

An Easter Memory

The chime of bells across the waking year
Peals out "the white Christ risen from the dead,"
The gospel that the April winds have spread,
The mystery of the golden wind makes clear.

The tender sky smiles over it; the air
Is kind with love to comfort all the earth.
The brown parks have forgotten winter's dearth
Since daffodils and sunlight made them fair.

But still the gray church from the crowded street
Allures me with the spell of broken dreams.
O heart, my heart, to you and me it seems
That God has left His glory incomplete.

Can we not see her as a year ago,
Beyond that sunlight flaked in colored fire—
The upturned face, the eyes of still desire,
The dusk-gold hair that now the angels know?

What means this tender April sky to her,
With bells that chime against the winds of spring?
Does memory move her when the bluebirds sing,
Or does she feel the old sweet pulses stir?

The organ lays its voice across our strife
What is it that the sobbing notes would say?
For you and me, my heart, another day!
For her—the Resurrection and the Life!

—William Carman Roberts.

The Lilies of the Field.

When I went up to Nazareth—
A pilgrim of the spring—
When I went up to Nazareth
The earth was blossoming!
I saw the blue flower of the flax
Beside a shepherd's fold!
Along the hillside's stony tracks
I found the marigold!
The iris raised a shimmering spine
Of beauty at my feet!
The poppy was a cup of fire
Among the cooling wheat!

When I went up to Nazareth
I marked how time came down
With blighting dust and withering
breath.

Upon the hallowed town!
The years that buried Babylon
Were drifting to efface
The steps of Mary's Heavenly Son,
His dwelling and his race!
But still I read his permanence
By signs that never dim;
With all their ancient eloquence
The lilies spoke of Him!

—Daniel Henderson.

The Green Mist.

When the green mist begins about the trees,
There is a freshness in the morning air;
New life wakes in the blood, and everywhere
Burgeons earth's beauty, borne on every breeze.

Hark to the robin, swinging on the bough,
His red breast bursting with its music glad;
The sparrow's chatter, and the bluebird's call;
With all this melody who can be sad?

We should be glad in spring, when darkness flees,
For one who broke the saddest, darkest bond
Rose in the springtime to His heaven beyond;
When the green mist began about the trees.

—Mary Archer Knapp.

Weekly Market Report

TORONTO.

Manitoba wheat—No. 1 Northern \$1.45 1/2.

Manitoba oats—No. 2 C.W., 57 1/2 c; extra No. 1 feed, 54 c; No. 1 feed, 54 1/2 c.

Manitoba barley—Nominal.

All the above track, Bay ports.

American corn—No. 2 yellow, 74 1/2 c; No. 3 yellow, 73 1/2 c, all-rail.

Barley—No. 3 extra, test 47 lbs. or better, 63 c to 66 c, according to freights outside; feed barley, 60 c.

Buckwheat—No. 3, 98 c to \$1.02.

Eye—No. 2, 95 c to \$1.00.

Millfeed—Delivered, Montreal freight, bags included; bran, per ton, \$28.00 to \$30.00; shorts, per ton, \$30 to \$32; good feed flour, \$1.70 to \$1.80.

Baled hay—Track, Toronto, per ton, extra No. 2, \$22 to \$23; mixed, \$18 to \$19; clover, \$14 to \$15.

Straw—Car lots, per ton, track, Toronto, \$12 to \$13.

Ontario wheat—No. 1 commercial, \$1.36 to \$1.43, outside.

Ontario No. 3 oats, 40 to 45 c, outside.

Ontario corn—53 to 60 c, outside.

Ontario flour—1st patents, in cotton sacks, \$8.70 per barrel; 2nd patents (bakers), \$7.20. Straights, in bulk, sea board, \$6.40.

Manitoba flour—1st patents, in cotton sacks, 98.70 per barrel; 2nd patents, \$8.20.

Cheese—New, large, 20 to 20 1/2 c; twins, 20 1/2 to 21 c; triples, 21 to 21 1/2 c. Fodder cheese, large, 18 1/2 c, old, large, 25 to 26 c; twins, 25 1/2 to 26 1/2 c; triples, 26 to 27 c; Skilons, new, 24 to 25 c.

