



October.

Now, when the summer flowers are past
and dead,
When from the earth's wild bosom, brown,
and bare,
No trillium lifts its head,
When in the hollows where the violets
were,
Purple, and white, and fair,
Only a few brown leaves are falling now,
The wind shakes from the bough:

Now, when the tiger-lily's flame no
more
Burns in the long, lush grasses on the hill,
And by the river shore
The smoky trail of asters, lingering still,
Thins, and the air grows chill,
Ere the first feathery snow-flakes that
anon
Fall softly and are gone:

O let us leave this dull and dusty street,
The noise, and heat, and turmoil of the
town,
For country waysides sweet,
Lanes, where the nuts are clustering,
plump, and brown,
Hedges blackberries crown;
Come, ere the shivering blasts of winter
blow,
Let us make haste and go.

NORAH M. HOLLAND, in University
Magazine.

A Thanksgiving Prayer.

For toil that is a medicine for woe,
For strength that grows with every
lifted cross,
For thorns, since with each thorn a rose
did grow,
For gain that I have wrongly reckoned
loss,
For ignorance, where it were harm to
know,—
Teach me to thank Thee, Lord.

For cups of honeyed pleasure Thou didst
spill
Before their foam had quenched my
purer sense;
For that my soul has power to struggle
still,
Though panting in the trappings of
pretense;
And for mistakes that saved from greater
ill,—
Teach me to thank Thee, Lord.

That Thou dost ravel out the tinselled
thread
Of my poor work I thought so bravely
done;
That Thou dost show me every flimsy
shred
In the thin coat of honor I have spun,
And pluck'st the slender garland from my
head,—
Teach me to thank Thee, Lord.

For ills averted, all unseen by me,
For darkened days that healed my
dazzled eyes,
For suffering which brought a company
Of gentle ministers in stern disguise;
For weariness, which made me lean on
Thee,—
Teach me to thank Thee, Lord.

For chalice of tears that Thou dost pour,
For unrequited love and wounded pride;
If they but tempt my lonesome heart the
more
To seek the faithful shelter of Thy side;
For homelessness, which drives me to Thy
door,—
Teach me to thank Thee, Lord.
May Riley Smith.

Travel Notes.

(FROM HELEN'S DIARY.)

Vevey, Switz., July 14, 1918.

In the days of *La Grippe Espagnole*.

YESTERDAY I went on a jam-hunt.
In these butterless, cheeseless,
sugarless days "going for jam" is
one of our most exciting distractions.
Jam is our substitute for butter. Fortu-
nately, there are no jamless days yet, but
the price has soared and we spread it
thinner than we used to.

A bit ahead of me on the street I saw
Miss Harrison tripping along with the
black bag under her arm with which she
camouflages her jam-jar. This bag is a
recent acquisition of hers, the result of
deep thought, following a series of un-
pleasantly sticky experiences connected
with the buying of jam. Miss Harrison
is a tall, angular Australian lady of un-
certain age, a dreamy, absent-minded,
nervous sort of person, with literary
proclivities, who lives in this hotel. The
accidents were due partly to her absent-
mindedness and partly to the careless (or
economical) habit the shop keepers here
have, of wrapping the paper around the
jam-jar and leaving the ends exposed.
Sometimes the jar slips out and lands on
the pavement. This happened once to
Miss Harrison to her great embarrassment
just as she was passing the *hotel d'Angle-
terre*, now filled with French internes.
Three or four of them gallantly rushed to
the rescue, but there wasn't anything to

she places around her neck, so that in
case her mind should wander and the jar
slip from her grasp, the sudden tug on the
ribbon would warn her of danger.

This plan works fairly well as a rule,
but there are times when it fails, as the
other day for instance, when she was
standing at the newspaper kiosk reading
the war bulletins of the French victories.
She became so absorbed in the news that
she forgot all about the bag until it
suddenly dropped, the jerk pulling her
head forward with such force that her
eye-glasses flew off and hit a man who
was standing next her right on the nose,
which irritated him exceedingly. But
Miss H. said she was glad of it, as he was
a German.

Miss H. always has to be explained to
strangers, her actions being so erratic that
she is always either misunderstood or
taken for a lunatic.

To go back to the beginning, I saw her
ahead of me on the street. Her move-
ments were more erratic than usual. She
seemed agitated. She crossed and re-
crossed the street hurriedly every few
minutes. She glanced furtively this way
and that. When she reached *Entre deux
villes*, the little park which separates
Vevey from La Tour, she hesitated, ap-
parently not being able to decide which
way to go, but finally branched off to-
wards the quai.

I wondered what she had been reading,
as her actions are always closely con-
nected with her books. Sometimes she

der! Most of them have been languish-
ing in German camps for four years.

I noticed that Miss H. avoided the
benches that were occupied; and walked
—or rather zig-zagged along, sometimes
in the shade, sometimes in the blazing
sunshine. Suddenly she darted swiftly
down a side street and I lost sight of her,
but came across her a few minutes later
skurrying along in the middle of the
street near the shop where we buy jam.

We met in the shop. She was very
preoccupied and had a strong odor of
eucalyptus. She kept her handkerchief
to her nose all the time she was in there.
We walked home together, going, by
her request, by the back streets.

