

"You are like a bear with a sore head this morning, growling at every one," said Crawford, good humouredly.

But Qurllett turned away making no reply, Wilson shortly following his example.

"Do you think what Qurllett said about me will make any difference?" Phil asked of Crawford after the others had left.

"Well there is no use saying it won't, because it will," he replied after a short pause, "you see the Governor is very particular about 'leading new boys astray' as he calls it."

"They didn't do that, I would not have gone unless I wanted to."

"That doesn't make any difference so long as he thinks they did; there is the bell."

An intense silence of expectation settled over the scholars as the Principal made his appearance in the schoolroom that morning, looking unusually grave; most of the boys knew that some of their fellows were up for expulsion.

Directly after prayers he stood up in his place at the great desk! "Boys," he began, "it has not often fallen to my lot since I have had charge of this school, to perform perhaps the most painful of my many duties, that of expulsion from the school; three boys, all of considerable ability, have flagrantly violated some of the best known rules of the school, what my duty is in one case where the affair has been aggravated by an offence of which I hardly believe any of my boys capable, is plain; even here it is with genuine sorrow, and the greatest reluctance, that I inflict the extreme penalty; could I avoid it I would, but my duty to the rest prevents;" so saying he left the room, and that afternoon as the delinquents did not make their appearance in the schoolroom, it was rumored that all were gone, but towards evening, Qurllett and Phil put in an appearance as usual, and when questioned as to their experience, generally replied with a grin, "that it was all right;" which was the substance of their information. Wilson, the scholars never saw again as a pupil, and he rapidly faded from their memories as the time slipped by.