Butter—Fresh dairy, choice, 26 to 28 c; creamery, prints, fresh finest, 44 to 46 c; No. 1, 43 to 44 c; No. 2, 40 to 41 c; cooking, 22 to 26 c.

Dressed poultry—Spring chickens, 30 to 35 c; roosters, 20 to 25 c; fowl, 24 to 30 c; ducks, 35 c; turkeys, 45 to 50 c; geese, 25 c.

Live poultry—Spring chickens, 22 to 28 c; roosters, 17 to 20 c; fowl, 24 to 30 c; ducks, 38 c; turkeys, 45 to 50 c; geese, 20 c.

Margarine—20 to 22 c.

Eggs—New laid, candled, 32 c; new laid, in cartons, 35 c.

Beans—Canadian, hand-picked, bushel, \$4.40; primes, \$3.85 to \$4.00.

Maple products—Syrup, per Imperial gal., \$2.25; per 5 Imperial gals., \$2.15; Maple sugar, lb., 18 c.

Honey—60 and 30-pound tins, 14 1/2 to 15 c per lb.; 5 and 2 1/2-lb. tins, 17 to 18 c per lb.; Ontario comb honey, per doz., \$5.50.

Potatoes—Ontario, 90-lb. bag, \$1.10 to \$1.25; Quebec, \$1.50. Seed potatoes, Irish Cobblers, \$2.00 a bag.

Smoked meats—Hams, medium, 32 to 34 c; cooked ham, 47 to 50 c; smoked ribs, 26 to 28 c; cottage rolls, 30 to 32 c; breakfast bacon, 29 to 33 c; special brand breakfast bacon, 37 to 40 c; backs, boneless, 36 to 41 c.

Cured meats—Long clear bacon, \$17.50 to \$19; clear bellies, \$18.50 to \$20.50; lightweight rolls, \$47; heavy-weight rolls, \$41.

Lard—Pure, tierces, 10 1/2 to 17 c; tubs 17 to 17 1/2 c; shortening, tierces, 15 to 15 1/2 c; tubs, 15 1/2 to 16 c; pairs, 16 to 16 1/2 c; prints, 17 1/2 to 18 c.

Choice heavy steers, \$8 to \$8.50; do., good, \$7.50 to \$7.75; butcher steers, choice, \$7.25 to \$7.75; do., good, \$6.75 to \$7.25; do., medium, \$5.75 to \$6.25; do., common, \$5.25 to \$5.75; butcher heifers, choice, \$6.75 to \$7.50; do., medium, \$5.75 to \$6.50; do., common, \$4.75 to \$5.75; butcher cows, choice, \$5.50 to \$6.25; do., medium, \$3.50 to \$5; canners and cutters, \$1 to \$2; butcher bulls, good, \$4.50 to \$5.50; do., common, \$3 to \$4; feeders, good, \$6.50 to \$7; do., fair, \$5.50 to \$6; stockers, good, \$6 to \$6.50; do., fair, \$5 to \$5.50; milkers, \$60 to \$80; springers, \$70 to \$90; calves, choice, \$10 to \$11; do., medium, \$7 to \$8.50; do., common, \$4 to \$5; lambs, choice, \$14 to \$15; do., common, \$6 to \$7; spring lambs, \$11 to \$14; sheep, choice, \$9 to \$10; do., good, \$6 to \$7; do., common, \$3 to \$5; hogs, fed and watered, \$13.75; do., fow, \$13; do., country points, \$12.75.

MONTREAL.

Oats, Canadian Western, No. 2, 63 c; do., No. 3, 59 c. Flour, Man. Spring wheat patents, firsts, \$50. Rolled oats, bags 90 lbs., \$4. Bran, \$32.50. Shorts, \$33. Hay, No. 2, per ton, car lots, \$29 to \$30.

Cheese, finest Westerns, 16 1/2 to 16 3/4 c. Butter, choicest creamery, 41 to 42 c. Eggs, selected, 35 c. Potatoes, per bag, car lots, 90 to 95 c.

