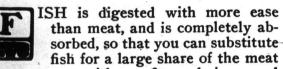
Eat More Fish!

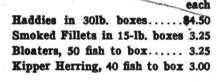


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(g) *		per 1b.
Whitefish, dressed		121/20
Whitefish, round		12c
Pickerel		13c
Jackfish, round		9c
Jackfish, dressed		91/20
Trout, dressed		20c
Salmon, dressed		22c
Halibut		19c
Haddock		9c
Tulibees		8c
Mackerel		18c
Herring, large		10c
Codfish		12c
Soles		9c
Chinments made same day as order and	ami	ttance

are received



	each
Labrador Herring, half barrels	
100 lbs	
Labrador Herring, 20-lb. pails	2.80
Salt Mackerel, 20-lb. pails	4.25
Salt Whitefish, 20-lb. pails	3.00

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Reference: Royal Bank of Canada WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

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The Woman's Quiet Hour

By E. Cora Hind

The New Year resolutions of the writer took the form of a general clearing up of drawers containing old papers, Peach with its waxen pink, the waving note books, scrap books and the like, and in the process there was unearthed an old note book in which the writer and her mother before her had been wont to copy in the days of their youth, verses that caught their fancy. The contribu-tions copied by "the mother" are mainly Tennyson, whose works had not then appeared in book form; in fact, the very first entry in the book is Tennyson's "The Grandmother." The writer's first entry was made when she was twelve, and they were continued from time to time up to twenty-three. It is rather a queer sensation to go back and see what things arrested your attention in those formative years, and it struck me that possibly other women might be interested in some of the selections, and also that possibly other readers of the column might have similar collections which they might be willing to send in for publication. To this end I am devoting the February column to scraps from this old book.

The very first entry in a very unformed schoolgirl scrawl is the poem "Sometime," rather an odd selection to have caught the fancy of " Sometime "

twelve years old:

unfold.

"Sometime when all life's lessons have been learned

And sun and stars for evermore have set, The things which our weak judgments here have spurned,

The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet, Shall flash before us out of life's dark

night As stars shine best in deeper tints of

blue: we shall see how all God's plans were right,

And what we deemed reproof was love most true.

"But not to-day then rest content tired heart, God's plans like lilies pure and white

apart, Time will reveal the calyxes of gold,

And if through patient toil we reach that land, Where tired feet with sandals loose may rest.

When we shall clearly know and understand. I think that we shall say, 'God knew the

Here is one copied at sixteen which seems more in accord Pomance with the age of the Ended copyist:

"And this is the end of it all! It rounds the year's completeness. Only a walk to the stile through the

meadows afoam with sweetness Only the sunset light, purple and red on the river, And a lingering low 'goodnight,' which

means good-bye forever. "So be it! and God be with you! It had been perhaps more kind,

Had you sooner, pardon the word, been sure of knowing your mind. We can bear so much in youth, who cares

for a swift, sharp pain? And the two-edged sword of truth cuts deep but it leaves no stain.

"I shall just go back to my work, to my little household cares,, That never make any show. By times,

perhaps, in my prayers I may think of you. For the rest, on the path we have trodden together. My foot shall fall as light as if my heart were a feather.

"And not a woman's heart strong to have and to keep,

Patient when children cry, soft to lull them to sleep, Hiding its secret deep, glad when

another's hand Finds for itself a gem, where her's found

only sand.

"Good-bye! The year has been bright; as oft as the blossoms come snow of the plum, shall think how I used to watch, so

happy to see you pass, I could almost have kissed the print of your foot in the dewy grass.

"I am not ashamed of my love; yet I would not have yours now. Though you laid it down at my feet.

I could not stoop so low. A love is but half a love that contents itself with less Than love's utmost truth and faith and

unwavering tenderness. "Only this walk to the stile, this parting

word by the river, That flows so coldly on, going and flowing forever.

Good-bye, let me list for the last, last sound of his feet, Ah, me! I think in this life of ours the

bitter outweighs the sweet."

In the years that follow I find a tribute to Longfellow evidently written about the time of his death. This is one verse of it:

"In stately home and humble habitation Alike are tears of honest sorrow shed, All hearts regard with love and venera-

The poet who is dead."

"Tired Mother" and Charles Dickens' rare poem, "The Children," are copied in full. Among shorter selections are:

"Think truly and thy thought Shall the world's famine feed. Speak truly and thy word Shall be a fruitful seed. Live truly and thy life shall be A great and noble creed."

"In the long run all love is paid by love, Though undervalued by the hearts of

The great Eternal Government above Keeps strick account and shall redeem its worth.

We must not tear the close shut leaves Give thy love freely, do not count the cost. So beautiful a thing was never given to be lost."

"Does he come? I only know That the moon for evermore

Draws the tides, and swift or slow, Bond or barred or flowing free, Every river finds its sea.'

"The night has a thousand eyes, The day but one; Yet the light of the whole world dies With the setting sun. The mind has a thousand eyes, The heart but one; Yet the light of a whole life dies When love is done."

"Each man goeth forth with spade and hod His work to ply,

And one shall build an altar unto God, And one a sty."

"The darkening streets about me lie, The shame, the fret, the squalid jars; But swallows' wings go flitting by, And in the puddles there are stars."

"First find thyself. Tis halfway house to God. Then lose thyself, and all the road is

The last entry in the book is the famous "Ballad of Judas Iscariot" by Those who are Robert Buchanan. familiar with it will recall the conclud-

"And the soul of Judas Iscariot Crept in to the Master's feet."

I think these selections show a fairly wide range of interest. Now, who will be the next to let us see something of what the years between twelve and twenty-three held for her.