

honour, followed by the graduating students.

In the drawing-room all were presented to their Excellencies by Miss Watson, assisted by Dr. Ross, and then the students passed out to the lawn to wave farewells to them as they departed shortly afterwards.

The menu of the luncheon was as follows.

Fillets of Halibut	Egg Sauce
Scalloped potatoes	Tomato salad
	Rye Bread
Grapejuice Ice	Maple Sponge-cake
	Coffee

No meat, wheat or sugar were used in the preparation of the dishes.

Miss Muriel Brown was chosen by Miss Watson to be Steward on this occasion, and carried out her arduous duties with marked ability. Miss Muriel Watts as head waitress, superintended the arrangement and decoration of the tables, while Miss Ellie Todd, as service room chief, grappled successfully with a heavy task, and all worked cheerfully and harmoniously to produce an eminently satisfactory result. It is hardly necessary to add that to Miss Watson and Miss Roddick must be attributed all the credit for the initiation and carrying through of the undertaking and that Macdonald Hall was made even more attractive than usual by Mrs. Fuller's careful preparations for the comfort and pleasure of the guests, while Miss Boughner did everything in her power to smooth the way for the amateur entertainers.

THE AUCTION SALE

A number of junior students drifted along the trunk-encumbered corridors, to the third floor well and grouped themselves around it, standing with linked arms, or sitting on chairs or articles of baggage.

Slim and alert, the auctioneer stood on a box, hammer in hand. In the room behind her was a heterogeneous collection of discarded possessions which had served their turn as accessories of of Mac life to departing students, and were ready to be knocked down to the highest bidder.

A bamboo book shelf was handed up from the repository in the back ground. "Here's a book-shelf, an elegant book-shelf, to hold all your books and tea-cups and anything else you like. How much for this book-shelf?"

"Ten cents," was the first offer.

"Only ten cents, bid for this beautiful book-shelf? Why, it's as good as the day it was bought?"

"Fifteen cents," from the other side of the well.

"Look at it!" cried the auctioneer, "You don't realise the value of it! It's an ornament for any room! Only fifteen cents for this book-shelf? Come, give me a better bid!"

"Twenty cents!"

"Twenty cents! Only twenty cents? Anyone might be proud to own this bookshelf! You can put a curtain on it and hide your teacups when you haven't time to wash them! Only twenty cents? going at twenty cents—

"Twenty-five!"

"Twenty-five cents? Thank you! Twenty-five cents! Will nobody give more than twenty-five cents for this highly desirable book-shelf? Twenty-five, going at twenty-five."

"Thirty," and the book-shelf went.

A strip of carpet was next handed up.

"Now, here's a rug, a rug fit for any room! Everybody needs a rug in her room! You can put it beside the bed or in front of the dresser, or *on* the bed or *in* the bed or any place at all. It will cover any part of the floor, or almost reach right across the floor if it's a single room. If it's not swept you