Spring lambs, \$8; sheep, \$7; calves, \$5.75 to \$6.50; hogs, selected, \$14.

The Tardy Lily

By Edith Ludwell Laurence

As the early spring Gwen had watched her plant anxiously. Would it turn out lily at the time it might bloom too soon, which would be dreadful; or, worse still, it might blossom too late or not at all.

"Be good, flower," begged Gwen. "Don't wait too long to bloom. When I am late for school I get a black mark; don't be late, either, lily!"

The plant stood straight and green and silent; there was no way of telling what it intended to do.

"But I should do of course, was to come to full bloom the day before Easter, because on Easter Day, if it were ready, it would be carried by Gwen to the children's service and placed in the chancel with dozens of other potted plants. Every child in the neighborhood was growing a plant for that purpose. Some children had geraniums, and some had begonias; some, like Gwen, had lilies. But none of the plants, Gwen felt sure, would be so lovely as her lily.

She had already picked out the place where she would put it. When the moment came in the service for the children to make their offerings of flowers she would carry her precious plant slowly up the aisle and set it at the foot of the pulpit. Then it would be right at the minister's feet when he preached his sermon at the later service.

"O lily, don't be late!" Gwen said.

The lily was obliging. Just at the right time the green buds began to swell; later on a little white showed through each green sheath, and at last, a few days before Easter, one of the lovely flowers began to unfold. By Easter morning the blossom was perfect.

The children's service was to be held at half past nine o'clock. In her eagerness to be off, Gwen could hardly eat her breakfast; she sat with her spoon lifted and gazed at the plant as it shone in the sun on the window sill.

"Its place will be at the foot of the pulpit," she thought.

"Who is going to take Gwen to the church?" the family asked after breakfast.

The question caused some confusion; no one, it seemed, could get away so early.

"But I must go, you know," Gwen said anxiously.

"Why not let her go alone?" Aunt Felicia asked. "The church is just around the corner."

So it was settled that way. Nearly an hour ahead of time Gwen set off down the street in her new spring hat and coat with her right arm carefully circling the flowerpot, and her left hand steadying the blossom itself. People looking from their windows smiled and said to one another, "There goes little Gwen Hanister with an Easter flower almost as big as herself."

There was no one at all in the church as Gwen walked slowly in. She settled herself and her precious burden in the corner of a pew near the door. She wanted to carry the lily all the way up the aisle when the time came, so that as many persons as possible might get a good look at it.

After a while the organist came in and began to practice softly on the organ. Bright sunlight streamed through the stained glass windows and painted everything in strange colors. The Easter lily was rose pink for a while; then it turned yellow and then a pale blue.

"But it's lovely! of all just pure white," Gwen said to herself. She felt very peaceful and comfortable; the church was warm, and the music sounded sweet and far away.

She settled the pot more firmly on her knee. "It's nearly time to begin now," she said. "I'll just shut my eyes and wait."

When she opened her eyes she was astonished to see that the church was full of people. How had they all come in so silently, she wondered. The choir was in place, and all the pews were full; above the tops of the pews she could see the dark bobbing heads of the little boys and the nodding Easter hats of the little girls.

"He's going to tell us to bring up the flowers now," thought Gwen. Her heart beat fast; she straightened her hat and grasped the lily pot.

But the minister did not say that. Instead, he looked at the congregation with a smile and began, "I'm going to make my talk a very short one, for it is nearly time for the eleven-o'clock service."

Gwen sat up straight. "What does he mean by that?" she thought. The minister went on, "But I want to say that these flowers that you have put here—"

Gwen craned her neck. "And what does he mean by that?" she said to herself.

She got up on her knees and then stood up on the seat. One look was enough; the chancel was banked with flowers—flowers of all kinds and colors. The children had carried up their offerings while Gwen was asleep; no one had noticed the quiet little figure hidden away in the corner of the deep pew. The service was nearly over.

Gwen did not waste any time wondering how it had all happened. She scrambled to the floor; there was no time to lose.

