

The dipping of the flat, brightly painted paddles makes a rhythmical sobbing sound. There are three abreast. The red flag mingling with the black, which in turn flaunts by the yellow.

The "line" comes into view, stretched far above the water, with its flags and banners and colored streamers. There is scarcely a sound. The tension and excitement are renewed, for now is the glorious end. Fifty yards to go! The umpire cocks his pistol. Now Cowichan Indian show your powers.

Inch by inch the red flagged canoe gains the advantage, not a word is spoken, the labored breathing of the exhausted paddlers can almost be felt. Inch by inch, and now—crack! the first line is passed and a slow chant is raised by the Indian spectators—gaining, still gaining. Ah! the red flag passed under the line, the pistol cracks, and the wild blare from the land announces that the race is over.

Panting, half-sobbing, resting on their paddles, the men are silent for a second; then some one raises a shrill cry, and all the tribes and spectators together join in a mighty cheer.

ELINOR HANINGTON.

Our Choir Supper.

A "novel in a nutshell" would be very descriptive of the little reception room in the "other house," for it has held from time to time within its four walls histories, romances and excitements galore.

Its dimensions are exceedingly small; a large window looking on the garden lights up the interior at one end; at the other there is a convenient square peep-hole close beside the large entry stove, through which the warm air passes. It does not boast of much furniture—a table, a chair, a form, a barrel, a tiny harmonium, and generally a music stand and a fiddle case or so. It is a charitable room, for from the depths of that barrel are produced various garments for the old Indians from the village.

Now that I have described the "nutshell," listen to the account of the banquet held there in All Saints' week for the choir. We might have had it in the dining hall or study, but this was more interesting, so we squeezed in, twelve hearty girls with their two hostesses.

The invitations were "composed" and issued the day before; two lines of treble clef held the words summoning us to a violin recital and a choir supper at 8.30 in the "reception room."

The hospitality and elasticity of that little room is famous throughout the school, but that night it surpassed itself, for it found space for a long table, two benches and two chairs (we were not en-