

EASTER GREETING

Annie A. Backus, A. D., Editor.

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EASTER-TIDE.

The event of events to the Christian world is the one celebrated at this season. The resurrection of Christ's body—which our material mind needs to give us the hope that after these bodies of ours, in which we have walked about so long, and which we have cared for, decking them out in all sorts of finery; after these are worn out by old age, or disease, they too, will come forth resurrected! It is in the spring-time, when all nature is putting forth new life, and the budding leaf, the sprouting grain, the more vigorously coursing blood through all our veins; whispers to humanity, you shall live again. There is a story told of a famous alchemist, who owned a silver cup, which he prized very highly. Well, one day his assistant accidentally dropped this precious cup in a vessel of nitric acid, which was standing in the laboratory. Of course the acid dissolved the silver and the cup was gone; but the alchemist learning of the accident, threw into the solution some chloride of sodium; precipitated the silver which he collected, put this through another chemical process; and gathering from this a purer metal, sent it to the silversmith, who made a more beautiful cup than the one lost in the acid. So humanity trusts that the Divine Alchemist, after passing these bodies through the nitric acid of death, and the grave will through the salt of His love, precipitate them; and with His own divine touch remodel a more perfect being. The hope of immortality lurks in every human soul; no matter what sort of a mess a man makes of this life, he wishes for another. It requires a brave spirit to face the thought of annihilation. Our feeble struggles after truth; our twistings among the meshes of fable; our questionings about these customs and legends. In this world there is no answer but persecution and jibes; and so the heart longs for another life, where truth may be found, and in the glorious spring-time

"Where the white hand of Moses on the bough"

"Puts out and Jesus from the ground inspires."

It seems resurrection must be a fact, and that we shall live again.

AYLMER.

Aylmer, like some other towns we could mention, is just a little proud of herself; and certainly she has some reasons for being so. Perhaps no place of its size can claim so many pleasant, nice-kept homes; so many nice stores; such a good market; nor so many charming drives, and such good roads. But alas, we have each one of us at some period of our existence known what it means to meet and admire a well dressed pretty woman, until inadvertently we caught sight of a soiled and dragged underskirt; after which do what she would the charm was fled. Aylmer has a soiled and dragged underskirt, and it hangs below her fine dress of nice homes, good roads, handsome shops, etc., frayed and dirty it dangles along the edge of the creek; one of the first sights to greet the traveller on his way from the station. The pity of it is, its needlessness. Three men in three days could clean up the whole thing, and by planting a few trees, building a few racks and putting in some vines to run over them, make such a transformation, that instead of this ungainly sight, we would have during the spring and summer a seeming bower of beauty; and when autumn came along with its crimson paint pot, a gorgeous hill-side of color to gladden the eye, instead of the present outlook, which is too untidy to be picturesque, and too dirty to be decent. It is barely possible that Aylmer might profit from the experience of New York and Chicago, and get a woman to look after her civic tidying up.

A PLEA FOR THE BIRDS.

Do you ever awake in the morning with the merry chatter of birds in your ears? And, do you throw open your window and watch the little fellows; so fluffy and happy in the bright sunlight? And does it rush through all your soul what a beautiful, wonderful, living old world this is? And your heart goes out to the sweet songsters

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