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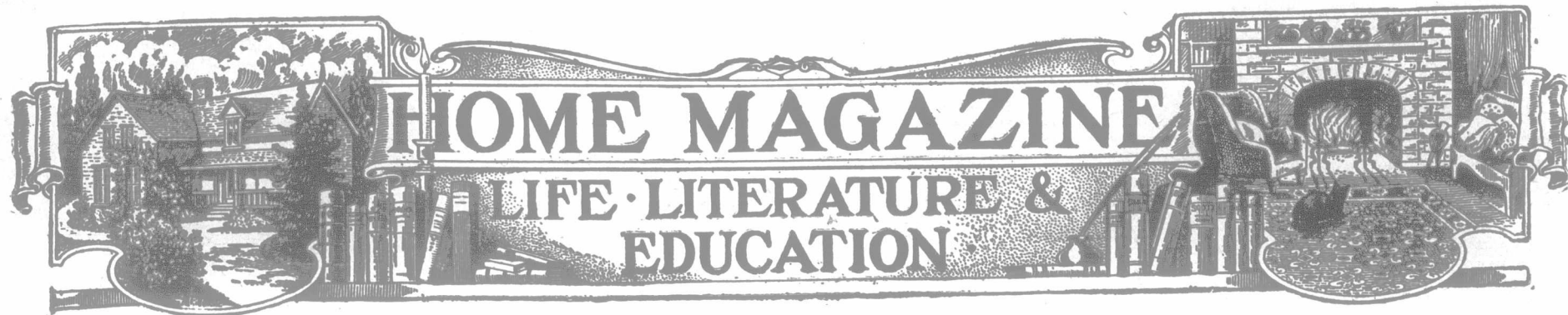
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## At the End of the Road.

BY MADISON CAWEIN, in *The Bellman*.

This is the truth as I see it, my dear,  
Out in the wind and the rain:  
They who have nothing have little to fear,  
Nothing to lose or to gain.  
Here by the road at the end o' the year,  
Let us sit down and drink of our beer,  
Happy-Go-Lucky and her Cavalier,  
Out in the wind and the rain.

Now we are old, hey, isn't it fine,  
Out in the wind and the rain?  
Now we have nothing, why snivel and  
whine?

What would it bring us again?  
When I was young I took you like wine,  
Held you and kissed you and thought you  
divine—

Happy-Go-Lucky, the habit's still mine,  
Out in the wind and the rain.

Oh, my old Heart, what a life we have  
led,  
Out in the wind and the rain!  
How we have drunken and how we have  
fed!

Nothing to lose or to gain.  
Cover the fire now; get me to bed.  
Long is the journey and far has it led.  
Come, let us sleep, lass, sleep like the dead,  
Out in the wind and the rain.

## Yarrow.

The Yarrow's beauty; fools may laugh,  
And yet the fields without it  
Were shorn of half their comfort, half  
Their magic—who can doubt it?

Yon patches of a milky strain  
In verdure bright or pallid  
Are something like the deep refrain  
That times the perfect ballad.

The meadows by its sober white—  
Though few would bend to pick it—  
Are tempered as the sounds of night  
Are tempered by the cricket.

It blooms as in the fields of life  
Those spirits bloom forever  
Unnamed, unnoted in the strife,  
Among the great and clever.

Who spread from an unconscious soul  
An aura pure and tender,  
A kindlier background for the whole  
Between the gloom and splendor.

Let others captivate the mass  
With power and brilliant seeming;  
The lily and the rose I pass,  
The Yarrow sets me dreaming.  
—ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

## Travel Notes.

(FROM HELEN'S DIARY.)

Vevey, June 12, 1917.

What a wretched night I had!  
Interesting to look back upon, but  
anything but agreeable at the time.  
Uncle Ned fairly shook with laughter  
when I related my nocturnal experiences,  
but Aunt Julia looked quite scandalized.  
To begin at the beginning I went to  
Fribourg to see *La Fête-Dieu*—a great  
religious procession which takes place  
there once a year. Fribourg being a  
Catholic city in a Catholic Canton,  
crowds of the faithful flock to the city  
for this event, which also attracts throngs  
of sightseers.

As the procession takes place early  
in the morning I went to Fribourg the  
night before so as to be up with the lark  
and not miss anything. I was up with  
the owls and the nighthawks too—but of  
that later.

I engaged a room by telephone and  
arrived at the hotel about 11.30 p. m.  
The office was full of people clamoring  
for rooms. Some got them, some didn't.  
I was one of the "didn'ts".

