



*Delicious Winter-Caught Fish
Straight from under
the Ice*

We Specialize

**In Frozen, Winter Caught
Western Lake Fish**

The Very Best and Freshest Available

The Confidence and Satisfaction of thousands of our customers has been built up on the fact that we Catch, Ship, Select and Pack our fish with the one idea of pleasing you.

PRICE LIST

Whitefish, Dressed	Per lb.	12c
Yellow Pike or Pickerel	Per lb.	12c
Pike or Jacks, Dressed—Headless	Per lb.	08c
Pike or Jacks, Round	Per lb.	07c
Goldeyes, Round	Per lb.	08c
Tulibees, Round—Small White Fish	Per lb.	08c
Mullets or Suckers	Per lb.	04c

SPECIAL MIXED BOXES—100 Pounds

Lot No. 1	\$10.00	Lot No. 2	\$9.50
Order by Lot Number.			
LOT No. 1—Consists of 50 lbs. Whitefish, 25 lbs. Dressed-Headless Jacks, 25 lbs. Mullets.			
LOT No. 2—Consists of 30 lbs. Whitefish, 30 lbs. Goldeyes, 20 lbs. Dressed-Headless Jacks, 20 lbs. Mullets.			
100-lb. Boxes. No charge for Boxes			

We ship in units of 100 lbs. only, but you may order 100 lbs. (mixed in quantities as desired) of any variety quoted. If 100 lbs. is more than you require, club with your neighbor and save on freight charges. Enclose a Money Order, Express Order or Postal Note for amount of your purchase when mailing.

If you reside at a prepay station enclose money enough to prepay freight charges, otherwise goods will be shipped to nearest station maintaining an agent. Give name of nearest station that has an agent when mailing us your order.

WE GUARANTEE EVERY SHIPMENT to be Gilt Edge Stock.

References—Merchants Bank and Bradstreets.

Weather conditions favorable we will commence shipping early in December.

Mail All Orders to

Armstrong Independent Fisheries, Limited
P.O. Box 634 PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE, MANITOBA

Stories of City of Arras

By E. E. Erb

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ward the sky than it excited everywhere the most lively enthusiasm.

Before the revolution the panorama of Arras seen from the surrounding country was one of the most gracious and picturesque sights that could be imagined. Around its belfry and cathedral were grouped delicate spires, towers and turrets of eleven parish churches and twenty-two monasteries.

Grigny contributed largely in the restoration of our town to something of its original splendour. After our glorious belfry nothing retained so much the eye of a traveller arriving in the town than the silhouette of the Chapel des Ursulines. What was the spire erected in the centre of the Petit Place by the piety of our ancestors in the thirteenth century? It was difficult to say exactly. It is well known that designs representing it existed. But these were faulty and badly conceived. Grigny studied them, comparing one with the other. With a rare archaeological intuition, and his profound knowledge of the Middle Ages, arranging in one place absurd lines, and in another impossible details, collecting from various documents each certain fact with the sense of harmony which characterized him, he revived a delicious work which preceding ages had been so justly proud of.

He had to go further. Another difficulty which he overcame was owing to the fact that his Middle Age predecessor had only built on an eight feet base with an elevation of eighty, Grigny very much more audacious gave his tower fifteen feet at the base and one hundred and sixty feet high.

We will rapidly describe this marvel. It comprised four parts. The first was square parallel to the road, surmounted on each side with a triangular gable, and at each angle historical gargouilles. In this first part was the porch. The second part was again square, but lozenge on to the first giving a large variety of lines already to the monuments.

The third part was octagonal. On the four angles left empty by the octagon were put the four beasts which represent the evangelists. Then in retreat are the two upper parts, richly ornamented, each sustained by right clusters of gracious columns. It marked the supreme perfection of the art of the thirteenth century. Then gracious and light the spire in its ideal flight seems to invite the soul with its cross towards the firmament. Was it not a moving poem in stone. The church in cruciform style of the thirteenth century had a vestibule, a transept, a choir with ambulatory, with corresponding higher stages. The beautiful sobriety of its lines, the rich and moving arches, the columns and the roof spoke also of difficulties overcome. The altars had their surrounding groups of saints, each with their raison d'être. The windows took the Christian into a pure atmosphere of mystery, and proclaimed in artistic fashion the history of the Ursulines and the glory of God and His Mother.

