

surmounted the soap by a margin that permitted Bob to shriek. In this he exceeded all his previous efforts. The overflow of soap displaced by his compact little body had splashed into his face and entered his eyes. Therefore his double volume of sound secured an instant audience. To them was disclosed a swift view of a round head with tightly closed eyes and wide open mouth apparently afloat on an overflowing barrel of soap, then the indignant Mrs. Plumb jerked him from the sticky mass and soused him in a convenient tub of water. The wanton waste of her late labor tried beyond endurance even the temper of that easy-going housekeeper. Together with the fresh raiment Mrs. Plumb applied something equally heat producing to the child that emerged from that excessive soaped bath.

"That boy is a corker," said Mr. Plumb when he came into dinner. "What were you after this time, Bob?" he asked him.

"The wealth in the clock and I got 'em," said Bob.

The spanking administered by a stranger seemed to Bob a serious breach of hospitality. He considered the matter at leisure in the seclusion of the back yard and confided his decision to Bruno, the house dog. Like all of Bob's conclusions it was concise and required energy.

"I'm doin' home," he said, and he went.

"Where's Bob?" asked Mr. Plumb entering the house some two hours later in search of a whetstone.

"I guess he's 'round somewheres, the imp," snapped Mrs. Plumb with nerves on edge.

The question gave rise to a search that was still unrewarded at the end of an hour. Every nook and corner received a second minute inspection in the next half hour, then the gray team was harnessed and the greatly worried woman, who had attempted to improve on the natural distribution of male and female children, started for the Lane home to secure the added assistance of Bob's father and Jack.

Midway she saw approaching Mr. and Mrs. Lane with Mary Jane.

"Don't you fret, Emily," called Mrs. Lane as the teams met. "Bob's got home all right."

"Then," said Mrs. Plumb, her pent up suspense exploding in unwanted temper, "I hope he'll stay there for he's a little devil if they ever was one."

"Maybe," admitted Mrs. Lane her own nerves worn to a thread with three days of Mary Jane's whining, "but I'd rather that than put up with a fool. I guess," she added, thoughtfully, "that the Lord knew best where them children belonged."

Easter Customs and Legends



ASTER SUN.

DAY was formerly called the

"Sunday of Joy" and like

many other festi-

val days which

have come down

to us from ear-

lier times, has

been changed from its original char-

acter to a religious observance and is

now the festival of the resurrection

of our Lord.

There has been much discussion as to the exact date of Easter, but for many years it has been celebrated on the first Sunday after the first full moon on or after the twenty-first of March.

In ancient times the New Year was looked upon as the renewal of all things, and was celebrated at the Vernal Equinox, the feast of the New Year being held the last of March or the beginning of April, but in later years New Year's Day was removed to the winter solstice, and only the festival of Easter is kept in spring.

The origin of Easter eggs seems to be a mixture of Christian and pagan legend. The early Christians used the egg as the symbol of resurrection, as it is of new life, and the Romans had

egg games which they celebrated at Easter when they ran races on oval tracks, and received eggs as prizes.

There are a great many interesting egg stories, connected with Easter, coming from many different countries, and in many different forms.

In ancient Persia there was a legend of two jealous brothers who had a good deal of influence in the creation of things. One brother made an egg containing good spirits and the other one made one full of demons; they broke the two together so that the good and the evil became mixed in the world.

In memory of these brothers the Persians of to-day on a certain festival in March present each other with colored eggs, and it may be from this that we get our similar Easter custom.

Another symbol, quite as familiar as the egg, is the Easter hare or rabbit, which, strangely enough, is very closely connected with the moon.

As the time of Easter is reckoned by the phases of the moon, there are all sorts of legends and tales regarding the moon and the hare, and among some nations the hare is the type of the moon itself.

One of the stories is something after this fashion. Once upon a time when Indra, a heathen god, disguised as a famishing pilgrim, was praying for food, the hare, having nothing else to give him, threw itself into the

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