

Ladies.



Consolation for April.

SOCIETY Lady—You weren't in town last winter were you? I suppose you were away at school?

Miss B.A.—Well-er-not exactly—I was at college.

Society L.—Oh dear me (evidently concludes Miss B.A. as an old stile). Toronto or McGill?

Miss B.A.—Neither—at Queen's!

Society L.—But that's in Toronto isn't it?

Miss B.A.—No. Queen's is at Kingston.

Society L.—Why, I always thought it was a college of Toronto University. Is it a girls' college?

Miss B.A.—No. It is extremely co-educational.

Society L.—Have you many students?

Miss B.A.—About fifteen hundred.

Society L.—Oh—(appears surprised that a blue-stocking can exaggerate so much). But you didn't graduate, did you?

Miss B.A.—Yes. I took my B.A. last spring.

Society L.—(Regards B.A. carefully from toes to curls). I suppose you love studying?

Miss B.A.—Well, not exactly. We didn't study all the time.

Society L.—But I shouldn't think you would get used to living there. You wouldn't care for dances or teas or bridge or things of that kind. I'm sure you'd rather read books. You're very fond of books aren't you?

Miss B.A.—But I do love dancing and a good time, though I am quite fond of books.

Society L.—(After deep thought). Well, do you know, I don't think boys ever care for girls who are fond of books or are clever. You know they haven't time to read themselves and they don't like a girl to know more than they do. Why just look at my daughter. She could never be made to study or read and she's so popular with the boys. She always has flowers and every night she don't go out some of the boys are in and she's so popular with the nice bank clerks and cadets and she—

Miss B.A.—Aside, "Oh wad some power the giftie gie us." Exit in haste.

(Contributed by a 'Miss B.A.')

Following the example of the final year of 1909 the city girls of the year '10 gave a most enjoyable luncheon to the out-of-town girls on April 21st.