When I mentioned the post-office, and
said I was going in there a minute, she
implored me in the most agitated manner
not to.

"It's the most dangerous place in
town," she said, "it's full of them."

"Full of them!" I repeated, mystified.
"Yes! microbes! Keep away from every
place where people congregate, all sorts
of people go to the post-office—it's reek-
ing with bacteria, absolutely reeking.
If you go in there you'll be sure to get it.
And then every one in the hotel will
catch it. It's absolute suicide to go in
there. I have just been reading—(Ah!
that was it. I knew she had been read-
ing something), a most hair-raising article
in the *Journal de Geneve* about the Grippe
—how horribly contagious it is, how fatal,
and what precautions we should take.
Do you keep an anti-grippe tablet in
your mouth when you go into shops?"

"No."
"You should. And keep eucalyptus on
your handkerchief and sniff it when you
are near people. Don't go near enough
to people to get their breath. That's
one of the ways it spreads. And if you
have the slightest ache any place, go to
bed at once and send for the doctor. It
comes in so many forms you never can be
sure."

She took a tablet and a sniff and con-
tinued.

"And don't go near those Belgian in-
ternes. They've all got it."

"Who said so?"

"I don't know. They look like it.
They've got it in all the prisoners' camps
in Germany. There are some of them
now," she said excitedly, referring to
three Belgian internes in the distance.
She insisted on crossing the street to
avoid meeting them. She couldn't talk
of anything but the epidemic. I did not
wonder she looked tired when she related
all the precautionary measures she was
taking. Gargling and washing her hands
forty times a day with a disinfectant,
sniffing disinfectant up her nose, keeping
tablets in her mouth and eucalyptus on
her handkerchief. She had even scrubbed
everything in her room—dishes, oil-
cloth, door knobs, etc., with a disin-
fectant, everything that the chamber-
maid was likely to touch—"those cham-
bermaids," she said. "You can't tell
where they have been, or who they have
been talking to—some of those Grippy
Belgians probably."

On the way home something happened
which threw her into a spasm of fright.
Just as we were turning a corner where
there was a high hedge, we met a man—a
man of dubious cleanliness. And he
sneezed. Not a gentle sneeze, but one
of those volcanic disturbances one hears
sometimes in church.

"Mercy on us!" shrieked Miss H.,
bolting out into the roadway. "He's got
it. I'm sure of it. It often starts that
way. One isn't safe any place."

She took another tablet and held her
eucalyptus-soaked handkerchief to her
nose. Although there wasn't a person in
sight, she insisted on keeping to the middle
of the road.

"It's much safer," she said.

We made a detour to escape passing a
laundry.

"Laundries," she declared, "are perfect



"She became so absorbed in the news that she forgot all about the bag
until it suddenly dropped—"

rescue. The culminating tragedy, how-
ever, was the day when, in shifting the
jar from one hand to the other, she
inadvertently turned it upside down, and
being in a specially preoccupied state of
mind that morning, did not realize the
calamity till she reached home and found
her skirt all jam and the jar empty.
After that harrowing experience she de-
cided something must be done, and after
much cogitation hit upon the idea of a
bag with a safety ribbon. This ribbon

becomes so absorbed in the characters—
real or fictitious—that she frequently
uses their words and gestures without
realizing it.

There were not many people in the
quai that morning, it being warm and
sultry and glarey, but the benches under
the trees along the promenade were oc-
cupied, mostly by the newly arrived
Belgian internes, who are the most
ragged, dejected, saffron-hued, sick-look-
ing lot we have yet seen here. "No won-

who desires
business with
ons Bank
ssured of a
ception by
gers. And
is to assist
in a legiti-
to make his
stock more

wholesale: New-laid
n; cold storage, 50c.
c. per lb.; twins,
ices also advanced
ng quoted as follows:
28c. per lb.; comb
each.

and Vegetables.
ily becoming lighter
it market and the
the offerings is very
y fruits continuing
ices.

quality barrel apples
ne in ranging from
according to variety
akened slightly, sell-
per 6-qt. flat, and
eno.

very good quality,
per 6 qts. and 50c.
rought from 50c.
hers at 75c. to \$1.25
e Anjou \$1 per

to 90c. per 6 qts.
11 qts.; prunes at

and then firmed,
per bag.

real.

actically no change
week in the market
ough the cost of live
battor fresh-killed
3½c. per lb.

atoes arriving are
ive assurance of a
class stock. Prices
ne of year, ranging
f 90 lbs. in a whole-
bags at about \$2.25.
as though potatoes
ar.

was quite a little
past week by the
supplies, and the
Commission. These
r No. 1 creamery;
for No. 3. In the
k place as high as
esale way, though
erally from 48c. to
ne at 47c. to 48c.;
2c.

s continued steady,
Canadian Western
at 97½c.; No. 1
39c.; Ontario No. 3
Corn was fairly
ellow American at
No. 4, \$1.63; and
ex-store. Ontario
\$1.33; No. 3, \$1.31;
and No. 4, \$1.24

oba spring wheat
andard was steady
bags, ex-track; and
s; with 10c. per
h. Ontario winter
30 in new cotton
s lower at \$11 per
Graham at \$11.50;
corn flour \$10 to
at flour and white

steady at \$37.25;
ck, in car lots,
3; barley feed, \$62
66; mixed mouille,