

Conference which proved both entertaining and instructive.

The teams were:

First—Helen Turner, Captain; Eleanor Hopper, base; Marjorie Williams, base; Reita Penhorwood, guard; Florence Shannon, guard; Frances Beven, guard; Mary Birkett, rover.

Second—Doreen Woodyatt, captain; Frances Thompson, base; Edith Elliott, base; Adah Wells, guard; Elizabeth Langford, guard; Marion Shannon, guard; Florence Cooke, rover.

Dorothy Chown acted as referee.

The Shadowgraph, "Mary Jane," and the burlesque on "Lord Ullin's Daughter," which formed an enjoyable part of the programme of the last meeting of the conference, were under the direction of the Athletic Association, the leading parts being taken by members of the executive. Helen Easton made a splendid "Mary Jane" and Kate Percy delighted the audience as Lord Ullin's daughter.

MACDONALD LOCALS

Freda Grenside (in the Biology class room)—"Why is this room always so warm?"

Kate Percy—"Because our Professor's a Baker."

Mr. Leckie, when giving English notes to the Homemaker Class was, talking a little too quickly.

Ted Hewson—"What comes after —falling in love—?"

Mr. Leckie (after a short pause)—"You sometimes fall out again."

Professor John Dewey, the psychologist, believes that children's impulses should be led in the right direction rather than suppressed. Therefore, when his little son decided to call him John, he was allowed to do so. One day the boy conceived the bright idea of sailing boats in the bath tub. He was a little careless, however, and allowed the water to overflow. His father arrived on the scene in time to see the water oozing out under the door. With a very angry countenance he threw open the door but his son took in the situation in a moment and exclaimed: "No time for words now, John. Get the mop."



Therefore am I still a lover of the meadows and the woods
And mountains; and of all that we behold
From this green earth; of all the mighty world
Of eye and care—both of what they half create
And what perceive; well pleased to recognize
In Nature and the language of the sense
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the muse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart and soul,
Of all my moral being.

—Wordsworth.