

Will we walk down Poulette Street to see Mr. James McLachlan, and will he twist a cornucopia of paper and fill it with bull's eyes and tell us at the same time we are a credit to the town? Will we believe him as we did of yore?

Will we go on up to the Collegiate and hear Mr. Packham say, "Are you talking young lady?" and when I answer—"Yes, Sir"—then go and sit with Fred, will I hurry to take my punishment, glad of the chance to sit with Fred?

Will we go to the old church and into Mary Ann Meir's class, say our golden text and get our ticket? As we come out will Mr. John Rutherford have a peppermint ready to drop into our waiting mouth?

Will we sit in the old pew in church, and watch Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Allen come into the church looking so grand? Dr. and Mrs. Cameron and the congregatio we knew so well file in?

Will we go down to the dock to see if the Francis Smith is in, then brag to anyone, who will listen, of the many times we went up the Lakes on that gorgeous ship with Captain Tate Robertson, Mr. Henry Smith the Purser, and Mate McLeod at the wheel? What sails we had, what fun making taffy in the kitchen, barely escaping detection when our big brother came looking for us—by