

One of Our Trials.

(By a School-Girl.)

Most grown-up people say, and they say it impressively, with wise shakes of their heads, that school-days are the happiest of one's life; but a kind Aunt of mine once broke the tradition of our elders by saying that she did not agree with that sentiment (I have had a great respect for her opinion ever since), and I suspect that, like ourselves, my aunt had a "pound" in her school.

That very word "pound" strikes anguish to our hearts! Who invented it?

On the first day at school, no one mentions it. We leave our things about; we open parcels and strew the table with papers and string, we even throw some into the fire-place; we take off hats and coats and rubbers, and pile them on chairs and lockers; in fact, we are lawless, for the grim shadow of the "pound" has not yet fallen upon our heads. Then retribution follows. A monitress is appointed to keep the rooms tidy, and to take into "pound" our offenceless possessions. If my boots were left under my bed instead of in the boot-bag, they were doing no harm there, yet that ruthless monitress takes them into "pound" and compels me to pay two cents in stamps before I can get them out again. The mysterious way in which handkerchiefs wriggle out of pockets and into "pound" would exercise the genius of a Sherlock Holmes to fathom. My music ought to be in my own particular case on my own particular shelf. Instead of that both music and case are in "pound," and separately, at that, so four cents have to be produced in order to redeem them; and, sad to relate, you cannot do without your music, although you might do without your boots for a little while.

There is one comfort, but it is a very poor one, and perhaps hardly worth mentioning: when you lose anything you need not feel anxious and disturbed over your loss; you only need to visit the "pound," and there you may be sure you will find what you seek.

A little girl once asked: "Where is the 'pound'?" I have been at school a long time and the "pound" has blighted the freshest years of my life, but I find it impossible to locate this awful thing--this Nemesis which follows us about all day long.

It is surprising what a large amount of money can be collected in two-cent stamps. Last term the monitress had such a nice little bank account for "pound" that we thought it would be a very good thing to expend the whole sum in buying a comfortable, roomy easy chair for our study; but Sister does not always see things from our point of view, and she thought an uninteresting rug for the floor or a table-cloth, to replace the one we had inked, would be more suitable.

The "Pound" is a time-honored institution. It was in existence here before I came. It has been saddening my life ever since I