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	per lb.
Whitefish, dressed	12½c
Whitefish, round	12c
Pickarel	13c
Jackfish, round	9c
Jackfish, dressed	9½c
Trout, dressed	20c
Salmon, dressed	22c
Halibut	19c
Haddock	9c
Tulibees	8c
Mackerel	18c
Herring, large	10c
Codfish	12c
Soles	9c

Shipments made same day as order and remittance are received

each	each
Haddies in 30lb. boxes.....\$4.50	Labrador Herring, half barrels
Smoked Fillets in 15-lb. boxes 3.25	100 lbs. 8.75
Bloaters, 50 fish to box..... 3.25	Labrador Herring, 20-lb. pails 2.80
Kipper Herring, 40 fish to box 3.00	Salt Mackerel, 20-lb. pails... 4.25
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Reference: Royal Bank of Canada **WINNIPEG, MANITOBA**



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, 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 contributions 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 twelve years old:

"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;
And 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 unfold.
We must not tear the close shut leaves 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 best.'"

Here is one copied at sixteen which seems more in accord
A Romance 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
Peach with its waxen pink, the waving snow of the plum,
I 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 veneration
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 earth,
The great Eternal Government above
Keeps strict account and shall redeem its worth.
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 trod."

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

"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.

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