday, the following Sunday being Easter, so there was need of speed. Tuesday afternoon after school Amy turned Elizabeth into the highway and went ostensibly to make sick calls on some of her pupils. Elizabeth was her trusty little runabout which had conveyed her on many an errand of mercy.

To-day, strange to say, her road lay past Aunt Sophy's where Bobby lived and, still strange to say, Bobby was waiting for her behind the big maple tree with an old basket in his arms. It was covered with a cloth and he handed it lovingly to Miss Phelps as she slowed down, muttering in an undertone, "Aunt Sophy's in the henhouse—keep him under the seat."

Then Miss Phelps rode on, enjoying the sharp tang in the spring air, out onto the country road and back toward town again. Just as she came abreast of the old Crossby place she killed her engine and got out to do a little coaxing. Meanwhile Bobby, having tired of his close quarters, started on a tour of investigation and when Amy looked up, was jumping along toward an open gate.

Straight into the Crossby yard he ran, stopping behind a lilac bush to see if he was pursued. He was, for Amy, true to her trust, followed the furry fugitive as fast as she could. On and on her ungrateful protegee led her, hopping aggravatingly just beyond her reach, circling the house twice, finally dashing to the porch and through the door, opened at that psychological moment by an extremely good-looking young man.

"Why—how do you do!" he greeted cheerily. "What was it that just decided to partake of my hospitality? Is it yours? Won't you join it—and me—inside? I am—"

"You aren't—are you—"

"Dean Crossby—at your service. Came on a few days ahead of myself—just to get the lay of the land—unaided, as it were. And may I have the pleasure of knowing you?"

"I'm Amy Phelps, a school teacher, out trying to abduct your Easter dinner."

The twinkle in Dean Crossby's eye, his coming ahead of schedule just to be alone, revealed a man entirely opposite to the millionaire aristocrat Hillsboro was expecting and Amy soon found herself telling Bobby's story. The boy was terribly cut up when informed that his pet had escaped, but lived in the hope he would return of his own volition.

When Dean Crossby decided to remain in Hillsboro and made known his desire for a small boy to live with him and help about the place, he was carefully paying the way to asking for Bobby. A fat roll of bills completed the transfer entirely to Aunt Sophy's satisfaction, and when the boy was shown his clean white bed in a sunny south room he sighed and said, "Everything would be grand if I only had bunny back."

"Perhaps some of the live things outside will help you to forget," smiled Dean tenderly, taking his hand. "Let's go see."

He led the way to a new hutch behind the barn, where a bunch of animated white fur was devouring a carrot. "Bunny!" exclaimed the delighted youngster. "However did you find him, sir?"

When Crossby told him the story Bobby sighed again and remarked regretfully. "She's the best friend any fellow ever had. Gee—I wish she was going to live here with us."

"That's my wish exactly, old man. Suppose we go and ask her."

"Oh dear," sighed Mrs. Prentiss when the engagement was announced. "If we only could of had rabbit for till Easter's over—ain't I think he's run off," the boy went on.

"I am Madame Easter Rabbit," she said, "and I have the most beautiful families that ever were. Come here, lovelies."

She whistled a little tune, and in answer to it a strange procession came from behind the pussy willow bushes. It was led by a big chocolate rabbit walking on his hind legs, carrying a red egg in his paws, and after him came tumbling six little yellow chicks, all fluffy and fat like the ones Peter had once seen wandering in Farmer Brown's orchard. But every little chick wore a straw bonnet trimmed with pink bows, just like her mother's.

"But—but," stammered Mrs. Peter, "how can there be a chocolate rabbit in the same family with chickens? All my children are just alike, and Old Mother Nature told me—"

"Never mind Old Mother Nature," laughed the Easter Rabbit. "She has no control over me. I really belong to Mistress Spring. Did you never hear the story of the Easter rabbit?"

"Well, once upon a time, long, long ago, when Mistress Spring was a very young girl—and quite silly and sentimental—she wrote a spring poem, all about dear little white lambs and fluffy chicks and downy rabbits in the woods. It was a very silly poem, as you can imagine. Well, Old Mother

Nature found this poem hidden in a violet bud. At first she didn't know what to do. Mistress Spring was too big to spank, but she wanted to teach her a lesson. So she made all the animals come to life—as just as Mistress Spring had described them in her poem—and she created me to be her mother of them all. I live forever, but I got me a new bonnet every year. Mistress Spring doesn't really love us. She never comes around until after we have disappeared."

Just then Peter heard Mrs. Peter saying: "It must have been a funny dream. Peter, you giggled twice in your sleep."

## Romance of an Easter Bonnet.

"I want a bonnet," said Linda Gray. "An Easter bonnet with ribbons gay. But how can I buy an Easter hat When this poor little purse of mine is flat?"

I'll rummage around in the garret though And see what the place may have to show."

