Easter

Everything That's Good to Eat!

DAVIS & FRASER'S MEATS

Order Today!---Hams, Picnic Hams, Boneless Shoulders and Eggs

PICNIC HAMS
(DAVIS & FRASER'S)

Everybody 'round the breakfast table on Easter morn will be "Smacking their lips" after the first mouthful of D. & F. med. sugar cured picnic hams.

Really, it's so wonderfully tasty that three or four slices with eggs and toast won't be enough. They'll all call for a second helping. Picnic Hams weight from 5 to 7 lbs. each, mild sugar cured and require no parboiling. Price per pound **27**

Pass Your Plates For Our

SELECTED BACON

SLAB, per lb 40c

SLICED, per lb ... 45c

ROLLED SHOULDERS
(BONELESS)

These cold, snappy winter mornings are enough to make anyone want to start the day with a substantial breakfast. Slice and fry Boneless Shoulder Hams for Easter Breakfast. Weight 5 to 7 lbs. Per pound **29c**

HAMS

OUR Select Hams weighs from 8 to 15 lbs. each and are cut from selected ISLAND PORKERS. Served with eggs, toast and coffee makes a repast fit for a King. Per pound **35c**

TOMATOES
2 TINS FOR 29c

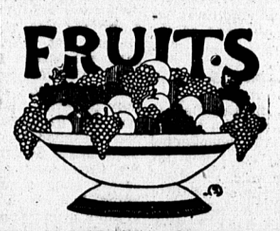
PEAS
2 TINS FOR 29c

CORN
2 TINS FOR 29c

WAX BEANS
2 TINS FOR 40c

Easter Special!
2 packages for
25c

SODAS SODAS
PAILS 45c



ORANGES
39c Size .... 30c Doz.
60c Size .... 45c Doz.
70c Size .... 60c Doz.
SUNKIST ORANGES

SLICED
PINEAPPLE
2 TINS FOR 35c

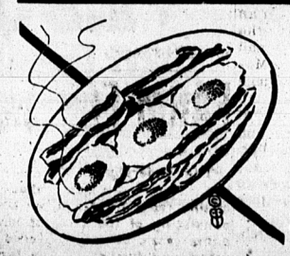
PEACHES
PER TIN 25c

PEARS
2 TINS FOR 35c

SALMON
(BEST)
2 TINS FOR 75c

Bulk Raisins
Seeded and Seedless
2 pounds for 27c

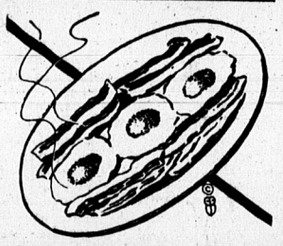
Bulk
MACARONI
2 pounds for 25c



JENKINS & SON LIMITED

Grocers

PHONES 236—237



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Easter

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He who "not to destroy, but to fulfill" had shown His followers how to graft the Christian truth on to ancient stems whose roots lie hidden in the drifted centuries.

Let me quote a passage from G. K. Chesterton, that laughing philosopher who is at once so whimsical and so serious:

"To say 'Christ is the Sun of Easter' does not mean that the worshiper is praising the sun under the emblem of Christ. Goddess or god can clothe themselves with the spring or summer; but the body is more than the raiment. Religion takes almost disdainfully the dress of nature; and indeed Christianity has done as well with the snows of Easter as with the snowdrops of spring.

"When I look across the sunstruck fields, I know in my inmost bones that my joy is not solely in the spring; for spring alone, being always returning, would be always sad. There is somebody or something walking there, to be crowned with flowers, and my pleasure is in some promise yet possible and in the resurrection of the dead."

Some profess little faith in, or even scornfully ignore, those ideals and hopes which have been the nursing-mothers of mankind and have reached us out of the deeps of time, and out of the dim spaces of the world. But it is not easy to set aside the rugged challenge of Carlyle:

"Believe what thou findest written in the sanctuaries of man's soul, even as all thinkers in all ages have devoutly read it there."

April is peculiarly the month of Easter. No doubt the feast may fall in March, but it is never so truly Easter as when it "speaks through April hopes." April is the type-month of spring and is as the name implies, the opening-time the hour of awakening, the morning of the year, when nature sets about her work of resurrection. There's something in the very air and feel of April that acts like magic on the heart and lifts you into love with life. Shakespeare felt it in the Stratford meadows, and sang of the time.

"When proud-pied April, dressed in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in everything."

In all ages men have felt the charm and jubilation of the awakening earth; so that even "tame conventional, artificialized human beings are tempted to sing and caper and deck themselves with bright colors, like any wild thing"

The Easter vacation and the Easter fashions are as natural as spring blossoms or the sport of lambs. And when a youth looks for his Easter holiday, or a maiden chooses her Easter hat they do so in obedience to a law of nature that is older and more solid than the hills.