"But I engaged a room by telephone,"  
I said to the concierge.

"Never received it," was his laconic  
reply.

"But where am I to go?" I demanded  
hotly, "I can't walk the streets all night."  
He looked at me as if he were sizing me  
up, lifted his gold-trimmed cap slowly  
and scratched the top of his head re-  
flectively.

"I might possibly get you a room  
some place. I'll see what I can do."

He disappeared—reappeared—dis-  
appeared again. Telephoned. Conferred  
in low tones with a swarthy, dark-browed  
piratical-looking porter, and then turning  
to me said:

"I can give you a very good room in  
a house near by."

I hesitated.  
"A front room" he continued, "from  
which you will have a fine view of the  
procession".

That clinched the matter. "I'll take  
it", said I promptly, feeling that after  
all Fate was giving me a reserved seat  
in the front row.

The swarthy porter slouched over,  
picked up my bag and indicated by a  
jerk of the head that I was to follow him.

He also nodded to a man who was  
sitting there. The man picked up his

went on and on, and turned this way and  
that, and at last I began to wonder if—

And just then the porter dodged into  
a black crack between two high houses.  
In the crack was a stone stairway and  
up this stairway we stumbled. I couldn't  
see anything—not even the sky.

The porter stopped. A bell jangled.  
A light flashed—a door was opened by  
a haggish-looking old woman rolled in a  
red shawl. The light streamed through  
the door and lit up the face of the man,  
and I recognized him instantly as being  
the same person who had sat opposite  
me in the train that evening.

The porter and the old woman ex-  
changed words in some incomprehensible  
dialect. She turned and peered at me  
curiously and then looked at the man.  
I began to feel as if I were being led into  
a trap. Then my eyes fell upon my bag  
which the porter had placed on the floor  
by the door. While their heads were  
turned I grabbed the bag and bolted.  
How I got down the steps I do not know,  
or where I went when I got down. I  
walked and walked. The bag began to  
feel as if it were filled with bricks, and  
all at once, I realized that I was tired  
and wobbly. Then by a stroke of luck  
I "hit the trail" of the street car track.  
That gave me an inspiration. The name

blinked at me. No. There wasn't a  
vacant room left, he said, yawning. The  
salon? No. It was locked. Wasn't  
there a sofa any place I could have? No,  
(yawn). Wasn't there any place I could  
rest? No. (yawn, yawn).

"Then", said I, "I'll stay here".

He nodded his head, yawned, stumbled  
away behind a screen. Then I heard  
a flop, and in two minutes a snore—he  
was asleep.

In that entrance hall I sat all night.  
A most depressing place it was—a high-  
ceilinged room with a stone floor, and  
six inhospitable cane chairs. A dim  
light was burning by the stairway,  
and all the shadows seemed to be alive.

Those six chairs! I changed from one  
to the other in the vain hope of finding  
one that was less uncomfortable than the  
others, but they were all equally rigid.  
No one who has not tried to sleep in a  
straight-backed cane chair can possibly  
realize what a thing of torture it can  
become on a too-intimate acquaintance.

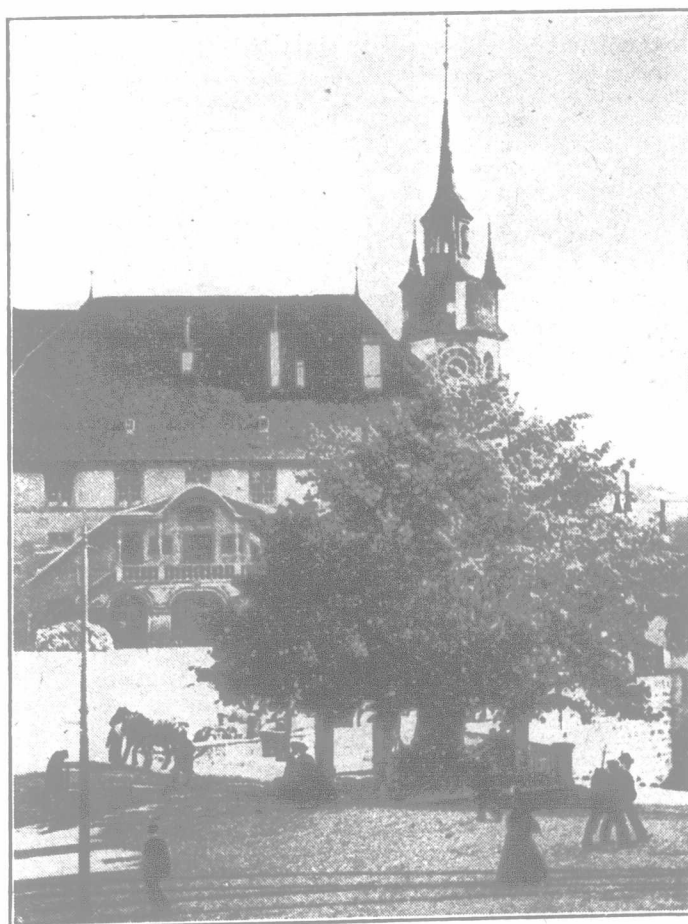
At intervals up till 2.30 a. m. the bell  
would tinkle, the sleepy porter would  
reappear—yawning, and open the door  
for some late-returning guests. Men, of  
course. The way they looked at me  
made my temperature rise. Rage is a  
good stove. The night became very cold  
—so cold that I shivered in my light  
summer suit. I began to long for more  
late arrivals so that I could get warmed up.

