

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

A CORNER FOR MOTHER AND THE GIRLS

Three gifts there are, above all others, I would covet
for myself, and for you: the seeing eye, the hearing ear,
and the understanding heart.

Too many of us go through life with eyes closed care-
lessly to beauty, wilfully to pain; we heed neither the music
nor the wailing that assail our ears, but are content to skim
along the surface of things, having bartered our birthright
for a mess of materialism and selfish content, or even for
unrest and discontent.

There is beauty and joy to be found in every aspect of
life. Only the woman who does not respect her "job" can
find no happiness in it. We have made great strides in the
recognition of the "dignity of labour," but too often we
regard it as something to be endured for the sake of its
rewards, rather than something to be enjoyed for its own
sake.

Especially, and most unfortunately, is this true of
domestic work, and as the great majority of women are
employed at some time or other in domestic service it con-
cerns us most. Can the 'seeing eye' find beauty in the
dish-pan, or joy in the laundry-tub?

House work, or "home-work" as it might better be cal-
led, touches the realities of life more nearly than any other
employment. Are not the ripest philosophers, the keenest
students of life that you know 'house-workers' of mature
years? From the deep wells of experience they draw the
crystal water of knowledge, and offer it, a bitter healing
draught, to us who pass by.

There is a picture, painted by a saintly monk of the
middle-ages, which represents a great kitchen where the
work of preparing a meal is going on: vegetables are being
peeled, meat roasted, dishes washed, the hundred and one
activities of the kitchen are being carried out... by angels.
We hold the destinies of men and nations in our hands,
who are the 'house-workers of the world'.

Beneath the surface of life there is not only much joy,
but infinite pain to be found. Beneath the commonplace
exterior of the men and women that cross our path each
day there are wistful, weary hearts longing for some one
who will 'understand'. But so jealously do they hide their
pain that only the 'hearing ear' may catch the overtones
of grief in their guarded voices.

Listen!

GOD'S PITY

(By Louise Driscoll)

God pity all the brave who go
The common way and wear
No ribboned medals on their hearts,
No Laurels on their hair.

God pity all the lonely folk
With griefs they do not tell,
Women waking in the night,
And men dissembling well.

In common courage of the street
The crushed grape is the wine,
Wheat in the mill is daily bread
And given for a sign.

And who but God shall pity them
Who go so quietly,
And smile upon us when we meet,
And greet us pleasantly?

Blessed, thrice blessed she, who has the seeing eye,
the hearing ear, and the understanding heart!

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