



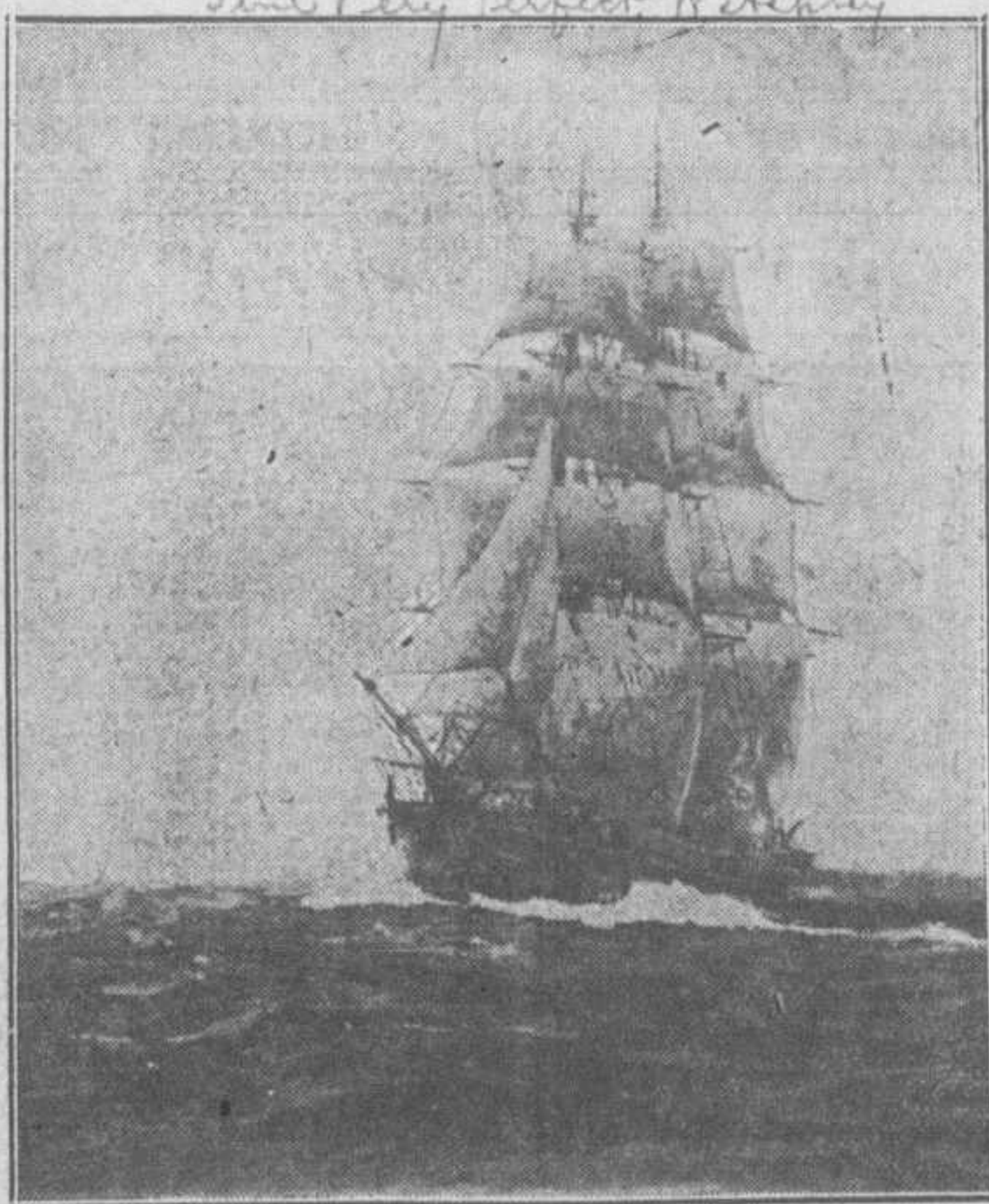
Word and A

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AY, NOVEMBER 15, 1926

Exhibits Paintings of Yankee Whaling Ships

Fine Very Perfect & Steady



"WHALER MAKING A PASSAGE—THE COMMODORE MORRIS"
A fine marine by Clifford W. Ashley, which is included in the exhibition by this eminent artist at the Vose Gallery.