The fear of death has hung like a dark shadow over the minds of men from the beginning. The mysteries of life and death have baffled them. And the fear and the mystery have not yet passed. And now and here at the dawn of spring there are those on whose hearts lies the burden of a great sorrow, those whose hopes have wavered or gone out in weeping. And there are some to whom life is as "a long nightmare which each day begins anew," who, if they could only believe in resurrection, would gladly welcome the sure mercies of death. These have most need of the gracious message Easter brings. To offer platitudes to such suffering hearts were cruel irony, but the flowers of April may be to them angels of good comfort, and in the tender grace of spring they may feel the breath of heaven on their brows.

The message of the Easter flowers has been beautifully expressed by Charles Wagner:

"And you, too, little flowers, that each springtime opens, be to us angels of good tidings. Say to those worn out in the fight that the issue will be favorable, that there will never be an end of love. Here in the shadow where we dwell be witnesses to us of the eternal stars. Bring into darkened homes and darkened hearts the reflection of heaven's blue that dwells captive in your corollas."

On eyes that watch through sorrow's night,
On aching hearts and worn,
Rise thou with healing in thy light,
O happy Easter morn.

The dead earth wakes beneath thy rays,
The tender grasses spring;
The woods put on their robes of praise,
The flowers are blossoming.

Thus, over the hills of April, the Easter message comes again—comes though greening tree and opening flower and singing bird, and speaks with healing power the radiant truth of resurrection. Thus nature adds her rich accompaniment to the great triumph-song of Him who says: 'I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: And whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

Until God revealed Himself in Jesus, death was to man the king of terrors and the grave was his dreadful dungeon. But the "strong Son of God" has fought His battle. Robbing death of its sting. He has shown it to be but the other side of life—a beginning rather than an end. Robbing the grave of its victory. He has revealed it as a quiet resting-place from which a white gate opens into the garden of God.

This Easter morn we shall be laying flower-wreaths of memory on graves freshly covered, and on graves long green. But we will be remembering, too, that our beloved never die; that they are not in the shadow and the dust, but at home with God, and that some day we shall meet them again beyond the shadows and the clouds. "Thus I believe," wrote Dante, "thus I affirm, thus I am certain it is, that from this life I shall pass to another better, where that lady lives of whom my soul was enamoured."

The world is full of miracle and mystery, and our highest, wildest dreams are not too good to be true. Nothing fair and fine that we have truly loved can pass for ever from our ken.

I will find you there where our low life heightens—
Where the door of the wonder again unbars,
Where the old love lures and the old fire whitens
In the Stars behind the star.

For 'twill all come back—the wasted splendor,
The heart's lost youth like a breaking flower,
The dauntless dare, and the wistful, tender
Touch of the April hour.
"Be not afraid; only believe."

The First Easter Morn

The first day of the week cometh Mary Magdalene early, when it was dark, unto the sepulchre, and seeth the stone taken away from the sepulchre.

Then she runneth and cometh to Simon Peter and to the other disciple, whom Jesus loved, and saith unto them, They have taken away the Lord out of the Sepulchre and we know not where they have laid him.

Peter therefore went forth, and that other disciple and came to the sepulchre.

So they ran both together: and the other disciple did outrun Peter, and came first to the sepulchre.

And he, stooping down, and looking in, saw the linen cloths lying: yet went he not in.

Then cometh Simon Peter following him, and went into the sepulchre and seeth the linen clothes lie.

And the napkin that was about His head, not lying with the linen clothes, but wrapped together in a place by itself.

Then went in also the other disciple, which came first to the sepulchre, and he saw, and believed.

For as yet they knew not the Scripture, that He must rise again from the dead.

Then the disciples went away again unto their own home.

But Mary stood without at the sepulchre weeping: and as she wept she stooped down and looked into the sepulchre.

And seeth two angels in white, sitting, the one at the head, and the other at the feet, where the body of Jesus had lain.

And they say unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? whom seekest thou? Because they have taken away my lord, and I know not where they have laid Him.

And when she had thus said, she turned herself back, and she saw Jesus standing, and knew not that it was Jesus.

Jesus saith unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? whom seekest thou? She, supposing Him to be the gardener, saith unto Him, Sir, if thou have borne Him hence, tell me where thou hast laid Him, and I will take Him away.

Jesus saith unto her, Mary. She turned herself, and saith unto Him Rabboni, which is to say Master.

Jesus saith unto her, Touch me not for I am not yet ascended to my Father: but go to my brethren, and say unto them, I ascend unto my Father and your father: and to God, and your God.

Mary Magdalene came and told the disciples that she had seen the Lord and that he had spoken these things unto her.

Then the same day at evening, being the first day of the week, when the doors were shut where the disciples were assembled for fear of the Jews, and stood in the midst, and saith unto them, Peace be unto you.

And when he had so said, he shewed unto them his hands and his side. Then were the disciples glad, when they saw the Lord.

St. John 20: 1-20.

SELDOM SEE a big knee like this, but your horse may have a bunch or bruise on his ankle, hock, stifle, knee or throat.

ABSORBINE

will clean it off without laying up the horse. **No blister, no hair gone.** Concentrated—only a few drops required at an application. $2.50 a bottle delivered. Describe your case for special instructions. **Book 8 R Free.**

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