

passengers going to Bird Island and the others to the quarantine station, Peel Island. On looking back I feel like saying the month spent there was one of the happiest I have ever known. One day a party of girls had decided to go across the island for a sort of picnic, myself being the leader.

Through the kindness of one of the officers we had a few extra provisions, such as tea, sugar, milk and a large currant loaf. It was necessary to carry water with us, and with a load such as I would scarcely like to be seen carrying in the city we started off, chatting as only a party of girls can, when suddenly, just in the middle of a sentence, I disappeared. For a moment it seemed as if the earth had opened her mouth and swallowed me up, but with willing hands my companions helped me out of an immense hole, which, having been almost covered with briars, I had not seen. Ringing shouts of laughter rang through