So she climbed the stair to the attic where The beams were low and the floor was bare,

And mice and spiders played blind man's buff, And the cobwebs hung like curtain stuff,

And the odds and ends of sixty years Were stored in a jumble—chandeliers With dangling prisms, and candlesticks,

And tall glass lamps without any wicks, And rusty andirons and crippled chairs,

And china vases—a dozen pairs— And broken plates, and a long quill pen,

And clocks that never would go again, And ancient bureaus and pictures quaint

Of simpering beauty and solemn saint, And the trunk that Grandmother Gray with pride

Brought to the house as a fair young bride, And right on the dusty lid, behold! A handbox covered with red and gold

Chintz all ribbioned and frilled and shirred In the old time fashion so absurd, And tucked away in it! a dream

Of an Easter hat, all pink and cream, A wonderful yellow Tuscan scene, With the widest strings that you ever saw,

And a beautiful fluffy drooping plume The very tint of a rose in bloom. "Here's my bonnet," she cried in glee, "Just the style of a hat for me!"

So she wore her grandmother's Tuscan poke Half in earnest and half in joke, And dark eyed youth who never knew Till Easter morning her eyes were blue

Over his hymn book looked at her And thought of laces and lavender, And love and music and all things sweet,

And laid his heart at her dainty feet. —Minna Irving.

## The Queen of Festivals.

The meaning of Easter and its message of joy, the revival of hope and the buoyant renewal of our aspiration come to an old and tired world at this season and pervade our lives even as the springtide floods and fills the meadows with her everlasting miracle.

By an irresistible human impulse, we seek out our finest and most fashionable raiment, and that impulse is parallel to the natural processes in the world about us. If the earth can put off her drab habiliments of winter and forget the sombre, sunless hours, so can the children of earth. In every life to-day there may be a resurrection from the dead. In every life old things may be discarded. He has not caught the spirit of the festival celebration who is not stirred to a renewal and is not moved to forsake the darkness and give welcome to the light.

It is more than a church festival. Believer and unbeliever together share the influences of the day. In each of us, whatever creed we formally profess, there dwells the feeling that the day betokens. It is the assurance that life is worth the living and that love can never lose its own.

We stand to-day not at the brink of a tomb but on the threshold of this eternal life and of this love immortal.

## Live Stock Movements in Canada.

The movements of live stock in Canada during January and February compared with the corresponding months of last year at the five principal centres were: cattle 123,644 against 118,425; calves 21,058 against 17,440; hogs 226,788 against 228,804, and sheep 35,964 against 31,160.

The supply of select bacon hogs in Ontario and Alberta showed an upward trend in January and February this year compared with the first two months of last year, but Manitoba and Quebec did not do so well. The figures for select only are: Alberta, this year 3,117, compared with last year 2,143; Ontario 58,545, compared with 27,101; Manitoba 4,025, compared with 5,836; and Quebec 7,708, compared with 11,880. In other classes of hogs, especially in light smooth, all the provinces showed an increase.

Then were the disciples glad when they saw the Lord.

The supreme message of the Easter Resurrection is:—"That men may rise on stepping-stones of their dead selves to higher things."

## RECIPES FOR THE HOLIDAYS

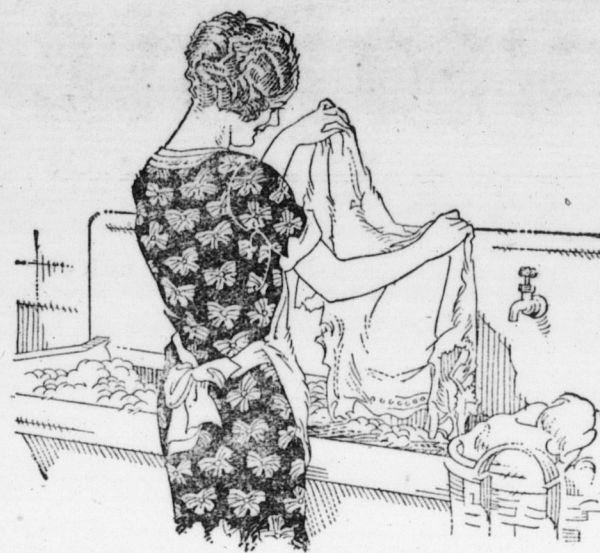
A well-cooked egg dish should be served at Easter time and is always a welcome substitute for meat for the light meal of the day. Escalloped eggs, curried, scrambled, shirred and stuffed eggs, egg salad, omelet—these are some of the ways of serving them. Eggs have a food value comparing favorably with meat, milk, cheese and other animal foods.

**For fruit egg-nogg** (individual serving), separate white and yolk of one chilled egg. Beat yolk, add a teaspoonful of sugar (powdered sugar preferred) and a few drops of lemon extract. Mix, turn into a glass and add cold milk, plain or evaporated, until the glass is three-quarters full. Beat egg white and add to this a teaspoonful of sugar and a teaspoonful of grape juice. Pyramid this on top of the glass, and serve ice cold.

**Eggs in a nest** might be served for an Easter breakfast. Toast slices of bread to a very light brown. Beat the whites of eggs until stiff and pile on the toast, making a depression in the centre to form a nest. Into each nest drop one egg yolk, being very careful not to break the yolks. Sprinkle with a little salt. Place in a flat pan and put into a hot oven and bake until the white of egg is a delicate brown. Drop a small piece of butter on each. Serve very hot.

