

Ladies.



THE last meeting of the Y.W.C.A. was held on Friday, March 18th. After the regular business meeting the annual meeting was held; the various reports were given and then the election results were given out as follows:—

President, Miss Playfair; vice-president, Miss Macdonnell; treasurer, Miss Carlyle; recording secretary, Miss MacKay; corresponding secretary, Miss Stewart.

We regret very much that Miss Laura Phillips has been in the hospital during the past week; however, judging from the number of visitors, she has not been lonely while there.

A HUNTING SONG.

O cheerful rings the hunter's horn,
To purple skies just touched with morn,
The echoing horn and brave hound's bay—
They usher in the smiling day;
And many a laugh is upward borne,
And upward many a gay hurrah.

The woodland boughs are summer green,
And o'er the fields is summer's sheen,
And blithely doth the warm wind blow
As o'er the hills the huntsmen go,
Behind the hounds, whose senses keen,
Follow the footprints of the doe.

Then on my hunter, tall and strong,
Beside my love, I speed along.
And forth into the air of gold
I pour the tale beloved of old
That tells how Cupid's shaft went wrong
While hunting in a woodland throng,
So that the deer escaped the dart,
Which quivered in a huntsman's heart.—*R. E. H., '11.*