"PEOPLE'S FRIEND" READERS' FAVOURITE QUOTATIONS.

There is so much good in the worst of us,
There is so much bad in the best of us
That it ill becomes any one of us
To talk about the rest of us.—R. L. STEVENSON.

Mrs Ormiston, Selkirk.
All through life there are wayside inns where
man may refresh his soul with love. Even the
lowest can stoop and drink at rivulets, few from
springs above.—LONGFELLOW.
Beckie Lindsay, Eastbourne.

Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art to dust returnest,
Waa not spoken of the soul.—LONGFELLOW.

Agnes S. Cochrane, Newton Mearns.
Cast all your care on God that anchor holds.
—TENNYSON.
Annabella Moir, Glassel, Aberdeenshire.

Do the thing that's nearest,
Though it's dull at times;
Helping when you meet them,
Lame dogs over stiles.—CHARLES

KINGSLEY.
Miss Wilkie, Edinburgh.
Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.—LONGFELLOW.

Alexander Rule, Huntly.
Good nature and good sense must ever join,
For err is human, to forgive divine.—POPE. ✕
James M'Bain, Dundee

Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with
thy might.—ECCLESIASTES.
M. Anderson, Dundee.

If when for life's prizes you're running, you trip,
Get up, start again, "Keep a stiff upper lip!"—
FRANCE CARRY.

Mrs James Munro, Lochee.
Character is higher than intellect. A great
soul will be strong to live as well as to think.—
EMERSON.

R. M. Greig, Dundee.
Hope on, hope ever, though to-day be dark,
The sweet sunburst may smile on thee to-morrow.—GERALD MASSEY.

Miss B. Munro, Lochee.
Joy and temperance and repose
Slam the door on the doctor's nose.—
LONGFELLOW.

Agnes A. Steven, Govan.
What day are you afraid of? Is it Monday
or Friday? The Lord is already at Friday.—
REV. R. J. CAMPBELL.

Miss Elizabeth M'Cormick, County Tyrone.
At every trifle scorn to take offence,
That always shows great pride or little sense.—
POPE.

Florrie Allen, Belfast.
Care to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt,
And every laugh so merry draws one out.—
WOLCOTT.

Jane Burden, Belfast.
'Tis gentle good humour that makes life so
sweet,
And picks up the flowerets that garnish our
feet.—BLAIR.

Mrs Allen, Belfast.
Courage and comfort! All shall yet go well.—
SHAKESPEARE.

Mrs Strachan, Aberdeen.
Wha does the utmost that he can
Will whiles dae mair.—ROBERT BURNS.
Mrs C. Reid, Polloxshields.

Be good—let who will be clever.
Do noble things, not dream them all day long,
And thus make life, death, and that vast forever
One grand sweet song.—KINGSLEY.

Jane Clarkson, Aberdeen.
I've made it a practice to put all my worries
down in the bottom of my heart, and then set
on the lid an' smile.—ALICE HEGAN RICE.
Mrs Stronach, Edinburgh.

On bravely through the sunshine and the
showers,
Time has his work to do and we have ours!—
EMERSON.

Dorothy Stronach, Edinburgh.
A good deed is never lost; he who sows
courtesy reaps friendship, and he who plants
kindness gathers love.—BASIL.

Isabel Allen, Belfast.
If some things were omitted,
Or altered as we would,
The whole might be unfitted
To work for perfect good.—F. R.

HAVERGAL.
Thomas Palmer, Belfast.
One by one thy griefs shall meet thee,
Do not leet an armed band;
One will fade as others greet thee,
Shadows passing through the land.—
ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

Mrs Allen, Belfast.
And I smiled to think God's greatness flowed
around our incompleteness,
Round our restlessness, His rest.—ELIZABETH
BARRETT BROWNING.

Miss Wilson, Glasgow.
Copies of one or other of the books in Leng's
Library have been forwarded to the senders of
the above.