The barbarians from the Rhine have destroyed all this.

In 1876 a hurricane threw down nearly eight yards of the spire, but it still remained a marvellous work.

More cruel and savage than the unchained elements, the German hurricane has almost entirely destroyed the work of Grigny.

From October 6th, 1914, the German artillery marked it specially, and from three different sides threw shells on to the town so dear to the Arrabates.

That was not sufficient. During six consecutive months the fury of the enemy was poured upon the wounded; breaking its symbolical animals; its historical gargouilles; throwing down its columns; breaking its arches; mutilating its facades, so much so that passers-by were doubtful, fearing that the octagonal part would fall and crush them, and demanding what wonderful balancing power kept it still in its place.

On July 30th, 1915, two shells hit this beautiful thing, which refused to die, and the thing was finished, for we can no longer give a name to that which

construction, emanating directly from religious genius of the most beautiful period in Ogival art. Hardly had the artist thrown his work toward the sky than it excited everywhere the most lively enthusiasm.

remains. The stranger who sees sadly this devastation cannot form any idea of the splendid tower which Grigny had conceived.

The roof of the church is broken in all parts, almost as if it had not existed. The flying buttresses appear as if they had been bitten by the teeth of an ogre. There remains hardly any trace of the balustrades. The interior is an abomination of desolation; the windows have been reduced to powder. From the devastated windows the crude light penetrates, throwing on the spectacle an appearance of a tomb. And on all sides there are breaches. A large shell not only broke a large part of the sanctuary roof, but it also went through into the crypt causing very great damage there.

It was during the terrible July, 1915, that the savage Germans consummated the ruins, amongst others, of the cathedral of the Abbey St. Waast and its treasures, these being the beautiful St. Jean Baptiste and the incomparable jewel which was called l'Eglise des Ursulines d'Arras.

[Since this article appeared shells have almost completely demolished this church, with the exception of the base of the tower, which still remains standing.]

Some of the religious sisters who were in Arras during the beginning of the Great War took refuge in Dumfries, the county town of Dumfriesshire, Scotland. Here also the famous Holy Candle and other relics were taken for safety until such time as it will be considered advisable to restore them to their rightful places.

A WINTER EVENING

By Louise May Gridley

Soft bands of white across a sunny sky—
And then the low-toned twilight creeping on.

A neighboring roof deep etched with
burdening snow;
Hill, field, and tree beyond
Blending in one wide, gentle blur of
gray;
Brown shrubs and withered grasses wave
aloft
Their invitation to a passing feathered
guest;

While here, and there, and here again
Faint wisps of smoke curl upward,
Telling once more the tale of little
homes,
Whither the toil-worn hasten, to sit
them down to rest.

So I will spread a table, here beside
our hearth;
A joyful feast, for Love broods over it,
Lending the snow-white luster of his
wings.
And now, all things made ready, I will
wait,
And listen for the voice I know so well.

THE DRESS OF GOLD

By Ida M. Thomas

She wrought a dress of gold with skill
and care,
Resolved that she would make of it a
snare,
Which, coupled with the lure of her dark
eyes,
Should win her prince and kingdom for
a prize.

She wore the dress with dainty grace,
and since
The gods were kind to her, she met the
prince,
Who, like a fairy prince played well
his part
And straightway offered her his hand and
heart.

That night Love came and kissed her
in a dream,
Love, who had not been reckoned in her
scheme.
He bore no mark of wealth; was poorly
clad,
With air and manner of a peasant lad.

Next morn, aside the dress of gold she
cast,
And donned a simple cotton gown, then
passed

Out toward the rising sun, and hand in
hand
With Love, she wandered to an unknown
land.

Advice to Mothers



BABY should be nursed if possible.

If not, provide the best substitute, cow's milk, sweetened and modified with barley water made from

Robinson's "Patent" Barley

Do not endanger the child's health by experiments with untried preparations.

ROBINSON'S "PATENT" BARLEY has been proven by the test of time.

The mother who nurses her baby, will find Robinson's "Patent" Groat an excellent milk producing food.



Write for our valuable booklet, "Advice to Mothers"—sent free on request

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