

We formed a Literary Club and borrowed Scott's novels from the look-shelves.

One morning late in the month, to our unfeigned surprise, the clouds lifted, a white shaft of glistening light broke through the mists, the sun struggled up over the mountains, and by mid-day all was bright, dry and sunny, only the rain drops sparkling on the leaves, and the noise of the swollen brook remained to remind us of the flood.

The Mistress of Games took immediate advantage of the unwonted sunshine and organized senior and junior basket ball clubs, hockey and tennis clubs. Captains were appointed, teams made up, high sounding names chosen for each side or sides, rules were formulated, jerseys and short skirts were imported, then to the field every day to scamper about "the maddest of all mankind," after an inoffensive ball of some sort.

Towards the end of the month a farewell party to Daisy Dodd was the occasion of mingled joy and sadness. Long ago, when quite a little girl, Daisy entered the junior room, and from there she worked her way up steadily and honorably until she stood first in the Sixth Form, then she matriculated, and now she is leaving us to enter upon a short course in a training college for teachers. As we flitted about the study on the night of her farewell party, our thoughts were busy with the past, and at first many exclamations, such as "Oh, do you remember," or "have you forgotten," greeted one on all sides as matters connected with the Ancient History of the school were recalled; then our thoughts went stretching forward trying to pierce that unknown future belonging to college life, which Daisy purposed entering.

The arrangements that were made by the "committee" under Miss Shibley's kind directions for this farewell party were excellent. Red and gold maples decorated the rooms, as each guest presented herself at the study door she received a maple-leaf booklet with pencil attached. The covers of these booklets were cut out of fine birch-bark, within the covers we found blank leaves neatly ruled and numbered ready for us to enter here our guesses of the names of popular novels, the illustrated titles of which adorned the surrounding walls. It was a very amusing and rather an absorbing occupation. I found myself gazing blankly at the picture of a dear little fellow in lace collar and velvet suit, questioning vaguely what novel he could possibly represent; surely, is he, can he be "Little Lord Fauntleroy," or stay, perhaps he is Marie Correll's "Boy." Pleased with such success I passed on to stare up at an old Darby and Joan couple; they suggested "Eventide," "Home and Hearth," "My Ain Fireside," "After Long Waiting;" then I found I was inventing titles and was turning away a little discouraged when suddenly a flash of memory recalled Edna Lyal's once popular novel, "We Two." A