And the noises that emanated from  
behind that screen! Blood-curdling  
they were. After hours and hours of  
this agony I heard the joyful twitter  
of birds and knew that it was dawn.

Then I must have dropped off to sleep,  
for when I opened my eyes I was falling  
off the chair and had an awful crick in  
my neck. A new wide-awake porter was  
hustling energetically around with a  
broom. I pulled myself together and  
got up, quite stiff with cold. I went into  
the dining room and thawed myself out  
with a cup of hot coffee and after that  
the unpleasant adventures of the night  
faded from my mind like a bad dream.

Having nothing else to do I sallied out  
to explore. I followed the main street  
along to the point where it commits  
suicide. It is a street of great variety.  
It starts off from the railway station in  
most business-like and proper way and  
proceeds thus for several blocks, but as  
soon as it reaches the old part of the town  
its character completely changes, it  
becomes whimsical and moody; it  
meanders down hill this way and that  
as if it didn't know its own mind; it  
spreads out into little, open, sunny  
spaces, and then closes up again into  
gloomy canyons—dark, narrow, chilly.  
When it reaches the Cathedral it get  
into such a tangle that in a fit of des-  
peration it darts suddenly down hill  
to the edge of the bluff, gathers itself  
together determinedly, and leaps into  
the lower town.

Fribourg is wonderfully picturesque.  
It is perched on the top of a long, narrow  
peninsula around which sweeps the  
river Sarine. On either side of the  
river are high precipitous bluffs. A ring  
of hills of varying heights encircles the  
city, and over their verdant slopes  
climbers the old wall, with its curious  
medieval towers and gates. Beyond the  
hills and far away gleam the giant snow-  
peaks of the Bernese Alps. Fribourg  
is a very, very old place. It has been  
a town since 1178. The tower of the  
Cathedral was completed in 1492, the  
year Columbus and America met. But  
there is a famous tree in the city which  
antedates even that. It is a linden  
tree, planted in 1476. The history of  
this patriarch is so interwoven with that  
of Fribourg that on all important public  
occasions it is decorated and honored.  
According to the legend a young soldier  
was sent to Fribourg with news of a great  
victory. Exhausted, he fell to earth  
and died. Tightly clutched in his hand



The Historic Linden Tree in Front of the Town Hall of Fribourg.

bag, rose up and followed us. The por-  
ter evidently thought we were together.  
I glanced at the clock as I was passing  
out. It was half-past twelve.

Dark! The street was like the inside  
of a cave. No street lights, and the  
moon sulking under a heavy cloud.  
I had never been in Fribourg before,  
but I knew by the narrow streets and  
the way the buildings were huddled  
together that we must be in the old  
part of the town. It was really quite  
thrilling poking along in the darkness  
with a piratical-looking porter and an  
unknown man, and not know where  
I was going. Blacker and narrower  
and spookier became the street. We

"Terminus Hotel" flashed into my mind.  
I would follow the track to that hotel  
which was near the station. But which  
way? I struck out blindly and for-  
tunately chose the right direction.

When I reached the hotel it was dark  
and silent. Not a gleam of light any  
place.

I rang the bell.

No answer.

I rang again.

Still no answer.

I rang again furiously; I pounded on  
the door with my umbrella; I even kicked  
it in my eagerness to get in.

At last a sleepy-looking porter opened  
it. I went in. He rubbed his eyes and