**Chocolate sauce** is served hot with cottage or bread puddings or may be served cold with puddings made of corn-starch or gelatine. The sauce requires one pint of milk, one tablespoonful of corn-starch, two ounces of grated chocolate, one teaspoonful of vanilla extract, and one-half cupful of sugar. Put the milk in a double boiler, add the chocolate and stir until the chocolate is melted and smooth. Moisten the corn-starch with a little cold milk, add it to the hot milk and stir until it becomes smooth and thick. Add the sugar, take from the fire, add the vanilla and stir until well blended.

**An Easter pudding** which will delight the children requires one cupful of scalded milk, one-half cupful of corn-starch, one-quarter cupful of sugar, whites of three eggs, one-half cupful of cold milk, one teaspoonful of vanilla extract and a pinch of salt. Mix the corn-starch, sugar and salt, moisten with the cold milk, add the scalded milk and cook in a double boiler for fifteen minutes, stirring constantly until the mixture thickens, then stirring occasionally. Remove from the fire, add the egg whites, stiffly beaten, and the vanilla. Mix thoroughly, pour into a rabbit-shaped mold and chill. Serve with chocolate sauce.



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**Foamy omelet** requires four eggs, four tablespoonsful of milk or water, one teaspoonful of salt, a dash of pepper and two teaspoonfuls of butter. Separate the yolks and beat until creamy; add seasonings and milk or water. Then beat the whites until stiff and cut and fold them into the yolk mixture. Place the butter in a pan, heat, and pour the omelet into it. Cook slowly (this is an important rule in good omelet making), occasionally turning the pan so that the omelet may brown evenly. When the omelet is set and delicately browned underneath, place it in a hot oven for a few minutes to dry the top. Fold, turn out on a hot platter and serve immediately. French cooks fold an omelet as soon as the eggs set and the bottom is browned. The partially cooked portion on top is left soft and is called the "sauce."

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## EASTER THE WORLD OVER

The commemoration of Christ's Resurrection occurs at a time when both nature and human interest are quickened by the opening days of spring. The event is celebrated in various ways throughout the Christian world, and many of the quaint and symbolic customs of the intervening centuries have come down to us.

The joy manifested by the world of nature was once supposed to even extend to the sun, and in certain parts of England it is still customary for the people to arise early on Easter morning so as to watch the dancing rays of the glowing orb. In Scotland the sun was credited with more activity. It was said to rise with a whirling motion, and many of the old-time Scottish songs refer to this peculiarity.

Although most of the world observes Easter as a time of joyous expression, in some countries a certain amount of superstition has become attached to the sort of weather happening on that Sunday. One of the old European folklore songs says:

"A good deal of rain on Easter day, Gives a crop of good grass, but little good hay!"

If the sun shines on Easter morning it is thought to indicate a bright Whitsunday, also that the sun will shine a bit each succeeding day of the year. Our Canadian Easter rabbit has been adapted from the Easter hare of Germany, which is almost as important as St. Nicholas in that country's nursery folklore. The custom originated from the old fable that a beautiful, snowy white hare slips into the house after midnight and secretes a number of colored eggs in every room.

## Easteride.

Oh, rare as the splendor of lilies, And sweet as the violet's breath, Comes the jubilant morning of Easter, A triumph of life over death, For fresh from the earth's quickened bosom

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

We have groped through the twilight of sorrow, Have tasted the Marsh of tears; But 't is 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 the springtime 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 mountain-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 hastening In gladness to you and to me.

So down 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 bosom

Full baskets of flowers we bring, And scatter their satin-soft petals To carpet a path for our King. —Margaret E. Sangster.

**Canadian Bacon Shows Up Well.**

Evidence is forthcoming that Canada's efforts to meet the requirements of the British bacon trade are beginning to bear fruit. A report in the London "Grocer" of a recent date says: "In striking contrast to the unfortunate feature of the Danish supplies, we have the laudable efforts of the Canadians to come into line with the Danish for quality, and in recent months the consignments of bale bacon from Canada have shown a remarkable improvement in cure and appearance, whilst in grading it has left the Danish producer far behind, for it is possible to get good lean Canadian cured bacon in abundance, while the fact that it is produced within the Empire will prove a strong stimulus in the sales." This, the Dominion Live Stock Commissioner points out, is trade opinion.

## English Cattle Trade.

In its review of the live stock trade in the first two months of the year, the Markets Intelligence Service of the Dominion Live Stock Branch says, "In England there has been a distinct improvement to the demand for store cattle. Best spayed heifers (domestic) recently reached \$100 each. Steers for the grass made up to \$121 per head. The fat stock markets have been well supplied, though the quality of the stock showed bare finish. The best bullocks sold at 22s on a dressed weight basis, but most of the lots sold at a lower figure. Owing to the foot and mouth disease restrictions the import movement of live cattle was more or less demoralized.

O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?

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