A moment later the congregation saw a small figure scurrying up the aisle. It was a somewhat disheveled figure and it went very fast indeed. At the pulpit it paused.

"Mr. Norton," said a high-pitched little voice. "Excuse me, sir, just a moment, but here is still another flower for Easter. It really didn't mean to be late."

Mr. Norton hesitated; then he leaned down and lifted the heavy pot from the eager little arms. He held it up so that all the congregation could see it.

"A perfect Easter flower," he said. "I will put it here on the pulpit."

Gwen turned and trotted down the aisle. She smiled back happily at the smiling people whom she passed.

She felt very much pleased. The lily had bloomed on time, and now, instead of having a place at the minister's feet, it was up on the pulpit at his elbow. Her Easter plans had turned out beautifully!—YOUTH'S COMPANION.

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O Risen Christ! O Easter Flower!
How dear Thy Grace has grown!
From East to West with loving power,
Make all the world Thine own.

REGLAR FELLERS—By Gene Byrnes



Egypt's New King
Formerly Sultan Ahmed Foad Pasha,
who is the new Egyptian sovereign.

Canada From Coast to Coast.

Kentville, N.S.—The increase in the use of spray materials for orchard spraying has necessitated the erection of two suitable buildings here for that purpose by the United Fruit Company and the Niagara Dust Company. Both are fully equipped with appliances and machinery for mixing dust spray material.

St. John, N.B.—Two hundred thousand "fingerlings" of the British Columbia salmon type were placed in St. John waters last autumn by the Dominion Fisheries Department. The placing of these fish in St. John waters was for the purpose of experiment; the Fisheries Department desiring to know whether the British Columbia fish could be transplanted to Atlantic waters.

Montreal, Que.—The Canadian Pulp and Paper Association reports that the demand for Canadian paper by American publishers shows a steady return to normal. Most of the mills in this country are now working to about 90 per cent of their capacity. There is an impression that stability in prices has been reached, and that the increased production made possible by the mills expansion during the last three years, is in a fair way soon to be overtaken.

Timmins, Ont.—According to A. F. Brigham, General manager of the Hollinger Mine, the Hollinger will lead the world as a gold producer this year. Last year it was surpassed by only three individual mines in South Africa, whose output this year will be seriously curtailed as a result of the prolonged strike.

Brandon, Man.—Seedling will be earlier in Manitoba this spring than for many years unless an unforeseen reversal to winter conditions occurs, according to James H. Evans, deputy minister of agriculture. The Winnipeg Tribune reports that cultivation of the soil has been commenced on the Portage plains.

Regina, Sask.—Saskatchewan game wardens are making an attempt to establish a partridge colony in the Cypress Hills district in the south-western part of the province. The territory mentioned is well suited for the birds, but for some reason or other has never been inhabited by them. Families of the birds are being now placed in the preserve.

Lethbridge, Alta.—Farmers are preparing actively for the spring operations, which from present appearances, will be extremely active this year.

Vancouver, B.C.—The Pacific Berry Growers, Ltd., which at present operates a cold storage plant and a box factory for the manufacture of berry crates at Haney, has decided to build a fruit cannery. This will be situated on the River Road, close to the present plant, and it is understood work will be commenced immediately in order that this year's berry crop may be cared for.

Carelessness With Matches.
The habit of carrying "strike anywhere" matches loose in the pocket results in many serious fires. In taking something out of the pocket, a match drops out on the floor of barn or other place is stepped on and results in a fire.—Deputy Fire Marshal Lewis, Ontario.

I have no faith in that proverb about all things coming to him who waits. My experience proves that the only things that come to the man who waits are the cast off things of somebody else.—John D. Rockefeller, Jr.

A mixture of one part Paris green to one hundred parts of dust—good dust is good—thrown up in a cloud, to be carried by a light wind and allowed to settle on pools where mosquitoes breed, is the newest and most successful method of killing the larvae. The minute quantity of the poison is not injurious to stock that might drink of the water, and the only possible danger is that of inhaling the dust, which must be guarded against. The larvae of the mosquito eat anything that is laid upon the surface of the water, and any mosquito is a pest.