

the North Star. Most of the puddles are frozen so a few falls wouldn't matter much and here I sit trying to read my own notes. Everybody looks blue. No fun, no jokes (not even their age can make me laugh) no rink! no nothink! In the red room girls sit buried in Latin dictionaries, Lives of the Poets or wrangling over "Egyptian Atrocities." Blinking dejectedly over goes the 298th page and with Mr. Mantaline I murmur "I am always turning, I am perpetually turning, my life is one — horrid grind!"

March 23rd, The die is cast! I've paid my graduation fees, then for exams and after that the deluge! Paying fees to G.Y. always makes me think of birthday Sunday at Sunday School. "See the pennies falling." With what a hopeless air of finality that last penny dropped in the slot!

April 6th, Exams! The half was never told. Each year the papers are more impossible. I've done my best to picture them for the freshies and they look properly impressed, shivering at Junior French, Poor dear innocents!

April 25th, A B.A.! A B.A.! Its true, mind you, every letter of it. I paid \$10.00 for them so I ought to know. Wont dad be tickled! Mustn't forget to pack my English lectures, Aunt Mary is waiting to discuss the "Philosophy of Wordsworth" with me. My last ordeal to-morrow. Courage; do not falter! a firm tread, a steady nerve—a trip over my gown (Sure to come, I always trip on the top step.)

Graduation—and then—Quo Vadis?

Farewell old Diary!

Prof. M-l trying to arrange an Exam. date. "Saturday p.m.?"

Miss T-r (reminiscently) Professor I have several dates coming just then, Prof. (In a puzzled tone) :—You have?

"A Social hour with the graduating class" attracted a full attendance at Levana on Wednesday afternoon. That the girls might feel more at their ease and less constraint in talking the meeting was held in the Levana room. It was rather a crush to get all the girls in but once there everyone seemed to enjoy themselves.

The nominations for the new executive for 1911-12 were received and met with general approval. It is no easy matter to select girls with so many capable ones at hand but the present Executive fulfilled their duty well. It is always a solemn day for the Senior when she says farewell to Levana and her College friends. Eleven found itself no exception to the rule, words of advice words of encouragement but particularly words of gratitude were expressed by our graduates-to-be for all of us realize how much Levana and Y. W. help to bind us together both in work and play. After the speeches ice-cream and cake and conversation helped to pass a merry hour.

Ladies Glee Club practice.

Chorus:—"Peggy Oh Peggy." Miss Shaw:—"Put the emphasis on Peg not on G. Y. To most of us G. Y. has an unpleasant sound." (It certainly has about March 23rd).